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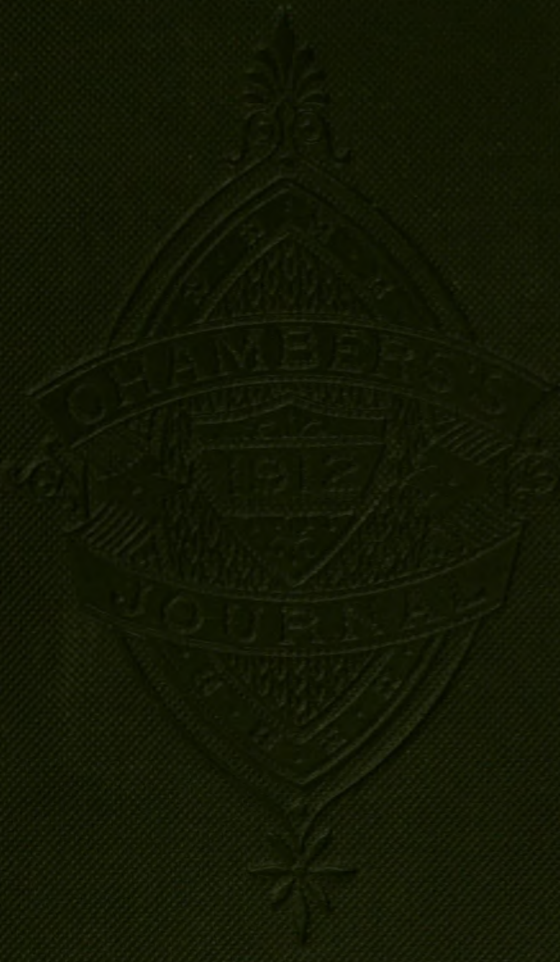

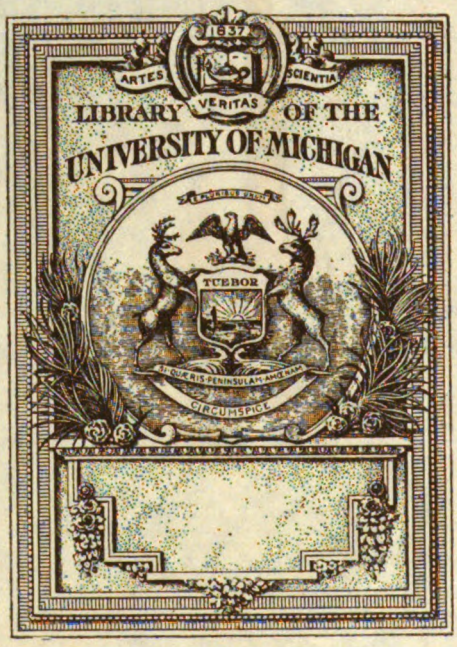
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SEVENTH SERIES

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD, Authors of *Roving Hearts, Don Q, Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—YOUNG MALCOLM.

IN a modern book of reference some such entry as the following might have been written under the name of the hero of this story:

'CAHUSAC, Malcolm John Cardros, son of the late Sir Malcolm Cahusac, K.C.M.G., and of Emily Fane, y. d. of David F. Cardros of Philadelphia, U.S.A. Educated Harrow, Trinity Coll., Cambridge, and University of Pennsylvania. Address—241 Park Lane. Clubs—Junior Carlton, M.C.C.'

In another volume, belonging to a series which may be regarded in the light of a national possession, it might be interesting to turn up the Sir Malcolm above mentioned, and there you would find a record of one of those distinguished British careers which, starting in family influence, and guided by individual character and ability, float serenely on until they find anchorage in the British Embassy of St Petersburg or of Berlin. Sir Malcolm in his day passed through the moulding of Harrow and Cambridge, close upon which followed his entrance into the Diplomatic Service; within three years he became third secretary, then was successively appointed attaché to the Embassy in Paris, then Washington, Paris again, after which the Foreign Office claimed him. Being now a widower, he married (for the second time) the Hon. Dorothea Lewton, only daughtor of the tenth Baron Luxillin. So far he had run the race of many predecessors. But a couple of volumes later we find his record abbreviated to its genealogical value, and closed with the unusual words, 'Found murdered in London, on the night of March 9, 1881.'

A bald statement, yet one which, in spite of its brevity, must flash a picture upon the imagination. In the dark hours of a March night, in the multitudinous city, found murdered. By whose hand? For what motive? Under what circumstances?

An inquiry among his contemporaries might bring some such answer as this: 'Malcolm Cahusac? Yes, knew him well—brilliant fellow. I was staying with the Dorrows in Worcestershire at the time. Remember how shocked we all were when the London papers came in. Bricklayer found him lying dead under the railings in Park Lane, stabbed in the back, between the shoulders. The murderer hanged? No! Fools of police never laid hands on him. Little to go upon, you know—no motive, no clue; one of the mysteries of London, as the newspapers said. I recall the whole affair perfectly. Liberal Government in at the time, too. No, no, of course, no connection; but when the reins of authority are loosened, why, anything may happen.'

If you had heard something of this kind you would, as a matter of fact, know very nearly as much about his father's death as did young Malcolm Cahusac himself on the spring morning when he sat in the Cunard express, staring out at the stations, each grayer than the last, through which they roared on the final stage of the run from Liverpool to London.

Hitherto life had been very kind to Malcolm. A boyhood spent among the Northumbrian hills, much of it passed by choice in the lone company of the woods and moors and streams; bred to a fine knowledge of all field-sports by those who for generations had served his family; happy if rather idle school-days, and the awaking to intellectual life at Cambridge, which culminated in an unexpectedly brilliant degree. Then the plunge into the entirely new environment on the other side of the Atlantic. He could barely imagine that only a year ago he had left England, half-unwillingly, to learn something of his kinsfolk across the water. And now, through the rhythmic rattle of the wheels, he seemed to hear again:

> But Yale may have her scarlet,
> Harvard her colours too;
> But for dear Pennsylvania,
> We wear the red and blue.

Ah well! it was over now. His smile ended in a perceptible sigh.

A youngish man with a shrunk figure and blanched locks among his black hair, sitting at the farther end of the Pullman, caught the expression on Malcolm's face, and sighed too with a querulous impatience. 'What has he to sigh for—a good-looking young beggar, with health and the world before him?' he complained to the companion at his side.

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The girl followed her husband's glance; and, because her life was merged in his curiously suffering existence, she wondered also. For the luxurious sorrows of youth were almost unknown to Lorrie Madesson; real troubles fallen early to her lot had usurped her thoughts.

Many a man might have envied Malcolm Cahusac as he sat leaning back with folded arms, his gray eyes following the flying landscape. Well-bred, well-born, with a sinewy figure too spare for dull nerves, and a high-featured face, which, if a trifle hawk-like, possessed distinction; but his mouth, with its fine sculptured lips, was almost faultless.

As if becoming aware of their glances, Malcolm turned his head towards the Madessons, and then began to make his way across the car. He had spent a good deal of time in their company on the voyage, he was always ready to help Sir Guy to or from his chair, and would listen with interest to the invalid's clever carping at life.

He had rather interested Lorrie Madesson. He was so young for his age, one could not imagine he had ever known a care; and this puzzled her, for below his careless acceptance of life she knew intuitively there lay a powerful and sensitive character, latent now, but which if awakened should work out to some fine issue. All who knew Malcolm recognised his manliness, his strength of will, his almost exaggerated sense of honour; as to his mental equipment, that had been tested by the brilliancy of his degrees, but few would have given him credit for the deeper qualities of character.

'Nearly there,' said Malcolm, dropping into a seat. 'I hope you are not very tired, Lady Madesson?'

She shook her head, then flashed an involuntary look at her husband.

Guy Madesson caught the look with a wry smile. 'Of course I am tired, but we will try not to advertise the fact,' he said, laughing a little.

The laugh had a cranky echo that always touched young Malcolm with a passing spasm of pity for the ambitious man, whose nerves, jangled by some freakage disease, had lost him a splendid career. Yes, he pitied him often enough, yet never gave a thought to the fate of the woman in the first bloom of life who was chained to that broken mate. Had there been any one to mark it, this single fact would have contributed largely to the conception of Lorrie Madesson's character at that time. For she was singularly lovely, though not according to the ethereal type of so many of her countrywomen. Her face, though oval, was strong about the jaws and chin in the imperial mould of Rome; her brown hair rippled from her brow; her eyes of a dark and vivid blue were of a shade always rare and more often seen in men than women. She was tall, and her slim yet full outlines pointed the contrast of the wizened shape at her side. Had such a girl, by so much as a glance, appealed for outside sympathy, the response must have been unfailing; but as a matter of fact it had never struck Malcolm that she needed sympathy, for she was always ready to smile and be gay without any show of that laboured cheerfulness which must surely be the chief trial of many in Madesson's case. Could Malcolm have seen through the covers of a book that lay in her travelling-bag he might have read a quotation written on a margin:

> Wanted volunteers,
> To do their best for twoscore years.

The words were an odd help to Lorrie Madesson. For Guy's razor-tongue was only sharpened to greater bitterness because of his morbid brooding over the hardness of her lot, and perhaps also a little because it was her wealth, not his own, that supplied the ameliorations and comfort which surrounded him.

The three chatted together for a few moments, and Cahusac hoped it would not be long before they met again.

Lorrie Madesson looked at him in her direct, radiant way. 'I think I shall always be glad to see you,' she said, 'even when you have become a part of the feudal system.'

Malcolm raised his brows. 'The feudal system?'

'Yes; the life England offers to people like you. It would have been better to remain in the States.'

'Why?'

'Because a ready-made niche in England is like a competency to a genius, apt to induce arrested growth.'

Madesson's crooked smile stopped her. 'My wife's republican principles forbid her to believe that a certain amount of dry-nursing is not unknown in her native country,' he remarked, and went on to ask questions about Malcolm's future.

Yes, Malcolm replied, it was to be the Foreign Office; he had passed the necessary exams. And, yes, the 'niche' was, he supposed, waiting for him, as his stepmother had cabled him to come home.

'You will follow in your father's steps?' said Madesson.

'I hope so,' answered Malcolm; but a dark look settled on his face. The question recalled the old unexplained tragedy which he had half-forgotten during the moving years now closed.

Madesson read his thought. He showed little of his malady while seated, save by an occasional jerk of hand or foot; but at this moment his foot shot out violently and touched Cahusac. Irritated by the incident, Madesson could not control an outbreak of his sneering humour.

'Do you expect to solve the mystery of his death?' he asked, raising his chin derisively. 'Bah! I'll back London to keep her secret.'

Lorrie's blue eyes flashed. She caught Malcolm's look of hurt surprise, then she bit her lip and the colour paled a little in her face. She must let it pass, another instance of her husband's privileged ill-temper.

Fortunately the train was already steaming into Euston, and the bustle and crush of arrival intervened. People in groups drifted along the platform, threaded through by a zigzag brown-velvet ribbon of porters.

A footman in dark livery came up to Malcolm.

'Hallo, Andrew!'

'I hope you're well, Master Malcolm—beg pardon, sir.'

'All right, thanks. Luggage in the rear van.'

Malcolm Cahusac moved off to bid good-bye to one or two people, helped a trio of ladies to winnow their belongings from a mass of baggage, and then stood beside the brougham till his own should be collected. While he waited he saw Lady Madesson emerge from the train, followed by her husband, who was dexterously landed on the platform by his man. Then, with a stick in one hand and an umbrella in the other, Madesson started to cross the space to the low-hung carriage drawn up opposite. His shuffling, uncertain, jointless action brought a grin to many a face round him. Sir Guy kept his eyes down, for it needed every shred of energy left to him to reach the haven of the open door in front; but he was acutely aware of the ghastly comedy of the spectacle he presented. A great compassion strengthened Lorrie for the ordeal of the drive which she knew lay ahead.

'Curse it all! Look at that rag-doll!' jeered one of two men who stood near Malcolm. 'How did he ever persuade her to marry him?'

His companion stopped to consider the scene, then showed the cockney's knowledge of life. 'He'll make her a duchess if he lives long enough. That's Mawdson.'

'Dry up!' growled the first.

Lady Madesson, leaving her husband in his carriage, walked over to Malcolm Cahusac and held out her hand. 'Good-bye,' she said. 'We both thank you for giving us your help so often on board.'

Malcolm, still remembering Sir Guy's last speech, coldly professed himself glad to think he had been able to be of use.

The blue of her eyes seemed to darken; she understood and was sorry for him, but it was hard to put what she wished to say into words. She hesitated, then, 'Can you not forgive—us?' she said, and turned away without leaving him time to answer.

Malcolm drove off, and while he watched the life of the streets he was thinking of Lorrie. He had never thought much about her before; but now he realised that although she was younger than himself, she had appraised him silently as a woman appraises possibilities in a boy. He felt suddenly dashed by the conviction of her intangible clarity of vision. He had believed himself a man, yet now he blushed for his own incompleteness, his immaturity, for like all young males he desired a little worship, or at the least a little blindness in those about him.

Then his mind was turned into another channel; for, as the brougham stood held up amongst a mass of vehicles at the Marble Arch to allow of the passage of a stream of riders and carriages from the Park, he caught sight of a young girl on horseback followed by a groom. She was very fair, with a child's purity of glance and complexion; her long hair hung in flaxen waves to her waist; and Malcolm pushed his head far out of the window to follow her slender figure as she trotted away.

'By Jove! she's prettier than ever, dear little Alice!' he exclaimed half-aloud, and wandered off into recollections that brought a smile and a very gentle look to his face.

It was April, and all the fullness of the spring was come. A flood of sunshine poured itself abroad, striking strong notes of colour from the young green of the trees and the long flower-beds with their dominant yellows and blues of blossom. The call of the spring warmed his blood; the beauty and the mystery of life stirred in his veins; his eyes filled with a dim vision of the future, vague and undefined; but it held a promise, surely it held something far above the common lot, glorious, satisfying.

The carriage turned out of the sunshine, stopped, and in another moment Malcolm was holding Lady Cahusac's hand. As he stooped his stepmother kissed him on the forehead with the frigid kiss he had half-forgotten.

'I am glad you have come home, Malcolm,' she said.

It is curious how, at times, a remark or a question gains a haunting quality and recurs insistently. These mental echoes are rarely pleasant. Such was Malcolm's experience as he sat in an arm-chair before the fire in his bedroom somewhere about seven o'clock the same evening. By rights his mind should have been occupied with his home-coming, with the uplifting of such hopes as he had felt when he drove down Park Lane. Yet it was not so. With Lady Cahusac's greeting, the happy mood had fallen from him. She looked extremely ill, and he was glad he had not delayed in obeying her recall. He thought a little of this, and reverted with a half-smile to a legend in his family concerning a certain ancestor, one Leaf, who had harried the coasts of Northumberland before the centuries of Christ passed into two figures. This Leaf, tradition said, had loved the daughter of a contemporary Jarl of Northumbria, and, being surprised with her in a serf's hut in the forest, was there slain after a fight which gave material to the harps of minstrels for decades. The story went that as he stood up for his death-battle he sang and prophesied, foretelling things which

after came to pass; and tradition held that the blood of the Viking translated itself in the veins of his descendants into a susceptibility which was less than foreknowledge and yet more than mere suggestion. Malcolm had long thrown off his childish belief in the superstition, yet it cannot be denied that it recurred to him when, on this night of his home-coming, he fell a prey to an acute depression. But it was not the legend of Leaf which compelled his attention, which troubled him like a persistent tapping at the back of his mind. He was haunted by the last words Madesson had spoken: 'Do you expect to solve the mystery of his death? Bah! I'll back London to keep her secret.' He strove without success to turn to some pleasanter train of thought; but these words knocked persistently like unwelcome visitors at the door until Malcolm, outwearied by their importunity, admitted them.

Did he expect to solve the mystery? Had he in truth set any such purpose before himself as a part of the design of his manhood? To this he could answer both yes and no. Years ago, boy-like, he was filled with the ambition of revenging his father when he should be old enough. Afterwards, the hurrying interests of his life had thrust both the tragedy and the desire behind them. But to-day the remembrance sprang forth again and challenged him.

After all, what did he even now know of the circumstances of Sir Malcolm's death? Little enough. The question followed, how was it that he knew so little? His mind began to cast backwards. Had his stepmother ever spoken of it? With a shock, Malcolm realised that she never had—not one word. Why? Perhaps her silence was hardly surprising; it was natural that she should avoid so painful a subject. He would dismiss it himself for to-night at any rate.

He took up the poker and stirred the fire, for the weather had changed since morning, and a gale howled at the windows. But, try as he might, he could not force his thoughts in any other direction but that of the one compelling question.

During the many years from his early childhood until now, had his stepmother ever talked with him of his father? Never! And yet he had from time to time asked her about him. He could recall a score of occasions when he had put questions, and how meagrely and haltingly she had answered them. From whom, then, had he gained his knowledge of, his pride in, his love for, his father's memory? From Wat Miller, the old keeper in Northumberland, who had told him of the straight barrels Sir Malcolm held; from Simon Blackhouse, the boatman; from Ian MacNish, the stalker; from Mrs Yorke, the old housekeeper, who had been his father's nurse. Malcolm found, with a shock, that his knowledge of his father was built entirely on these foundations, and that during sixteen years Lady Cahusac had hardly mentioned her dead husband. And again the inquisitor within his own brain asked, why—why?

Yet he knew by some instinct that, notwithstanding her silence, Lady Cahusac had adored her husband, that the whole emotion of her nature had been expended in that love. This might account for her reserve in his childish days; but with his manhood the story and the circumstances of his father's death had become as much his heritage as his name or the old north-country estate. Madesson's exact words recurred to him with a new meaning: 'solve the mystery!' Was there any mystery beyond the fact that the murderer had never been discovered? Suddenly he knew that this was the suspicion that he had been fighting off all the evening. Lady Cahusac's reticence suggested the idea, and he shrank from it. He sat a while frowning into the dying fire; when he rose and began to dress he had come to a decision. He could not postpone the subject; this very night Lady Cahusac must tell him what there was to tell. Before he slept he must be able to shake off the indefinable dread that overshadowed him. Of course everything could be explained! Why not?

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CENTRAL SOUTH AMERICA.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

DURING the last few years special attention has been drawn to South America and the great progress made in that part of the world, especially in the three countries of Brazil, Argentina, and Chili, and there is reason to believe that the next few decades will see a great transformation of the central portion of the continent.

The construction of new railways, from several directions, which will soon penetrate into the very heart of South America, is bound to give a great impetus to settlement and trade. Regions formerly very inaccessible will be placed within sixteen to twenty days' steam communication from London. Every day sees greater facilities and greater comfort offered to the traveller, while distances are shortened. Even in the early days, when railways, steamers, and telegraphs were unknown, there were regions in the heart of South America that had attained a high degree of prosperity; though in those days a voyage to regions such as Paraguay and Matto Grosso was an undertaking which occupied much time, and was attended by great hardship, risk,

and discomfort—almost, if not quite, as much as does a journey to-day to the unexplored regions of Central Africa. The decay of such districts as Matto Grosso and Goyaz (in the interior of Brazil) is due in great measure to the exhaustion of the gold and diamond mines to which they once owed their prosperity.

There was a time when Paraguay was a richer and more prosperous country than the neighbouring Argentina. On the outbreak of the disastrous war which Paraguay waged against the combined forces of Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay, the population of Paraguay was nearly equal to that of Argentina—one million three hundred thousand. The former country possessed a line of railway when such a means of locomotion was unknown in the Argentine, with the exception of a short suburban line in Buenos Ayres. She had a large and well-appointed arsenal, and dockyards in which ships of war were built. These and other public works had been constructed with native capital, without having recourse to foreign loans. The close of the war left her completely prostrate, with her resources annihilated and the country almost depopulated.

The area of the three districts named—Paraguay, Matto Grosso, and Goyaz—is approximately a million square miles; their combined population is certainly less than a million, though no exact or reliable figures are available. The area that will be tapped by the new railways, however, is much greater than this, for it includes large tracts in Bolivia and northern Argentina. The Brazilian state of Matto Grosso is an empire in itself. With an area of more than half a million square miles—nearly four and a half times that of the British Isles—it has a population of less than one hundred thousand. Yet it is rich in natural resources, and has on the whole a fine and healthy climate and a rich soil; in fact, it contains all the elements necessary for progress. Its backwardness so far has simply been due to its comparative inaccessibility. A railway is now being made from Santos which will place Corumbá (Matto Grosso) within eighteen or twenty days from London, instead of at least forty days by the present circuitous route *vid* Buenos Ayres. There is every reason to believe that the opening of the railway will be followed by a rush of settlers to these new fields, and a consequent development of industry and trade. Nor is this the only good result that the railway will bring in its train. Owing to its remoteness from the federal capital (Rio Janeiro), Matto Grosso has always been one of the most lawless and disturbed provinces of Brazil. Once the line is completed, troops can be speedily despatched and disturbances readily quelled; the railway, therefore, will be to a certain extent a guarantee of peace.

Another important railway now in process of construction is that which will place Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, in communication with the Brazilian port of São Francisco. At present São Francisco is a small town of little importance, but it possesses a fine harbour, and is already a port of call for the large German transatlantic steamers. When the back-country is developed by railways there is no doubt that it will become an important seaport. The neighbouring port of Santos owes its rapid rise to the same cause; and, in proportion to its population, it is doubtful if any port in the world does such a large trade as Santos, for it must be noted that its trade is entirely local, and not a mere transit trade which supports emporiums such as Hong-kong and Singapore. The exports of Santos are wholly of local produce, almost entirely coffee.

The line from São Francisco to Asuncion will pass through some of the finest scenery in South America. It will run close to the Iguassú Falls, the South American Niagara, one of the three great waterfalls of the world. Even now, though very inaccessible, these falls attract large numbers of travellers annually. The country traversed by the line is as yet scarcely settled, though it possesses a fine climate and fertile soil. At Villa Rica the railway will connect with the existing Paraguay Central Railway. This line is destined to effect a great revolution from a commercial standpoint. Much of the trade of Paraguay, which now passes through the ports of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and is included among their exports and imports, will pass through Brazil. The concession has been opposed by the Argentine Government, which has great influence in Paraguay and is a large shareholder in the Paraguay Central Railway; but as the new railway company has opened an office in Asuncion and is spending money on surveys and clearings, it is presumed that the project will be carried through. At present Villa Rica (Paraguay) is one of the remotest towns from Europe in the River Plate states; when the new railway is opened it will be nearer to Europe than any other town either in Paraguay or Argentina, and the mail-time between that town and London will be reduced from thirty days to about eighteen.

On the other side a line is being built which will place Asuncion in direct communication with Buenos Ayres. This railway is almost completed, and will probably be open for traffic before these lines appear in print. It is intended eventually to put large ferry-steamers on the rivers Parana and La Plata, which will carry entire trains across, so that the traveller will be able to step into a train at Buenos Ayres and travel without change of carriage to Asuncion.

It is noteworthy that whereas a few months ago Argentina was completely isolated, so far as railway connection is concerned, from the other countries of South America, railways have lately been completed, or are on the point of

completion, which will place her in direct communication with her neighbours on all sides—Chili, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Brazil. It is not, however, with the development of the Argentine lines, though this has been rapid and extensive, that the present article deals, but with the new lines to Central South America and the regions which will be developed by them. Of these, there is no country which is more interesting than Paraguay. That country has one of the most romantic histories of any in South America. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was ruled by the Jesuits, who brought it to a high degree of prosperity. At the present day one finds in districts now overgrown with dense jungle stupendous ruins which attest the former prosperity of the country. These buildings, which were constructed of solid masonry in an ambitious style of architecture, owed their origin to the Jesuits. Nowadays one never sees such fine buildings in the country districts of Paraguay.

When the Spanish Government, jealous of the intrigues and political power of the Jesuits, ordered their expulsion in 1768, the prosperity of the country declined notably. In 1811, taking advantage of the general rising of the Spanish colonies, Paraguay proclaimed her independence. This was effected with little bloodshed, as the Spanish Government was too much occupied in other quarters to send troops to such a remote district.

Three years later Dr Francia, one of the most remarkable men South America has ever produced, was appointed dictator. There has been much discussion regarding the character of Francia, some painting him as a hero, others as a tyrant. His scrupulous integrity was admitted even by his enemies. The following anecdote is characteristic. At one time Francia (then simply a lawyer) was informed that a certain person who had incurred his displeasure was engaged in a lawsuit, and was likely to lose it, although right was on his side. He called on the man, offered him his professional services, and by his skill as a lawyer gained the case for him. The man was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. 'You are in no way indebted to me,' curtly replied Francia. 'You have been and still are my enemy. But I will not see an injustice done, even to an enemy.' Some of Francia's ideas, such as the enforced isolation of the country and the restriction of foreign trade, may appear to us mistaken or narrow-minded, but there is no doubt that he had the welfare of his country at heart. In his later years he became morose and vindictive, apparently a result of the various conspiracies against his life. Before we pass judgment on Francia it is well to bear two facts in mind—firstly, that although he, as absolute dictator of the country for more than twenty years, could have amassed a large fortune, he lived and died in comparative poverty; and, secondly, that although the people of Paraguay execrate the memory of one of his successors, the second Lopez, to this day, they mention the name of Francia with a respect amounting to awe.

On the death of Francia, he was succeeded by Carlos Lopez, an enlightened ruler, who did much to develop the resources of the country. It was left to his successor, Francisco Lopez, to involve Paraguay in the disastrous war, already mentioned, against Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. On the outbreak of the war Paraguay was in a highly flourishing condition, having enjoyed a long period of peace and tranquillity, while the neighbouring countries were plunged in internecine strife; the close of the war left her completely ruined.

With the railways now being made, and the consequent development of the country, Paraguay may yet regain her past prosperity. The climate is fine, and well adapted to persons of weak constitution. The thermometer never falls below thirty degrees Fahrenheit, which temperature is experienced only in the early morning. The winter is changeable, some days being warm, others cold; the summer, though hot, is not too warm to allow manual labour to be performed by white men in the open air. The writer, who has lived fourteen years in the country, has seldom found the heat oppressive in the daytime. But on warm, calm nights in summer the atmosphere is too close for one to sleep indoors comfortably; sleeping outdoors, however, under such conditions is delightful and healthy. It is essentially an open-air climate, where one almost lives in the veranda or *patio*.

Visitors to Madeira or the Canary Islands complain that, although the climate is fine, prolonged residence there is apt to pall—the life is too vegetative and productive of ennui. Time is apt to hang heavily on one's hands, while there is little opening for business or the investment of capital. There is very little ground available for agriculture, and for what there is enormous prices are asked. These objections do not apply to Paraguay. Here there is plenty of scope for one who wishes to invest capital and at the same time enjoy a healthy outdoor life; here cattle-farming is both profitable and healthy. Many English immigrants, attracted by the fine climate, fertile soil, and cheapness of land and labour, embark in agriculture; but agriculture, notwithstanding these advantages, is not a profitable industry in Paraguay, though a hard-working family, with very small expenditure, can make for themselves a very comfortable home. Living is cheap, especially for one who resides in the country districts and can adapt himself to a certain extent to the ways of the country. There is plenty of game, large and small, and the rivers teem with fish of large size. At the same time, it must be remembered that there is not the same security for life and property—at least in the country districts—that

obtains in England; though Paraguay is no worse than other parts of South America in this respect.

The writer, who has travelled over a great part of Paraguay, prefers Villa Rica, the second town in the republic, as a place of residence, especially for invalids. It lies in the centre of a fertile district. The surrounding country is gently undulating, though in the background, only a few hours' ride distant, is one of the highest mountain ranges in Paraguay. The cost of living is much less than in Asuncion, the capital, and the advantages of Villa Rica will be increased when the new railway is opened, for it will then be brought nearer to England than any other town of the River Plate republics.

Of the other regions named the writer can only speak from hearsay. Matto Grosso, which has an active trade with Paraguay, is an undeveloped country, cattle-farming being the main industry; a great part of the surface consists of a plateau, with a pleasant and healthy climate. Gold is found, and was formerly worked to some extent; there are also forests of rubber. The country is only partially explored, and there is little doubt that the advent of the railway will effect a great transformation. It is sufficient to cite the case of the Canadian West, where large and prosperous cities exist in what only a few years ago was a wilderness, the change being entirely due to the railway. All the regions mentioned have a climate superior to that of Canada, and an equally fertile soil; and they are permeated by rivers permanently navigable to the sea. Railway construction is just as necessary for the development of the land in South America as in other parts of the world; without railways the wheat-fields of Argentina would be barren and uncultivated. The prosperity of Brazil is founded in a great measure on coffee; but the coffee-lands are all in the interior, and without railways they would be valueless. Even to-day one can buy fine coffee-lands cheap in the interior of São Paulo, but it is because their remoteness from a railway makes their cultivation impracticable. On the other hand, good coffee-lands close to a railway fetch very high prices.

Another good feature of the railways in South America is that they are powerful aids to the political stability of the countries they traverse. It may be taken as an axiom regarding that part of the world that 'the more railways a country has, the fewer revolutions.' Railways tend to prevent revolutions, because, in the first place, they bring in their train the European immigrants who form the peaceful part of the population; and, secondly, because by making the country more accessible they make revolutions more difficult, as these outbreaks generally originate in the remoter parts. Every mile of the railways in South America is built through productive country; every mile can be made to yield a revenue. In Australia, railways have been built through hundreds of miles of worthless country to reach some mining township, with a very doubtful future, situated in the remote interior. In South America it cannot be said that railways have been built in advance of the needs of the population.

THE BANDIT AND THE LADY.

A TALE OF THE CAMORRA.

By Frank Hird.

CHAPTER I.

'THE signore has asked for the best vintage. Behold, there it is!' and, stepping back, the landlord gazed with admiration upon the flask of amber-coloured wine he had placed before George Tredare. 'And not only the best in the *osteria*, but in the whole province! One vineyard in all Calabria alone produces that wine; and, behold, that vineyard is mine! Ah, I see,' he cried joyfully, as Tredare, with the discrimination of a connoisseur, smelt the wine, 'the signore has a knowledge. Not one in a thousand cares for the bouquet of a wine. But the signore understands! Is it not a king amongst wines?'

'It is so good,' Tredare answered, putting down his glass, 'that it would be an insult to the wine to drink it alone. You must honour your vineyard by sitting down and sharing the flask with me.'

The man and his whole-souled enthusiasm for his wine interested Tredare. Past the middle age, as he was, a growing corpulency had not yet robbed him of his strength and muscle. In his youth he must have been singularly handsome; and although his aquiline face was now heavily lined and wrinkled out of all comeliness, his black eyes were as brilliant and as flashing as ever they could have been in his youth. Both in manner and speech, as well as in appearance, the man was utterly unlike the usual type of landlords in Italian country inns.

With a courteous bow, the landlord seated himself, and taking the glass Tredare had filled for him, held it up, saying, 'To your health, signore!'

'And to yours!' rejoined Tredare.

The two men clinked glasses. There was a pause as they each revelled in the exquisite flavour.

'*Ma che*,' said the landlord, 'but what a wine! It seems a sin to swallow it.'

Tredare laughed. 'It is certainly worth a visit to Ferentola,' he said.

'What is the signore doing in such an out-of-the-way place as Ferentola?' asked the landlord, with the eager curiosity exhibited by all classes of Italians in the doings of strangers.

'There is a wonderful painting of the Madonna in the church, they tell me,' answered Tredare. 'I have come to see it.'

'The signore is a foreigner?'

'Yes; English.'

'And you have come all the way from England to see our Madonna at Ferentola?'

Tredare laughed again. 'Not exactly from England. I have come here from Naples.'

'From Naples? But foreigners never come to Ferentola!' The landlord's amiability had suddenly vanished; his expression was suspicious, almost menacing. 'You have come here from Naples?' he repeated, his heavy, black eyebrows meeting in an ugly frown.

'Yes,' replied Tredare, sipping the cherished wine; 'and a most tiresome journey it is. Here you are not two hundred miles from Naples as the crow flies, yet it has taken me four days to get here. Five miles away the diligence broke down; so I walked.'

'You have travelled for four days, you have walked for five miles through the dust and the heat, simply to see the Madonna in our church!' The landlord made no attempt to disguise his incredulity. 'Do you think I am the son of a sheep?' he asked fiercely. 'Do you think I will believe such a story?'

Tredare stared at the man in amazement. 'It is indifferent to me whether you believe me or not,' he said haughtily. Rising, he threw a silver coin upon the table. 'I have no doubt I shall find as good an inn and a landlord with better manners in Ferentola. Which is the way to the town?'

The man had risen also. 'Which is the way to the town?' he repeated. 'The signore knows that as well as I do, seeing he must have passed through the town to get here.'

Tredare looked at the man keenly. Was he mad? Why should he question every statement in this curious way. 'The diligence broke down at Lesino,' he replied coldly; 'the driver showed me a path over the mountains, which he said was a short cut to Ferentola. I followed the path. It brought me through a ravine; at the end I found myself opposite to your door.'

The landlord looked at Tredare doubtfully. 'That is true,' he said; 'I had forgotten the mountain-path.'

'I must stay two, perhaps three, days at Ferentola in order to study the Madonna,' Tredare went on. 'The conductor recommended your inn as better and cleaner than those in the town. But he did not tell me that its *padrone* doubted the word of his guests.'

'Nor does he, signore.' The landlord hesitated, muttering, 'But to come all the way from Naples to Ferentola to see a dirty old picture! To come from Naples where *they* are, to Ferentola where *I* am! It is very strange. You look honest, signore,' he said at length to Tredare.

'Thank you,' retorted the latter. 'Perhaps now you have assured yourself as to the honesty of my looks, you will tell me your reason for doubting my word?'

The landlord eyed him narrowly, then asked slowly, lowering his voice, 'Has the signore ever heard of the Camorra?'

'Of course I have,' Tredare replied impatiently. 'Nobody can be in Naples for a week without hearing of the society and its doings.'

'Is there a Camorra in England?'

Tredare laughed outright. 'No, my friend; there is no Camorra in England, nor any secret society like it. We don't hire people in England to stab our enemies and rob people we have a grudge against.'

For answer, the man held his hands straight in front of him with the two forefingers crossed one over the other; then clenching his hands, he placed the right fist upon the left; then he slowly stroked his left ear with his right forefinger, all the while watching Tredare intently.

Tredare's face was eloquent with wonder.

'Ah!' the landlord cried, throwing his arms wide with a gesture of unspeakable relief, 'I see the signore is not of the Camorra. If he had been, his vows would have compelled him to answer the signs I have given, even though he had been sent to murder me.'

'Do you mean to say you thought I was a member of the Camorra?' Tredare shouted.

'I suspected.'

'How dare you? Suspect me of being a member of a gang of thieves, murderers, and blackmailers! I, an Englishman! In Heaven's name, why?'

'Because the signore came from Naples to Ferentola.'

A sudden thought came to Tredare. 'Then you have reason to fear the Camorra?' he asked.

'Most assuredly, else I should not have suspected the signore.'

'Humph!' said Tredare, looking at the landlord with contempt. 'A case of a guilty conscience.'

There was something pathetic in the expression of the man's eyes, something that touched Tredare as he looked round the *loggia*, with its red-tiled floor and its whitewashed columns of brick that, rising from a low wall, supported a *pergola*, over which a vine grew luxuriantly, its leaves casting dappled shadows below. Oleanders, a blaze of rose-pink blossom, stood in green tubs between the columns, and the low wall was smothered by the riotous crimson of a hedge of geraniums whose roots were in the terrace many feet below.

The wall of the inn formed the back of the *loggia*, and was covered with a trellis over which roses clambered until their flowers mingled with the vine-leaves above.

The inn was built upon a spur of land rising high above a ravine, across which the high-road, inches deep in white dust, was carried on a many-arched bridge. Mountains, whose lower slopes were covered with thick woods, but whose summits were gauntly yellow and gray, shut in the view on all sides. The scene was desolate, but the warmth and glow of a Calabrian May gave it a peculiar beauty. On either side of the ravine the land was cut into terraces, and each terrace was a band of vivid green, the exquisite green of young corn and vine-leaves.

Here and there lofty cypresses stood out inkily black against the radiant blue of the sky, bees were droning amongst the roses, from a pond near by came the croaking of frogs, and over all was the sunshine, so vivid, so clear, and intense that it seemed to be a vital, living essence, the sunshine of Southern Italy in the spring-time.

'I have passed three happy years here, in the house where I was born,' the landlord said. 'But the Camorra never forget. And a stranger from Naples—it made me suspect'—— He paused, then bowed. 'I crave a thousand pardons, signore.'

'Then you are assured I do not want to cut your throat?'

'I will take the signore's word for it. Shall we not finish the wine?'

By the time the flask of the famous Val di Ferentola was finished it was close upon midday. It was useless, therefore, the landlord said, for Tredare to trudge through the dust to the town, half a mile away. The picture of the Madonna was in the sacristy, the key of which was kept by the priest, and he, excellent man that he was, took a siesta after luncheon, and was never seen by man or beast before three o'clock on any afternoon. So the signore might remain in comfort where he was, instead of kicking his heels in the dirty town waiting for the *padre* to finish his siesta.

Tredare was tired. The journey from Naples had not only been long, but it had been supremely fatiguing. This Osteria dei Fiori, where he had undergone the unique experience of being suspected to be a Camorrist, was the first clean inn which had sheltered him since he had left Naples four days before. The landlord interested him. He was clearly a Camorrist himself, yet he was in such terror of the Camorra that the mere fact of a stranger coming to Ferentola from Naples, where the great secret society had its headquarters, filled him with alarm and suspicion.

Tredare was a man of means. The engrossing interest of his life ever since he had left Oxford had been the study of Italian painting in the Middle Ages. In the course of fourteen years, by sheer hard work and constant residence in Italy, he had become an authority on the subject, an authority whose opinion was regarded as final in the museums and picture-galleries throughout Europe. He spared himself no trouble or fatigue in the fulfilment of the secret ambition of his life, which was to leave the world a complete story of the lives of the painters who had worked in those misty days before the splendour and magnificence of the Renaissance had burst upon Italy, as well as a complete list of their works.

Whilst in Naples he had come across, in an old treatise upon painting, a reference to a painter whose works were extremely rare, and only known to himself. A Madonna from this painter's brush was spoken of in terms of high praise; it was described as being painted especially for the church at Ferentola, where it still hung. The treatise was written late in the sixteenth century; and knowing from experience that sacred pictures often remained for hundreds of years in the Italian churches in which they had been originally placed, Tredare decided to visit Ferentola, a small town in a remote part of Calabria, the exact whereabouts of which he only discovered by a diligent search upon the map of that province.

At three o'clock the sun had passed behind the mountains, leaving the dusty road, which led over the bridge across the ravine, in deep and cool shadow. Tredare set out for Ferentola, with many directions from the landlord for finding the priest's house, and with the assurance that when he returned he would find his luggage safely delivered at the Osteria dei Fiori.

Seen from a distance, Ferentola was a town of great picturesqueness. White houses with red-tiled roofs and green jalousies rose in quaintly broken terraces from a large square, one side of which was entirely filled by the church, which, with its high dome and solid walls covered with yellow stucco, had the appearance of having been built for the sole purpose of preventing the town from slipping down the steep mountain-side. But on closer acquaintance, Tredare found that Ferentola, like so many hill-towns in southern Italy, was the dwelling-place of dirt unspeakable, the houses being occupied by pigs, donkeys, fowls, and human beings, apparently on terms of socialistic equality.

He found the priest, a fat, amiable man, whose greasy cassock and general appearance showed only too plainly that he was neither a guide nor an example to his flock in cleanliness, and was duly shown the picture of the Madonna.

This story in no way concerns the Madonna of Ferentola, that wonderful picture whose discovery by Tredare on this particular May afternoon caused a sensation in art circles throughout Europe. The subsequent sale of the picture to Tredare, the plots and counterplots that were embarked upon to aid and to prevent its passage out of Italy, make a little history by themselves.

The fat, amiable, but dirty priest who showed Tredare the picture in the sacristy of San Zaccharia is of more importance in this true history of the landlord of the Osteria dei Fiori than the now world-wide famous painting of the Madonna of Ferentola.

After as close an inspection as the dim light in the sacristy permitted, Tredare, with the promise that on the morrow the picture should be taken down for nearer examination, took his leave of the priest.

'Where is the signore staying in Ferentola?' the latter asked.

'I am staying at the Osteria dei Fiori, outside the town,' Tredare replied.

The priest pursed up his lips, held his head on one side, and gently smote an unshaven cheek with a very dirty hand. '*Ma che!*' he muttered; 'the signore is staying at the *osteria* of Beppo Cavalanci?'

Tredare, remembering the landlord's suspicion that he, an Englishman, was a member of the Camorra, felt uncomfortable, but he said lightly, 'I know nothing of the Signore Cavalanci. I only arrived at Ferentola this morning, and the driver of the diligence recommended his *osteria* to me.'

The priest threw up his hands in a gesture of dismay. 'Satan himself must have kissed the lips of the driver of the diligence, else he could never have recommended the Osteria dei Fiori to the signore! Two years ago Beppo Cavalanci was a brigand, and a proscribed murderer with a price upon his head, hiding amongst the mountains here, and the terror of two whole provinces. The *carabinieri* had orders to shoot him at sight. Our *podestà* of Ferentola received a telegram from Naples after Beppo had robbed the diligence within two miles of the town: "The brigand Cavalanci is to be shot, then captured."'

Tredare shrugged his shoulders.

'It is true,' the priest protested; 'I saw it with my own eyes. That telegram meant that the *podestà*, the town authorities, and the *carabinieri* were given a free hand; it meant that they were to *kill* Cavalanci! And then what happens? Cavalanci disappears. Nothing is heard of him in Ferentola for months. Then suddenly a letter comes to the *podestà* from Naples, with a big Government seal upon the back. There is a secret meeting of the town-council, and we others are told that Beppo Cavalanci has made his submission, that he has renounced all brigandage, and that the Government have swept the *velo d'oblio* [the veil of oblivion] over his past life. The *podestà* and the town-council calmly tell us that Beppo Cavalanci has been made an honest man, and that without so much as the quiver of an eyelid! Signore, I ask you if this is justice.'

'It seems a very unusual proceeding,' Tredare remarked guardedly. He thought the priest was romancing.

'And not only is he pardoned all his crimes, but Beppo Cavalanci has the effrontery to return to Ferentola and take the inn formerly kept by his father, and in which he himself was born. Beppo has not only been made honest, but he has been made rich. Yes,' added the priest with a hissing vindictiveness; 'Beppo has been made rich, and of his riches he gives nothing to the Church.'

'Here,' thought Tredare, 'lies the cause of this amiable-looking gentleman's malice.'

'And the signore will trust himself in the house of such a man after all I have told him?' the priest asked.

'Certainly,' rejoined Tredare. 'The Osteria dei Fiori is clean; and if Cavalanci is the brigand you say he is, he will find that I am not worth either robbing or murdering. *Addio, Signor Prete!*' He was about to add, 'And may Heaven send you a kinder tongue,' when he remembered that it would be unwise to provoke the spite of the custodian of the wonderful Madonna.

(To be continued.)

SOME EPISODES IN LITERARY MYSTIFICATION.

'PRAY burn this letter, as I trust you may do with many others from me. See after the destruction of the manuscript in the printer's hands.' So wrote Dr Robert Chambers to his confidential friend Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, through whom were made all the negotiations with Savill the printer and Churchill the publisher of his anonymous *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. The manuscript of the work may have been destroyed, but the letters were not, and, bound in three crown octavo volumes, they are now in the possession of the author's grandson, through whose courtesy an examination of them has been made for this article. The letters, frequently beginning, 'My dear Alexius,' are grave, gay, serious, often deal strictly with the business on hand, and not infrequently give sidelights on men and things beyond. As all the letters are more or less autobiographical, they reveal the character of the writer as not only the industrious and capable man of letters, but as the genial, warm-hearted friend, who loved a good laugh, a good story, and a good dinner, and all the cheery intercourse of daily life. No wonder James Payn dubbed Robert Chambers the 'Well-wisher,' for he took such an unselfish interest in the prosperity and well-being of his many friends.

The flames of the old controversy which raged round the *Vestiges* when published anonymously in 1844 are now extinguished, never to be rekindled, and some of the positions then maintained are the commonplaces of science. As the author reverently said in a sequel, he was only endeavouring to read another chapter of the mystic book which God has placed under the attention of His creatures. To have published a work of this nature under his own name and at that time might have injured the business with which he was connected. The secret of its authorship was known, therefore, to but five others, namely, the wife of the writer, his brother William, Mr Robert Cox (George Combe's nephew, who in the letters is called Robertus), Dr Neil Arnott, and David Page. When all who knew the facts had passed away save Alexander Ireland (1810–94), this literary go-between revealed the authorship, and in the preface to a twelfth edition (1884) gave a narrative of the circumstances under which the book was originally written and published. Of the previous eleven editions about twenty-four thousand copies were printed and sold. Darwin, in his historical introduction to the *Origin of Species*, says that the book, from its 'powerful and brilliant style,' immediately had a very wide circulation.

Alexander Ireland, business man, journalist, and man of letters, was a native of Edinburgh, who in 1843 removed to Manchester to represent a Huddersfield firm. In 1846 he succeeded Sir Edward Watkin as publisher and business manager of the *Manchester Examiner*, which later went down before the *Manchester Guardian*. Ireland prepared bibliographies of the works of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt, and his *Book-Lover's Enchiridion* is known to all lovers of books. He also issued a memorial volume on Emerson. Besides gaining the confidence and warm friendship of Robert Chambers, he knew Carlyle and Leigh Hunt; and during Emerson's English visits he acted as cicerone and lecture-agent to the American transcendentalist, and approved himself as 'the king of all friends and helpful agents, the most active, invincible, imperturbable.' Robert Chambers wrote to him in 1846 that he would far rather see him in a purely business situation, whether connected with a newspaper or otherwise, than in anything like a literary position. 'Avoid that in all shapes, for any sake. Compared with a clever, active man of business, a slave of the press is a poor devil indeed.' The suggestion was also made that an opening might be found for him in the publishing house of W. & R. Chambers, 'taking the rigid charge which they could hardly do.' This did not come off, and Ireland in later life endured with patience and fortitude some of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. 'A Gilchristiad'—meaning a Pentland walk, taking Mrs Gilchrist's place of refreshment at Woodhouselee by the way—was a favourite recreation of the friends when Ireland was in Edinburgh. The meeting-place was frequently at Morningside Parish Church about 8.30 A.M., and many an exhilarating day was spent on the Pentlands by Chambers, Ireland, Dr Hodgson, Cox, and Professor Pillans. The doleful news is imparted in one of the letters that Robertus had been out at Gilchrist's, and the ham was not so good as it used to be!

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, who has written well and appreciatively of the work of William and Robert Chambers, terms Robert a bigger man than his brother, and says few men better deserve honour intellectually and in other ways. He is wrong, however, in attributing to him a paper in the *Journal* on 'Mornings with Thomas Campbell,' for this was by his friend Robert Carruthers of Inverness. He asked once, could 'In Memoriam' have been written without Robert Chambers? The memoir of Tennyson scarcely justifies the importance of the question. We find Tennyson writing in November 1844 to his publisher, Moxon, asking him to get a book he saw advertised in the *Examiner*; 'for it seemed to contain many speculations with which he had been familiar for years, and on which he had written more than one poem. The book is called *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, and published by J. Churchill, Princes Street, Soho, the price seven-and-six; but you can get it cheaper.' Tennyson's son, commenting on this, says that the sections of 'In Memoriam' about evolution had been read by his friends some years before the publication of the *Vestiges*. Romanes writes that in 'In Memoriam' Tennyson noted the fact, and a few years later Darwin supplied the explanation. Robert Chambers, however, who preceded Darwin, was a pioneer in the same line of observation. Genial and usually mild-tempered, in these letters he lets himself go in reference to some of his critics, as well as about David Page and his divulging of the secret, and about Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman* when he published a gross attack upon him (1854), the circumstances of which are now obscure and forgotten. Robert Chambers's opinion of Russel we do not quote, save this: 'Of course, what he did was the more brutal, considering that I was an occasional friendly contributor to his paper.' A friendly howff was Blackford Farm, then tenanted by Ireland's parents. 'I met Emerson last night at the governor's, and spent a very pleasant hour with him, after which we had a moonlight walk through the town. I like him very much. He is to be with us on Wednesday to meet Samuel Brown and Mrs Crowe.' Chambers was impressed by the fine, intellectual aspect of Jacob Bright, 'particularly the eyes, which are remarkable.' At another time he writes: 'We had John Bright and his sisters dining with us yesterday, and liked them very much. I had them through the Old

Town, and also the printing-office. It was a great pleasure to see such interesting persons as they, but particularly as they are your friends.' Ireland's newspaper, the *Manchester Examiner*, was identified with the views of Cobden and Bright.

Both Robert Chambers and Alexander Ireland enjoyed the remarks they heard about the anonymous book and the attempts made to fasten the authorship upon various eminent persons such as Prince Albert, Sir Charles Lyall, Professor Nichol, and others. Dr Forbes, the great medical editor, asked Dr Combe about that singular book, and said that either Combe or Diabolus had done it. Henry Greville noted in his diary (1847) that Mrs Butler gave Robert Chambers the credit of writing not only it, but also the novel *Jane Eyre*, then in the first blush of its great reputation. Walter White said, with a trifle of exaggeration, that no book had created such a sensation in London since *Waverley*. Some one wrote to the *Witness* newspaper identifying Chambers with the authorship at a time when his name had been proposed for the Lord Provostship of Edinburgh. M'Phail's ecclesiastical magazine was especially bitter; but the author secretly congratulated himself that, let them all do their worst—and many did their worst—he could not now be condemned to utter poverty. A divinity professor from St Andrews said to him (1847), 'Have you seen the horrible book?' The bustle of the moment saved him from giving a direct reply. He had kept his expectations low, and was gratified at the unequivocal success. The author 'capers in thought at the idea of Lockhart's note, considering how the serpent would speak of him at this moment as the author of all he has written besides the *opus*.' He was irritated from time to time because Churchill the publisher made no formal statement of the progress of sales, and was dilatory in connection with new editions. He was as keenly interested in hearing about the sales as George Eliot seems to have been about the sales of her various books, and bitterly disappointed when no copies were to be seen in the shop of Churchill's Edinburgh agents (Maclachlan & Stewart).

When residing for a day or two at Rossie Priory in 1850 Chambers's room was next door to that of Sir David Brewster, who was at the time writing for the *North British Review* on *Footprints of the Creator*, Hugh Miller's counterblast to the *Vestiges*. Also, he was 'exposing his sentiments on the horrible work which Mr Miller endeavours to refute. Sir David was also to make remarks on my *Ancient Sea Margins*, and a few other late geological works. He consulted me about the leading facts of my *Sea Margins*, and a few other later geological works, for which I gave him written memoranda. We had discussions at table about the *Vestiges*. I battled against his idea that the work is atheistical, but with little success. It was, however, gratifying to find that he acquitted me of all suspicion of having written that atrocious book. It was queer having such a critique in process next door to me.' It was evident that Professor Nichol had guessed the secret, for when told what Samuel Brown had said about the author being 'a residuary clergyman residing near Dundee,' he replied, 'No, but one who from other literary engagements had equally good reason to keep quiet.' In walking home with Mrs Crowe from a lecture by Nichol, Chambers asked her if she thought from the lecturer's style there was the least chance of his being considered the author of the *Vestiges*. Mrs Crowe replied, 'Oh, it is now generally given to you,' which the author turned off with a 'slight observation.' Leigh Hunt in his hearing had spoken 'moderately of the book before the company, but let himself out more warmly when we were by ourselves.'

Mrs Crosland (here we go outside the letters) mentions a dinner at Doune Terrace: 'When the fish was removed, the time when tongues are loosened, the *Vestiges* came under discussion. A quarter of lamb was set before the master of the house—for dinners *à la Russe* had not yet been introduced—and he was in the act of separating the shoulder from the ribs with the skilful dexterity of an accomplished carver, when some lady at the upper end of the table, with singular impropriety, exclaimed, "Do you know, Mr Chambers, some people say you wrote that book." Though sitting next my host, I happened to be looking towards Mrs Chambers, and I saw that she started in her chair and that a frown was on her face. She looked at her husband, but his eyes were bent on the lamb, on which he continued operating in an imperturbable manner, observing, "I wonder how people can suppose that I ever had time to write such a book." There was silence for a minute, and then I think the subject dropped. I believe I have never since seen a quarter of lamb without thinking of that dinner and Robert Chambers's evasive answer. Now that the book is acknowledged to have been his, and his wife is said to have been the copyist, I can well understand her start and her frown.'

Sir John Herschel, at a scientific meeting in London, once assailed it on astronomical grounds and then on the development theory, and spoke strongly. Dr W. B. Carpenter, who had revised the physiological sections of the book, said to Robert Chambers on coming out from the meeting, 'So the poor author of the *Vestiges* has got it in all directions to-night.' Chambers replied, 'Yes; it would be curious if he were present to hear it all.' To which Carpenter replied, nudging his elbow, 'Some people say he is not far from me at this moment,' evidently meaning Chambers, who laughed and said, 'What you say might have two meanings.' But in telling Ireland he continued: 'I have denied it out and out. All this is curious, isn't it? Strange to walk about amidst all the jumping-jacks and be pulling grand strings, causing people to wonder, and yet be

unseen, unknown, all this time, *if I be so now!*' Again: 'At Cox's, at Gorgie, Mr Maclaren (of the *Scotsman*) told Mr Combe across the table that he had heard that suspicion had now settled upon Dr Neil Arnott. One of the Adies had told Mr Maclaren; how Robert Cox and I enjoyed it!' Robert Chambers had lent money to Ireland; and besides this, when making a remittance for his trouble as literary agent, he wrote: 'It is bad enough for you to have sinned your precious soul past redemption by your concern in the fearful conspiracy without having, in addition, to incur the expenses of damnation thereanent.'

It was David Page, who had been on the literary staff of Messrs W. & R. Chambers, who made, in the *Athenæum* of 2nd December 1854, the first explicit statement regarding the authorship of the book. This, in the letters, is termed 'a shocking piece of malice;' and Robert, on consulting his brother William, decided to take no notice of the offending allegation. It may be as well here to refute a statement by the Rev. Professor Bonney, in the article on Page in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to the effect that Page aided Robert Chambers in writing the book. The account in the letters is to the effect that he was only taken into confidence after one or two editions had been issued, and for the sake of making some necessary revision. The *Athenæum* paragraph of 1854, supplied by Page, bears that he did not see the book until after it was published. If he had had any share in the authorship he would not have here concealed his light under a bushel.

Here are a few other items ere we close. It was a tribute to the critical acumen of the conductors of *Chambers's Journal* that in 1854 they made a bid for the services of Mrs Gaskell, whose famous *Cranford* had just run its course in *Household Words*. She was approached through Ireland. 'Do you know Mrs Gaskell? If so, could you oblige us by making overtures from us for a novel from her pen to appear in successive numbers of the *Journal*? It would save us the awkwardness of addressing a lady to whom we are strangers. If not, at least you can give me her address. We are willing to give a fair sum for the privilege of even printing the work first in the *Journal*.' Nothing seems to have come of these overtures. Other interesting items are that the impression of *Chambers's Repository of Tracts* had 'reached the astounding number of one hundred and eighty thousand, which would require for itself six machines, whereas we have but five altogether. We are actually getting work done in Glasgow, besides employing two neighbour offices in Edinburgh. It is certainly our greatest hit yet.' This in 1851 is not so sanguine: '*The Papers for the People* might have been continued further if a little more successful. The sale is only thirty-three thousand, which pays but barely. This alone is a further illustration of the evil effects of the paper-duty, which shoves us out of the penny field.' And this in 1854: 'During the Russian war the increase of the price of paper was as much as seven hundred and fifty pounds a year out of our pockets, a sad contrast to our hopes of getting the duty off.' Two years later Chambers reports that their history of the Russian war was having a sale of twenty thousand. 'Now that we are quit of Orr, and are sure of getting back our money when we lay it out, we are going more freely into the publishing business than we did before.' In 1858 a *Times* article had caused an increased demand for the first two volumes of *Domestic Annals of Scotland*. 'I am doing a little now and again towards a third volume, and contemplate a similar work about England, a task of years; but nothing agrees with me so well as hard work.'

Less than ten years later came a more mournful strain: 'I have not been doing anything in a literary way at all, and probably never will again do much, for it would appear that my nervous system has been permanently taken down by over-exertion in past days. . . . Pray do you take this warning, for you are not the same thing between fifty and sixty as between thirty and forty. My great mistake was in undertaking the *Book of Days*.' A year later: 'I suppose I had spent in forty years of active literary life the nervous energy that should have been extended over sixty, and so here I am, a bankrupt in the vital forces, and nothing better than one of my own characters, "The Old Gentleman that Pops About." Nothing, however, can take from me the character of your sincere friend.' It may have been the same feeling on the part of Alexander Ireland that prevented him from destroying these voluminous notes, though urged to do so, regarding the *Vestiges* and other matters, a peep into which makes us think all the more kindly of the two friends.

THE SEVEN-STONE CHARM.

By Colonel STANLEY PATERSON.

OVER the jungle-clad Ghâts, across the hot, dry plains of Central India, through the prosperous cultivation of the United Provinces, away into the arid Punjab, heedless alike of the dark, stuffy night, the cool, gray morning haze, and the flaming heat of the midday sun, the mail-train steamed steadily northward, carrying the weekly news, good or evil, of friends in far-away England to the weary sojourners in the uttermost outposts of our Eastern Empire.

In our carriage all the windows were tightly closed; the well-soaked *tatties* were drawing freely, filling the confined space with a pungent smell of cuscus; five of the six venetians were drawn up to exclude the blinding glare, leaving but one blue glass window available for inspection of the burning world outside; while we four passengers—three old stagers (yellow and drawn) and a pink-and-white, full-blooded 'griffin' (an earnest young M.P. freshly out from London by the last boat)—lay stretched in our respective corners attired in the airiest possible clothing common decency would permit, languidly helping ourselves at intervals to the contents of the indispensable ice-box that lay handy under the seat, the 'griffin' panting and dripping in the unaccustomed heat. As it was certain he would follow the way of his kind, and on return to England pose as an authority on all matters appertaining to India, or in all probability write (from the ripe experience of a six weeks' tour along the beaten track) a book dealing with the many complicated questions of our rule in the East, the Commissioner and I, suppressing the lurking twinkle in our eyes and our fearful joy when pencil and note-book came rapidly into requisition, were relating to him many remarkable facts regarding the ways, manners, religion, &c. of the natives, our tyrannical methods of rule, and anything else that came into our heads to while away the tedium of the journey. We stopped at a station, an ordinary wayside station. How irritatingly alike all these stations are to the fagged Anglo-Indian traveller, with their crowd of sweating, chattering, quaintly robed natives struggling for places in the semi-cattle-carriages already packed to thrice their carrying capacity, into which the station officials have to shove them by sheer force through a dense array of heads and forms at every window shouting to the station water-carriers or trying hard to buy from the platform hawkers some of those sticky, unappetising sweets so dear to the native palate! All over the platform another crowd lay or squatted, patiently awaiting the arrival of a train due probably in four or five hours' time, while in a more secluded corner, apparently utterly oblivious of the bustle around him, sat an old ash-smeared fakir, begging, bowl in hand, and with a peculiar silver ornament hung by a cord round his neck.

We were just beginning to relate for the benefit of our 'griffin' some highly imaginative tales regarding these *yogis* or holy men, when we were astonished to see the Public Works official, a grave man who seldom spoke, staring intently through the window at the unconscious fakir, and then, as the train moved on, sink back in his seat, saying, 'I never heard of but one other charm like that, and it had a queer story—I don't know if it is ended yet.'

We immediately stopped our banter, and begged the yarn, settling ourselves comfortably down to listen, well knowing that any tale the P.W.O. might tell would be well worth the hearing.

'A good number of years ago,' he began—'I should not like to say how many, they do pass so quickly, somehow—my brother Sam, riding quietly home after a hard morning's pig-sticking, passed by a solitary jungle-hut, in front of which, playing with the wax-like flowers fallen from a shady *mowha* tree overhead, sat a small brown baby nature-nude except for a curious silver ornament secured by a silken cord round his fat little middle. Such an everyday sight would usually have passed unnoticed; but at the moment of passing Sam's quick eye detected a movement in the dry grass immediately in front of the babe; then suddenly a tall cobra reared its ugly head, hood expanded, in the attitude of striking. In a flash Sam had sprung from his horse, dragged the child toward him, and with a swift blow of his stout riding-whip laid the reptile dead at his feet. But too late. Quick as he had been, the cobra had been quicker; and, ere the child had reached safety, with all the strength of its tensely coiled muscles it struck.

'The screams of the terrified infant brought a very old man hobbling out of the hut. With a rapid glance he seemed to take in the situation, and without a word knelt beside Sam, who was vainly endeavouring to search the vigorously struggling child for the serpent-made wound. Great-grandpapa—for so he proved to be—spent no time in looking at the little lad's skin, but immediately inspected the ornament, which he detached and handed to my brother, saying, "It is as I thought, Huzoor—the child is unhurt; this has saved him. See, here struck the snake," he added, pointing to a tiny drop of moisture lying in a small hollow in the silver.

'The ornament was a hexagonal piece of silver about the size of a rupee. On each face of the hexagon and on the centre space was rudely embossed the figure of some god, and let into the middle of four of these figures was a peculiar small green stone; from the other three the stones were missing, a shallow cup in the silver alone marking the place where they had been. In one of these cups lay the drop of venom.

'While soothing and comforting the still-wailing babe, the old man told of the charm. It had been given to his father many years ago by a wandering *yogi*, who declared he had found it in one of the old Jain temples in the south, sealed up in a small copper casket along with an ancient writing which stated that so long as a stone remained in the charm death would, on one occasion, pass by the wearer; but that whenever a stone disappeared the charm must at once be passed on. Why the *yogi* gave the charm, or what death his father escaped, the old man knew not; but, as he said, "Sahib, my father belonged to the Kshatriya or fighting caste, and in those

days there was no lack of perils for such as he. As it was, he died in battle while I was still a boy, having some time before his death fastened the charm round my neck. There I wore it for more years than I can count; because, Huzoor, though I am a Kshatriya, I am a man of peace, and have lived by tilling the ground; therefore, perhaps, deadly danger has not come nigh to me. But two years ago came the great sickness, and amongst our villagers it struck like a murrain in cattle. I was one of the first to sicken, and when death seemed certain those of my household carried me out in the night-time and laid me in the street, because, as you know, Huzoor, on account of the Government order, we people like not that any be found dead of the plague in our houses. And in the early dawn the buffaloes and cattle driven out to the grazing passed over me; for though they snorted and edged away in fear, still in the crush one put its foot lightly upon me. And at once I felt a new life come into me, and painfully crawled back to my house, where I lay all day half-conscious. That night there was no one to carry me out again; the great sickness had taken them all, man, woman, and child, and only this babe was left to me. And from the charm a stone was missing. So I fastened the charm round the child, for I had no one else to give it to; but, now that his turn is past, to whom can I better give it than to you, Huzoor, whose kindness helped to save him?"

'Sam, though distinctly sceptical and inclined to laugh at the tale, accepted the trinket chiefly not to offend the old man, hung it on his watch-chain, pulled out a couple of rupees as an exchange-present, rode on his way, and dismissed the affair from his mind.

'Some five years later he was engaged as one of the engineers building the great railway bridge over the Indus. On his section the huge iron girders had been swung into position, and swarms of half-naked workers were busy riveting and making secure the superstructure. Walking along the foot-plank laid on the girders at a dizzy height above the river, he was supervising the work above, when a frenzied cry of warning made him instinctively spring back, nearly losing his balance in the act. Just in time. A whiz, a slight tug at his watch-chain, and a heavy sledge-hammer which had slipped from the hand of some careless workman, touching his clothes, went hurtling down into the roaring torrent beneath. It was a narrow escape, and somehow his thoughts went flying back to the almost forgotten charm. He looked; the chain was snapped, the charm still hanging on the broken link, but another stone had gone.

'By next mail the little bit of silver went home to our sister, to whom Sam was deeply attached, and for some years we in India heard nothing further of it. Then one day came a letter saying the sister in safe and prosaic England had barely escaped a peril so deadly that she refused to name it. But she was saved, another stone was missing, and the trinket had been passed on to her fiancé, a captain in a line regiment then on its way to the war which had newly broken out in South Africa. We all know what some of the fighting in that war was like, and especially have we all heard of that awful night on Spion Kop. Well, he was there, in the front line, with men dead and dying all around him; but death and wounds passed him by; only one bullet touched and apparently should have killed him, but it struck fair on the charm which he wore round his neck, and glanced harmlessly aside, carrying the sixth stone with it.

'The charm is now worn by his brother, also a soldier; but apparently death has not yet come within striking distance of him, for, so far as I know, the seventh stone still remains in its cup.

'Such is the story recalled by the sight of that old fakir, every word of which I can vouch for. It is unaccountable, I admit; though, as you know, not a few of these ascetic *yogis*, by some knowledge, power, necromancy, or devilry never vouchsafed to us white men, seem at times to get some faint grasp on the fringe of the inner order of things, producing results for which we can find no reasonable explanation.'

We old stagers were silent, feeling that we had again been permitted a rare glimpse into the practical mysticism so ever-present as to form an integral part of native life, but that seldom approaches sufficiently near even to impinge on the outskirts of our Western civilisation. So we nodded comprehendingly. But to the 'griffin' it was all rank superstition; therefore he talked long and loud of coincidence, auto-suggestion, and the like, and scoffed and refused belief. And when, one scorching night in the plains, we read the expected volume by the light of the punkah-lamps on the veranda of the commissioner's bungalow, and found that the one story that might have helped to some small insight into the back of the native's mind was carefully omitted, while the 'facts obtained from unimpeachable sources' were all duly elaborated, we grimly smiled one to another, and more than ever questioned the utility of matters Indian being dealt with in parliamentary debate.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SUPPLY FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

WE are all enamoured of the convenience and cleanliness of electric light, and nearly every householder within reach of a public supply who can afford it now uses electricity in place of paraffin or gas. Unfortunately, in the country districts no electric supplies are available; hence the advantages of electric lighting can only be obtained by making the electricity separately for each house. This has long since been done by the owners of large country mansions, but until recently no convenient apparatus has been available for the smaller householder. The difficulty hitherto has been, firstly, the amount of looking after that a private electric lighting plant demands; secondly, the large and costly battery needed in which to store the electricity ready for use. The private electric lighting plant consists of an oil-engine, which drives a dynamo, the current from the latter being used to fill up a large storage battery. In summer-time one batteryful may last a week, but during the dark evenings it will be necessary to 'charge' the battery perhaps every two days. This process involves the starting up of the engine and dynamo and running them for at least six hours, during which time a certain amount of attention is needed.

The most troublesome feature, however, is the care required by the battery, which may almost be said to want 'nursing' if good results are to be obtained; and even with the best attention deterioration is rapid, and costly renewals will be needed in a few years. Then, again, you cannot get the same amount of electricity out of a battery that you put in, some 40 per cent. being lost in this way. This loss entails a larger engine and dynamo than would be required if the lighting were done direct instead of through a battery, which means a bigger outlay to begin with and a higher annual cost for oil or petrol for the engine.

With the 'Lister' automatic electric lighting plant these drawbacks are entirely got over, and current can be made with scarcely any attention, whilst the lamps are lit direct from the dynamo, so that the big loss in the battery is avoided. There *is* a battery, certainly, but it is a very small affair, consisting of a few cells similar to those used on motor-cars for ignition. The engine and dynamo start themselves as soon as any lamps are turned on, and the battery is only used to run a few lights for a minute or two whilst the engine is getting up speed. When fairly running, the dynamo takes over the lighting and fills up the battery ready for another start. These operations are reversed when light is no longer needed, and the engine stops itself after all lamps are turned off at night. The only attention required consists in filling up the petrol tanks and oiling the bearings—say, ten minutes a day at the outside—whilst current is available for lighting at any time during the day or night.

The apparatus is really a novel combination of devices which have proved their reliability during years of practical work, so that no part is likely to go wrong; in fact, the plant was started and stopped by switching lamps on and off some thousands of times before it was placed on the market.

In addition to these advantages we have a low first cost, a great reduction in space, and a plant which requires no foundations; in fact, it is delivered practically ready for connecting up to the house wiring, hence it can be used within an hour or two of being unpacked, provided, of course, that the house is already fitted up with lamps and wiring.

BROKEN TOYS.

I AM so glad when children bring their toys
For me to mend;
When in sweet confidence they claim my aid
For some poor treasure, unafraid,
Knowing me 'friend.'
Then solemnly we set to work to see
How best the damage 'set to rights' may be.

To-day a little maiden brought her doll,
'Halt, lame, and blind,'
And told, with sobs of mingled wrath and woe,
How some wild playfellow had used it so
Rough and unkind.
'He 's always teasing me. He breaks my toys
Just for the fun of it. I *hate all* boys!'

'Twas such bad case not much my skill availed;
But I could take
The little mourner on my knees and try
With tender hands and words her tears to dry,
And strove to wake
Forgiving feelings in her wounded heart;
And soon I saw her, comforted, depart.

Then came another, with a tiny pipe
From which in vain
He strove a sound of melody to bring.
Blow as he would, 'twas but a poor dumb thing;
But when I took the pipe and showed him how
Against all laws
Of cleanliness and godliness, the dust
Into each secret part its way had thrust,
And was the cause
Why all his toil no tune thereon could play,
He was consoled, and, piping, went his way.

Then I, too, took my broken toys one night
Unto my 'Friend'—
Broken by other hands and by mine own.
'Master,' I said, ''tis Thou, and Thou alone,
These toys canst mend.'
Then on the motley heap He looked and smiled:
'Yea,' I was once *The Carpenter*, my child.'

FLORENCE TYLEE.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE CLOAKED MAN.

By the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

AMONGST the reports which in the month of February 1804 accumulated daily on the desk of Monsieur Réal, who was in charge of the Republican police, the cloaked man played an important part. He was reported to have been seen prowling about the Champs Elysées, others said they had met him during the night on the boulevard near the Church of the Madeleine, a further report stated that he was seen at the same hour in a deserted street in the vicinity of St Médard, and on one particular night he was described as having entered a café with a woman or as having dined in the company of an unfrocked monk. The unfortunate thing was that no one was able to say who this mysterious person could be.

Assuredly he must belong to the band of English adventurers who had come over to France for the purpose of murdering the First Consul. Or perhaps he was one of the Bourbon princes. But which one? The Duc d'Angoulême was in Courland; the Duc de Berri and the Comte d'Artois were in London; the Duc d'Enghein led a retired life in the Duchy of Baden; and they were all so carefully surrounded with spies that it appeared highly improbable that any one of them could have escaped without the French Government having been informed of the fact.

If Bonaparte's police were maintained at great cost, it must be confessed that they thoroughly earned their pay. At no period had espionage attained such a degree of perfection. Réal had at his disposal an immense number of men drawn from various sources: spies of the Revolutionary party left without employment, old Jacobins, ex-functionaries turned off on account of having been too zealous partisans of some one or other of the ephemeral régimes which during the last fifteen years had existed in France. Also, he could reckon on a number of deserters, amnestied Revolutionaries, and many others of the motley crew with which Paris swarmed, easily recognisable by the traditional cudgel, the beaver hat with buckle, the shaven face half-hidden in the dirty cravat, and with the butt-end of their pistols showing through the long, threadbare overcoat buttoned up to the chin.

In spite of this regiment of informers the enemies of the Government came and went, held counsel, and moved about with a facility which was truly stupefying. In those days the streets of Paris were well adapted for romantic adventures, and those who wished for concealment had not much difficulty in effecting their purpose. Therefore it happened that a considerable number of Chouans (Royalist insurgents) had passed the barriers without being questioned, had assembled in Paris, had established themselves in comfortable quarters, had ordered military uniforms from well-known tailors in the Palais Royal and frequented places of amusement. The police heard rumours of their escapades without having been able to lay hands on a single one of them.

On the 13th of February, however, it was rumoured that a Royalist who had been imprisoned for some time in the Temple had tried to hang himself with his long cravat knotted to the bars of his cell. A jailer, hearing the noise, entered the cell and cut the man down; when he was restored to consciousness he was seized with violent convulsions, and in his delirium revealed the whole plot.

The chief of the conspiracy was Georges Cadoudal, Moreau was one of the members, and the cloaked man was Pichegru. And it was Pichegru—Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland, the rival of Hoche in the Army of the Rhine; Pichegru, who had never been able to decide whether he was a Royalist or a Republican; and it was this uncertainty that was the cause of his misfortune—for, accomplished and courageous as he was, he had disappointed the hopes of all parties of the State. Wearied to death with his life since he had been exiled from France by the Executive Council, he had built his hopes upon political statecraft, of which he understood nothing, and he had allowed himself to be drawn into this equivocal adventure by men of the most implacable fanaticism like Georges, or of bitter and hesitating ambition like Moreau.

Hardly had he set his foot in France than Pichegru understood that he had been deceived; and with his frank good sense he saw at once that a struggle entered into in such conditions must assuredly fail, and that the old order and the new were irreconcilable. He, perhaps, was one of the first to foresee the mistakes and misfortunes which were to take place in France

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during the nineteenth century. Then, sick at heart, and caring little for his life, he had not the courage to tear himself from Paris, and preferred to take his chance in places of concealment in the city he loved rather than trust to English hospitality.

The details of the conspiracy had been carried out by sub-agents with surprising dexterity. Amongst the strange figures which came into notice in the police returns of that period, Spin is worthy of record. Spin was churchwarden of the Church of St Laurent. He was by trade a contractor. He undertook to arrange the hiding-places destined to conceal the accomplices of Georges and of Moreau until the moment arrived for decisive action. He strolled along the streets looking out for apartments to let, choosing those that looked quiet and were in the least-frequented streets, and engaging them in a false name; and then, under the pretext that certain repairs were indispensable, he shut himself in with his tools, and in a few days had arranged a good hiding-place. He then engaged a housekeeper, and told her she would have to provide for a boarder. The boarder, as may be supposed, was one of the conspirators, who lived comfortably, went out as rarely as possible, and on the slightest alarm disappeared into the hiding-place, the mechanism of which had been revealed to him by Spin, without the woman who was the supposed tenant of the apartment having the slightest idea how her lodger appeared and disappeared many times in the day.

Spin was very proud of his proficiency in these singular tactics, and especially of having succeeded in establishing in the house of a friend of his, a tailor named Michelot, in the Rue de Bussy, a hiding-place of the existence of which Michelot, who was obliged by his business to be much away from home, had not the smallest suspicion, and where were established two ruffians armed to the teeth.

When Michelot was away the two fellows stretched themselves out in his apartment, but immediately his step was heard on the stairs they returned to their retreat; and until the day when he and his lodgers were arrested by the police, the worthy Michelot, who was a fervent admirer of Bonaparte, never dreamed that he was giving hospitality to English agents.

Pichegru manifested a great dislike to these enforced retreats. He preferred allowing himself, anyway, the illusion of liberty. It is quite possible to trace almost completely his wanderings about Paris, with the exception of some nights passed at the risk of encounters, of which several were said to have cost him ten or twelve thousand francs. This was a large price, but the walls were covered with placards announcing that those who received malefactors even for twenty-four hours without denouncing them to the police were liable to imprisonment and death; therefore even the most hospitable houses were closed to all unknown persons.

Pichegru entered Paris by the Barrier St Denis in the cabriolet belonging to Georges. He passed the first night in the house of a wine merchant named Denaud, in the angle of the Rue de Bac and the Rue de Varenne. This was a great resort of the Chouans, their rallying-place, from whence they proceeded to the various localities to which they had been assigned.

He then resided for two days in the Rue Carême Prenant, in one of the houses which Spin had arranged. One next hears of him at Chaillot in a comfortable pavilion on the banks of the river, which had been hired to serve as a refuge for a prince, whose arrival was counted on by the Royalists, but who declined to cross the sea.

The pavilion at Chaillot was the headquarters of Georges, who gave up his room for a few nights to the General. It was a charming apartment, well furnished, and having two large windows opening on to a terrace. Pichegru was next lodged at the Hôtel du Cercle, Rue Richelieu. He occupied there a room, of which the upper part of the partition was glazed to give light into a corridor. The door of the room was also glazed, covered only with a light curtain; and as Pichegru was in the habit of reading in his bed late at night, any one passing along the corridor could see him as distinctly as if he were sleeping in the public square. He therefore left the Hôtel du Cercle for the Hôtel du Commerce, where he remained only three days; the ex-General Lajolais, his friend, having hired under a false name an apartment in the Rue Culture Sainte Catherine, where he was able to find a safer refuge. He also stayed for a few nights in some rooms in the Rue du Puits de l'Ermite belonging to a clerk named Verdet, who was employed in the office of the National Debt. He then introduced himself under the name of Prevost to a young milliner named Susanne Gilles, Rue des Noyers. He remained there for forty-eight hours; but Susanne, who knew who he was, became alarmed and turned him out. Meanwhile the patrols of the city police and the gendarmes held all the streets, and the troops of the garrison of Paris, with loaded carbines, were guarding the exterior boulevards. No one was allowed to leave the city at night under any pretext whatever; and as the cemeteries were situated outside the walls of the city, the officials in charge of the barriers had received orders to open all the coffins that passed, despite the lamentations of the mourners. The Parisians, disturbed in their usual habits of life, did not dare to grumble, but they sneered discreetly, convinced that the conspiracy was an invention of the police, and that Pichegru had not set foot in France for the last seven years.

In a house in the Rue Vivienne, nearly facing

the Rue Colbert, there lived at the time a freight commissioner named Treille. He had married two years previously a widow, Madame de Caux, who by her first marriage had a daughter, then sixteen years old.

Pichegru, at the time that he was General-in-Chief of the Army of the North, had been very intimate with the Caux family, and Madame Treille regarded him with great affection. She knew he was in Paris, and it was to her he came, after Mademoiselle Gilles closed her door to him. Treille, having been sounded, agreed to receive the outlaw, and on the 26th of February, at dusk, Pichegru was received by Madame Treille in the house in the Rue Vivienne, where he was installed in a room adjoining her own; and when, at the usual hour, the door of the shop was closed they sat down to supper.

Treille had as his partner and habitual guest an accountant named Leblanc, in whom he placed the most absolute confidence. They had met some years previously at a Masonic lodge, of which they were both influential members. To all appearance Leblanc led a most regular and honourable existence; he had done a little soldiering, but had never meddled in politics. He lived alone in a lodging near the Opera, situated then on the site of the present Louvois Square.

He dined on the evening in question with the Treille family and Pichegru, whose identity was not concealed from him. They sat and talked for a long while, and the night passed quietly; but the next day they agreed that the locality was not a safe one. The flat was composed of a suite of rooms piled up with merchandise, and during the day was open to all comers. The outlaw himself agreed that if he remained there any longer he would compromise his host without gaining any advantage himself. He consulted Leblanc, who with great alacrity placed his lodging at the disposal of the General, and it was arranged that he should move there when it was dark.

The day passed without incident. These people had thrown themselves into this tragedy with the most singular carelessness, never appearing to realise that they were risking their lives, and that the whole of the Republican police were on the track of this man whom they were handing on with the greatest tranquillity.

On the 27th, as he sat at the table with the Treilles, Leblanc thanked Pichegru most warmly for the honour he conferred upon him by accepting his house as a place of refuge, begging him to excuse the lack of comfort which it afforded, but assuring him of its safety as a hiding-place.

As on the previous evening, they conversed quite freely. Leblanc appeared to be pleased, or even amused, at finding himself mixed up in this adventure. It is impossible to say what was passing in the mind of this man. Nothing is known of his antecedents, nor of how he was situated as regards fortune, nor of his character; the papers which would have supplied this information have disappeared from the archives, and amongst the enormous pile of documents which have been preserved with reference to the affair of Georges Cadoudal and his accomplices, the name of Leblanc does not appear.

We are told, however, that at supper that evening his gaiety was succeeded by visible preoccupation; and, rising from table, he informed his friends that he had some urgent business to transact.

He hurried off to the residence of General Murat, who was then Governor of Paris, and asked to see him. He wished to inform him that on that night Pichegru would sleep under his roof, and to demand the sum of one hundred thousand francs as the price of his betrayal of the General. But Murat was absent, or refused to receive him, and Leblanc declined to confide his secret to any one else. He announced, therefore, that he would return later, and hurried back to Treille's house, where the party were still at table. Leblanc resumed his seat, and told his friends that his business had been successfully carried through. He recovered his spirits, and the evening passed pleasantly.

Towards nine o'clock he rose, and the whole party, in the most friendly manner, said they would accompany Pichegru to his new lodgings, the party including Treille and his wife and Mademoiselle de Caux.

The Rue Chabanais was not then, as it is at the present time, open as far as the Rue Rançeau. It began in the Rue des Petits Champs, and turned at right angles into an extremely dark and solitary square, enclosed by immense, high buildings of seven stories, with small windows. It was in one of these buildings, No. 39, that Leblanc lived. Even in summer no sun could penetrate here, and a semi-darkness always existed.

Leblanc ascended the staircase, followed by Pichegru and Treille, who wished to see the General to his room. There was only one bed in the lodging, but Leblanc cut short all discussion by saying that he could be accommodated at the house of a friend. He called his servant and told her that Pichegru was a relation of the Treilles come to Paris on business. He then wished the General good-night, the latter shaking him warmly by the hand; the door was carefully closed, and the key handed to the servant, who was lodged on the floor above, to whom orders were given that every attention should be paid to the gentleman next morning.

Leblanc went downstairs with the Treille family, and they parted in the street. Mademoiselle de Caux, with tears in her eyes, called upon God to bless Leblanc, and implored him to watch over the precious life confided to his care.

The Treilles returned to the Rue Vivienne, and Leblanc turned down the Rue des Petits Champs.

At one o'clock in the morning he left the house of the Governor of Paris, accompanied by an official named Comminges, six gendarmes, and six of the city police, under the command of Lieutenant Noireau and Cavalry-Sergeant Gillet.

On arriving at the Rue Chabanais, Leblanc knocked at the door, which was opened. He ascended the stairs noiselessly, followed by the men. He left the gendarmes on the landing outside his room, and went up to that of his servant, whom he awoke and ordered her to give him the key of his apartment. The terrified girl obeyed, and crept downstairs after her master. Comminges took the key, and listened at the door. No sound was to be heard. He tried the door; it resisted his efforts, having been barricaded with a heavy piece of furniture.

At a sign from him his men hurled themselves against it, and rushed into the room. Pichegru was not asleep. He was undressed, and lying in bed reading. At the first alarm he sprang to reach his pistols; but one of the gendarmes overturned the table on which the light stood.

In the darkness a fierce struggle ensued; the police agents threw themselves upon the unfortunate General, who defended himself valiantly; but finally he was overpowered, gagged, and bound with sheets torn from the bed—and Leblanc had earned his hundred thousand francs.

In the street a curious crowd had assembled. When the gendarmes emerged from the house there was some slight disorder, which was quickly suppressed. The police agents followed, carrying with difficulty the body of a man enveloped in linen, from which protruded two contused and bleeding feet. In this manner Pichegru, deprived of all power of movement, is carried to the Place Vendôme, to the bureau of the Chief Magistrate, and thence to the police station in the Rue des Saints Pères. He is flung, tightly bound, on the floor of Réal's office. The Chief of Police orders the sheets to be withdrawn, and the face of the unfortunate man is exposed, swollen and apoplectic, the eyes closed, and the teeth clenched in passion.

His identity being established, he was carried on a litter, escorted by twenty gendarmes, through the streets of Paris, and deposited in the Temple Prison, where, on the 1st of March 1804, he put an end to his eventful career by suicide.

In 1815, the political weathercock having turned, the memory of Pichegru was honoured as one of France's most sublime heroes, and a statue was erected to his memory at Besançon. This, however, was destroyed in 1830.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II.—LADY CAHUSAC BREAKS SILENCE.

WITH night the wind had gone round to the north-east, cold nipped the bud of spring, and darkness rushed over a wintry city. The rising gusts could be heard in the dining-room, where, set in a frame of oak-panelled walls, the table gleamed white and exquisite under a soft moon of electric light.

Lady Cahusac sat almost silent opposite to her stepson. During the meal she asked him a few questions, to which he replied rather formally. He now realised for the first time how formal and restricted had been their intercourse in the past. A good deal of his life had been passed under the same roof, and yet how little he knew of her! He fingered a spray of lily of the valley, and meanwhile marked the change that a year had made in her appearance. She had not yet outlived her reputation of being one of the handsomest women in London, and the moss-green draperies and emeralds she wore enhanced the beauty that remained to her. But she had grown more fragile, painfully fragile, and the look which as a boy had always surprised him was now more pronounced, more settled in her misty eyes—a quick, hunted look, a look singularly at odds with the composure of her manner, though he recognised to-night that her calmness was not composure, but self-repression.

The servants had long before left the room, and the evening was growing late.

Lady Cahusac had moved to an arm-chair by the fire, saying, with her faint smile, 'I will stay with you to-night, Malcolm,' and straightway fell into a reverie; while Malcolm watched the firelight flicker in the decanters before him, and cast about in his mind as to how he should open the matter that engrossed him.

'Mater, you should take more care of yourself,' he said at last, 'or, now that I am here, allow me to take care of you.'

She gave him an absent look, and murmured, 'You are very kind; but I need nothing.'

Time passed slowly, with now and then a desultory word or two, until close upon eleven; then Malcolm rose and rang the bell. When the butler appeared he dismissed him for the night; he wished for no interruption during his conversation with his step-mother. He must not trouble her, yet he felt that by taking advantage of her mood he might learn all there was to learn. He sat down beside her. 'Mater,' he said simply, 'tell me about my father's death.'

She started violently, and began to tremble. 'To-night?' she repeated with agitation.

'Yes, to-night,' he answered very gently. 'Surely the time has come for me to know all that you can tell me.'

'I wonder! I wonder!' she murmured with a sudden piteousness.

'He was my father,' said Malcolm quietly.

'He is nothing to you—a shadow, a name; but to me'—— She paused.

'Trust me,' he said after a moment, and checked himself. Trust! Why?

'I meant to tell you when you came home, perhaps to-night.' Her thin hands were clenched together on her fan. 'You must swear to stand by me, Malcolm! It has worn me out, the knowledge and the long struggle. It has worn me out! You see, I have borne it quite alone!'

Malcolm set his teeth. What, in Heaven's name, was coming? The suspense was growing unendurable. 'Of course I will stand by you.' His voice seemed to carry conviction to her.

'Then you shall hear. You shall know the truth that is killing me.'

Malcolm waited in silence. Her strange emotion had worked him into a tumult of feeling. There must be some meaning in this mood of hers which was so unlike anything he could connect with his past knowledge of her. Then suddenly he became aware that she was pouring out her story.

'We had been married not quite three years when—it happened. That evening we had dined alone, and afterwards went to a ball at the Austrian Embassy. The Prince was there.' Her voice for a moment lost its strained note in the murmur of reminiscence. 'Yes, I remember! I wore the cat's-eyes and diamonds that Malcolm had given me.'

The young man knew that he was not the Malcolm of her thoughts, and kept silence, for he was aware that each impression must follow in its due order, the vital with the trivial, falling one by one into its accustomed place in the mosaic of her memory.

'I was wearing green,' she went on. 'He noticed it; he liked me to wear green. I danced a good deal, and it was nearly two o'clock when he came for me. He—never danced. It was time for us to go; he put me into the carriage. He said he would walk. A dark, windy night, but fine. He shut the door himself, and called to the coachman, "All right!"—the last words I ever heard him say—"All right!"'

The jotted sentences, like the strokes of a brush, reproduced the scene touch for touch in the young man's excited imagination.

'I was in my room, writing notes to Lord Hipsden and some others, waiting till he came—till Malcolm came. I was tired, and fell asleep. It seemed but a few minutes when I woke; the bell downstairs was ringing—ringing. It was very dark, and rain beat and spattered on the windows. They laid him on the bed in his dressing-room. He was dead!'

Young Malcolm sat rigid, waiting.

'They had laid him on his face. The wound was between the shoulders. I saw the knife. All night long the house was lit up like a lantern—like a lantern; and men in heavy boots came and went. There was a crowd outside the railings, for I heard cries to make way. A doctor came in; I had never seen him before. He said—I overheard—"Instantaneous? Oh, quite! Can't have known who struck him!" And then, "Poor lady! poor lady!"' She shook her head slightly as one might over another's misfortune. 'I think they—or he, the doctor—gave me something to make me sleep after they had questioned me. When I woke it was daylight, and I remembered that Malcolm was dead.'

For a long time she brooded, and her tone was lower when she spoke again. 'While I lay there I heard a boy crying the news in the street in a dreadful voice. Somebody went and drove him away. People came, but I would see no one. Then a detective—I was forced to see him. He talked of clues.'

'Who found my father?'

'A bricklayer out of work.'

'Ah! what of him?'

'Oh no! there was no suspicion of him!' Lady Cahusac returned sharply. 'It was not he! a poor creature who had only left his wife and children a little while to try to earn a few pence. Oh no!'

The strange certainty of her manner startled Malcolm.

'How can you—know?' he asked.

'It was not a case of robbery.'

'You do not mean—that he killed himself?' Malcolm scarcely knew what he said. Wild surmises were mounting to his brain.

She made no direct answer to this, passing it over as if the idea were nothing in comparison with the truth.

Malcolm, watching her, dropped his hand heavily on his knee. 'Do you know who murdered him?' he asked.

She flashed an anguished look upon him. 'It was not a murder.'

Malcolm leant back in his chair. Here was the explanation—there could be only one—his stepmother was mad, possessed of some outrageous idea!

'The days passed. They brought his coffin,' she resumed after a moment. 'It was night; they stepped softly, but I knew! And then I saw him for the last time. The house was dark and empty. He was gone. And through the heaviness some one carried me a letter. I read it. "Will you see me for your husband's sake?"—that was all.' Her strained whisper grated on his nerves.

'Go on,' he said hoarsely.

'From the man who wrote that letter I learned the truth. He told me that your father, my husband, had used his official position to sell national secrets to foreign Governments.'

'You believed that?' Unconsciously Malcolm gripped the arms of his chair.

'Do you think I believed it readily? It was to this man himself that the secrets were sold!' She threw out one hand with a gesture curiously unlike herself, and Malcolm divined that with such a gesture the disclosure had first been made to her. She was reacting a moment scarred upon her memory.

'He told you a lie—an impossible lie! Who was that man? Leave me to deal with him!'

She surveyed him, crouching in her chair as if with terror. 'What could you do? Would you let the world know? He had proofs, letters'——

'How did he account for my father's murder?' said Malcolm sternly.

Lady Cahusac put both her hands to her head. 'Ah, there was the proof—the strongest proof of all! Suspicion had been aroused, and the people in power—the Secret Service, I don't know who, but those who could not touch him in any other way—had arranged for his assassination!'

Malcolm's face warned her. She raised her hand. 'Don't speak! Hear the end. The question at the moment was to save your father's reputation. No matter how I did it! That man was the only human being who *knew*. Do you understand? He threatened that there would be an exposure, a scandal, my husband's name dragged down. He showed me how easy it would be if I—if only I—would help; that it could all be avoided. I knew where the papers were kept that he wanted. He swore they had been promised to him. What could I do?'

Malcolm thrust his elbow back upon the table behind him, wrecking glasses and flowers. 'What *did* you do?' he said.

'I gave them!' she cried with a nervous defiance, stringing her figure upright. 'I had to—for your father's sake.'

'Have you anything more to say? Let me hear the end of it—now!'

'I have seen the man from time to time. He forced me to tell him certain things I heard, or could find out, to buy his silence. Oh, you will never understand!'

Malcolm was on his feet. 'Who was he?'

'I cannot tell you. I swore to him.'

Malcolm did not seem to heed her reply. 'Tell me his name.'

'I will not break my oath.'

'His name!'

'You will never hear it from me. But listen, Malcolm—be patient. There is something you must hear, something far more important. At the beginning he demanded from me two letters which he had written to your father. I could not find them. I believed your father had destroyed them. But a month ago I came upon them by the merest chance. They were fixed flat against the back of the secret drawer of the cabinet in the study, caught in the woodwork. No wonder he wanted them back! They—they showed me the truth, how cruelly I had been deceived! That same day I cabled for you. It is you who must deal with those letters. Wait! He heard that I had sent for you, and he suspected at once that I had found the letters.'

'Where are they?'

'I have them still; I have kept them in spite of his threats.'

'Where are they?' Malcolm repeated harshly.

'In the same drawer just where I found them.' She fumbled at her bosom, and drew out a strange, crooked key. 'You can take them. Then, moved by a renewal of her old terrors, she would have clutched at the key again. 'Stop! stop! What will you do with them? Malcolm, Malcolm!'

But he was gone, taking the key, and had crossed the hall into the library. He had spoken no word of reproach; but his face, the eyes with which he had looked at her when she made her confession! Yet what she had done was done for the sake of the other Malcolm whom she had loved.

What was that noise? Transfixed with apprehension and weakness, she listened. Ah, what was it? A cry, a groan? Drawing herself forward foot by foot, she gained the library door. A horrible sense of helplessness oppressed her. The whole night seemed to be listening, and she felt afraid.

For a second she stood, supporting herself by the door-posts, and looked in. The electric light above the cabinet shone brilliantly. The next instant all was darkness; but in that instant, as by a flash of lightning, she had seen!

Malcolm lay on the floor, his fair hair already dabbled in blood, and over him stood a man, his body thrown forward, his hand in the drawer which hung open. A loose coat shrouded his figure, and though he turned his head at the rustle of her gown she could not see his face under the wide shadow of his hat.

With the darkness her scream came, breaking the stillness. It was a name: 'De Sarsan!'

The intruder fled, striking at her murderously with the weapon in his hand as he passed her; but the blow missed, for she lay her length upon the floor, screaming, screaming.

(To be continued.)

PLANTATION SONGS.

A PARTIALITY for music has always been a characteristic of the negro race. In their native Africa the instruments used are of the most primitive kind, the drum generally playing a prominent part. To the untutored European such music seems more remarkable for noise than melody, though under the influence of 'tom-tom' performances the negroes in the West Indies and elsewhere have been known to work themselves up to a pitch of regular frenzy.

Negro songs have always been popular among us, and deservedly so. On what does their attraction depend? As poetical products they are generally seriously defective. The negro has been aptly described as a person with the intellect of a child and the strength and passions of a full-grown man, and these characteristics are borne out by his poetry. The language of the plantation-song is often a disjointed jumble, scarcely superior to a nursery rhyme, yet it contains a pathos which strikes the deepest chords of the human heart. This is their great merit, and it is more than sufficient to counterbalance deficiencies of rhyme, metre, grammar, and composition, and to endear them not only to the coloured race but to English-speakers of all races all the world over. The phenomenally long runs made by Christy Minstrel performances in London and elsewhere bear witness to this fact.

Plantation-songs have been the delight of high and low, educated and uneducated, of all ages and of both sexes. It is doubtful if there is any kind of theatrical performance that is more universally popular; nor can it be denied that, whether they strike the sentimental chord or the lighter vein of humour, they are innocent in their nature and elevating in their tendency. Would that the same could be said of all music-hall songs! Eminent statesmen, like the late W. E. Gladstone, have been seen listening with rapt attention to these old-fashioned ballads; while the novelist Thackeray records his impressions as follows: 'I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel who performed a negro ballad that, I confess, moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy-queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them; they have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and, behold! a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, and strikes a wild note which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity.'

Mention has been made of the fondness of the negroes for music; in some cases the natural intuition or instinct is very remarkable. No better instance of this fact could be cited than the case of Black Tom, the musical prodigy. This boy, born about 1850, as a slave, in the Southern States, developed a most remarkable talent for music, although he was both blind and half-witted. Late one night, after Tom's master had retired, he heard the sound of music proceeding from the drawing-room. Some one was playing the piano with delicate touch and no ordinary skill. Dressing himself hastily, he stole downstairs, and opening the door of the drawing-room, peeped in. The sight which met his eyes almost took his breath away. The talented musician proved to be the blind black boy Tom. He played not only some of the simple songs he had already heard performed on the piano, but difficult exercises which he had heard the daughters of the house perform, exhibiting all the while an ecstasy of delight. The blind boy was playing the piano for the first time in his life! The fame of the new prodigy spread far and wide. From that time Tom was allowed free access to the piano, to his great delight, and was a source of wonder to the many visitors who flocked to hear him. Old airs which people had forgotten, and which Tom could not have heard more than once, were played with the greatest accuracy. His master was induced to make a public exhibition of the boy's talent. He performed in various cities of the Southern States (the slave-laws prevented him from touring in the North), and on the outbreak of the great Civil War he was taken to England, where he played to crowded audiences in St James's Hall.

In order thoroughly to appreciate these touching negro songs it is necessary to understand something of the condition of the people who cultivated them, principally the negroes of the Southern States. There are some who picture the Southern negro in the old slavery days as a poor, down-trodden wretch, working under the lash and treated with the greatest cruelty. There are others who will tell you that the negro in the days of slavery was as happy as the day was long, and quite contented with his lot. The real truth must be sought for between these two extremes; though, if one were to judge from the general tenor of the old plantation-songs, the latter condition is much nearer the truth than the former. The writer of these lines has lived in the Southern States, Brazil, and the West Indies, in all of which countries slavery existed within the memory of the present generation. He has conversed with many old slaves, and his opinion is that cases of cruelty to slaves were extremely rare.

The songs of the Spaniard deal almost exclusively with the subject of love; his studied compositions are marked by an excessive hyperbole of imagery which detracts from their value

as genuine outbursts of sentiment. How different is the case of these simple negro melodies! Here the sentiment of love, though not absent, takes a secondary place; his favourite songs describe the ordinary routine of plantation-life, corn-hoeing and cotton-picking, enlivened in the evenings by dance and banjo-playing. On looking over a collection of negro melodies one cannot help being struck by the frequent use of the epithet 'old:' 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Take me Back to Old Tennessee,' 'The Old Kentucky Home,' 'On de Banks ob dat Ribber de Old Santee.' It is the same sentiment that the Scotsman expresses in the phrase 'Auld lang-syne,' quite untranslatable into classical English. In fact, 'old' is the most affectionate word in the negro vocabulary; as a phrenologist would say, he has the organ of veneration highly developed, and this forms the keynote of many of his finest melodies.

That the negroes as a whole were extremely attached to their masters and to the plantations on which they had been reared will not be denied by those qualified to express an opinion. This sentiment abounds in the old plantation-songs, as in the following:

Now massa him dead, him gone to rest;
Ob all de massas he war best?
I nebber forget de day him die.

Or again:

When de autumn leaves war falling,
When de day war cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling
Cayse he was so weak and old.

Or take the converse—the affection of the master for the slave:

When old Ned die massa take it mighty bad,
De tears run down him like de rain;
Old missus turn pale, and she gets berry sad,
Cayse she nebber see old Ned again.

The above lines are commemorative of the death of a negro slave. Who will say after this that the boasted bond of sympathy which united master and servant in the old slavery days was a mere fiction?

The following lines are samples of hundreds of others which express the hold which memories of the old plantation had on the quondam slaves:

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber;
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Another:

The sun shines bright on de old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, de darkies are gay;
De young folks roll on de little cabin floor;
All merry, all happy, and bright.

Sometimes the only thing that seems to recommend itself in these negro melodies is a merry, catchy jingle, as in the following ('Camptown Races'):

Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day;
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag;
Somebody bet on de bay.

Perhaps the best of these songs were those written by Stephen C. Foster, who (though not a negro himself) may be described as the Burns of negro minstrelsy. He wrote more than a hundred songs, many of which are deservedly popular. Several of the verses quoted above are from his pen. There is nothing affected about these songs; they make no attempt at erudition or literary talent; they are simply the natural, spontaneous outpourings of the heart, and in this fact lies their great value. In this respect they are well worthy of comparison with the songs of Burns. Foster not only wrote the songs, but he himself composed the music to which they were set. The simple, unaffected language of songs like the following is one of their greatest merits:

Dere was an old nigger, dey called him Uncle Ned,
He's dead long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on de top ob his head,
De place wha de wool ought to grow.
His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,
He had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth for to eat de corn cake,
So he had to let de corn cake be.

The corn cake, or 'Johnny' cake, made of maize, formed part of the plantation fare. The word is said to be a corruption of 'journey' cake; but in the writer's opinion the more probable explanation is to be found in the nickname ('Johnnies') given by the Northerners, or Federals, to the Southerners, or Confederates, during the great Civil War. While the commissariat of the Northern armies was always liberally supplied, the rations supplied to the Southern troops were poor in quantity and quality, and maize (corn is always so called in the United States) often formed the mainstay; hence the term 'Johnny cake;' hence also the humorous abbreviation 'Fed' and 'Corn-fed' applied to the Federals and Confederates respectively.

When the war was at its height the artist-correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* describes how he saw the negro slaves in the South working hard on the fortifications, and contentedly helping their masters in the attempt to rivet the chains of slavery more firmly about their necks, singing the while some ditty such as the following:

Oh, I don't like de lowland girl;
Do you know de reason why?
Cayse she comb her hair wid de herring-bone,
Which am not pleasing to my eye.
But I do love de mountain girl;
Do you know de reason why?
Cayse she comb her hair wid de tortoise-shell,
And her movements am so spry.

THE BANDIT AND THE LADY.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Tredare returned to the Osteria dei Fiori the dusk was creeping over the mountain-tops and along the precipitous ravine; when he descended to dinner stars were shining in a sky of the deepest azure. He ate his meal at the same table on the *loggia* at which he and Beppo Cavalanci had drunk the exquisite wine of the Val di Ferentola. But there was no sign of his bandit landlord; a little serving-maid waited upon him.

Tredare had finished his dinner, and was making notes upon the Madonna in the church, when the landlord's face suddenly appeared in the circle of light cast by the single candle in its glass globe.

'Then the signore is not afraid of me?' he asked, half-seriously, half-banteringly. 'He does not believe that I shall rob and murder him?'

Tredare laughed. 'No,' he answered; 'I am not afraid of you.'

'Yet the priest told you I was a bandit?'

Tredare nodded.

'That formerly a price was set upon my head?'

Again Tredare nodded.

'And that for some mysterious reason the *velo d'oblio* had been drawn over the past, that I had been pardoned by the Government?'

'Yes,' said Tredare; 'all this he told me. But how do you know?'

'He tells every stranger the same story. Did the signore believe it?'

'Not a word of it. I saw he had a spite against you because you do not give money to the Church.'

'But, signore, it is true! Are you afraid now?'

Tredare drew a revolver from his hip-pocket and laid it on the table. 'No,' he said calmly; 'I am not afraid.'

'You will have no need of that in my house,' said the landlord reproachfully, pointing to the revolver. 'The past is past. But I knew the signore did not believe the priest's story, else he would not have returned to the Osteria dei Fiori; he would have sent for his luggage and have gone to one of the dirt-holes in the town.' He drew himself up proudly. 'I could not let the signore stay under my roof knowing he believed a story that is true to be a lie of the priest's. It would not be honourable.'

The statement expressed a point of view so entirely foreign to the accepted estimate of a bandit's character that Tredare with difficulty repressed a smile.

'If you were a proscribed man, as the priest says, why did the Government pardon you?' asked Tredare.

'I did the State a service,' Cavalanci replied with quiet dignity. 'The *podestà* and the others know why I was pardoned, but they were bidden by the Government to hold their peace. The priest is a magpie, and would have told all the world that but for me the Princess della Gravina would still be a prisoner in a desolate castle in Apulia, and that the heads of the Camorra in Naples would still be enjoying her vast fortune. There are times when the Camorra is more powerful than the Government, and it is not well that this should be known amongst the ignorant.'

Tredare leant forward eagerly. He had heard curious stories about the power of the Camorra by reason of its ramifications through every section, high and low, of the population of Naples, and he knew that the man who defied this secret organisation, with its powers of life and death, must be of high and resolute courage. 'You've helped the Government against the Camorra?' he asked, a note of admiration in his voice. 'How?'

The landlord was obviously pleased by Tredare's interest. 'It is a long story,' he began, with the air of one who wishes to be pressed to continue.

'But not too long for me to hear,' interrupted Tredare; 'and whilst you tell it we will drink another bottle of the exquisite Val di Ferentola.'

The landlord fetched the wine, and, seating himself at the table, plunged straightway into his story with all the southern Italian's delight in monologue. He made no attempt to excuse or explain his former calling, but began:

'Three years ago I was hard pressed—it was after the affair of the diligence. A ring of *carabinieri* and soldiers was set round the whole district. Old friends, who had hidden and fed me many times before, did not dare to give me either shelter or food, for they were watched. My safest hiding-places had been discovered, and gradually day by day the ring of *carabinieri* and soldiers drew closer and closer, until at last a ravine, into which they had driven me as the hunters drive a wolf to its lair, was entirely surrounded. There was no hope of escape! But Beppo Cavalanci was always a match for as many *carabinieri* as they liked to send against him. Through the bottom of the ravine ran a deep and swift river. When darkness came I crept from the cave in which I was hiding, and dropping into the black water below, was borne away like a leaf. The current was so strong that a gentle movement of the legs alone served to keep me afloat. At the end of the ravine was a bridge, and as the water whirled me towards it I heard voices and saw the glint of

steel. I drew a deep breath, and sank beneath the water. A minute later I had broken through the ring that had hemmed me in, passing underneath the feet of the men whose rifles were ready loaded to shoot me at sight. But I had lost everything, and a bandit without arms'—he smiled grimly—'well, he is no longer a bandit.

'I hid by day and walked by night, not knowing where I was going, until, starving and shivering with fever, I found myself in the neighbourhood of Naples. There was no fear of detection there, but I had no papers. No one would employ a stranger without papers. I was lean with hunger. One day I stole a loaf of bread from a basket a woman was carrying on her back. Her husband, who was walking in front, chanced to turn, and saw me take the loaf. The man and the woman fell upon me like furies, and beat me until I was nearly senseless; they beat me, Beppo Cavalanci, and I had no strength left to resist. I knelt in the dust and begged for the bread. My misery softened the woman's heart; and breaking the loaf in two, she thrust one half into my hand, saying, "I would give you all, but the children are hungry at home. My man and I can go without for one day."

'The bread comforted me, but I said to myself, "This is a dog's life; better a lifetime of prison—there at least one has a roof over one and bread to eat." The next day I gave myself up to the police at Naples. But—will the signore believe it?—they declared I was an impostor! "No man who is really a criminal ever gives himself up to the police," said the sergeant. "Then take me to the head of the police," I said. "I will prove to him that I am Beppo Cavalanci, the scourge of Calabria."

'The head of the police is a wise man. He heard me without a word. When I had ended he said, "On the left arm of Beppo Cavalanci, above the elbow, is tattooed a red heart pierced by a yellow dagger."

'"*Ecco, Eccellenza,*" said I, pulling back the ragged sleeve of my shirt, "there it is!"

'"And over the left breast," the head of the police went on, just as if I had not spoken, "is tattooed an eagle likewise in red and yellow."

'For answer, I threw open my shirt and showed him the red-and-yellow eagle. In half-an-hour I was locked in a dirty cell, lighted by a small window high up in the wall, and with only a wooden bed to lie and sit upon. I regretted what I had done, until I remembered that I had stolen the bread of the poor woman's children.

'Two days, three days passed, and still I remained in the dirty cell; but I was not hungry. On the fourth day I was taken to the head of the police.

'"Tell me," he said—he had a voice like a razor—"tell me how you broke through the cordon I placed around you. It was I who directed that the *carabinieri* and the soldiers should close in upon you and so drive you to earth. We had you tight in a ravine. I knew the exact spot in which you were hiding; but the darkness prevented our surprising you—lights would have given you the alarm. All night the ravine was surrounded by a wall of *carabinieri* and soldiers. How in the name of all that is mysterious did you escape me?"

'"Did the Eccellenza notice a bridge at the western end of the ravine?" I asked.

'"It was there that I myself kept watch with the soldiers," he replied. "It was the weakest spot in the cordon."

'"Then I had the honour to pass beneath the Eccellenza's feet," I said.

'"Under my feet! But how?"

'"In the river, Eccellenza, which flows under the bridge."

'The head of the police stared at me, his mouth wide open like a gaping chicken. "You went under the bridge in that raging torrent! *Sapristi!*" Then he leant back in his big chair and laughed so heartily that I was forced to laugh with him. But his laughter was short, and suddenly he became the stern and rasping head of the police. "So you have given yourself up?"

'I bowed.

'"Yet you know there is but one punishment for crimes such as yours?"

'"I know that I must pass many years in prison," I answered; "but that is better than starving in the streets."

'His next words turned my blood to ice. "You know you must pass many years in prison!" His voice was like a sword-cut through the air. "Many years in prison, my friend! A lifetime of prison, the *ergastolo*,* is the sentence that will be pronounced upon you!"

'He called to the warders who were waiting without, and I was taken back to my cell.

'Horror and despair fell upon me; they clutched and held me, two torturing fiends, that made each moment an agony. *Ergastolo! Ergastolo!* The words burned and pulsed before my eyes. I saw, as clearly and distinctly as if I were already condemned, the small stone cell with its window of ground-glass which filters all the sunshine into twilight; the hard bench on which I must sleep for all the rest of my life; the turntable in the wall, which would revolve three times each day, bringing me food to keep me alive in my living tomb. I saw the door of the cell close upon me! Oh Maria! Maria!'—Cavalanci half-rose from his chair, his hands tightly clasped—'I heard the bolts shoot

* Capital punishment does not exist in Italy. Criminals who in other countries would suffer the death penalty are condemned to solitary imprisonment for the rest of their lives. This is known as the *ergastolo*. After he enters his cell, the prisoner never sees or speaks to a human being, not even to the warders. His food comes to him on a turntable in the wall. He remains absolutely alone, without books or any occupation, until he dies.

into their sockets and the key grind in the lock, and I knew inside my bones that all I saw and heard with the eyes and ears of my brain would come true—that in a short while they would be realities. I had given myself up! Sweet saints and martyrs! the shooting of bolts and the grinding of a key in the lock would be my end; for there, in that stone cell, I must remain, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, seeing no human being, hearing no human voice, with nothing, nothing except the thoughts of the past, and the turntable bringing food three times in the day that was a century! The *ergastolo* is burial alive—one is severed for ever from all mankind; and one knows that at intervals, all day and all night, warders spy through secret peep-holes to see if you are gone mad—madness is always the end. I remembered all the tales I had heard from a man who had served a term of imprisonment on one of the islands where there were many poor wretches in *ergastolo*. The warders told him of the agonies these living corpses endure. I had listened as one listens to a gruesome tale, and, lo! all these agonies were to be endured by me, Beppo Cavalanci! The head of the police had said *ergastolo*, and because the head of the police had said it I knew there could be no escape from such a fate.

'I will say nothing of that night or of the following day. Signore, in those hours I looked into the mouth of hell.

'In the evening I was taken before the head of the police. At a sign, the warders left the room, and we were alone.

'The Eccellenza looked at me curiously. "Is there a looking-glass in your cell, Beppo Cavalanci?" he asked.

'"The noble Government has omitted to place one there," I replied.

'He came to me, twisted me sharply round, and pointing to a great mirror hanging on the wall, said, "Look! Who has been powdering your head with flour?"

'I looked in the mirror. I saw that my hair—which the day before had been as black and shining as a raven's wing—was strewn and streaked with white, my face was gray, and my eyes were large with fear.

'"What has happened?" the Eccellenza asked. "You are afraid?"

'I thought he was mocking me.

'"I am not afraid of death, but the thought of the *ergastolo* freezes my heart."

'"Are you a Camorrist, Beppo Cavalanci?"

'I shook my head.

'"Would you join the Camorra to escape the *ergastolo*—perhaps to gain your freedom?"

'"Of a surety, Eccellenza," I answered. "I would join twenty Camorras to escape those years of torture."

'"Even if you risked death?"

'"Death would be preferable to the *ergastolo*."

'"Beppo Cavalanci, you are a brigand; you have killed men. You have broken the laws of the State. But you are brave; you have a skilful cunning. At this moment the State has need of bravery and cunning such as yours. Would you do the State a service at the risk of your life?"

'"Most assuredly," I replied, hope sending a hot tingling through all my veins.

'"Listen," said the head of the police—"listen before you decide! Five years ago the Princess della Gravina, one of the most beautiful women in Naples, the wife of the head of the oldest family in our aristocracy, and herself a daughter of a most distinguished and noble house, suddenly disappeared. The police heard reports of the gossip that arose because of the Princess's unexplained absence from Naples. Nothing escapes the police." Then he added with a grim smile, "Except rivers at the bottom of ravines"——

'"And Beppo Cavalanci," I interrupted.

'He laughed. "Yes; rivers and Beppo Cavalanci. But in the end the rivers run into the sea, and Beppo Cavalanci has come to the police."

'"Cold comfort for both," I said; and we laughed. *Ma che!* the Eccellenza had a heart, even if his tongue was like a razor.

'The next moment he turned like a weather-cock in a high wind. "*Basta! basta!* this is no time for laughter," he cried, beating both hands upon the table. "A woman's liberty and your life depend upon this moment. As I say, reports reached us, and we made inquiries as to the Princess's disappearance. There was great mystery, and I myself waited upon the Prince della Gravina. His explanation was both simple and tragical. His beautiful wife had suddenly lost her reason, developing a homicidal mania that made it impossible for her to remain in her home. A family council was held, doctors were called in, and upon their advice the unhappy Princess was taken to a castle in Apulia. The Prince showed me the medical certificate and told me the sad story, with such evidences of deep sorrow that I left the *palazzo* with a sincere sympathy for the unfortunate husband, and convinced that the rumours as to the cause of the Princess's disappearance were baseless. Further inquiries amongst the members of the family who had been present at the family council, and of the doctors, confirmed my opinion—that the Princess was mad, and that the whispers against the Prince were cruel calumnies. Remember, this was five years ago. Three months ago a woman in rags, half-starved, and with bleeding feet, stood where you are standing now"——

'"The Princess?" I said.

'"No; the Princess's maid. She had been taken with her mistress to the castle in Apulia, and after five years' imprisonment had succeeded in escaping. She had no money, and had walked all the way to Naples."

'"Imprisonment!" I said. "But why should the maid be imprisoned because her mistress was mad?"

'"Ah, Beppo Cavalanci, I see you have a quick brain," the head of the police replied. "That is the point. The maid was imprisoned because the mistress was *not* mad. The mistress was imprisoned also."

'"*Per Bacco!*" I cried; "but why?"

'"The Camorra had so willed it," was the answer.

'"But what had the poor lady done to offend the Camorra?" I asked.

'"The lady had not offended the Camorra. She was rich; the husband was extravagant. Although she was beautiful, the Princess was wise. She would not allow the Prince to squander her fortune. Now, Beppo Cavalanci, listen! The Prince della Gravina is one of the heads of the Camorra in Naples, and so well has the secret been kept that he was never even suspected by the police. His two brothers and his uncle, who formed the family council, are Camorrists; the two doctors who signed the certificate of the Princess's madness are Camorrists. What is the answer to that?"

'"When the head commands, the members cannot refuse to obey."

'"Bravo! That is the answer. The Prince commanded, the others obeyed; and as the reward of this obedience they have received large sums of money—the poor Princess's money. Such was the maid's story. Every word of it is true."

'"And the Princess della Gravina?" I asked.

'"She is still a prisoner in the castle in Apulia, and is likely to remain there."

'"But the police"—— I began.

'The head of the police waved his hand. "The della Gravina family are so highly placed that to disclose their position in the Camorra to the public would cause not only a grave scandal, but would create trouble with the Camorra itself. The Government will not sanction the prosecution of the Prince; but at the same time"—he looked at me steadily—"the Government are anxious for the release of the Princess, so anxious that they would reward her liberator most handsomely." He turned his head, and in a lower voice added, "If a criminal effected the Princess's escape his reward would not only be money, but a sponge would be swept over his crimes. Only a Camorrist can set her free. The castle is shut in by high walls on the side of a mountain; there is only one gate, which is never opened save to those who give a password, and no man, unless he is a member of the Camorra, can find out what that password is. You grasp my meaning?"

'"One moment, Eccellenza!" I muttered. My thoughts were going so fast that I could almost hear them clicking in my head. This, then, was the alternative to the *ergastolo*. I was to join the Camorra, learn the password, and rescue the Princess. If I succeeded, liberty, money, and the *velo d'oblio* would be my reward. If I failed, it would mean death, but a speedy death; and whether I failed or succeeded, I should escape the horrors of the *ergastolo*. "Eccellenza," I cried, "I accept! I will join the Camorra; I will rescue the Princess."'

(To be continued.)

ON A SACRED MOUNTAIN OF CENTRAL CHINA.

By JOHN WYATT.

NAN YO SHAN, six thousand feet high, is one of the five sacred mountains of China. Situated in the south-eastern part of the province of Hunan, it is one hundred and thirty miles up the river from Changsha, the capital, and then inland westward twenty miles. Its sanctity dates from very early times; for if the conclusion arrived at by authorities—that the ancient inscribed stone recording the engineering feats of the Great Yü (2205 B.C.) in successfully coping with a terrible flood of the Hoang-ho was erected upon it because of its sacredness—be correct, then its sanctity reaches back to before the beginnings of Chinese history. At and near the top are some small caves which tradition and probability tell us were in ancient times the abodes of ascetics. On what is practically the summit are the monastery buildings, and a short distance away, perched upon the highest rock, is a small temple. When these buildings were erected is uncertain, for the time-resisting blocks of granite of which they are built give no intimation. The great age of the massive structure is undoubted; and, considering the extreme antiquity of the sanctity of the mountain, in all probability it was selected as a site upon which to plant a monastic community not very many years after the introduction of Buddhism into China—70 A.D.

Such was the interesting goal of our pilgrimage, and the fact that this isolated monastery has rarely been visited by Europeans added a zest to the trip. Our party consisted of the writer and his two sons, the elder of whom was the only one of us who spoke Chinese. Our first move was to apply to the *taotai* of Changsha for permission to visit Nan Yo Shan. This granted, we then visited the commandant of the military at our own town, and asked for and obtained two soldiers, not as a protection against violence, but as a restraining influence should the curiosity of the country people become too obtrusive.

Having selected and hired a junk, we at once began slowly to ascend the river. Our goal in the junk was the city of Heng Shan, seventy miles away, which we reached at 4 P.M. on the third day.

On arrival at Heng Shan we sent our cards and the permit by one of the soldiers to the magistrate, and presently an official came on board, accompanied by a soldier, into whose charge we then passed. Having made arrangements for a chair for myself and for coolies as baggage-carriers, we started next morning. Of all the woebegone, dilapidated places one can imagine, Heng Shan seemed the most miserable. It is estimated by the missionary living at Heng Shan that as many as thirty thousand pilgrims per day visit the mountain in the height of the season, of which number at least ten thousand pass through Heng Shan. Such an accession in numbers would transform the streets into crowded and busy thoroughfares. The pilgrim season begins in June and lasts four months.

The aspect of the country here was very similar to the other parts of Hunan—the same paddy-fields, the same narrow roads, and the same farmhouses embowered in shady compounds. The staple products, as usual, were rice and children. Boys and girls of seven or eight years tended flocks of ducks numbering many hundreds, guiding them, while feeding in the paddy-fields, by means of a slim bamboo twenty feet long; and children herding goats on the gently sloping hillside, or raking in twigs and coarse grass for fuel, were frequently seen. Journeying along roads five feet wide and raised about two feet above the surrounding mud and water of the paddy-fields has its drawbacks. Several times we met a man wheeling a barrow upon which lay a large pig securely bound; and as this practically occupied the whole width of the road, we stopped the barrow and my bearers gingerly engineered their way round or over the pig's head. I noticed here, for the first time, a singular custom. For warmth some of the women had fastened under their dress, sometimes before and sometimes behind, a small basket enclosing an earthenware cylinder in which had been placed some burning charcoal.

Our progress through the country caused a little sensation among the inmates of houses as we passed; but the climax came when we stopped to rest in a fair-sized village. Under the covered way in front of the tea-house were benches and stools. My white beard was the principal item of interest at the tea-houses. It was really amusing to study the faces of the men grouped round me, and to notice the soft expression that came into their eyes as they gazed intently upon my beard; one man, bolder or more devout than the others, gently touched it, at the same time speaking. 'It's all right, father,' said my son, who was near; 'he is almost worshipping your beard. He calls it silver threads.'

About noon we arrived at Nan Yo, an ecclesiastical town at the foot of the mountain. This place had the same woebegone and deserted appearance as Heng Shan. We stopped at a rather large building, a so-called hotel, intending to take up our quarters there; but the official was strenuous in his argument that we should go to one of the temples. We entered the Taoist temple, where we had some *tiffin* in comparative privacy, as only seven or eight priests stood around looking on.

The temple grounds cover an area of about six or seven acres, and are surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high. They are subdivided into three enclosures, in the principal of which stands the main temple, surrounded by avenues of trees and a granite pavement, on either side of which, instead of a grass sward, the space is given over to half-bricks, ash-heaps, potsherds, broken glass, and other indications of untidiness and neglect. Sundry pigs, dogs, and fowls roamed at will.

Round the temple enclosure were pillared cloisters in a similar state of dirt and disorder, even to the ashes and bits of charred sticks remaining from the fires made against the cloister wall by the pilgrims of the past season. The temple itself stands upon a raised foundation, and is surrounded by a colonnade. On the face of the raised foundation and on the walls of the temple are carvings of white marble in relief. Access to the temple is obtained by a double flight of granite steps, and crossing the colonnade, we enter through a small door. The interior is gloomy and cavern-like, and until the eye gets accustomed to the darkness little is seen. Opposite the main entrance is the shrine, in which is seated a massive gilded figure supported on either side by others standing. In front of the shrine is the altar, upon which is a bowl of burning incense and a lighted lamp of antique make. In front of the altar is a table upon which are carved bamboo vases and curiously carved staves, part of the stock-in-trade of the priest-soothsayers. Ranged round the walls at varying distances are other gilded figures, some gigantic and of ferocious appearance. Of the other three temples we visited but one, that containing an ancient monument. This was a representation in stone of a gigantic tortoise. On its back stood a stone pillar tapering a little towards the top. We could learn nothing about its history or meaning.

Leaving the Taoist temple grounds, we passed through a good portion of the town to the Buddhist temple. This temple had the same gloomy, cavernous interior as the Taoist temple, with a similar arrangement of gilded figures; but the seated Buddha was much larger and more artistic in design and finish than the figure in the Taoist shrine. The calm, majestic expression on its face called forth our highest admiration. I asked our priest-guide where were the praying-wheels, and was informed that the Chinese

Buddhists never used them. We were led out into the grounds behind, and were shown where the priests were cremated and the grave where the ashes were deposited. The crematorium was a small, square building whose bricked-up doorway was still warm from the last burning. The grave was in the usual Chinese style, horseshoe shape, with granite monoliths round the curve; a square stone covered the aperture which led to the vault below.

Next morning our caravan started for the ascent. For the first three miles the gradients were fairly easy, though at the steeper places the roadway, paved with granite slabs, was frequently converted into steps. The remaining distance, seven miles, was nearly all steps; rarely did we experience a bevel or slope, and then only for a short distance. Twice the way led along a real 'razor-back.' On both sides the mountain sloped precipitously, where with one stumble on the part of the bearers all interest in life would have ended. At other times the steps were so steep that there seemed a danger of the bearers falling backward. At such places I preferred to get out of my chair and walk. At various intervals were small villages whose few houses clustered about a tea-house, with benches and stools under the covered way as usual. Here we would stay a while, rest the coolies, and enjoy a pipe while being inspected by the natives.

The scenery during the earlier part of the ascent was very enjoyable. The gullies of the foothills had their rushing streams and foaming cascades, while their sides were often terraced by miniature paddy-fields. We looked down upon the city of Nan Yo, with its yellow-roofed temples, and upon the country round, with its small lakes, streams, villages, and farmhouse compounds. But soon this pleasant view was gone, for at an elevation of about two thousand feet we entered the clouds, and the earth was lost to us until our return. Emerging from this cloud-stratum, we were disappointed to find the sunshine still excluded from us by another cloud-mass at a great height, as we had not entered it on reaching the monastery. The position of the last village was peculiar. It was built on both sides of the steep roadway.

Later on we came to a small Buddhist temple, where we stayed a short time for the double purpose of resting the coolies and inspecting the interior. The altar shrine contained the usual Buddha, who was supported on either side by figures, one seated on an elephant and the other on a tiger, each with a foot on the neck of a coolie who seemed labouring under the burden. Other figures there were, one a god of agriculture, if we could judge by the offering of fruit at his feet. This figure, with uplifted hand, held up the first and second fingers, as our Christian bishops do when giving the benediction. This sign is found in the ancient Egyptian carvings. The Goddess of Mercy was here. She holds in Chinese Buddhism a position analogous to that of the Virgin Mary. She is always represented leading a little child. The usual burning incense and joss-sticks, as well as drums, bells quaintly carved, and gongs, were in evidence.

Continuing the ascent, we approached a small building, the door of which gradually filled with forms and the faces of others peering over them. They were very old Buddhist monks and nuns, and the hut was their last home during life.

Up, still up, yet no signs of the monastery. We came to another small Buddhist temple built over the entrance of some caves, the abode in very ancient times of ascetics. They are now used by the attendant monks as dormitories, and contain only Chinese plank-beds, with a piece of matting and a bamboo pillow as bedding.

At last, on reaching the top of a long and steep flight of steps, there was the open gateway of the monastery enclosure not twenty feet away. We passed at once into a quadrangle, on three sides of which were substantial earthworks about ten feet high as a breakwind, while the fourth was taken up by a low, granite-slab building, in the centre of which was the one and only entrance. There was nobody about, so our caravan marched up the steps and through the doorway into a chapel, in which was seated a monk apparently in meditation, or, what is more likely, indulging in a snooze. Our abrupt entrance gave him a start, of which we took no notice; but, headed by one of the soldiers, we went round the shrine and out into a small courtyard, crossing which, we went up some steps and along a cloister, until the soldier stopped my chair, out of which I stepped joyfully. Our advent had all the appearance of a forcible entry. By this time some monks had gathered round, astonishment being clearly depicted upon their countenances. The soldier presented our cards, and we were shown into the reception-room, and then into our cell, to which such of our belongings as we required were taken.

Our cubiculum was about ten feet square, with a damp, earthen floor. Its one window was barred with wood, and instead of glass there was oiled paper, which, if it was intended to obstruct the light, was certainly successful. The furniture consisted of three plank-bedsteads, one small table close under the window, and one stool. When the charcoal-pan fire was brought in great care was required in moving about. As we had our meals in the reception-room, the smallness of our bedroom did not cause us much inconvenience.

Presently one of the soldiers came in and told us the abbot had come to visit us. Going into the reception-room, we saw a little, burly old gentleman, who 'chin-chined' and greeted us with smiles and words of welcome. His kindly, genial face contrasted well with the ascetic-looking cowl, while the yellow robe of his order

gave him an importance not justified by his stature. I took a fancy to him at once. After the usual complimentary exchanges so dear to the Chinaman and so essential in Chinese etiquette, he invited us to partake of a little refreshment he had ordered to be brought in. There were sweetmeats of various kinds, and tea. In accordance with Chinese custom and in deference to my age (seventy), he put me at the head of the table, while as host he sat at the bottom. He was assiduous in helping me to the various confections, and some that were curious in form he parted for me. He inquired where we had come from, and as Australia was an unknown country to him, he had some difficulty in comprehending the distance. He asked how old I was, and expressed his wonder that a man of my age should come so far to visit the mountain in the middle of winter. During all this there were congregated in the room over a score of monks and coolies, who stood stolidly staring at us while we ate. The abbot gave us an invitation to dine with him, and presently left, the crowd making a lane, through which he passed, his ample yellow robe sweeping behind.

We lit our pipes, and strolled to the outside enclosure to look round. Not much was to be seen. The landscape was quite shut off from us by the clouds, only the rugged mountain-tops being visible. Overhead, the lowering aspect of heavy banks of clouds seemed to portend a coming storm.

The abbot came out and invited us to his cell. It was furnished similarly to our own, but with only one bedstead, while it had two bamboo easy-chairs. Tea was brought in, pipes were lit, and a cigar offered to the abbot was accepted with a beaming face. There was no mistaking the relish with which it was sucked—I cannot say smoked. In a little while he launched out into a dissertation on Buddhism, but he talked so rapidly, and in a dialect not Pekinese, that my son had sometimes a difficulty in following him. I told him that I had studied Buddhism, and much admired the beauty of its teaching, at which he was very pleased; but when I gave him the sacred mystic formula, '*Om Mane Padme Hum*,' he got up and made me a low bow, and repeated to me the Chinese formula, which I afterwards wrote down phonetically—thus, 'La Mo O Me Tan Fu.'

The abbot's dinner was laid in our reception-room, which earned its title by again 'receiving' about a score of monks, who gravely looked on while we dined. On the table were six or seven bowls of hot vegetable stews and a large bowl of rice. I recognised beans, bean-cake, turnip, and cabbage; other vegetables were unknown to me. Having been through an apprenticeship in the use of chop-sticks, I did fairly well; but of course it was a tame affair when compared with the ordinary good class Chinese dinner.

We next adjourned to our cell, the abbot introducing a monk, the second in command. They eagerly accepted cigars, but refused whisky. We then made some cocoa, which, though they were tasting it for the first time, was thoroughly enjoyed, and a second cup gladly accepted. We promised the abbot to send him some, which in due course we did. Some months after we had a letter of thanks, in which he asked us to tell him how to make the 'foreign tea.' Our instructions had been evidently forgotten. We made anxious inquiries relative to the whereabouts of a certain very ancient inscribed stone, to obtain a rubbing of which was one of the objects of our journey. The abbot kindly offered to send a monk as guide. Meanwhile the storm had burst, and the roaring of the gale and the pattering of the rain added to our appreciation of the snug inside.

Early next morning, to our great delight, we found the regions above quite clear. After breakfast we visited the small temple on the topmost crag. By this time the sun had risen considerably, and the panorama presented to us was both novel and fascinating. Two or three thousand feet immediately below us was an amphitheatre among the mountains, in which could just be discerned a farmhouse and some terraced paddy-fields, up the lower slopes of which crept the snow-white clouds. To the left was the lower-level continuation of Nan Yo Shan, up whose corrugated sides there seemed to surge a glistening mass like a foam-crested wave upon the seashore. To the right, where the elevations were evidently less, was an ocean of silver, whose placid expanse was only broken by protruding tops of hills which had the similitude of rocky islets. I had never before seen the sun shine *down* upon cloud-masses, and the feeling of pleasure I experienced was that of an entirely new sensation. Alas! in a short time clouds again obscured the king of day.

Turning from this entrancing scene and entering the little temple, one felt painfully the contrast. Its single door admitted just sufficient light to discover its dirty and neglected condition. The shrine of the Buddha was dilapidated and in keeping with its surroundings. The only indication of life and cleanliness was the burning incense and the tiny flame of a lamp upon the altar.

We spent the rest of the morning leisurely strolling round and taking several photographs. Once the abbot took off his cowl and placed it upon my head, his face beaming with gratification. I asked if he would let me put on his robe and have a photograph taken in it, which he did without demur.

After *tiffin* my sons, accompanied by the monk-guide and three Chinamen, started across the mountains two or three miles to take a couple of rubbings of the ancient inscribed stone. When I was left alone with the abbot, he took me by the hand and led me to his cell, where he motioned me to take an arm-chair and have a sleep, he com-

posing himself in the other. Some time after a monk brought in tea and sweetmeats, of which we partook with solemnity. Then going over to his bed, the abbot brought forth a rich silk fur-lined robe, which he placed in my hands, evidently for my approval; and when I had expressed it by dumb motion, he commenced to undress. Under the yellow robe was one of silk lined with fur, then a sheepskin coat, and he stood revealed in a quilted cotton jacket and short pants. The transformation was remarkable. From a burly, thick-set man he became a slim, little fellow, his genial face only remaining of his former self. As he re-dressed in other garments of a like nature, and finally in the yellow robe and cowl, he became a burly monk again.

Having given him a cigar and lit my pipe, I went out with him and took a general survey of the interior of the monastery.

The buildings are not extensive, and their plan is simple in the extreme. They form a quadrangle, the sides of which measure about a hundred feet. The outer walls are built of massive blocks of granite, through which access is obtained by one gateway only. Erected against the inner sides are a series of buildings, also of granite, used as living and sleeping rooms, kitchens, store-rooms, &c., bordered by a pillared cloister running round the entire enclosure. In the centre of the granite-paved courtyard stands the temple; its gloomy interior was decorated in the usual manner, figures of saints were ranged along the walls, and there were bells and drums, burning incense, and other accessories of worship.

As we strolled along the cloisters my risibility was sorely tried when I glanced at my companion, a Buddhist monk clothed in the yellow robe instituted by Gautama himself two thousand five hundred years ago, walking about smoking a cigar. The incongruity was perfect.

The temple bell tolled for a service, and I went in, the abbot finishing his cigar outside. In front of the enshrined Buddha twelve monks were kneeling in two rows of six each, while standing a little on one side were two more monks in charge of the drums, gongs, and bells, the soft, melodious tones of which made a fitting accompaniment to the singing. The chanting was in antiphon; as the one choir sang the foreheads of the other touched the ground, and *vice versâ* every alternate verse. At intervals a kind of doxology was sung by both choirs, during which one of the musicians advanced in front of the Buddha, swung a censer of burning incense aloft several times, made a low bow, and returned. Then the chant was changed. The last one, in very quick time, seemed to carry with it an idea of an imploring nature; suddenly it changed to a soft and solemn dirge which both choirs murmured with foreheads touching the ground; then one musician advanced and swung the censer, while the other softly tinkled a silver-toned bell. It forcibly reminded one of the ceremony of the elevation of the Host in a Roman Catholic church. The service was certainly impressive, the gloomy surroundings without doubt adding an element of solemnity.

We spent the evening in our cell as previously, the abbot giving us some hymns and religious exercises. Meanwhile the storm-king had again marshalled his forces. The howling wind and pelting rain suggested the possibility of an enforced stay on the morrow; but our good luck was still with us, for in the morning the sun rose in a fairly clear sky. The abbot and a number of the monks accompanied us to the outer gateway. The farewells to and from the kindly group did not take long. The abbot, adopting for the nonce the foreign fashion of salutation, grasped my extended hand within both his own and gave many blessings. Of all the many pleasant picture-memories this unique trip so often affords, none seems complete without the portraiture of the genial face of the good old abbot of Nan Yo Shan.

Our descent was as rapid as possible. In due course we entered the clouds, and upon emerging found it pleasant to look on the face of the earth again. At Nan Yo we hurried to the Buddhist temple to take a photo of the crematorium and grave. To our surprise, we found the brickwork of the opening of the crematorium had been taken down, and inside a lot of wood had been stacked for another burning. Just outside was a box on four legs like a meat-safe, which the priest-guide told us contained the body of the deceased. We went back to where some funeral meats were laid out and priests were performing a ceremony. We were informed we must not be present; neither would they allow the camera to be used. They were ignorant of the photo we had just taken of the crematorium, so it is possible that the picture is unique.

We hurried on our journey so that we might arrive at our junk before dark. Everything was in readiness, so we started at once, and reached our home at Chüchow before midnight of the following day. The trip was most enjoyable and interesting, and gave me an experience that falls to the lot of but few.

HOME MEMORIES: A SCENE IN CHINA.

THE autumn floods were high, the rivers hoarse,
Thick waters whirled past rock and palace-wall,
Dark waves were dashing on with noisy force,
The air was ringing with the kite's shrill call,
And fitful sunshine gilded tree and shrine;
Far up the height an ancient temple stood,
Deep hidden by the shade of oak and pine;
Tall deer leapt through the fiery-shrouded wood,
The long, swift rays of light began to slant,
Day slipped away in throbs of glorious pain!
And through the dark I heard the Lamas chant
With wailing, slow exactness; and again
The same weird strain. And from the fluted hill
Night drew faint music with her falling rain,
And in the sky the wandering winds were still.

BETH STEPHEN.

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THE MINISTER.

By FREDERICK WATSON.

TO the making of a minister go three generations of the manse and a sound grounding in the classics. Without these a man may go far, and even pass among unsuspecting persons as a pillar of the Kirk, but in the presence of discerning people he will not conceal his imposture for a moment. With these advantages a minister advances in a steady, authoritative fashion from college to an Edinburgh assistantship, thence to a parish favoured by his ancestors, and soon he will be in an Edinburgh charge of his own. The time will come when the Moderatorship will no longer be an empty dream. People will like him because his name is so familiar and respected. Elderly ministers will have known his father, patriarchal ministers his grandfather; and such is the power of tradition in Scotland that even the repose of his great-grandfather will be comparatively unsafe. But for the poor creature whose father (possibly a well-meaning man) was a well-to-do tradesman there is little appreciation or promise. 'Ye mind his feyther's stores' will be his introduction; and he will learn in a thousand ways that he carries the atmosphere of a commercial upbringing into the sacred profundity of a critical circle.

The Rev. Andrew Douglas was a son of the manse, and as such one of the elect; but, to the righteous indignation of his intimates and fellow-students at the Divinity Hall, he never seemed greatly impressed with the advantages which a kindly Providence had showered upon him. He was not a distinguished scholar in those days, and the Professor of Hebrew even went so far as to say that he must be grand at the Greek, for every man had his aptitude for one language, and his was certainly not Hebrew. The Professor of Biblical Criticism made much the same remark, only he expressed himself from the other standpoint. But the Professor of Divinity never complained, for Andrew Douglas had an insight into the purposes of God which is given only to the few. His fault was his indifference to personal success and his contempt for technicalities of Hebrew or Greek grammar. This deprived him of distinction and applause. It made the Presbytery wag their heads and the examining board of the Divinity Hall look sorrowful. But Andrew Douglas cared not a button for that. To him the Professor of Hebrew was an insignificant little man, whose antics at the blackboard were grotesque, and whose gratification at a piece of correct parsing was a lamentable exhibition of misguided enthusiasm.

The Professor of Biblical Criticism, a tall, tragic-looking man, bewildered Andrew. The Professor of Hebrew was a child, and behaved as such; but here was a grown man, with dignity, depth of thought, somewhat impressive. But when he attempted to follow him through a network of doubtful references and quotations linked together by speculative theories of German theologians, and terminating in something akin to chaos, Andrew Douglas could only stare, abashed and perplexed that a professor could be so seduced by empty conundrums. It made him think of a man wrestling with the wind.

Andrew became president of the Theological Society, elected principally because of his social position and the great future which everybody said lay before him. He was not a notable success. The divinity student is too often a diplomat in matters of his beliefs. He guards the secrets of his conscience as the ambassador of a foreign Power conceals the scheming of his Government. He fences and learns to talk widely with catch-phrases and quotations only less subtle than those heard in the Assembly itself.

It was the debate on the Formula which covered Douglas with a cloud of disapproval, and made shrewd students steer clear of his embarrassing company in the future. To his straightforward and ingenuous mind the Formula, which the Southerner knows faintly as a parallel to signing the Thirty-nine Articles, was a statement which must either be taken literally or not at all. He dealt, in his youthful enthusiasm, with the items in which it was obligatory to confess belief. He mentioned half-a-dozen of the more outrageous, amid a forbidding silence. He even asked how those members who were in their third year were prepared to put their hand to it at the end of session. And then he resumed his seat.

The various speakers who followed expressed a profound pain at his attitude. They wondered how any one could imagine for a second that the

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signing of the Formula was not to be taken on a broad basis—more the spirit than the letter. They referred to great and good men who had signed it, and the applause was prolonged.

At which Douglas responded that an understanding so contrary to law or morality was unparalleled, and asked how a business man would take it if a confrère signed a contract and did not deliver half the goods. But that was regarded as beyond the point, and the subject was turned, in the dexterous manner of debating societies, into other channels.

Andrew Douglas entered the Church under a kind of protest. Sign the Formula he did, but on a specific understanding, which was hushed up and pooh-poohed, of what his beliefs really were; and from that day he was regarded as a disappointment, and even a weak vessel.

It is as an old man I wish to speak of him, for it was as such that I had the honour of his friendship. His little kirk was full even when snow lay heavy on the ground, and the sight of dark forms fighting their way down the opposite brae in winter was one to be remembered. The roadway was lined with conveyances of every description during Sunday service. From the laird's quaint barouche—which Angus MacGregor, the church-officer, swore had carried Prince Charlie—to the donkey-cart of old Mrs Scott from Glen Quayleside, from the smart motor of the Tomkinsons of Finnan Castle to the high dogcart of Dr MacAndrew, there they were in a long line, and the horses picketed under the trees.

The kirk was dark and cool, with the sweet odour of oak and old books and the honeysuckle at the open window. The pulpit stood facing the gallery, and above the heads of the folk downstairs. It was a moving spectacle to see Angus, with his Sunday blacks and white tie, walk solemnly up the pulpit-stairs and lay the Book down with a dull thud. It was a reverent thud, mark you, not an ostentatious bang; just what one of the elders called 'a decent, respectable, God-fearing independence.' But all this was as nothing to the sight of the minister entering the pulpit.

In the vestry a little ceremony was enacted every Sunday. At three minutes to eleven Angus entered the room and said, 'Shall I tak' her up the noo, sir?'

To which the minister answered, 'I'm thinking ye might, Angus,' as though such a thing had not happened every Lord's Day for the last forty years. And at that Angus grasped the Book.

Then, when the clock was counting the sixth stroke, the minister had entered the pulpit. He stood there, facing the congregation, in his black gown and cassock, and with the long white bands under his chin, his hands holding the sides of the book-board. At the last stroke of eleven his white head bent reverently. 'Let us pray.' The accents of his sweet, soft voice crept over the small, dark kirk and out at the open window. There was a sudden rustling and the creaking of seats. The service had commenced.

It was forty years since the minister had come to Abercraig. He was a young man of twenty-one then, just out of college. He had received 'calls' since that day, but had a horror of city life—the commonplace rows of houses, the social functions, the incessant round of trivial duties. He had married the doctor's sister; but she had died shortly after his daughter's birth, some twenty odd years ago.

The minister was beloved by old and young, and by all horses and dogs; also by wanderers, vagabonds, tramps—call them what you will—who sat for a while with him, and smoked his tobacco, and possibly had a slice of beef and a glass of beer, and talked all the time to the minister as to a man who understands and does not expect every out-at-elbows human creature to pocket his forks.

The minister's attire was quite unpretentious, and often soiled with excavations in the woods or by the release of Dandie the Scotch terrier from rabbit-holes. This was of constant occurrence. A series of muffled barks directed his anxious footsteps to the correct hole, and he would bend down, and then a momentary silence fell.

'Dandie dog, are ye there?' he would inquire, at which there would be a torrent of frenzied appeals for assistance.

Perhaps the minister would hesitate a moment; then, 'Dandie dog, can ye no' work yersel' nearer? Ye see I've got to prepare an address for the bairns, Dandie; and I canna speak on the Prophets, because that's for the young men, an' the Psalms is a terrible business before the morn's morn. Dandie, can ye no'?'

There would be a furious scuffle at that, and silence again.

Then the minister would shake his head sadly. 'It's no use, Dandy; ye're unco broad. If I could only get a grip o' your tail! It's no use. I'll bring the spade; and, mind, dinna move an inch, and tak' no notice what the rabbits say.' The minister had a theory that Dandie suffered insults of an intolerable kind when placed in an unfortunate position like this. Then the digging would commence—the minister with his coat off—and sometimes people who were passing would jump the dike and run to help him. It was a sight to see the minister and the laird taking orders from George Macpherson, the poacher's son, who had a crippled foot and could not dig, but who knew the make of a rabbit-hole as well as his own cottage, and had the ears of a hill-fox for the exact position of the prisoner.

'Meenister,' he would cry, 'there's nae guid grumphin' and pechin' like that when ye've turned yir back on the hole.'

'Give me the spade, Andrew,' the laird would say hotly.—'An' dinna speak, ye keelie, or I'll thraw yir neck like a muirhen's!' At which the laddie would laugh, knowing well that the laird, for all his strength, had never been known to harm man or beast, much less a crippled bairn whom he largely clothed and fed.

At last Dandie gave warning that the spade had touched his tail, and at that the minister, taking a firm hold, brought him to the daylight with a rush of flying earth. It was popularly believed in the village that his tail acquired an inch in length every year, and persons of a fanciful temperament saw the time when the minister would have no need to dig at all.

There are ways of estimating the qualities and habits of a man without ever seeing him face to face; and perhaps the surest criterion is his house, and, if he possesses one, his study. The minister's study was a large, rambling, oak-beamed room; and, as in all good libraries, the wall-paper was completely concealed by book-shelves and the carpet almost covered by books. This gave the room a somewhat sombre appearance, but such as is dear to the bookman's heart; and the homely smell of ancient bindings met one like an old friend in the passage outside. The French windows opened out upon the lawn, which is as near as heaven can come to the bookman; for when he is stiff or chilled with study he can take a favourite volume out into the sun, and mingle Scott with the scent of the roses, or *Esmond* with that of clinging honeysuckle; and with this little break of light refreshment, he returns much heartened for heavier reading.

It was evident that the minister was a sound theologian, as every minister should be, for even a casual writer could not but notice the red-coloured series of the Theological Translation Library and the blue row of exegetical works. On the writing-table, too, on a sliding shelf, were half-a-dozen new books from a library, dealing with various aspects of religious thought. But it was evident his tastes were largely literary, for, besides the *Hibbert Journal*, on the floor were scattered all manner of magazines and quarterlies—the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*.

One could see, if one were curious, that the minister was a book-reader rather than a lover of rare copies. For the book-lover in this sense is careful and anxious regarding bindings and type and woodcuts; but the lover of books has an insatiable appetite for good literature. He will probably break the back of a volume with a sharp crack when a really telling point is reached. The greatest scholar I ever met read a book with wetted thumb, rending the uncut pages with a somewhat neglected forefinger.

The minister, like all solitary men, was not without his peculiarities; but his sweetness of disposition made his little frailties the more loved. He was a staunch Tory, and—like Scott, whom he considered the greatest of novelists—a trifle autocratic and careful of class distinctions, and a great stickler for etiquette. His manners bore the stamp of the old school, very courteous, placid, and graceful; and as he stood chatting in his study he took snuff at intervals from an old silver box which had seen service in the Forty-five.

His failing of absent-mindedness was familiar throughout all the countryside. Why, the tales were innumerable. How he once travelled to preach at a certain church in Stirling, and, having to change his train, became much flustered, and forgot his destination. Sympathetic passengers and porters, who all knew him, did what they could. They mentioned various places; they even hunted newspaper advertisements to see if he was billed to preach anywhere near. It was all of no avail. At last a clever person suggested telegraphing home for information. He wired to his daughter, 'Where am I going?' to which she replied very shrewdly, 'Look at your ticket,' to the satisfactory conclusion of his journey. Also, how he invited a young child to play with his motherless girl; and as evening drew on, and deeming departure advisable, he put the terrified stranger carefully to bed and hurried his lamenting offspring into the night.

But there was a classic centred round a certain visit of his to Edinburgh. He desired to visit the university, and, being somewhat fatigued, decided to take a tram-car. There was another man seated inside, and half-an-hour passed quite pleasantly. But at last the minister, becoming impatient, turned to his companion. 'Are we near the university?' he asked.

The man stared without comprehension for a moment; then, 'Sir,' he gasped, 'this is no' a tram-car; it's a cabman's shelter.'

Such was Andrew Douglas, who is now gone; and few remain, if any, who carry into this time of unrest and commercial upheaval so much of the rich endowments of a forgotten age. In his presence and speech he was a stranger to modern ideals and conceptions, and latterly he shrank more and more into the seclusion of his study and his garden.

It was in that garden that I saw him last, and as I said good-bye he held my hand for a moment in his own.

'Good-bye,' he said, but nothing more. Perhaps he knew it was.

But I shall always see him standing there among the flowers—white-haired, with a book in one hand, smiling to me—through all the years which are passing between us.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.—THE AFTERMATH.

IT has been said that a secret is made for the pleasure of being imparted. But there are some few secrets to which no manner of pleasure can by any means be attached, and such run an excellent chance of being kept.

Thus the secret of all that took place on the stormy April night in Park Lane was still inviolate, although close upon six years old. Lady Cahusac had carried the mystery with her to the grave. No coherent word had ever passed her lips, filled to the last with tireless laughter. On the day of which we write there were three men living who very literally shared the secret of that evening between them. Each held a partial knowledge of it, but no one knew the whole. Probably De Sarsan's information was the most complete; but even he was ignorant of what had happened after he drew the door quietly after him and walked deliberately away down the pavement—so deliberately, indeed, that he had stopped under the next lamp-post to light a cigar.

Malcolm himself was the second participator. He guessed that the blow from behind which had felled him as he opened the cabinet drawer had been dealt by the man who had blackmailed Lady Cahusac; for, later, when search came to be made, the letters had disappeared. It seemed that the thief must have entered by the front door, either by collusion with one of the household, or more likely still by means of a latchkey, for the lower stories of the house were found shuttered and barred, and showed no sign of violent entrance anywhere. So far went Malcolm's knowledge. The third individual who shared some acquaintance with the events of the night was Surgeon-Major Detching, home from the Rock on three months' leave, who chanced to stroll past 241 Park Lane at the precise moment when a posse of terrified servants rushed out. Detching attended to Malcolm, while a local doctor placed himself in charge of Lady Cahusac.

So it happened that when Malcolm opened his eyes he saw a red-brown face with a wiry, reddish moustache bending over him. 'What is the matter?' he asked vaguely. Then remembrance overtook him in a furious blast. 'My God, I know! The letters!'

Detching laid hold of his wrist. 'Keep quiet. More troubles are mended by living than dying,' he said dryly.

Malcolm's drawn features did not relax. 'The letters were in the drawer of the cabinet—I saw them—then I think I heard a noise behind me. But the letters?'

'There were no letters anywhere visible when I came in. The drawer was open, but empty. Here is the key,' said Detching, who disbelieved in the cruel mercy of breaking bad news by degrees.

Malcolm raised himself in strong agitation. 'He stole them — the man who struck me!' he whispered. 'You don't know what the loss means.'

'No, I don't know; but from what I can guess you had better get well to look after the business yourself, instead of leaving other people to ferret out more.'

'Ah! Then I have been talking'——

'Yes, some.'

'And I 'm hurt?'

'Yes,' replied Detching; 'pretty badly, in fact. If you had not moved a little when you heard that noise I don't suppose your assailant's life-preserver would have missed the vital spot.'

Cahusac opened his eyes with an effort. 'I am likely to talk—delirium?'

Detching bent down his hairy, red ear, for the wounded man's words were barely audible. 'Probably.'

'I don't know who you are, but'—Detching nodded comprehendingly in the pause—'don't let any one else hear; stay'—— and then the little doctor's patient fainted for the second time.

In this way it came to pass that Red Detching, who was well known and perhaps equally well liked over a large portion of the globe, spent his furlough in dragging Malcolm Cahusac back to life.

What confidences Cahusac was betrayed into, first in moments of delirium, and afterwards in the facile moments of bodily weakness, only Detching ever knew; but he succeeded in sending the young man back to face the world strengthened, matured, and proven, and with one purpose dominating his life. He took up his old position in society, and presently entered the Foreign Office, as his father had done before him; but, although he was always on the alert for any hint connected with the past, none reached him. On the contrary, many excellent things fell in his way, and he was placed in positions of responsibility, because, as it was made clear to him, his father's son was held worthy. During these six years Cahusac had done nothing whatever towards discovering the identity of the person who had dragged so terrible a trail of disaster across his life. He was always alert and waiting, yet no remotest hint reached him that the unspeakable truth about his unhappy step-mother's surrender of the diplomatic documents was anywhere suspected.

Not that his own intention from the beginning ever wavered. The aim which informed

his whole life from the moment he came to his full senses, and felt Detching's hand upon his wrist, was to find out the traducer, and exact from him a revenge, the completeness of which he brooded over and thought out through many a long hour of the day and night. His delay was not the delay of supineness, but the delay of calculation and foresight. The Malcolm Cahusac who took up the burden of life again four months after the attack in the library was a man with a fine balance of character, struck even by that sledgehammer blow of fate. The irresponsible ups and downs of youth, the sweet fling upwards of the scale in some exalted, ecstatic moment, or the almost equally sweet drop with enthusiasm or a dim melancholy to weight it, were gone for ever; but the poise that remained was of a rare value in its combined strength and delicacy.

The gap between boyhood and manhood is wide, and some spend many happy years in the transit; but if a man be flung desperately across the gulf the shock is apt to make or maim him for life. It was hard to tell yet what the ultimate result would be with Cahusac. To begin with, he comprehended well enough that the old proverb, 'Least said soonest mended,' applied most particularly to his own case. He put aside the impatience natural to his years, and took up his career; he entered the Foreign Office, and soon bade fair to rise to his father's eminence at an equally early age.

Cahusac felt the need of attaining a high position; he well understood that to strike strongly one must strike from above. Also, he must unravel those intricacies of diplomatic method which it had become the object of his life to master and to use for his own ends.

How far Detching's dry aphorisms and cool, high views of life helped to bring out good from the evil it is not necessary to examine; but that they had worked largely towards that development Cahusac held as a fundamental article of faith. When Detching happened to be in England the two spent a good deal of their time together, mostly in silence, which did not in the least interfere with their liking for and increasing knowledge of each other. Curiously enough, since the day they parted as doctor and patient, the subject of Park Lane was rarely mentioned between them. It may have been that Detching had counselled Cahusac's steady line of conduct in laying a sound basis of reputation for himself, while at the same time occupying a place in the very ear of rumour as far as the ultimate object of his life was concerned. It may have been that Detching was waiting for that turn in the road, that first gleam of light in the tunnel, when, if Cahusac wanted him, he had only to say so.

This attitude was consistent with the whole of Detching's life. He always described himself as a 'passenger.' 'I know where I individually want to go,' he used to say; 'but I am never skipper and never guide; I have no responsibility.' But he was a passenger always ready to lend a hand on occasion, and capable of lending it with effect. In observing Cahusac, he recognised that the man was not forgetful, not passive; he was only waiting, holding himself in reserve until the call for action came. Cahusac's silence was the wall behind which lay an entrenched resolve and slowly growing powers.

Detching, stepping out of the Dover train on a Saturday afternoon in winter, caught sight of two men on the platform, with both of whom he was acquainted in a somewhat intimate sense. Judging from this knowledge, their evidently friendly attitude towards each other surprised him considerably. After a slight hesitation he went towards them.

'Hallo, Detching, glad to see you home again!' Cahusac turned, with a grip of the hand; but Detching noticed that the old shadow dropped back over his face. 'Congratulation on the D.S.O. It should have been something better. Ah, I see you know Lanceley!'

The third man laughed. 'It is my misfortune that my friends usually know a great deal too much about me,' he said, with a glance at Detching, whose greeting was not marked by any especial warmth. 'Detching had more than he cared for to do with me at Alexandria three or four years ago.—I let you in for a lot of trouble then, but here I am to the good still, thanks to you, I dare say.—I'll tell you what 's wrong with Detching, Cahusac. He never was a boy.'

'And you 'll always be the same sort of boy,' rejoined Detching rather dryly.

But on the face of it, this seemed the best compliment that could possibly be paid to the young fellow, who, though handsome, derived his chief fascination from that essential boyishness of aspect and manner which very rarely survives the age of manhood, and still more rarely in the form of an irresistible trait, as in Lanceley's case. To those who have known some such man it will only be needful to recall to them his invincible charm and the quite exorbitant hold he gained upon the affections.

'I do not ask for anything better.'

'Yes, it pays,' said Detching indifferently.—'Are you going out of town to-day, Cahusac?'

'To Ashmills till Monday, with Lanceley. And you?'

'Oh, the old place. See you some time. Hallo! there 's a female clutching my uniform-case. Well, I 'm off.'

Half-an-hour later, as Cahusac and Lanceley alighted at a little wayside station in Sussex, the latter put a question. 'I 'm astonished at your knowing Detching. He keeps pretty close to barracks in his acquaintance.'

'My experience is that every one knows Detching,' replied Cahusac in his usual tone.

'He don't seem much in your line of country. How did you come across him?' continued the other.

'By chance. And circumstances have thrown us together more or less since.'

'Know him well?'

Cahusac looked at him absently. 'I suppose so,' he said.

Lanceley laughed. He covered a variety of emotions with his careless laugh.

'We chaps in the British F.O.
All lie so uncommonly low;
If one says to another,
"Is that man your brother?"
The reply's, "'Pon my word, I don't know!"

You're almost ideal, Cahusac!'

Cahusac still looked at him, now with a shade of amusement. 'Thanks! I have always been in search of the ideal; not this ideal, perhaps, but it's no matter. Any ideal is better than none.'

Which remark was beyond Lanceley altogether. 'What the deuce do you mean?' he asked with a hint of temper.

'Nothing, probably. We were talking of Detching, and then you threw my trade at my head. Where's the connection?' returned Cahusac. The very sight of Detching had roused the old bitter thoughts into quickened energy.

'Hang it all! how do I know? Though, I can tell you, there was some rumour about Detching the last time he went to Africa. People said he was sent to arrange more than the hospital base for the expedition,' he explained rather sulkily. 'Your political agent may be any one nowadays.'

The train disappeared round the curve of the line with the usual apparent flick of its tail as a man stepped swiftly from the waiting-room and approached the two young men, who were standing with their backs towards him. He caught the last words as he came up and permitted himself an unseen sneer at the back of Lanceley's head before he spoke.

'Politics, my dear Lanceley,' he observed, 'are forbidden outside the four-mile radius.'

Lanceley appeared almost startled as he turned. 'What in the world are you doing down here, De Sarsan?'

'At this moment I am waiting for an introduction to M. Cahusac, whom I have not had the pleasure to meet before, although by sight all the world knows him.' De Sarsan bowed as the necessary words were said. He was a rather swarthy man, with a well-trimmed dark beard and quick dark eyes. His dress and aplomb of manner proclaimed him a man of the world, and his slight accent that he had been born on the Belgian side of the French border. Behind his smiling eyes he was waiting for the first glance in Cahusac's when his own name should be pronounced. But Cahusac merely bowed coldly in return, upon which De Sarsan decided that he held the other at a disadvantage.

'I begin our acquaintance with a request, monsieur,' the Belgian went on. 'Your dogcart is waiting; may I beg for a seat as far as Lady Fettering's south lodge?'

'With pleasure; though the dogcart is not mine, but Lanceley's.' Cahusac was pointedly ceremonious; but, as De Sarsan reflected, the English have some prejudices—what would you? He on his side possessed a reputation.

'I walked over to the station this afternoon,' explained De Sarsan, 'to superintend the sending of a telegram in cipher. The amiable young woman in charge of the office here is an unconscious wit. My last message became, under her manipulation, one stupendous joke!'

Cahusac made a suitable reply, while De Sarsan idly noted that the young man had the point of a scar just showing below his hair at the back of the right ear.

'I say, De Sarsan,' called out Lanceley as the Belgian got out of the trap, 'come over to-morrow. My aunt and Alice will be glad to see you.'—'He's a very decent sort,' he remarked a little later.

'As you said yourself, Wil, your politician can be any one nowadays—or anything,' replied Cahusac.

(To be continued.)

EARTH-MOVEMENTS.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa.

THAT our solid earth should throb and pulsate like some labouring Titan seems a circumstance of no ordinary interest to the plain man who knows very little about science; while to the scientist—the geologist or the astronomer, the physicist or the mathematician—it is a fact of exceptional interest that a sphere of such solid bulk as our earth, and of a rigidity comparable with the finest steel, should be, to some degree, mobile under the stress and strain of vast forces, for it forthwith relates our planet's history and evolution to that of every star in the sky, giving us, at our very door, striking testimony to the slow formative movements which change chaotic matter into stellar systems and nebulous masses into circling worlds.

And so, when recently at many observatories where minute movements of the earth's crust are recorded, there was abundant evidence that the solid ground, valley and mountain, rose and fell

like the tides of ocean, but with an exceedingly smaller amplitude, both scientific and unscientific men were keenly interested. The unscientific man was interested because it was a new thought to him that the foundations on which his cities were built, his railways laid, were as unstable as those of the sea. Nay, here were learned men who told him that the sea was more permanent than the land; that when an ocean rolled where tradition once said an Atlantis flourished in a far-back past, it was the land that had crumbled beneath the wave; that when a new continent rose out of the sea, it was again the land that was mobile. Why, if anything seemed permanent, it was the solid land! Yet here he was gravely told that this very solid earth rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and fell in rhythmic mood to the constraining notes of nature's music. When one comes to think of it, it is surely a grave averment this, that along the outer shell of our earth minute waves play constantly, just as they do over a field of ripe corn when the south wind blows softly! We need not wonder, therefore, that the unscientific man receives all argument anent solid tides in a solid earth with incredulity. To him they are an evident impossibility; they are against the apparent nature of things.

But to the scientifically minded man the averment is by no means strange. It would have been strange had the assurance been the other way, for then he would be compelled to conclude that the stupendous natural forces which are making and moulding other worlds have no place in ours; that the stress and strain which in past ages creased the earth's crust into mountains and valleys, turned oceans into continents, and submerged beneath the deepest sea vast tracts of land, have ceased to exist; that indeed the world is to all intents and purposes dead, and that over its once pulsating surface a final *rigor mortis* has descended.

How far this is from the truth recent seismological observations in Europe, in Canada, in South Africa, and in Japan amply testify. Observations taken with the delicate instruments which now are the equipment of first-class earth-tremor observing stations abundantly prove that the ground beneath our feet is in a constant state of stress and strain, of yielding and adjusting, of timid tremor or violent earthquake, of gentle undulatory motion or sudden death-dealing agitation, of quick, pulsating vibration or irresistible, age-long movement.

We shall, however, come to a better understanding of the matter if we consider what constraining and moulding forces act upon the earth's partly plastic bulk. Some of these forces act constantly, others intermittently; some through untold ages, others fulfil themselves in a few hours. And we may say here, with as much propriety as in any other part of this article, that what is true of our earth's story is true of every star that shines in the sky; and it is this consideration that gives to the question of earth-movements its importance. We are dealing with the moulding forces of the universe. For the same forces that bring tides to our shores, that cause the apparently solid rocks to rise and fall —as measurements made at Kimberley, Ottawa, and elsewhere have demonstrated—are just those very same forces that have graven stars and systems of stars out of formless masses of matter. From rim to rim the same formative law runs. The same compulsion that moulds a stream of liquid metal falling from a great height into perfectly spherical shot, the same constraint that rounds a rain-drop, is the same force, and none other, that has moulded and rounded every star that swings in high heaven. Perhaps one of the greatest triumphs of modern science is this unification of forces so apparently diverse in their action and scope.

But to our immediate story, the movements of the earth's crust.

One of nature's most universal and far-reaching forces is gravitation; it is the moulding hand of the great Creator, never halting, never weary. It reaches out to the uttermost star, and in its inexorable, relentless grasp the mightiest orb contracts, and, contracting, puckers and folds into myriad creases. Thus from a vast and almost formless mass of tenuous, nebulous matter, matter a million times rarer than the rarest atmosphere, there comes in the process of countless ages, of ages upon ages of slow, persistent, unceasing contraction, at last a blazing star or a spherical and habitable planet. It is with our own planet we are dealing in this paper. Such was its birth, its youth, its early manhood, as already insisted on in this magazine —'Is the Earth Old or Young?' (*Chambers's Journal*, vol. xi. p. 778).

During untold ages the earth has been slowly contracting, is still slowly contracting, round its central, ever-hardening core. True, its density is four-fifths that of hammered steel; but what steel could stand the contracting force—or, in other words, the weight—of all that goes to form our globe? Now, as the earth contracted mountain masses were thrown up in ridges, and long, sinuous valleys dipped in folds. To-day the same process is still going on. Slowly certain shores are rising out of the deep, and thus towns that two thousand years ago stood by the seashore are now inland villages; slowly, but certainly—for no buttress can stay the coming calamity—other shores are disappearing beneath the waves, and thus over what was once populous land the sea rolls. There is no quarter of the world where this secular movement, this slow unrest, due to a contracting earth, is not manifest. We do not speak of those creases on the earth's surface which we call the Andes, the Himalayas, the Alps, wrinkles on the face of our good green earth, telling that it is no longer young—slowly these were thrust up in

a far-past age as the crust drew together; but we do insist that in the present day in England and in Scotland, in Norway and in Holland, in Australia and in New Zealand, by inland seas and by wide-stretching oceans, some lands are slowly upheaved one foot a century, while other lands, again, are subsiding imperceptibly but surely.

While no instruments, however sensitive, could respond to this slow folding, producing mountains, or to this age-long swinging, producing oceans and continents, of their existence we have abundant evidence. Why, much of the story of geology is a tale of vast earth-movements! Now and again the enormous pressure of a cooling and contracting globe gets too great for even the solid rocks to bear the stress and the strain of it, and snap goes a rocky stratum. Then over the wide earth the jar is felt, in every observatory the delicately poised needles vibrate to the seismic waves that radiate from the centre of disturbance; while over the spot where the earth's crust has given way—perhaps only a few inches—devastation and death, such as we witnessed recently at Messina, mark one of nature's most awesome phenomena.

We will not linger over the dread horror of such calamities, but rather let us go down into some seismic chamber where finely balanced rods are spelling out the tale of what is happening in the earth's crust. You have seen a gate badly hung. You have, perhaps to your annoyance, witnessed how it swings over to the side to which the upright (!) post inclines. There is just such a tiny steel gate in this recording chamber. It is delicately—oh, so delicately!—hung on an upright steel rod fastened to the solid rock! See how this miniature gate swings, and swings, and swings; now almost at rest, now more rapidly, now slowly, very slowly, now in angry mood; then it quietens down, while in some region near, or perhaps remote, there is the crash of buildings, the cry of men in the agony of death, the scream of souls in mortal fear. Why swings our tiny steel gate? Because the rock on which the upright rests is swinging to the waves that travel through it as if it were veritable water!

The question may naturally arise: When will the contraction cease? Our earth cannot, of course, go on contracting indefinitely. There must be a limit somewhere down the years, and that limit will naturally be determined by the rigidity of the earth and the amount of heat it still holds. Now it is contended that when the contraction of the earth, following on the steady cooling of the internal fires, has pressed the materials which go to form its substance into the density of the toughest wrought-steel, earth-movements from this cause, this secular cause, will cease.

It would be wandering far into the realms of uncertain story to endeavour to give a date for such a day of death, interesting though such an excursion would be. For we know but imperfectly the rate at which the earth cools; and it is only from profound and often very uncertain astronomical calculations that we are able to arrive at a value of the earth's rigidity. Sufficient if we allow that there must be a day in time when the earth can contract no more. An attractive field of insight is opened up if we seek to consider what will happen then; but we think it best to leave the reader to wander forth at his leisure, unaccompanied by the writer.

The circumstance we have just dealt with—the earth's cooling and contracting—is the most potent cause in producing those long-continued movements which have turned this earth of ours into a region of splendid and varied beauty, the beauty of mountain and valley, the beauty of sea and shore. But there are other and secondary circumstances which give rise to small and relatively rapid change in the level and slope of large tracts of land. There is, to mention a few that modern research and equipment have made us acquainted with, the annual gathering and melting of winter snows; the seasonal transference of heat from one hemisphere to another; the ever-changing pressure of the ocean due to tides and storms; the continual and often extensive changes in barometric pressure; the daily, fortnightly, and monthly tidal action of the moon, and the daily action of the sun, on the solid as well as the liquid portion of our globe. Most of these, and other less potent conditions, have a measurable influence on the form of the earth.

It may be reasoned, however, that such circumstances and conditions as we have mentioned can have very little effect on the rigid bulk of the earth. One can readily understand how the mobile waters of the sea rise and fall as tides draw, or rivers surcharge, or winds press; but the solid earth is another matter. Surely the outer rocks, the adamantine foundations of things terrestrial, are not so pliant as to yield to the stress of accumulated snows, of heaped-up waters, of a superincumbent atmosphere, of tidal attraction? But they do yield!

We may put the matter theoretically thus: The earth is so perfectly poised on its axis that if a rose-leaf were to drop out of space on to its spinning surface it would straightway seek to adjust itself to the added weight, and would not rest till adjustment was made. Only perfect equilibrium rules in the gyration and goings of worlds. It is, however, no theoretical matter. Fifteen years ago a chain of observing-stations was instituted right round the world by an influential German learned society in order to determine the change in the position of the earth's axis due to the ever-varying forces—stresses and strains, pulls and pushes, contractions and expansions—which are constantly being exerted, some of them exerted rhythmically, on the

earth's solid bulk. The researches of this girdle of observatories have clearly established the fact that the poles of the earth are in a state of constant movement. True, a fair-sized square of carpet would cover all the wanderings of the North Pole; but the motion is there, is measurable, and is explainable. Explainable! Why, one hundred and fifty years ago the great mathematician Euler told astronomers about this errancy of the Pole. True, it is only in these later days that we have instruments refined enough to respond to the subtle changes that he knew must be there.

Then, again, the Cape of Good Hope Observatory has made extensive observations on the level, or rather the inclination, of the rocks underlying the suburbs of Capetown, and it has found that the level varies with the amount and duration of the summer rains. So complete have been the researches in this direction that the Cape authorities can, within certain limits, foretell the alteration in the lie of the rocks under the observatory in the course of the year. Let us not suppose that this annual seesaw is a crude affair, a matter of yards, or feet, or even inches. The change would be inappreciable to the keenest eye did it watch, unaided, the level of the rocks throughout the year. But there is the sensitive tell-tale level which dips now one way and now another, as rain is succeeded by drought and heat, and the superincumbent pressure on the Cape flats caused by sodden soil and far-stretching pools is relieved by the lightness of powdery ground and dusty roads.

What is still more impressive in this same direction of discovery is the fact that at many observing-stations along the Atlantic and Pacific there is accumulating evidence that the rocks that girdle the coast respond to the tide of waters that every twelve hours rise against its confining shores. As the tide flows in the level of the lands bends toward the sea; as the tide ebbs, and the enormous pressure of millions of tons of water is lessened, the rocks slowly move back to their former slope as do steel girders from which a great strain is removed.

Again, we would point out that this resiliency is not a matter of yards; probably three or four inches of a fall every tide is the measure of the amplitude along the face of a whole continent. But the whole ocean does not rise as a single mass of waters. The tide creeps along in the form of waves, so that when it is high-water at one portion of a coast, at places not remote along the same shore it may be low-water. Now, evidence is forthcoming that as this wave moves along any shore an answering and almost synchronous wave passes along the land, so sensitive is the solid earth to pressure and strain.

We shall not be surprised, unless our minds have risen in rebellion against the facts we have related, to learn that there is also abundant evidence that the earth slowly rises and falls in the course of a single day; rising up in a gentle tide under the influence of day, and sinking down again, as it were to rest, when the chill and darkness of night come on. It may be urged that this daily movement is simply the expansion of the land directly under the sun's rays. There seems nothing unreasonable in such a view, but rather the reverse. Indeed, if observation had not proved the existence of such a tide—a tide three inches in height, according to the Kimberley observations—we should assuredly have gone forth in search of some evidence regarding it.

But the sun's heat is not the whole explanation of the diurnal solid tide. For the difficulty one encounters is this, that the heat of the sun's rays on any day does not penetrate more than ten feet below the surface of the ground, and this is not sufficient to account for the observed alterations in level. They must rather be connected with atmospheric changes due to the alternations of day and night, and also with the direct pull of the sun on the materials that form the earth. To take the first circumstance, it is matter of common knowledge that the barometer is lower during the day than it is at night, lower in summer than it is in winter. Now, a fall of one inch in the barometer—and such depressions do take place—means a withdrawal of pressure from the surface of the earth of nearly a million tons in every square mile. We need not be surprised, therefore, that a sudden change of atmospheric pressure leads our home Meteorological Office to issue warnings to all miners. A rise of one inch in the barometer may bring some unsafe working down, and this may mean desolation to many homes.

Even a heavy shower of rain or a heavy fall of dew brings to bear upon the responsive and resilient earth a pressure measured in millions of tons. Let us suppose that over Scotland there is an unusual fall of snow. In our northern, imaginative way we speak of a covering over the land 'light as eider-down.' Our whole conception is that of weightlessness. Yet, put in figures, a heavy fall of snow over Scotland means that the crust of the earth at that spot is pressed down by the weight of one thousand million tons.

We have said that the barometer is higher in winter than it is in summer. There will come into the mind the thought that in the winter of any hemisphere many things conspire to give to that portion of the earth a heavier load than it usually carries. There is, as we have noticed, the heavier atmosphere, there are the unmelted snows, there is the sodden soil, there are the flooded rivers. Thus the hemisphere over which winter reigns must be under exceptional stress, and the tendency to adjust it comes at once into play. But no sooner has the adjustment got well under way than the excess of weight is transferred to the opposite hemisphere.

Of tide-raising influences, fulfilling themselves in a definite time, none is more potent than that

exerted by the moon. This ungenerously yclept 'inconstant' companion woos the hard rocks as well as the yielding waters with an intensity and a relentlessness that will not be denied, raises a tide on land—faint and elusive, yet certain and measurable—as well as on sea.

And now we have considered, imperfectly no doubt, the principal tide-raising factors. There are other and more hidden agencies at work; but these belong to the region of theoretical investigation. They have not yet had cast over them the certain illumination of observation and measurement.

There is one problem of intense interest which is intimately related to all we have been considering—namely, the rigidity of the earth. It is evident that if the earth, its rocks and its waters, were absolutely rigid there would be no tides. It is because water is more mobile than rocks that we have a higher tide in seas than we have on land. If rocks and seas were equally mobile, then there would be no ebb and flow of ocean. Every twelve hours a tide would rise round the world, but it would be a tide in which sea and land, lake and mountain, ocean and continent, would equally participate. What an extraordinary world it would be in such circumstances!—circumstances which, of course, are known to exist in many a plastic, semi-fluid star and planet.

Since Newton's day the problem we refer to—the rigidity of the earth—has been attacked by mathematicians and astronomers. The last great soul who brought the weight of his marvellous intellect to bear upon it was Lord Kelvin. He found that the rocks which comprise the earth, supposing them to be homogeneous from circumference to centre, represent a rigidity three-fourths that of finely hammered steel. As the surface rocks, we know, do not nearly approach this rigidity, the central core of our planet must have a rigidity utterly beyond anything we can produce in our laboratories.

Probably to many scientific men the interest of these curious earth-movements lies in this, that they relate our earth to the other orbs in space. Darwin, Poincaré, and other mathematicians have indubitably proved that, given a mass of nebulous matter, however unformed, certain forces will in the lapse of long, long ages, out of this unformed, rarefied matter, carve worlds—habitable worlds, and systems of worlds—habitable systems; and that these very forces are those which cause our earth to pulsate and throb, which bring tides into our harbours, and which have covered it with sweetness and beauty and brightness as with a garment.

If matter can be said to have life—and there are a few who aver in these later days that it has, of a very low order; at least it has existence—then earth tremors and throbbings, earth waves and pulsations, are a manifestation of that life. When they cease the end is not far off. We shall then be a dead world.

Thus the tale of much that concerns our own earth is, in dim outline, the life-story of other worlds. It is because of the universe-wide meaning of much that we have related that we bring the subject of earth-movements before readers of this magazine.

THE BANDIT AND THE LADY.

CHAPTER III.

'HOW I became a member of the Camorra I cannot tell the signore,' Cavalanci replied in answer to an eager question from Tredare. 'There are some secrets that cannot be told. But I became a member, and a trusted member.' He smiled grimly. 'They did not know me as Beppo Cavalanci, the Scourge of Calabria; but it was easy to gain a reputation for reckless bravery under another name, and at the end of three months I was employed in the Prince della Gravina's palace apparently as a porter, but actually as one of the Prince's *bravi*. When a prince descends to doing dirty work he needs not only protection, but other hands to do the actual work. Myself and three other supposed servants took turns in watching the great door of the palace, lest any of the Prince's enemies should enter. And the Prince della Gravina had many enemies. We had other duties besides, work for the Camorra, directed by the Prince, but in which his hand could not appear.'

'Was it not rash of the Prince to trust an unknown man?' Tredare asked, the incredulity aroused by this last statement creeping into his voice.

'The Prince had no reason to trust. He knew I was bound to obedience and silence by my entrance vow. The Camorrists dare not break their vows; death is the penalty. Few men have the courage of Beppo Cavalanci; and even I should not have dared to face the vengeance of the Camorra save for what the signore already knows. Does the signore recollect the sensation caused in Naples three years ago by the child of Baron Paolucci being kidnapped in broad daylight?' Cavalanci continued.

'Yes, I remember it perfectly,' answered Tredare; 'I was in Naples at the time. The child was returned to its parents after some days, but it was said they had had to pay a heavy price, and that the kidnapping was the work of the Camorra.'

'For once gossip was true. The kidnapping was the work of the Camorra, and Baron

Paolucci was forced to pay one hundred thousand lire [four thousand pounds] before the child was given up. The Prince della Gravina arranged the kidnapping; it was I who took the child from its perambulator, and the Prince received the money. The child was hidden for nearly a week in the Della Gravina palace.'

'So that was one of your duties—kidnapping children?'

'Not a noble occupation, I admit, signore; but I had learnt the password that would open the doors of the castle in Apulia. This kidnapping gave me the opportunity of leaving Naples. If I had absented myself from the *palazzo* without cause, suspicion might have been aroused. But here was a golden chance! The Prince had arranged that after taking the child from its perambulator I should rush to a waiting carriage, which would instantly drive away. In a particular street, the carriage was to drive into the courtyard of a certain house; there I was to hand the child over to a woman who would be waiting for it, and she was to leave the house by an entrance in another street. All this was carried out with the utmost precision. But that night I caused word to be sent to the Prince that I feared I had been recognised, for I was already being shadowed by the police. His spies found that the police were watching the house in which I had taken a lodging, and I received an order from the Prince to leave Naples for a month.'

Cavalanci's white teeth showed in a broad grin. 'The Prince, clever as he was, little thought that the police were watching my lodging because I myself had asked them to do so. The Camorra wants facts, not statements, from its members. I produced the police themselves! The next morning found me already on my way to Apulia.

'The Prince could not have found a more solitary or desolate prison for his wife if he had sought all Italy over. A huge castle, built of gray stone, surrounded by a high wall like an ancient city, it stood on a tongue of land round which rolled a swift and wide torrent. The castle thus stood on a peninsula, two sides of which were securely guarded by the rushing water. On the third side, a tower rose in the centre of the wall, and below was a gateway with two enormous doors, all studded and clamped with iron. The only means of escape from the castle was through these doors. I had formed no plan for the Princess's rescue, although by questioning the maid—who, poor wretch! was kept in prison lest the Prince should discover that she was in Naples, and have her killed—the head of the police had done his utmost to get me some information as to the interior of the castle and the number of people the Prince kept there to guard his wife. But the maid could give no help. All that she knew was that she and her mistress had been shut up in a large suite of rooms on the first-floor of the castle, all the doors of which were locked except one, which opened on a stone staircase that led into a high-walled garden. The maid said that the unhappy lady had made it a paradise of flowers, and the garden alone had saved her reason. They saw no one except a man who brought their food and waited upon the Princess at table, and a woman who cleaned the rooms. But neither the man nor the woman ever spoke, only shaking their heads when addressed.

'Once every three months a doctor came from Naples to examine the Princess and report upon the state of her health to her family and the authorities. This doctor was one of those who had signed the certificate stating that she was mad. He was the only human being with whom the Princess had speech besides her maid. Because he was a Camorrist, the doctor had to continue the first lie, and make a false certificate as to the Princess's madness every three months; but although the poor lady was shut away from the world because of the certificate he himself had signed, the man seemed to have some compassion for her, bringing seeds and plants for her garden, and wools and silks for her needlework. Nor was the maid's escape from the castle any guide towards making a plan for the rescue of her mistress. The simplest things are the most incredible, signore. There was a well in the Princess's garden which dried up in the summer-time. By the doctor's orders, when the well failed a large cistern in the garden was filled with water by a peasant woman, who with a large barrel strapped upon her shoulders made repeated journeys until the cistern was full. She entered the garden through a small door in the wall which was never unlocked save when the woman brought the water that was to save the Princess's flowers from dying, and on these days the Princess and her maid were prisoners in the rooms on the first-floor, the door opening upon the stone staircase being securely fastened. But one day, whilst the cistern was being filled, the maid, chancing to look from a window into the garden, saw the peasant woman lying prone upon her back amongst the flowers, and thinking the woman had fainted, she instinctively ran to the door to go to her assistance. To the maid's intense surprise the door was not locked, and running down the staircase, she speedily reached the senseless peasant. In vain the maid dashed water into the woman's face and beat her hands. She remained in blank unconsciousness. The maid was about to call for help, when, looking up, she saw that the door in the garden wall was open, and that immediately in front of it, and only a few paces distant, was the outer gate, one of its great doors pushed back against the wall. At a short distance outside the gate a stream of water trickled down the mountain-side, and where it fell into a big stone basin the maid saw

a barrel similar to the one which lay beside the unconscious woman. It was clear that she left one barrel to be filled while she brought the other to the garden. In a flash the maid saw an opportunity to escape. She went hastily to her mistress, and after a few hurried words of explanation returned to the peasant woman. Dragging her behind a tangle of rose-trees that hid all possible view from the castle windows, she stripped her of her clothes, and undressing herself, donned the unconscious woman's garments. The maid had some difficulty in strapping the heavy barrel on her shoulders, and its weight nearly bore her to the ground as she crossed the small space between the garden and the outer gate. But not a soul was stirring. A man wearing the cap of the Prince's livery was lying fast asleep on a stone bench in the gateway, but he did not stir as she passed him. When she got outside the gate the maid went straight to the basin, and, slipping the barrel from her shoulders, looked about her carefully. All view of the castle was shut out by a high wall and the tower. A rough road ran along the base of the mountain, disappearing after a short distance round a curve. She had quick eyes that maid, and saw that the road ended at the castle gateway. It was, therefore, the way that led to the outer world. She walked quietly to the curve in the road, then ran like a hare.

'One point in her story was of the utmost service to me. After the visit of the doctor, the necessaries he had ordered were sent from Naples, and were brought to the castle by mules. The police, therefore, provided me with a bundle of the various things which the maid said were generally sent to the Princess by the doctor, so that I could more easily enter the castle as a messenger from the Prince; for, although I was armed with the password, I should have been obliged to invent some reason for my going to the castle. The head of the police himself gave me a letter to the commandant of the *carabinieri*, who were stationed at a little hill-town some five miles from the castle, asking that all help I needed should be given me; and it was to this little town that I first made my way from the railway, with my two mules, one carrying myself and the other the important bundle.

'The commandant received me with civility, and that night I was lodged and entertained in the barracks of the *carabinieri*—I, Beppo Cavalanci, whom the *carabinieri* have so often cursed as the cause of long marches and weary watching! On the following morning I set out on foot, and after carefully inspecting the outside of the castle and the country round about it, I saw that even if I succeeded in getting the Princess through the gate, further escape was impossible. The track that led over the mountains to the town was strewn with boulders and broken with deep ruts; sometimes it was perilously steep. A lady like the Princess could not have walked a kilometre along it. The only chance of our reaching the town would be by means of the mules; and as we could only move slowly because of the roughness of the track, they would be useless in case we were pursued.

'"*Per Bacco*, Beppo Cavalanci!" I said to myself, "the head of the police has given you a truly hard nut to crack."

'I returned to the town, and late in the afternoon presented myself at the castle gateway with my mules. The great doors were closed, and I had hammered upon them with a stone for nearly ten minutes before any sign of life was vouchsafed to me.

'"What do you want?" said a voice above my head. Looking up, I saw a man leaning out of an opening in the tower above the gateway. He wore a blue-peaked cap, on the front of which was embroidered a Prince's coronet in silver—the Della Gravina livery. Above the edge of the opening peeped the muzzle of a carbine.

'"I am a friend," I answered; and I gave him not only the password, but also one of the signs of the Camorra. His look of suspicion instantly changed, and, with a friendly greeting, he disappeared. A few seconds later the great doors swung open, and I and my mules entered the courtyard. The castle, I found, stood at right angles to the gateway, and from one end of it jutted high walls enclosing an oblong space that occupied most of the vast area enclosed by the still higher outer walls. A low door in the inner wall, directly opposite to the entrance-gates, led me to the right conclusion that this space was the Princess's garden, and that it was through the low door the maid had escaped.

'The guard was filled with delight and friendliness. "*Per Bacco!*" he said, unstrapping the bundle from the mule's back, "we are in luck's way. Two comrades within a week! They must be giving the Princess a double allowance this time."

'I pricked up my ears, and feigning ignorance, I asked the man if the bundle was for the Princess.

'"Of a verity," he answered. "Such a bundle comes from Naples every three months. But one was brought by Alessandro Minelli a week ago. He left us only yesterday. It is strange they should send again so quickly."

'That was a narrow shave for me, signore! Alessandro Minelli was the head-porter at the Della Gravina palace. If we had met at the castle or on the road—well, the Prince would have been speedily informed of my whereabouts, and then——

'"Perhaps they have forgotten something," I said.

'"Perhaps; but what matter? It has brought

some company into this dog's hole of dullness. What a life! But my time is nearly up, and then for *bella Napoli.*"

'When one has been'—Cavalanci hesitated—'well, what I used to be, signore, one's wits become very sharp, and in a flash I saw that the arrival of a second bundle of necessaries for the Princess within a week of the other might arouse suspicion. I therefore took a grave risk for the future. I made a sign which showed that I was one of the Della Gravina household.

'If the man had any doubt or suspicion it instantly vanished, for he embraced me as if I were a long-lost friend, and stabling the mules, led me to a long, low room on the ground-floor of the castle, where four other men in the Della Gravina livery were eating their evening meal. They were delighted to welcome a fellow-servant, and in a few minutes we were laughing and talking as if we had known one another all our lives. That night, signore, I learnt all that I wanted to know.

'The castle was guarded by five of the Prince's men, four of whom spent six months there and six months at the Della Gravina palace in Naples, where they passed as porters. The fifth man remained always in Apulia. He was the steward, and had charge of the castle and the Princess, and it was from him that I gained my knowledge. Discontent and a nagging wife, signore, set the tongue wagging more freely than even bank-notes will.

'After the meal was over the steward took me to his own room, which was also on the ground-floor, and there, over a glass of wine, he told me all his troubles. He was married, but the Prince would allow no one to live in the castle save the four guards, himself, and the man and woman who waited upon the Princess and her maid, and cooked their food.

'"The Princess has a maid with her?" I asked in surprise. I could have bitten my tongue through with rage the moment after.

'The steward looked at me with sharp suspicion. "Why do you ask that?"

'"Only because I heard at the palace that the Princess was so violent that the doctors had been obliged to take her maid away."

'"When did you hear that?" His voice was still suspicious.

'"Oh, shortly after I entered the Prince's service," I answered indifferently.

'"Then you believe that the Princess is mad?"

'"So they all said," I answered innocently.

'"They say many things at the Della Gravina palace that are not true. The Princess has a maid."

'It was only afterwards, signore, that I discovered that the steward, the guards, and the man and woman who waited on the Princess had all kept the maid's escape a secret from the Prince. They dreaded his vengeance for their negligence. The doctor was easily silenced, because they threatened to denounce him secretly to the police for some other shady business which was well known to them, being, as they all were, members of the Camorra.

'That is an interruption,' said Cavalanci. 'Let us return to the steward. His wife, he said, lived in the small town five miles away, and made his life a burden by her ceaseless complaints of the dullness of the place, and because she saw him so seldom. He, too, was sick and weary of the long exile from Naples. "What is the use of high wages," he asked bitterly, "when there is nothing to spend them on? I have asked the Prince many times to let us go back to Naples; but he always refuses, and says he can trust no one else."

'"That is very flattering," I said.

'"But flattery won't stop my wife's tongue or prevent the children from growing up savages in that dog's hole of a town. You will see yourself when you come here that it is as bad as being buried alive."

'"When I come here?" I asked in surprise.

'"Yes; and you will be coming shortly. Didn't you know that every six months the porters at the palace come here, and the four men who are here take their place? You others, at any rate, have six months of Naples every year; but as for me, I might as well be dead."

'I learnt that the only duties of the four men were to guard the gate, which was supposed to be watched both by day and night. At first, it appeared, the rule had been strictly carried out, as if the men had been sentinels in an army; but gradually the watchfulness had relaxed.

'"What is the use of guarding day and night a door to which nobody ever comes except the doctor and a messenger once every three months?" said the steward. "It is a foolish waste of time."

'By skilful questioning I found that one man was always on guard throughout the day, each of the four taking it in turn, which meant that the castle was guarded by only one man, for the three others off duty spent their leisure in the town. One rule, however, was unbroken; the four men slept at the castle in a long room close to the gate. The steward was rarely absent by day, but he confessed to me that often towards nightfall he rode over the mountains to see his grumbling wife and savage children in the town, returning the next morning. And in answer to further questioning he told me that neither he nor any of the other men had ever seen the Princess. He had never been into the Princess's rooms, which occupied the whole of the first-floor of the castle, or into the garden. Locked doors prevented the unhappy lady from leaving either one or the other. The man and woman who attended upon her

were a married couple, and old servants of the Prince. They lived on the floor above the Princess, and had no communication with the steward outside domestic matters; the steward bought the food and other necessaries. He spoke of the couple with hatred, and added spitefully, "If the Prince wanted to get rid of his wife, he would have no difficulty with those two death's-heads so ready to do his bidding."

'I was given a bed in the long room near the gateway which served as a dormitory for the guards; and before falling asleep I learned another useful fact—the messengers from Naples generally stayed three or four days, sometimes a week, before returning. I had time, therefore, to make my plans.

'The following morning the steward took me over the castle. It was a vast building, with a great staircase in the centre. On the first-floor a big double doorway had been bricked up. The steward pointed to it significantly.

'"The Princess's apartments," he said. My heart sank, for this brickwork prevented all rescue of the Princess from the interior of the castle.

'On the second-floor the steward knocked at a double doorway exactly like the one bricked up below. It was opened by a woman, the most evil-looking woman I have ever seen in my life, signore. She was fat, and had little, pig's eyes.

'"Who is that?" she asked, looking at me suspiciously.

'"The comrade from Naples who brought the bundle yesterday," answered the steward.

'I made both the sign of the Camorra and the sign of the Della Gravina household, but I saw that she suspected me.

'"There is something strange about that box," she said. Her voice was hoarse and cracked. "There are many things in it that were not asked for, and things which were needed are not there. Why should it come within a week of the regular box, which contained everything on the list?"

'I laughed and shrugged my shoulders, saying as indifferently as I could, for I saw danger in the woman's suspicion, "How can I tell, signora? I obeyed orders."

'"Whose orders?"

'I was neatly trapped. Alessandro Minelli, the head-porter, gave the Prince's directions for their secret missions to the four *bravi*. But he himself had brought the regular box, and only a few days before! It was useless, therefore, to give his name.

'I took a bold step. "The orders of his Excellency the Prince to one of his servants are not often questioned by another servant," I said angrily. The woman gasped. "Not if the other servant is wise," I added.

'She blinked her pig's eyes at me, and, muttering something to the steward, stepped back into the room; he followed her, and she shut the door in my face. They were not happy, those few minutes I passed upon the big staircase, and when the door opened and the steward appeared, I looked anxiously at his face to see if the woman had made him as suspicious as herself.

'"What a polecat!" he said as we went down the staircase. "Just because there isn't a list in the box you brought, and because it came so soon after the other, she swears something is wrong, and wants me to telegraph to the Prince. I should like to see the Prince's face if I telegraphed questioning one of his orders. I told her to telegraph herself; but she can't write, and her husband is in a raging fever—which is a pity, as they might have got themselves into serious trouble, and I shouldn't be sorry for that. Those people are the bane of my life."

'"Obey! Ask no questions! were my directions when I joined the Prince's household," I said.

'"Yes; and you ask questions at your peril," he answered.

'The Fates were indeed fighting for the poor Princess and for Beppo Cavalanci. But for the husband's illness and the steward's hatred and jealousy of both the man and the woman, I should surely have been discovered.

'"They are never satisfied with anything," the steward went on. "It is grumble, grumble every morning. To-day it is quinine that must be fetched from the town, and the cistern must be filled in the Princess's garden. It is always *must!* These people have the authority. It is they who give the orders that I, the steward, if you please, must obey."

'Signore, did I not tell you the steward had a nagging wife? Those words showed me her tongue had made a wound in her husband's pride. I set my wits to work to inflame the wound.

'"Then you have to fetch the quinine and fill the cistern?" I said mockingly.

'His face grew crimson. "Well may you ask that!" he cried. "I am become the servant of servants! I do not fetch the quinine; I do not fill the cistern; but whenever it is filled, I, the steward, the representative of the Prince, must guard the gate—and by the order of these creatures! Was there ever such indignity?"

'"But why do you do it?" I asked with an air of surprise.

'"Well, ever since"—— he began, then stopped; adding hurriedly, "Whilst the cistern is being filled the outer gate and the gate of the Princess's garden both remain open. Extra care is, therefore, needed, and it is I who must give it."

'"Phew!" I said contemptuously; "when you have four men at your orders?"

'"That is what my wife says. But no, these people hold me personally responsible to the Prince for the gateway whilst this cistern is being filled. And to choose to-day, of all days! It is the birthday of my little girl, and we are making a *festa* for the child at my house in the town. I was going to ask you to honour us with your company. But now we cannot go. Oh, these creatures! They have done it out of spite!"

'I could have added to the steward's "Well, ever since"—— the words he just saved himself from saying; they were "the maid's escape." And from the fact that, angry and disappointed as he was because of missing the birthday-party, it did not seem to occur to him to suggest that the cistern could be filled on the following day, I judged that he did not dare to make such a proposal. There was no doubt but that the man and woman held the ill-guarded gateway on the day of the maid's escape as a perpetual menace over the steward. Their carelessness in leaving the door of the Princess's apartments unlocked could have had no consequences; the sleeping guard gave the maid her only chance of escape, and here the steward was wholly responsible. I concluded, therefore, that the couple insisted upon the steward himself guarding the gate when the cistern was being filled.'

(To be continued.)

RELICS OF THE GREAT DEPARTED.

OUTSIDE our many museums there must be thousands of priceless heirlooms and relics of the great departed in private hands. For all practical purposes these are as a sealed book to the general public, to whom they are unknown and inaccessible. A good deal of the pleasure in possessing such things is the ability to show them to others; but valuable relics in private hands can be seen by only a limited number of people. These remarks are suggested by a correspondent, Mr Cuthbert Becher Pigot, Temuka, Unthank Road, Norwich, who has been much interested in the article, 'A Memory of Olney,' by Mr Henry H. Brown, in *Chambers's Journal* for March 1911. What an excellent thing it would be, he says, if there were some sort of central bureau where the names of people possessing relics of the great departed could be registered! The difficulty, to begin with, might be to get the public to give the information. There is no doubt that such a register would be of the greatest value and interest to the world at large. The difficulty is how best to set about it. If some one with the requisite zeal, patience, and knowledge would begin to gather material which might be tabulated in volumes, as the Historical Manuscripts Commission is recording family papers, a useful register might be formed. The suggestion made by Mr Cuthbert Becher Pigot is that a scheme be set on foot for a Register of Relics in the possession of private individuals, with a central bureau known as the Relic Registry. Here a register would be kept of relics in the possession of private individuals, divided into various sections—Royalty, Parliamentary, Literary, Ecclesiastical, Army and Navy, and others.

We have an example of what may be gleaned in Mr Pigot's own family and connections, which shows what a wealth of material remains in private hands unknown to those who might be interested. Our correspondent's family in the past, on father's and mother's side, were especially rich in associations with literary people, and consequently possess many of their relics. His great-aunt, Elizabeth Bridget Pigot, and her brother were intimate with Lord Byron during his Southwell days. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, writes of the amiable and intelligent family of the Pigots, who received the poet within their circle as one of themselves. In the Rev. John Becher, afterwards prebendary of Southwell, the poet found not only an acute critic but a sincere friend. The relics in the Pigot family include one or two locks of Byron's hair, a painted eye, and a life-size silhouette of him at the age of sixteen, the latter being interesting mementos of his features. Mr Pigot's great-aunt, Elizabeth Bridget Pigot, lived at Southwell, Notts, and it was at her house at Burgage that Byron gave his first promise of poetical genius. She encouraged his efforts and acted as his amanuensis. It is a tradition of the family that Byron offered her marriage. It is well known that she greatly admired him; perhaps it may be her admiration was too great to allow any such liking to stand in the way of the poet's career. A packet of Byron's letters was, at Miss Pigot's request, buried with her.

Than Hannah More few people in society one hundred years ago better deserve to be recalled and remembered. A friend of Garrick and Dr Johnson, she was a pioneer of Sunday schools and other philanthropic work in the Mendip district of Somersetshire; her tracts and booklets for the people sold in millions, and were the precursors of the London Religious Tract Society. She left some thirty thousand pounds of the fruits of her unwearied literary industry for the continuation of her good works. Mr E. A. Freeman, the historian, was proud to remember that she was a direct link between him and Samuel Johnson. He had been a pet of Hannah More, as she had been of Johnson. Macaulay, a fair, pretty child of four years, one day, when his parents were out, came to the door of his home to meet Hannah More, and precociously said if she

would come in he would give her a glass of old spirits! W. E. Gladstone was taken when a child to her residence, Barley Wood, Wrington, Somerset. The authoress took the future statesman aside and presented him with her *Sacred Dramas*, with his name inscribed on the book, and made a pretty speech, of which Mr Gladstone only remembered the beginning: 'As you have just come into the world, and I am going out of it,' &c.

Mr Pigot tells us that both his grandfather, Arthur Roberts, rector of Woodrising, Norfolk, and his great-grandfather, William Roberts, barrister-at-law, edited works on Hannah More. These were her *Memoirs; Mendip Annals, or, A Narrative of the Charitable Labours of Hannah More and Martha More in their Neighbourhood;* and *Letters of Hannah More to Zachary Macaulay*, father of the future historian. His great-aunts, the Misses Roberts, were intimate friends of this good lady, and doubtless it was through this friendship that various relics belonging to her came into the possession of his mother's family. Perhaps the most interesting of these is a collection of letters addressed to her from various celebrities of the day, with many of her own. In addition, the following relics are in the family: six silver dessert-spoons bearing her monogram; a lock of her hair; a large bronze tea-urn; engraved portrait of Hannah More, by H. W. Worthington (after Pickersgill, A.R.A.), with her autograph, 'Hannah More, 5th May 1824;' picture of her home at Barley Wood, underneath which is written, 'The place of my earthly abode for 23 years. Sept. 24th, 1824. Remember me.—Hannah More.' Also, a picture of the interior of her library there; and a memorandum-book, inscribed, 'Presented to my very dear Miss Roberts.—Hannah More.' Other relics are a seal and a charming miniature of her at about the age of seventy, said to have been done by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mr Pigot's aunt, Mrs Neville White, of Kirkley, near Lowestoft, who married a nephew of Henry Kirke White, has various books containing autograph letters and an oil portrait of the poet.

Further, an aunt of our correspondent has part of a skein of wool wound by the poet Cowper, and also impressions of the poet's three seals, showing his tame hares Puss, Tiney, and Bess. In addition to these, she has a letter of the poet, bearing neither date nor address, but apparently written at a time when he was suffering from the extreme melancholy and morbidity that finally ended in his death. Scribbled over the back of the letter are scraps of his translation of Homer. These were given to her father by Mrs Johnson, wife of Cowper's friend and kinsman, old Dr Johnson, known as 'Johnnie of Norfolk,' a relative of the poet, and much beloved by him. The present rector of Yaxham, the Rev. Cowper Johnson, is a grandson of Dr Johnson. Another relic of the poet is the stuffed dog Beau, which figures in 'Beau and the Water-Lily;' this belonged to the Rev. Arthur Roberts of Woodrising. It was a little brown-and-white spaniel in a glass case, with a water-lily in its mouth, and beginning to be moth-eaten. This was sold in 1886 on the death of Mr Roberts, and Mr Pigot is ignorant of its present possessor.

These are but a few examples in illustration of our subject, and indicate how great a field is open to any one with sufficient interest and leisure to follow up this fascinating pursuit.

A TRIP TO DICKENSTOWN.

In Dickenstown we find them, folk of Dickens' magic pen,
The Mutual Friends he gave us ere he passed beyond our ken;
We'll travel by the stage-coach just to spend a cheerful hour
At Todger's, or the Maypole, or perchance at Boffin's Bower.

In crowds they come to greet us and to drink a loyal toast:
Old Scrooge and Mr Pickwick, Trotty Veck and Marley's Ghost,
Agnes and 'child-wife' Dora, Mrs Gamp 'dispoged' for tea,
And Samivel still doubtful if he spells it with a 'we'!

Wot larx! here's Joe the blacksmith, and Micawber turns up too,
And Dolly Varden hand-in-hand with Dot so good and true;
In prunes and prism fashion Mrs General curtsies low,
While Mrs Jarley asks us to her famous Waxwork Show.

Then troops of children, grave or gay, around us weave their spell:
Sweet Floy and Little Em'ly, Jenny Wren and patient Nell;
Poor Jo the crossing-sweeper, and the boy who asked for more,
And Paul, and Tiny Tim without the crutch he used of yore.

Stand by! here's Captain Cuttle, and here's honest Cobbs the Boots,
And though, of course, no consequence, we welcome Mr Toots;
Here's Barkis willin' as of old, and Smike and Edwin Drood,
And Traddles with his 'dearest girl,' and Mark in jolly mood.

But now it's time we parted, so with jovial Dick we'll say,
'May friendship's wing ne'er moult a single feather in decay;'
And may we keep HIS memory green with love and fair renown
Who left us, for our heart's delight, those friends in Dickenstown!

MARY FARRAH.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

By G. PIGNATORRE.

THE most singular and striking body of trained soldiers serving under any potentate is that which garrisons the Pope's palace in Rome. From the silver-casqued Noble Guards, the Swiss Halberdiers in doublet and ruff, down to the Palatine Guards in shako and the Pontifical Gendarmes in bearskin, they form a distinctive feature of the Papal Court and a befitting setting to a medieval picture. Their gorgeous or quaint uniforms, glancing helms, flashing arms, glittering breastplates—like the black-velvet doublets, ruffs, and rapiers of the gentlemen-in-waiting—are in perfect artistic harmony with their surroundings, from which they receive and on which they bestow that correlative fitness which we instinctively feel on entering the precincts of the Vatican, although the presence of these troopers and foreign mercenaries, morally speaking, is an anomaly and an anachronism.

This singular little army of a spiritual potentate consists of noble Roman volunteers, burgher civic guards, and Italian or foreign mercenaries, and comprises four companies, differently armed, uniformed, and officered, and each possessing a distinct history of its own and a separate organisation.

First in dignity and antiquity come the Noble Guards, in their scarlet tunics, golden epaulets, and silver helmets. Raised in 1485 under the name of Light Horsemen, they were formed into two squadrons; and many years later, in 1555, their strength was increased by the addition of one hundred free-lances chosen exclusively from the scions of noble houses who could show a sufficient number of quarterings. The two corps were reorganised and united into one by Pope Pius the Seventh in 1801, when, after the stress and storm of the great French Revolution, he had righted the ship of St Peter. These noble guardsmen mount guard in the antechamber of his Holiness's private apartment, surround the *sedia gestatoria* on solemn fêtes, and escort the Pope when he drives out. They now number sixty-nine all told, under the command of a lieutenant-general.

The Swiss Guards, who rank next in precedence, were first enrolled by the fighting Pope Julius the Second; and subsequently, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, three companies were added to the original one. After many vicissitudes, they were finally reduced to one company, which musters one hundred and twenty-two men of all ranks, commanded by a captain ranking as colonel. Of these, one hundred are privates or halberdiers. The officers and men on state occasions don their morions, breastplates, and pauldrons, the officers armed with partisans, the men with pole-axes; but when on guard and in undress the men are armed with ordinary modern rifles, though they still wear their medieval garb. The duties of these Switzers, who now play at soldiering, consist in standing on guard at the Grand Portal of the Vatican, and escorting the pontiff when he is borne, like some Eastern potentate, in his *sedia gestatoria* to celebrate High Mass, on which occasion, surrounded by his bodyguard, he is preceded by six halberdiers told off for this especial service, and armed with the formidable two-handed sword of their predecessors mentioned in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*.

The other two corps of household troops—namely, the Palatine or Palace Guards and Pontifical Gendarmes—are far more modern, and do not possess the same stirring traditions. The first is merely an offshoot and a survival of the old Urban Militia or City Guard. They received their present formation and appellation in 1850, and are, as heretofore, recruited mainly from the burgher class of Rome. They are clad in a very becoming blue uniform, and wear shakos when in full dress, which, according to Lieutenant-General Tyrrel, is very similar to that of the French Republican Guard. The duties of the Palace Guards are very light. They are chiefly employed in Church ceremonies, conjointly with the gendarmes, to maintain order among the crowds who throng St Peter's on such occasions; and they are called out about once a month to drill or to mount guard. They number one hundred and seventy men of all ranks, and are all volunteers, providing their own uniform and receiving a small annual allowance for incidental expenses.

The Pontifical Gendarmerie—though last in precedence, by no means the least in appearance of the four pontifical corps—were raised in 1816

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to replace the French military police instituted by Napoleon the First, and, like the Irish military constabulary, were charged with the protection of persons and property throughout the whole Papal States. Reduced in numbers and duties, they now muster but ninety-six men and officers, and perform police duties within the Vatican at state ceremonies, as on the occasion of the present Pope's Jubilee, and act in conjunction with the Palatine Guards in keeping order within St Peter's. These gendarmes are all tall and strong men, every one being over six feet; and, in their bearskins and blue uniform trimmed profusely with silver lace, they are second only to the Noble Guards in splendour of equipment, and certainly foremost of all in their superb physique and perhaps in training, for many are old soldiers who have served their full term of service in the crack corps of the Italian army, the Royal Carbineers.

To the above-mentioned troops, who form the actual garrison of the Vatican, may be added the corps of firemen, who are organised on a military footing, wear helmets, and are dressed in a dark-blue uniform.

The grand total of all ranks aggregates about four hundred and sixty men, exclusive of the fire-brigade; and, as far as equipment, bearing, and drill go, they are unexcelled by any corps in any service to which they correspond. Nor have the two more ancient corps failed to show that, if holiday soldiers at present, they were once a hard-fighting force. The Noble Guards were slain almost to a man in the defence of Rome against the motley army of the Constable of Bourbon; and the Swiss Guards, who shared their fate, stood by their master again in 1849 against the insurgent mob of Rome as bravely as their forefathers had stood by Louis the Sixteenth in 1792, and only retired when they were commanded to do so by the Pope himself.

The presence of these superb household troops in the vast pile—the greatest in Christendom—also points a moral and tells a tale. They are skeletons of pre-existing corps, shadows, so to speak, of their former selves, like the temporal power of which they are the emblems—temporal power which, had it sprung from pure sources, had it even been wisely exercised in a worldly sense, could not but jar at times with the spiritual mission of the dual potentate, and finally become incompatible with the true national aspirations of the Italian nation. But how much more jarring, how much more incompatible, how impossible at last, had the co-existence of the two powers become when the clarion-call to freedom resounded throughout Italy, and sounded the knell of papal misrule and intolerance! Instances of this baneful influence of secular misgovernment are too numerous to quote; but the results afford positive proof that nowhere had the decline in population and wealth been more marked than in the environs of Rome and in Romagna, and that in few regions of Italy was public security more utterly neglected. Lastly, in no portion of Italy, outside the Calabrias, Sicily, and Basilicata, is illiteracy still so prevalent even after forty years of free schools.

Thus, on the first count of the indictment, we may quote as an example Ferrara, whose population, which during the sixteenth century amounted to one hundred thousand souls, had, according to Gregorovius, declined to less than thirty-five thousand since its annexation to the papal dominions in 1598. Crimes of violence were committed by high-born criminals with impunity, and by the low-born with little risk of punishment from the law if they took to the bush, becoming *uccelli di bosco* and swelling the ranks of the brigand bands who dwelt under the greenwood tree. Illiteracy, too, went hand in hand with crime; squalor completing the sorry picture which the so-called patrimony of St Peter presented for centuries.

Although the material advance within the last forty years has been very great, and population, manufactures, and industries of all kinds have increased, and many modern comforts been introduced, and, finally, organised brigandage has been suppressed, the moral decadence of a people brutalised and corrupted by the unceasing tyranny and misgovernment of many centuries has not been succeeded by a corresponding moral revival and educational development. Crimes of violence are almost as frequent as heretofore, the slight decrease in the long tale of assassinations being probably due to the extirpation of the banditti; while, according to the native press, fraudulent practices have actually increased. Illiteracy is still so prevalent among the Romans that nearly 50 per cent. of the population are unable to read or write. These discomforting statistics—which appeared in the returns of the census taken in 1901—continue to be substantially unchanged, and in their ominous figures indicate the durable and profound nature of the degradation wrought mainly by papal misgovernment.

I will conclude these brief remarks with the observation that, while æsthetically the gorgeous and picturesque appearance of the little garrison which keeps watch and ward at the Vatican is appropriate, the presence of these now purely holiday troops has never aroused in me that feeling of reverence or pity for the representatives of a lost cause which the Jacobite confederates or Napoleonic veterans have awakened. I have never felt anything but pleasure in contemplating these living pictures moving over the gloomy and stately background of the Vatican halls and courts; but without being in any way moved by the sight of their reduced numbers as contrasted with the myriads of armed men who marched under the banner of the Cross at the bidding of an Urban or Gregory, who, in his character of spiritual chief of Christendom, with sincere,

if at times mistaken zeal, preached crusades against the infidel and heretic. These mailed warriors of Western Europe were not the mercenaries of a temporal sovereign whose call to arms would summon them against Christians—nay, fellow-subjects—to uphold that sovereign's greed of power.

In this article I have only aimed at a brief sketch of this splendid body of household troops which garrisons the Vatican, and would refer my readers for fuller particulars to the pamphlet on the same subject written by Lieutenant-General Tyrrel, whose graphic and exhaustive account is well worth perusing.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IV.—TOUCHING HANDS IN THE MEASURE.

LANCELEY was drunk—not objectionably so, not even visibly so to the eyes of women, only rather more boyish, more impulsive, more engagingly handsome, with a fleck of brilliant colour on his cheeks and a deeper light in his blue eyes.

It was Sunday night, and Fetterings was, as usual, rather more gay than during the week. The drawing-rooms and the great hall were well supplied with guests. Lanceley had been moving about talking to one woman or another until he anchored on a low, deep lounge by the side of Lorrie Madesson, whose little court of admirers gradually thinned away as they perceived that she meant to give Lanceley an innings. They knew, of course, that Wil Lanceley was not altogether a desirable companion in his present condition; but then Lorrie Madesson could take very good care of herself, as she had proved during the five years of her widowhood.

Lanceley, flung at ease, laid his arm along the cushioned cornice behind her shoulders, and bent nearer. The last man of her former entourage had, so to speak, evaporated by this time. 'Lorrie, I love you! I'm mad for you! Why won't you give me some sort of answer? I tell you this kind of thing drives a man to the devil!'

She looked at him over her shoulder with blue, mocking eyes. 'My dear child, I imagined you were one of those persons who had already arrived—in that sense.'

'Look here, what's the good of playing with me? Tell me at once and let me shoot myself, or—— Lorrie, I haven't any money, but I've decent connections; and, O Lord, I could make you so jolly happy! When I remember poor old Madesson, too, with his long face'——

'We will not bring "poor old Madesson"—I don't suppose he was a year older than you are, by the way—into this conversation, if you please.'

'Oh, all right. But you know what I mean, don't you? Why, I'd chuck the service'——

'You are not so much of a soldier that I need ask that sacrifice,' she put in with a laugh.

'Anyhow, we'd have an awfully good time all over the place.'

'Yes; I've money enough to carry you on for a little while,' she said with the tone of offering an ordinary remark.

He laughed; and without much caution as to whether the caress were seen or not, he touched her bare white shoulder with his fingers.

'The pot can't call the kettle black! These fellows here tell me you've been plunging since you came down to Fetterings. That's a good joke indeed! Come, if I play, you play too, darling. And, by Jove, I love you all the better for your pluck!'

'Thanks! That sounds encouraging. But I happen to know when to stop.'

He tried to search her face, but her profile told him nothing, while her beauty worked him into frenzy. 'See here, Lorrie; I swear I'll chuck play if only you will marry me. Darling—oh, hang it! no one is looking at us—darling, darling, darling! I swear to you—I mean it—I'm hanged if I won't chuck play for ever if you'll marry me! Heavens, if I could tell you what I feel! Lorrie, for mercy's sake, give me some sort of hope! I'll chuck play. Come, I swear I will!' He was bending down now so as to look up into her face.

Lady Madesson, though she usually kept her feelings well under control, felt the appeal of his personality. 'You are ready to chuck away a good many things for my sake to-night,' she said carelessly; but she smiled down into his eyes.

'I'd chuck away my soul for you; before Heaven, I would!' he stammered, aflame with hope. 'Lorrie'——

There was a little, deft movement on the woman's part, and a sound of jarred strings. Every one looked round.

'You have dropped my banjo, you stupid boy!' Lady Madesson was saying; and Lanceley found himself picking up something, he scarcely knew what; while a bewildered sense that but a moment before he had been alone with her surged through his mazed brain, mixed up with wonder as to where all the people he now saw staring at him had come from.

'Mr Lanceley is going to sing,' announced Lady Madesson.

This struck home to the young man's perceptions and to his mood. He would sing as he had never sung before. He supposed he was drunk,

he reflected light-headedly; but then he always sang best when he was drunk. That was one good thing. He would make her know now what it meant to be mad for love of a woman as he was for her. He would show all those laughing fools how to love. He would send them mad —mad as he was himself. He had done it before.

The lovely tenor swept through the rooms, wild, passionate, pathetic, pleading, maddening. People drew in from the other rooms to hear it.

'It makes me shake all over. I knew he sang; but this!' whispered a woman at the curtained arch to the man behind her.

'He's very drunk, and that's a fact,' replied the man with a low laugh.

In the farther drawing-room behind them were two people who kept their places. Both sat silent, and the rushing love-song sounded faint and sweet, more like some faintly stirring memory than any present reality. Cahusac, his hands clasped behind his head, listened, with his eyes on Alice Lanceley's face. Her physical likeness to her brother struck him afresh, though for the moment he chose to linger rather on the differences existing between them. Her head was bent a little, and, under the soft brown curls that fringed brow and ear and neck in some sweet old-fashioned style now once more in vogue, her features looked pale and set. The burden of life Wil dropped from his shoulders seemed to have fallen upon hers.

'He's very drunk, and that's a fact!' The gibing words floated to them across the quiet room.

She raised her eyes and met Cahusac's. She tried to smile, but he could see the tears. 'The world is badly arranged!' She spoke below her breath. 'The strong can meet misfortune—and—and temptation. But the weak and the gentle, who are easily influenced, should all have been born women. It would have been so much easier.'

'Have women no temptations?' Cahusac altered his position to hear her.

She caught the sudden dark look on his face. She had never seen it—at any rate, never more than the shadow of it—in all the years she had known him, and she faltered in her reply, 'We are sheltered.'

'More or less perhaps; but when the great moment comes, is not a woman the more unprepared? The weaker she is the more desperate will be the thing she does when driven into a corner. She may wreck a world, but naturally she does not stop to think of that!'

He spoke like a man with a bitter reason for his speech. She knew what every one else knew of his history, and the world added that he was of a cold and calculating nature. Society regarded him distinctively as a man of the world, engrossed by his ambitions; it credited him with a virile cleverness, and believed his air of indifference to be in some way a sign and guarantee of latent power.

Alice, who had been thrown with him frequently in her childhood, had never been persuaded of his callousness. 'I always used to think he felt things, and I am sure of it now,' she said to herself pityingly. She was very tender-hearted; apt to love those about her, she seemed to have been born with Wilford's share of the softer feelings as well as her own.

'A woman driven hard might do a desperate thing, but it would always be for those she loved, not against them! She could not ruin any one she loved.'

Cahusac's smile perplexed her. 'Most of all she will ruin those she loves if she lacks one supreme quality—staunchness. It is the rarest quality in the world, because it omits self in its calculations.' He caught a slight bewilderment in her face. 'But I shouldn't croak to you, Alice. The least we older folks can do is to leave you young ones to find out the creases in this poor old world for yourselves.'

She shook her head. 'You are not so much older than I am, Malcolm. You were at school with Wil; and as for him, I feel quite as old as he. Women are always much older than men, you know,' she said with her air of simple wisdom. It was never the matter of her speeches but the manner which told.

'Live for a smile,
And die for a kiss!
Glory to die at your feet for a kiss!'

Wil's passionate voice rang softly through the room.

Cahusac was reproaching himself. He had alluded to the past, which up to to-day he had held at arm's-length, never touching remotely upon it in speech, although it was the subject which most occupied his mind. His own words uttered in his own voice had the effect of a shock. He looked at his companion with a half-consciousness of having betrayed himself.

Alice was sitting with her chin resting on her hand; she was apparently full of some troubling reflection. In an instant his thoughts leaped from himself to her. 'Glory to die at your feet for a kiss!' It may have been the psychological moment. The common little refrain took upon it a transformed volume of meaning. The felicitous intensity of the rendering, the richness and passion of the voice which gave it a right of way to the world's heart, touched Cahusac too. With the song vibrating in his ears, he seemed to have gained a new sense of vision. As he looked at Alice a quick glow of interest, almost excitement, stirred him.

He was still watching her, noting the little chin, the pensive droop of her red lips, and even the turn of each soft curl upon her neck and brow, when she raised her long lashes slowly.

'I do not include you,' she began, evidently continuing their former conversation. 'I don't include you. You are older than Wil. I think you are older, because you have always been so sad.' Her eyes were large and blue—a clear turquoise blue, the very colour of truth.

Cahusac was silent from sheer astonishment. He sincerely hoped that he did not unconsciously pose before the world as an unhappy man! His face grew dark. 'I have never been accused of anything so sentimental before,' he said with a trace of derision in his tone.

'I—I beg your pardon,' she stammered in surprise. Her little speech had contained much more of sympathy than met the ear. How, then, had it offended him?

'Who has been telling you such an interesting fable about me?' he asked.

'No one; and it is not a fable. I have known it—a long time.'

'My dear Alice, some one has certainly been imposing upon your kindness of heart. Your pity makes an impostor of me.'

'No one ever told me you were sad,' she replied simply; 'but I have felt—not when you were a boy, but lately—that something very sad is always in your thoughts.'

'If that is the case,' he said with a slight smile, 'I am afraid you will very often be worried by other people's troubles which may, after all, you know, be as imaginary as mine.'

She looked distressed. 'I am sorry you are vexed,' she said after a pause for consideration. 'I will never speak of it again.'

Her adherence to her opinion in spite of his disclaimer, and her instinctive reading of him, disturbed him curiously. The cadence of the refrain reached them again, and translated itself into a living meaning. The girl flushed suddenly, while to Cahusac came a vivid and startling consciousness of her nearness.

Alice seemed to stand out in that moment from the crowd of people who had passed him during the last five years as dream-figures pass and fade, leaving no trace behind, no colour in the nooks of memory. Self-absorbed in the single purpose of his life, he had gazed, as one who sees dimly, upon those who came and went across his path, futile forms and unreal, far removed from the one point about which the dominant incentive of his life had drawn together and focussed the whole of active feeling. Practically dead outside that one idea, the unexpected contact of Alice Lanceley's words thrilled him. He awoke, as it were, and saw her.

Clearly defined against a massed background of shadows he saw her, not her physical perfections only, but the clear soul of the girl, young, untried, and simple. She was sweet and pure, with quick womanly sympathies — thank God there are many such!—but to Cahusac, seen in the light that never was on sea or land, she seemed far, far more. He did not forecast what was coming, nor how near was the day of action and storm and broken sunshine; but always, in looking back, Alice, with that delicate flush mounting in her cheeks, personified the dawn to him—the dawn of a troubled day, but, after all, *the* day of his life.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPORARY HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

IN the volume of this *Journal* for 1910 there was an interesting article on the burning of the old Houses of Parliament in 1834; and as it was not until many years afterwards that the new Houses, as we have them now, were ready for occupation by the Lords and Commons, the question arose in the minds of many readers as to where these Lords and Commons sat and conducted their deliberations and made their laws in the meantime. And having asked themselves the question, they did in some cases make efforts to get the answer, and consulted various histories and works of reference, but with no satisfactory result; and it came about that in the end they wrote here to Edinburgh to tell of their trouble and their failure, and to solicit help in the satisfaction of their justifiable curiosity.

They were quite right. It was eleven years before the Lords took occupation of the new House that was built for them, whilst the Commons did not establish themselves in their new quarters until five years later; and really the long period of twenty-four years elapsed after that terrible conflagration before it could be said of the new Palace of Westminster that, with its decorations, towers, and everything, it was properly finished, and there was no more to do except keep it clean and nice.

But Parliament had to sit, even if it had only an old oak-tree to sit under, as in the earliest times of village gatherings in Britain. Temporary Houses were made for it to sit in, and they were necessarily made in a great hurry, but much money was spent on them; and if they were inconvenient, incommodious, and poor things at their best, when you consider the requirements and the claims of British legislators, they were nevertheless good makeshifts, and as a subject of occasional interest in these later times they were all the better for being what they were. But it is the fact that if you consult histories, books of description, and the like, you will find some fine descriptions of the great fire, and, following them, some good accounts of the new buildings which we now have, and which were not ready until many years had elapsed, but

little or nothing—and generally it is absolutely nothing—about the home of the great Mother of Parliaments during this intervening period. In his attempt to give satisfaction to those who are curious in the matter, and to write a small but important chapter in the history of the fabric of Westminster, the present writer has had to go back to the contemporary records and get the facts from them. The results, especially in the matter of the resurrection of some old discussions and controversies, have been interesting, as shall be briefly shown.

First, however, I would like to supplement the very interesting paper already referred to by adding a comment and a few quotations. The writer refers to the inquiry that was instituted by the Privy Council into the statement made by the man Cooper that news of the fire reached the Bush Inn at Dudley, more than a hundred miles from London, within three hours of the breaking out of the conflagration. Cooper said it was being talked about in the inn, at which he was himself staying, and his statement caused the gravest perturbation until, after he had been closely cross-examined by the Lord Chancellor and others, it was realised that he must have been mistaken. The point, of course, was that, as there were no railways and telegraphs in those days, it was impossible for the news to have got there in the ordinary way so soon after the outbreak; and if the fire really was talked about at Dudley at the hour mentioned by Cooper, then somebody there must have known about it beforehand, in which case the fire must have been not the result of an accident, but of a plot of incendiaries. The simple comment I wish to make—an obvious one, but still better not left unmade—is upon the difficulty that most people at the present time will have in bringing their imagination to the point of realising this fact, that it was absolutely impossible for the terrible news to have travelled a hundred miles in three hours, absolutely impossible, and that the people at that distance must therefore have been ignorant of the fire. This revival of an old episode is made simultaneously with the most amazing achievements of wireless telegraphy, by which it is made to appear that for the future, when necessary, anybody in the world, whether on sea or land, may know of the happening of something at practically the time of its occurrence. News is simultaneous all over the world. Think, then, of 1834, and ponder!

The quotations referred to have reference simply to the observations of some bystanders watching the Houses of Parliament being burned to the ground, as they were reported at the time. One old gentleman hired a chaise and drove down to Westminster to see the great blaze, and on arrival there he asked the cabman if he had any information as to the cause of the sad disaster. 'Why, yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Some says as it has been done by the builders to make a job for themselves; and I did hear, too, as how it was Mr Hume as set 'em on, 'cause, you see, sir, the members would not build a new House, though Mr Hume has asked 'em so many times to do that, and told 'em how very uncomfortable it was in the old un.' Then a coalheaver in a garrulous mood attempted to pass the soldiers standing at the end of Abingdon Street in order to get into the Old Palace Yard. Of course he was stopped; and after some disputation he said, 'Vell then, my fine lobster, so you really means for to say as you won't by no manner of means let me go and see my own property burning?' The soldier made some sarcastic remark about the man's claim to possession of the burning Houses; whereupon the fellow added, 'Yes, Mr Impurrence, my own property; and if you knowed anything vatsomedever about the liberty of the subject, there 'd be no call for me ever to tell you as they 'll lay a tax upon me for to help to build it up again; but you are nothing but a soldier, and don't pay no taxes.' And so he walked away. Finally, in the way of these preliminaries, the reports of the fire in two of the chief newspapers of the period, the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, bore only one single headline to them, and even that was in type no larger than that at the top of this page. Yes, indeed, *tempora mutantur!*

The very first place that was seriously mentioned and considered as a temporary home for Parliament was—Buckingham Palace! The circumstances were not a little curious, and the remembrance of them now, in view of the criticism that has lately been cast upon that national edifice, is entertaining. Our present King George had no sooner succeeded to the throne than what might be called an agitation was got up and very vigorously prosecuted in favour of demolishing this London residence of royalty, and building in its stead something rather more beautiful and imposing, something more worthy of the nation, and better fitted for the ruler of the greatest empire the world has known; or, if total demolition were considered too much, then a fairly full reconstruction, an improvement of the front, and a general heightening. The palace was very vigorously decried for its architectural imperfections both inside and out; and in the end it was determined to do something to it, and to spend a fair amount of money in doing it, but it was not considered practicable to pull the palace down entirely.

Now in those later pre-Victorian days they evidently thought a great deal of this palace; and we must give some special credit to William the Fourth that, in his artistic enlightenment, he evidently did not, and so to a considerable extent was in advance of his time. This being the situation, what happened was quite funny. No sooner had King William come by the news that the Houses of Parliament were destroyed

than it flashed through his mind that here was a way of getting rid of Buckingham Palace; and as soon as it was decent he made haste to offer it for the purpose of being made Parliament's temporary home. In the name of the people the Press thanked him exceedingly; said it was really too kind of him, but they could not think of depriving him of the palace; and for their part thought that, if it were all the same to His Majesty, St James's, which was much smaller, would do quite as well. Then the king said he could not give them St James's, as he required it for his own use, but really must insist that Parliament should take Buckingham Palace—it would be pleasing to him if they did; and then the answer had to be given to him that they would not take the palace, and were sorry to realise that His Majesty evidently thought so little of that beautiful place. To be exact, when the king made the first offer, the *Times*, in gently discountenancing it, observed that His Majesty was always liberal and considerate towards the country, and then went on to say that the old palace of St James's contained apartments fitted for the reception of a large number of persons, but did not afford suitable house-room for the various departments of the royal family, and suggested, therefore, that His Majesty should still apply to his own use the palace of Buckingham House and turn over the old pile of St James's to the now unhoused legislature. Failing this, the journal mentioned that Somerset House and Westminster Hall were possible alternatives. It even hinted that a club-house with some sufficient sitting-room might answer the wants of the House of Commons. Had such a suggestion been adopted, one supposes that when the Whigs were in power they would have insisted on Parliament meeting at a Whig club-house, while when the Tories were in office naturally a Tory club would be favoured. It was a startling idea.

When, in consequence of the persistence of the king in his endeavour to get Parliament to take possession of the palace, the *Times* found it necessary to put its foot down, it stated its views in a leading article thus: 'His Majesty has the best possible right to refuse St James's Palace for the emergency which has arisen, with whatever earnestness it may have been solicited by his Ministers; but, on the other hand, the country has an equal right to say, "We have need of Buckingham Palace for the town residence of the monarch; and, sincerely and cordially as every honest man must wish to see the life of our respected sovereign prolonged, it would be foolish to forget that he will in the course of nature have successors to whom Buckingham Palace may prove less distasteful than to his present Majesty, *if it be* the fact that *King William* really dislikes the place, which *is such a costly* record of the munificence of *England and* of her desire to accommodate and even indulge the Crown."' This was distinctly nasty.

However, the matter was very quickly determined. As a temporary home for Parliament had to be found, and very likely would have to serve for some years, it was decided to make as good a one as possible, and to spend some money on it. Parliament had to meet once soon after it became homeless in order to get itself further prorogued, and the Library of the House of Lords was fitted up for the ceremony, with a temporary throne, woolsack, and other important details, while the Commons met in an adjacent committee-room.

There, cramped for space, huddled up, suffering many inconveniences despite the thirty thousand pounds that had been spent, the two Houses sat for many years—far longer than they had ever dreamt of doing; and there must often have been times when some of the legislators remembered a little regretfully that they might have had Buckingham Palace if they had so desired.

The Speaker's chair was similar to the one in the old House, and was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, but by a strange anachronism this chair was represented in the celebrated picture of Oliver Cromwell commanding the 'bauble' to be removed. In the new home of the Commons, as in the Lords, there was a gallery behind the chair, a part of which was allotted to the Press. There were eight or nine rows of seats on each side of the House, and cross benches at the end of it, the two back rows being set apart for the use of peers and peers' sons, while there were also a few seats near the Speaker's chair for the use of privileged persons. There was accommodation for five hundred members, and at the back of each seat was a little bronze clip to which the member who had secured the seat might fix his card instead of fastening it with a wafer, as he had been in the habit of doing in the old House. The House was heated by a steam apparatus, the heat ascending through a large grating in the middle of the floor. The Library closely resembled the old one, and was situated over what had constituted the Long Gallery. The chief fault of the whole arrangement was the great deficiency of offices and committee-rooms. There were very few of these within the precincts of the House, with the result that the staff were scattered all over Westminster in offices and private houses that were taken for their accommodation, committee-rooms being also fixed up in these premises. Such houses and offices were taken in Great George Street, Parliament Street, Abingdon Street, and elsewhere, and so the human works of Parliament were spread over a large area and were wide apart from each other. It was a very inconvenient arrangement, but nothing better could be done.

A few words concerning the building of the new permanent Houses of Parliament as we have them now will round off the story. At first there

was an idea that it would be well to include in the new scheme as much as possible of what was left of the old Houses; but the conclusion was ultimately arrived at that this would make a patchwork affair, and would not prove satisfactory. A select committee was appointed to consider what was best to be done, and it reported that the design for the new Houses should be a matter of open competition, that the Government should appoint five commissioners to examine the plans that were sent in, that not less than three or more than five should be selected, that four premiums of five hundred pounds should be paid to the architects of the four most favoured, and that the architect receiving the first premium should be employed unless there were some very strong reason for not taking this course, in which case he should be given a premium of one thousand pounds. No fewer than ninety-seven architects sent in their plans, the only restriction that had been placed upon them being that the character of the design should be either Gothic or Elizabethan.

Four months after they were sent in it was announced that the plans of Mr Charles Barry, who had designed the Travellers' Club, the Reform Club, and some other notable buildings, had been accepted; but the architect was requested to agree to a condition that from time to time, as the work developed, he would submit his schemes and drawings to competent judges of their effect, 'lest through over-confidence, negligence, or inattention in the execution of the work we fail to obtain that result to which our just expectations have been raised.' Mr Barry accepted the conditions, being naturally much elated at his success; but his brother-architects blamed him for doing so. He had a very unhappy time afterwards; and, if the building of the Houses of Parliament brought him great and lasting distinction, it gave him no pleasure, but considerably embittered the rest of his life. All the disappointed architects were jealous, and at a meeting that was held after the competitive designs had been exhibited in Westminster Hall it was decided to petition Parliament to set aside the award on the ground that in the accepted design considerations of expense and the conditions of the competition had been disregarded. Sir Robert Peel, however, pointed out grave reasons why nothing of the kind should be done, and a little while later twelve of the disappointed competitors made a joint protest against the attacks that were made upon Mr Barry, and so they soon ceased.

It took nearly three years to make the river-wall and construct sound foundations, and towards the end of April 1840 the first stone was laid, with nothing in the way of ceremony and only passing public notice. Thereafter Barry was very considerably hampered by the interference of Parliament and officials whom it appointed. Naturally the architect resented such interference, but still it has to be remembered that the work was a gigantic one and of enormous importance. First a doctor was appointed to superintend the ventilating and warming arrangements; and then, after Barry had changed his plans without authority in order to gain more accommodation, a commission was appointed to superintend the completion of the work. As already stated, the Lords were able to take possession of their new House in 1847; and five years later Queen Victoria made her first public entrance into the new buildings, and Barry received the honour of knighthood. He died eight years later, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

There was another rather unseemly wrangle as to whether the architect should be paid a lump sum for his work, as the Government wished to do, or whether he should receive a commission on the outlay, as he demanded, in accordance with professional custom. The cost was vastly more than the original estimate of seven hundred and seven thousand one hundred and four pounds. In 1850, when much still remained to be done, a parliamentary paper was issued which showed that up to then no less a sum than one million nine hundred and ninety-seven thousand two hundred and forty-six pounds had been spent on the work, and that at least another half-million would be needed for its completion. It must be remembered, however, that considerable additions had of necessity to be made to the original design, and that these were forced on the architect. Again, the cost of the furniture, fittings, and decorations, which was not provided for in the original estimate, came to about half a million. For all this some censure was laid on the architect. It might be added that hard magnesian limestone which was quarried at Anston in Yorkshire was employed for the exterior of the buildings, and Caen stone for the inside. One of the architects who was called in to assist Barry in his work was Augustus Welby Pugin, who was a great authority on Gothic architecture, and some time after both he and Barry had been dead it was asserted on his behalf that he was the real architect of the Houses of Parliament. But at this time of day we need not concern ourselves with the details of the controversy. Barry's original design was departed from in some important features, and he had certain schemes for additions to it which were never fulfilled.

THE BANDIT AND THE LADY.

CHAPTER IV.

'HE was a good-natured fellow this steward, for at the midday meal he told the guard who was on duty for the day that he would take his place at the gate, and that he could join the other three, who were all going to the child's birthday *festa*. The man accepted gratefully. "You will have plenty of company into the town," the steward said to me.

'"But I thought you and I were to go together at sundown," I answered. This plan did not please me at all.

'"There will be much fun at the *festa*," he answered. "Why should you miss it by staying in this dull hole? No; go with our friends here, and enjoy yourself!"

'I thought quickly. Was it good-nature, or a suspicion planted by the ugly woman on the upper floor, that prompted the desire that I should be absent at the *festa* whilst the door of the Princess's garden was open? It was wiser to take it as good-nature. Therefore I made the steward many compliments, protesting that I was like a frog in a jeweller's shop at all *feste*, and should much prefer to spend the afternoon in his company.

'He was flattered, but still protested. "If I go this afternoon I shall see nothing of the signora," I said, remembering that the lady had a tongue. "She will be so busy with her guests. I can go with you to-morrow."

'The steward's eyes opened wide. "I had forgotten that, and Maria would never forgive me if she missed a good gossip with a comrade in the household who has just come from Naples," he answered.

'I think it was the knowledge of the use to which his Maria would put her tongue if she missed a good gossip in her dull life that determined the steward.

'When that afternoon was over, signore, how I rejoiced in my heart that the steward was jealous of the man and woman who waited on the Princess, and that he had a nagging wife! But for these two facts the Princess della Gravina would still be a prisoner in the castle and I should be in prison.

'When the four men had gone the steward and I went to the gateway. A peasant woman was sitting upon the stone bench with what looked like harness upon her shoulders. The steward greeted her, and unlocking the great doors, set one of them back to the wall. I then saw the rivulet coming down the mountain-side opposite the castle-gate and falling into a stone basin, as described by the maid. Two high wooden stoups stood upon the edge of the basin, and one placed immediately beneath the rivulet was overflowing with water. The peasant woman crossed to the basin, and with a deft movement raised the full stoup and fixed it into two loops in the harness on her back, placing the empty stoup beneath the rivulet. Then supporting the bottom of the stoup upon her crossed hands, she walked with a steady, gliding motion through the gateway and across the short space of court-yard to the door in the high wall of the garden.

'"Oh, but you are very quick in beginning to-day!" cried the steward. "Wait a moment whilst I unlock the door."

'In the wall just above his head was a small wooden cupboard, which he opened. Within I saw a row of keys, some small, some big, each hanging on a separate nail; but I could not see the position of the key which the steward took out. I noticed, however, that although the cupboard had a lock, it had no key. He went to the gate in the wall, thrust the key into the lock, turned it, and then pulled at the door. But it remained fixed.

'"Ah, that woman! that woman!" cried the steward in a fury. "She has done this to spite me! There are two locks on this door, one upon the outside, and one upon the inside. She has the key of the inside lock, and has not taken the trouble to come down and unfasten it. No; it is I who must mount all those stairs to say the water-carrier is here, and will she, in her graciousness, descend and unlock the door upon her side? *Per Bacco*, it is enough to try the patience of a leaden saint!" And muttering curses and angry oaths, the steward ran towards the castle.

'The key was in the lock. There was nothing about the handle to distinguish it from any other key. I looked at the peasant woman. She seemed stupid; but I made a pretence of trying to turn the key. Then I pulled it out. It was long and thin, with curiously shaped wards—a key that I should recognise immediately if by any good fortune I could get at that cupboard. Presently I heard sounds on the other side of the door, and thinking it advisable that the woman should not see me, I slipped round the angle of the wall; and when the steward returned, hot and panting, I was in the dormitory close to the gatehouse.

'Presently I joined him on the stone bench in the gateway. He was fuming with rage, muttering and grumbling. I paid little attention, however, to what he was saying, as I was wondering, with a sinking heart, how I could possibly reach the Princess. The second lock upon the garden side of the door made the easiness with which I could get possession of the key of the outer lock a bitter mockery. I was in despair.

'From where we sat one could see a mass of flowers through the little door.

'"It must be a beautiful garden," I said. "Look at all those flowers."

'"Beautiful or not," answered the steward, "that is all I have ever seen of it."

'I pretended amazement. "You, the steward! You, who have charge of the whole castle, have never been in the garden! But it sounds incredible!"

'It only needed these words to set him raging. Yes, it was incredible, he declared; but there were orders, and they must be obeyed.

'Suddenly the steward struck his hands sharply together. "*Corpo di Bacco!*" he cried, "now I come to think of it, the order never came from the Prince. It was given me by the doctor."

'"His Excellency always gives his orders direct," I said meaningly. "Is the doctor of higher authority than the steward?"

'My only hope was to get inside the garden. There was the open door before me, and by my side a discontented, jealous man; therefore I added, "Perhaps the doctor also has to obey those two people. It may be that in obeying him by never entering the garden you are only obeying them."

'"Do you think that is possible?" he asked eagerly.

'"I judge only from what you yourself have told me of the way this man and woman treat you. They may have some reason for not wishing you to go into the garden. Even they would scarcely have the impudence to order the steward, who is responsible to the Prince for the whole castle, never to enter one particular part of it; so you get the order from the doctor."

'"They can make the doctor do anything they wish," he muttered.

'"Ah! that is the explanation." Then for a little while I kept silence, letting my words work in the steward's mind.

'"The door is open," I said at length. "You are the steward; why don't you assert your authority over that man and woman, and go into the garden?"

'He looked at me doubtfully, half-rose from the seat, then sat down again.

'Again I pretended amazement. "Is it possible," I asked, opening my eyes as wide as they would stretch—"is it possible that a fine fellow like you is afraid? No wonder these people treat you so scurvily!"

'Signore, in an instant the man was on his feet. "I am the steward!" he hissed. "I will go into the garden!"

'"Bravo! bravo!" I answered back. "Show them who has the real authority."

'"And you will come with me to show those two children of the Evil One that not only do I go into the garden, but that I take with me whom I choose."

'My heart was beating with excitement, but I deemed it wise to show no eagerness, rather to hang back. Men so easily persuaded as the steward are apt to be suspicious. It was, therefore, as an unwilling visitor that I followed him through the little door.

'The garden was truly beautiful, but my eyes saw nothing beyond the stone staircase at the end, which I knew was the only entrance to the Princess's apartments, and as I looked I could have leapt for joy. The upper part of the door that opened upon the staircase was of glass! We walked all over the garden, the steward growing more and more pleased with himself because of this show of authority; but for fear of exciting his suspicions I paid little attention to the row of jalousied windows on the first and second floors of the castle, and I asked no questions.

'The garden was a bower of flowers; there was not a weed anywhere. It was an oasis of beauty in that dull and dreary place.

'"Whenever the cistern is filled I shall come here," said the steward, sniffing at the heavily scented air. "It will be pleasanter to watch the water-carrier from this garden than from the hard stone seat in the gateway. *Supristi!* What is the matter with the woman?"

'The water-carrier was standing in the doorway beckoning to us.

'We hurried to the door, and there found the cause of her beckoning. A small boy, all rags and tatters, was standing in the gateway. He gave a letter to the steward. The man frowned and bit his lip as he read it; then he turned to me.

'"It is from my wife," he said; "she is heart-broken because I am missing the child's *festa*. Listen to what she says: 'It is a slight put upon me before all the town and by those two fiends. They knew it was the child's *festa;* that is why the cistern is being filled to-day. But if you are a man you will not let this slight be put upon me. I hear that one of the porters from Naples is at the castle. Why should not he keep the gate, and you be here in your proper place with your wife and children? If you don't come you will be the laughing-stock of the whole town, oh steward of the castle who must watch a gate by order of a madwoman's keepers!'"

'The steward trembled with fury. "Every word she says is true!" he cried. "They mock me already in the town, but it is because of her clattering tongue."

'"You had better go now," I urged, "or your wife's tongue will do you more harm still. I will gladly watch the gate."

'His protests were only half-hearted, and in a little while he was ready to start, spick-and-span in his best clothes. My duties were simple. The water-carrier would tell me when

the cistern was filled; I was then to lock the garden-door and hang the key on an empty nail which the steward showed me in the little cupboard in the gateway. Then I was to close the great outer doors, lock the three big spring-locks which fastened them, and put up two iron bars. Truly not a hard afternoon's work.

'The steward waved his hand in farewell as his mule turned the corner of the curve, and I was left in charge of the castle and the Princess.

'I sat for some time on the stone bench, thinking, thinking, the water-carrier passing to and fro as regularly as the pendulum of a clock, and as I thought my plan came to me in a flash.'

'What was it?' Tredare asked eagerly.

'The signore shall have the story as it goes,' Cavalanci answered.

'I remembered the maid had said that the Princess watered her flowers herself. Now, standing by the side of the cistern I had seen a small watering-pot such as ladies use. I had come prepared with many things that might help me in rescuing the Princess, but pencil and paper were not among them. However, these were quickly found in the steward's room. I wrote: "Most Illustrious Lady, there is one here to set you free. Be ready to-morrow at midnight, and wait until two o'clock. If I come not to-morrow, be ready the next night. If I come not then, you will know that I have failed. It will help your servitor if you will wait at the door leading to the garden-stair. Place a stone in this envelope and throw it over the wall by the garden-door. Your servitor will know by this that you will be prepared."

'It was risking being seen by the woman to enter that garden again, but there was no help for it, and taking the moment when the water-carrier was on her way to the basin, I slipped through the door. The cistern was hidden by a hedge of tall flowers, and, crouching behind them, I slipped my letter under the watering-can, then returned swiftly to the stone seat in the gateway.

'It still wanted an hour to sundown when the water-carrier told me that the cistern was filled. I have told the signore that the garden-door opened towards the gateway. It opened so far back, indeed, that any one attending to the lock on the inner side could not be seen either from the castle or the garden. Signore, directly the peasant had gone I attended to that lock. I destroyed the wards in such a manner that the key would turn but the hasp would not move. There is a drawback,' he added, with a smile, 'in having two locks on opposite sides of a door; you can never tell which of them is keeping the door fast. I likewise thoroughly oiled the lock upon the outer side of the door. Then I performed the duties allotted to me, locking the door upon my side and hanging the key in the cupboard, afterwards closing the great doors with a clang and a rattle that must have been heard all over the castle.

'But the creaking and noise made by the keys of the spring-locks disturbed me. The sound of one of them being turned would be enough to wake the four men sleeping in the dormitory near by, and there were three locks! *Ma che!* but I had a busy time oiling them, and trying to see how noiselessly I could turn them. I had just found that by gripping the keys in a certain way the locks rolled back with scarcely a sound, when I heard a soft thud on the cobble-stones of the courtyard. I turned, and, lo! close to the garden-door lay something white—my envelope, signore. There was no writing upon it, but besides the stone it contained some flowers. I was filled with joy—the Princess had got my letter, and this was her answer.

'The steward and the guards returned late, all of them tired and sleepy from the effects of the wine they had drunk at the *festa*. But the steward was not too sleepy to express his gratitude to me, and say that his wife insisted on my paying a visit to her the next day so that she might thank me herself.

'The next morning, accordingly, the steward and I set off for the town. He was filled with delight because of the double snubbing he had given "those people."

'"It has done good already," he said. "I told the wolf-cat this morning that I had walked in the garden, and that I had set you to guard the gate yesterday. And I told her that in future she must remember I am master here. She was as humble as dirt. I shall have no more trouble there, I fancy." The steward stuck out his chest and squared his shoulders. No man was ever more pleased with himself.

'His wife was what I expected to find, a complaining, discontented shrew, and it was her bad temper that decided the night of my attempt.

'There was to be a *festa* at the house of the mayor the following night, to which the steward and his wife had been bidden. During the midday meal the steward said he should not go to this party; the mayor gave himself airs, and he for one was not going to be patronised by the fellow. Instantly there arose a clamour and a clatter enough to make the roof fall in. Oh, that woman's tongue! She stormed, she shouted, she nagged, until for the sake of quiet the steward said he would go. For myself I welcomed the woman's ill-temper, since it meant that the steward would be away from the castle during the next night.

'On the pretence of making arrangements for my return journey to Naples, I got a little time to myself, which I used in a secret visit to the commandant of the *carabinieri*. He gladly promised that four mounted men with two

spare horses should be in waiting the next night near the castle, and he also procured for me some stiff paper, a small bottle of paste, and a glass-cutter such as plumbers use.

'I slept most of the following day, so that I might be fresh and prepared for the work of the night. The steward went off to his *festa* early in the evening, and seizing a moment when I was alone in the dormitory, I changed the key from the inside of the door to the outside. Shortly before ten o'clock I complained of being tired and went to bed, but I did not undress, only taking my boots off. One by one the four guards followed me, and by eleven o'clock snores and heavy breathing told me that they were fast asleep. *Ma che!* that hour of waiting! It seemed as long as a whole day.

'At last midnight struck on the great clock of the castle. I crept from the dormitory, my boots in my hand. The key grated loudly in the lock as I turned it. In the intense stillness it seemed as loud as the report of a pistol. I listened anxiously, but nothing stirred outside. To take the key of the garden-door from the cupboard and steal quietly across the courtyard was the work of a few minutes. The door opened without a sound—my work on the wards of the inner lock had been most successful; but as I was creeping up the path that led to the staircase the moon burst from behind a cloud and shone full down on the castle and garden. There was not a particle of shade anywhere. I hesitated for a moment, wondering whether it would not be better to retreat and wait for the clouds to hide the moon; but I reflected that if any one were watching the garden I must have been seen, and that at any rate the Princess must have seen me. Therefore I hurried swiftly forward and up the stone staircase to the door, my stockinged feet making no noise.

'There was no shutter—which I had feared I should find—behind the glass that filled the upper part of the door. I peered through it, but all was darkness within. I tapped softly, and out of the blackness on the other side appeared a finger, which was pressed upon the glass, and gradually I made out a shrouded figure standing at the right of the door.'

(To be continued.)

LIFE AS A WIRELESS TELEGRAPHIST.

TEN or twelve years ago the only wireless telegraphists in existence were a few scientific experts and their assistants; but when wireless telegraphy came into practical operation for commercial and other purposes the wireless telegraphist, as a natural result, came into existence, and many like myself who were preparing for service in some of the big cable companies elected to try their fortunes as wireless telegraphists, for whom a very considerable demand had arisen.

My first experience as a wireless operator was on board a liner. I had gone through a short period of training in wireless work, which, together with my previously acquired knowledge of ordinary telegraphy, was supposed to render me thoroughly competent for any duties; but this, I fear, was only a supposition. A great deal of practical experience in wireless work is required before one becomes a really efficient operator. The fact is, a wireless telegraphist is always to a certain extent, even now, working in the dark. He is in control of an apparatus that behaves from time to time in the most eccentric fashion, sadly puzzling even to scientific experts, and simply bewildering to an operator. In cable-work, when anything goes wrong with a receiver or transmitter, an operator who has been properly trained in his duties can readily enough ascertain the cause of the trouble and put it right. In working a wireless apparatus he has often simply to guess at the cause when trouble arises; sometimes he guesses right, and sometimes he does not. I remember the first night I was on duty the captain of the liner wanted to signal another vessel which he knew ought then to be within about fifty miles of him, bound for Southampton. In accordance with his orders, I signalled her, but our receiver did not record a reply, which showed that (presuming that the liner was where we expected her to be, which she very likely was) either her apparatus or ours was faulty. I could not, however, be certain that ours was all right without testing it in various ways; and whilst I was so employed a message suddenly began to come through. The captain was standing beside me in the operating cabin at the moment, and exclaimed, 'There they are! We have got them at last.' But we hadn't. I had got our receiver into 'tune' with the transmitter on board a steamer some miles away, which was carrying an experimental wireless apparatus, and was searching the seas for some ship to talk to; and she kept talking to us for about half-an-hour. Our receiver worked beautifully, and the tape kept running from the Morse printer without a hitch. 'We are the *Minerva*,' ran the message in Morse dots and dashes on the tape. 'We are operating experimentally. Please reply.' Then came a full stop, and then the message was repeated again. I acknowledged it, and told them who we were; but still the same message came running off the tape. After it had come through a dozen times in a few minutes, the captain of the liner got into a furious rage. 'Tell them,' he ex-

exclaimed, 'to chuck that machine overboard. Ask who let them loose. Tell them to work for Colney Hatch.' 'I can't tell them anything,' I replied. 'I think their receiver must be out of order, though they don't seem to know it; but it must be, or they would have received our reply and acknowledged it. Of course our transmitter may not be in order, but it seems to be all right.' The captain shrugged his shoulders, muttered something about 'those useless new-fangled notions,' and went away; and for an hour that irritating message kept coming through from the *Minerva* until we had got beyond her operating radius, which was about fifty miles. One night, a little while after, we expected to be called up by a liner passing some thirty miles east of us. I was on duty in the operating-cabin just about the time we expected to be called, and the captain came in to ask if I had been signalled yet. Almost at the same moment the tape began to come very slowly in short jerks from the printer. 'There you are,' said the captain, 'unless we have been picked up again by some experimenting pirate; that ought to be the liner. Get your reply through quickly, for I believe she has one of our directors on board.' I looked at the dots and dashes which came out on the tape, but could not make head or tail of them. 'I don't think it is the liner,' I answered; 'it seems to me a queer sort of message—nothing but a disconnected jumble of signs and letters. However, I will answer them, anyway.'

I depressed the telegraphic key of the transmitter, a big blue spark flashed out between the polished brass knobs on the coil, and our acknowledgment of the signals went out into space in ether waves which should have instantaneously operated any wireless receiver within a hundred miles of us and in tune with our transmitter. Then I proceeded to ask, 'What ship is that? We are the —— for New York.' But no response came through our receiver—nothing but a mysterious jumble of letters that came out on the tape in jerks. 'It is just possible,' I remarked to the captain, 'that we have picked up a message in code passing between two men-of-war.' 'Or perhaps there is a monkey on a raft somewhere near us,' replied the captain, who got very irritable at this latest freak of our wireless apparatus, 'and he is sending us messages with a biscuit-tin.' By the time we reached New York our captain had lost any faith he had in the practical use of wireless telegraphy, and not, I must say, without some reason, for on that voyage we actually failed to establish proper communication with no less than five ships out of nine which we had endeavoured to signal or which had tried to signal us.

But, of course, the wireless service has been vastly improved since then. However, to return to the mysterious message just mentioned, I found out, after a most elaborate examination of our apparatus, that a big beetle was crawling about the relay of the receiver, and the dots and dashes were nothing more than a record of his wanderings in a place where he had no right to be. The liner, by the way, never succeeded in getting through to us, though she made several attempts to do so.

During the past few years, as we have said, the whole system of wireless telegraphy has been immensely improved. On many liners, from the start to the end of the voyage, a staff of operators is continuously at work receiving messages from and despatching messages to the nearest shore-station. I had a short time ago an experience on a liner which shows how very useful the wireless system may be on occasions. We had left Liverpool about an hour when an elderly gentleman came up from the cabin and asked me if I could get a message through at once to his office in London. Wireless messages from ships are sent first to the shore-station, where they are wired in the ordinary way to the persons to whom they are addressed. Sometimes, when several ships are 'talking' to the shore-station, some delay may arise in getting a message through, but in this instance I was able to send it at once. The message was to the gentleman's junior partner in the City, and was in code, so I did not understand it; but later the gentleman informed me that he had obtained from one of the passengers a very important piece of information concerning a certain firm in the City, and it was of such a nature as to make him very anxious to prevent his partner from engaging in a big transaction with the firm in question which he contemplated doing. By aid of a wireless message the senior partner, though miles out at sea, was able to warn his junior of the danger of doing business with this firm, and thus saved both himself and his partner from losing a great deal of money. On another occasion a well-known English theatrical manager who was going to America with a view to purchasing the rights in certain plays got into communication by wireless message with the playwright when we were three hundred miles from New York, and long ere we entered the harbour had secured the rights in the plays he required.

Often passengers who run short of ready cash send wireless messages to their bankers in New York or London for a remittance. The money is advised to the purser, who advances it to the passenger. But this system is not always advantageous to a passenger. I know of one gentleman who lost all his ready-money at cards in two days after we left New York. As soon as he could he got a wireless advice from his bankers for one hundred and fifty pounds, and ere the voyage was over had only a five-pound note left. He confessed to me before leaving the ship that he would never send a wireless message for money again.

The work of a wireless-operator at a shore-

station is much more monotonous than on a ship, especially when he is dumped down in some lonely spot, perhaps miles from even a little village. As a rule three operators are put in charge of a shore-station, which is, of course, connected by wire with the inland telegraphic system, and their duty chiefly consists in forwarding wireless messages received from ships and transmitting inland messages to ships. One operator must always be on duty, and under the system now generally adopted the incoming messages from ships are conveyed to him by the tappings of the Morse sounder on the receiver, which he can only hear through a telephonic headpiece connected with the receiver, and he has, therefore, continually to wear this headgear when on duty. Though it is, after a little practice, quite easy to read messages by the tappings of the Morse sounder, it is at first extremely difficult to distinguish these sounds from the queer noises that are continually coming through the receiver of a wireless apparatus, and the result is that an inexperienced operator will often reply to signals that are really nothing more than noises created by atmospheric influences on the wireless apparatus.

When I was on duty at a shore-station in the south of Ireland a little while ago I replied to an imaginary signal of this sort, and so managed to call up a man-of-war which was at the moment trying to signal another ship. After I had explained who I was, I received a shower of abuse for interfering with the signalling of His Majesty's ships, and was earnestly requested by an apparently very irritable naval officer not to play with a machine I did not understand the use of. A few days later I neglected to answer promptly a genuine signal, thinking it might be an imaginary one, and once more received a copious shower of abuse from an operator on board the man-of-war for my slowness in answering a call. However, an operator after a little practice can readily distinguish the sound of a real call from that of an imaginary one.

One of the strangest happenings I ever heard of in connection with wireless telegraphy occurred on board a man-of-war a year or so ago. I was well acquainted with the operator who was then in charge of the wireless apparatus on board the vessel, and it was he who told me the story. He was on duty at midnight when an officer came into the operating-cabin and began to ask him some questions about the apparatus, which during the day had been working most successfully, messages having been transmitted and received over a radius of one hundred and fifty miles without the least hitch. While the officer was talking he put on the telephone-gear connected with the receiver, and directly he did so he exclaimed, 'By Jove! we are receiving a message. I can hear tappings distinctly, though they are faint.' He took off the headpiece and handed it to the operator, who, however, could not hear a sound when he put it on. Then the officer put it over his ears again, and once more declared he could hear the Morse tappings, though they were still very faint. He then imitated the sound of the tappings he heard by rapping his knuckles upon the table on which the receiver stood. The operator listened attentively, and presently said, 'Well, the meaning of the message you are tapping out is, "Stranded in high-water. All in."' The officer at once exclaimed, 'Why, that is very like part of our code, though it is not quite correct.' The tappings, however, then ceased, and as nothing more came through, the officer left the cabin after a little while, agreeing with the operator that the tappings he had heard were probably imaginary. The next day, however, a message came through from another man-of-war to the effect that she had been trying to signal the *M*—— during the night at a distance of two hundred miles, but apparently could not get into communication with her. The *M*—— was working within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, and so failed to record the message; but it was evident enough that this was the message which the officer had heard, and which had been quite inaudible to the operator, proving that the former must have possessed an almost miraculously fine power of hearing; and this turned out actually to be the case, though the officer up till that time had no idea that his hearing-powers were greater than the normal.

TOM MUSGRAVE'S MARRIAGE.

By Andrew Lang.

THAT Tom Musgrave, the Squire of Thornthwaite Hall, should marry, and the sooner the better, was the heartfelt wish of all the husbands within his sphere of influence, of all the girls, and of Tom's family.

'Marriage would steady him,' they all said; and, since they all believed that a reformed rake makes the best husband, none doubted that, as a married man, Thomas would be 'one entire and perfect chrysolite.' His age was thirty, though he looked twenty-five; he was the handsomest man, and one of the richest men, and quite the most reckless man, on the Border; the most daring rider, the best master of the small sword; and, having amused himself much abroad, he spoke French, and even Italian, like a native.

But Tom was a rake; his 'intentions' were

never 'vague,' and were never honourable. He loved his chartered libertinism more than any woman; no girl could persuade herself that Tom, for her, had ever been 'serious.'

It chanced one day that Mr Musgrave was loitering outside the Carlisle County Hotel at the moment when the 'Flying Rocket' from the south was changing horses for Gretna Green, the next stage. There were but two inside passengers —a young man of a moody and apprehensive air, but much the buck in his attire; and a very young and beautiful girl, dark as night, with flashing teeth, glorious but mischievous brown eyes, and ankles displayed as she alighted from the coach, ankles which drew Tom with magnetic virtue. He had not the least doubt that the destination of the pair was Gretna Green; they were hurrying, as their anxious glances southward down the road too clearly betrayed, to the hymeneal blacksmith.

To book a seat in the inside of the coach was to Tom the work of a moment. He then obscured his presence till the horses were actually in motion, when, with an elegant bow, he leaped into the vehicle. The young pair bounded apart. The young man glowered; the girl, on the other hand, beamed on Tom with a gracious and captivating smile, so that he had the impudence to seat himself beside her. Her lord that was to be, with a sullen glance, took his seat on the opposite side, with his back against the corner, folded his arms, and closed his eyes.

'For a runaway pair, they are of the strangest,' thought Tom. He passed the time of day with the lady, who at once opened a lively conversation on the scenery and the gentlemen's seats.

'That lovely old red house on the hill?' she asked.

'That is my own, Thornthwaite Hall. My name, at your service, is Musgrave.'

'Of the dear, famous fighting Musgraves!—Darling,' she said to her companion, 'do wake up, this is *so* interesting!'

The darling merely grunted.

'Oaf!' thought Tom.

'Monsieur,' asked the lady suddenly, without lowering her voice, but giving Tom the full benefit of eyes that were swimming in sudden tears, and a face which blushed like dawn on Skiddaw, '*vous parlez Français?*' The accent was Parisian.

'*Si, mademoiselle, assurément,*' said Tom, thinking, 'Here *is* an adventure!'

The girl went on very rapidly in French, '*Mademoiselle!* too soon to be *madame!* You see before you a most unhappy woman, in a situation the most unwonted and deplorable. I am very young. I fear that I have been very foolish. You are a gentleman; you are of an age to which a girl so young as I can appeal with safety.'

'*Already!*' thought Tom, his vanity severely wounded. He was thirty, she was seventeen. To her he must seem a patriarch.

'May I ask for your counsel, and, if necessary, for your protection?' the girl went on.

The astonished Tom could only bow, and say, 'My sword and life are at your service.'

She rewarded him with a glance which would have fired a magazine, and gave him her hand, exquisitely gloved. 'We fled together,' she went on, always in French. 'Never mind monsieur there, who pretends to sleep; he does not know the language. We fled together, at a very early hour, but the other two failed us.'

'The other two?' asked Tom, puzzled.

'Yes, Fanny Flouncey, who was going off with monsieur there; and—and a friend who was going off with *me*. Fanny was watched and caught; but he—he is a coward, *un lâche*. That the heir of a peer of England should be a coward! But I am poor, though of a good house. I had left a note for my father. I could not return—to be whipped. I went off—with monsieur.' Here she shed a few tears.

Tom was deeply moved. He squeezed her hand, also her dainty waist. 'Went off,' he asked; 'but why with monsieur?'

'He loves me, has long loved me. I refused him. He tried to console himself with Fanny. She failed him. He is here; and, if we are not caught—is that the sound of galloping horses?—no—in an hour or two I shall be Madame Batson.'

'But is there no hope? The other—— There must be some mistake, some explanation. You loved him,' said Tom, in the softest and sweetest French, looking into her glorious eyes.

'My love is turned to hate. I could eat his heart in the market-place. Oh that I were a man! Oh that my brother were in England! Our proud motto is, "Faith fears not!"'

She was, without doubt, the most beautiful girl Tom had ever seen. She had *spirit*, and spirit was what Tom adored. 'Faith fears not,' he said. 'That is the motto of my dearest friend—though, thanks to the wars, I have not seen him for years—Jack Grey of the Rifles.'

'I am his sister,' said the girl proudly.

'Then let me be your brother,' whispered Tom.

She pressed his hand, and he was about to offer a fraternal kiss, when she sprang away from him. Mr Batson opened his eyes for a moment, muttered an oath, and closed them again. 'You are like all other men, a coward!' Miss Grey hissed in French. 'I will go back—not to my father and the whip, but to my Paris convent. The Sisters are my only friends.' She then turned her back on Tom. He guessed, from her heaving shoulders, that she was weeping bitterly.

'I am a cur,' he thought, 'and she the sister of the best and bravest man I ever knew, and the most reckless. I—damme!—I can't live without her. We are well matched—birth and character. And such eyes I never saw in a woman's head! I wish I could see them again. Egad! *I'll do it.*—Mademoiselle,' he whispered in French. She glanced round. 'I crave your pardon. Is there not one way? I never saw your like. I cannot live without you. I never knew what love was before. Is not Thornthwaite Hall, with your brother's dearest friend—when you come to know your brother's dearest friend—better than a Paris convent?'

Her grave eyes read him through and through. 'You are mocking me, monsieur, in my folly and shame and fear; but here are cottages, a village. I will find some magistrate, some kind clergyman'——

'It is Gretna Green,' said Tom; and the coach stopped at the blacksmith's cottage. The priest of Hymen stood at the door to welcome them.

'Stir your shanks,' said he; 'come in wi' ye. I see four galloping horses on the braeheid.' A faint sound came down the wind.

'It is my father's view-halloo!' said Miss Grey, and fell into Tom's arms. At the same moment he was seized by the collar from behind by the infuriated and ill-used Mr Batson. Tom threw him off, Batson lugged out, Tom drew his sword, they engaged, while the stalwart blacksmith carried the lifeless Miss Grey within his cottage. When he returned it was to see Batson's sword flying high in the sunlight, while Tom, as his disarmed adversary turned to look for it, sprang into the cottage, followed by the blacksmith. In a moment they had barred and bolted the door, at which Batson beat hopelessly.

The sound of galloping hoofs drew nearer; but the blacksmith had his witnesses ready, folk of his own household, and proceeded to perform a hasty marriage rite.

One of the family supported Miss Grey, pale and tearful. It was a rapid ceremony.

'You?' asked the amateur priest.

'Thomas Musgrave.'

'Man, I wonder to see you! Take this woman'——

'Annabel Grey,' said Tom, supplying a Christian name at a venture.

'For your wedded wife?'

'I do!' said Tom.

'You, Annabel Grey, take this man for your husband?'

'Indeed I don't!' cried Miss Grey; and, with delightful musical laughter, she shook her head at Tom and fell into a chair, convulsed with mirth. 'Open the door,' she said when she could speak. 'I've won my bet!' and she executed a slight but exquisite dance-movement.

The door was opened; Mr Batson entered, all grace and smiles. 'Let me introduce you,' said Miss Grey. 'Mr Thomas Musgrave—my brother Billy.—We've won, Billy! Where are the fierce pursuers?'

'Oh, they galloped back again on my advice. They did not feel quite certain how Mr Musgrave might take the joke.'

'Which Mr Musgrave has not yet the felicity of perceiving,' said Tom very stiffly.

'And yet, Mr Musgrave, you have played not a few jests in your time,' said Miss Grey with a smile which melted his mood. 'I am Molly Grey—mad Molly Grey they are kind enough to call me. Since I came home, a month ago, from my Paris convent, I heard, Mr Musgrave, of your cruel, wicked reputation. I betted that you would make me an offer of marriage, and you *did;* and, oh,' she managed to gasp through her laughter, 'there are witnesses enough.'

'Mademoiselle,' said Tom, speaking rapidly in French, 'is not Thornthwaite Hall, with your brother's dearest friend, *when you come to know your brother's dearest friend,* worthy of'——

'We shall see,' said Miss Grey, 'when I come to know him.'

At the end of a month of learning to know her brother's best friend, that gentleman led her to the altar.

THE SITTER IN THE SUN.*

He sits there in silence dreaming,
From the call at break of day
Of the muezzin on the minaret's slim height,
Till from out the white town gleaming
All the Faithful turn to pray
At the feathery floating falling of the night.

East and west the crowds are pressing,
Yet no curious eye he bends;
Indifferent to struggle and to strife,
Deaf alike to ban and blessing,
Blind to mortal aims and ends—
What are these to him but shades that fall on life?

Do his dark eyes pierce the ages,
Dreamed delights that on him wait?
Doth he muse on Paradise and houris won?
Doth he languid turn the pages
Of the Seer's Book of Fate,
This shrouded, silent Sitter in the Sun?

Dazzling sunlight, falling, blinds him,
Touches lovingly each fold
Of his burnous sweeping widely in the dust;
And the camel's-hair that binds him
Glows alive with burnished gold;
And his simple want contents him with a crust.

Why should man for that or this fret?
It was written long ago.
Allah's Allah! Destiny awaits each one.
The great Prophet's creed of 'Kismet'
Circleth every bliss or woe
To this solitary Sitter in the Sun.

MARY M. CURCHOD ('MYRA').

ALGIERS.

* In the census papers recently taken here an Arab at Constantine described his occupation as that of 'a Sitter in the Sun.'

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SEVENTH SERIES

SERPENT-WORSHIP IN WESTERN BRITAIN.

By the Rev. D. GATH WHITLEY.

MISS GORDON CUMMING, in her delightful book entitled *In the Hebrides*, gives a most graphic description of the great serpent-mound which she visited near Oban, on the coast of Argyll. She found the mound in a lonely valley by the side of a solitary loch. This remarkable relic of primeval days consisted of a huge artificial mound forming a double curve, like a gigantic letter S, and was three hundred feet in length, while it was nearly twenty feet in height. The head lay at the western end of the mound, and projections diverged from it, giving the idea of limbs, so that the mound might rather have represented a mighty dragon than a serpent. A circle of stones rested on the head, in the centre of which were formerly traces of an altar. The spine was made of large stones to resemble the vertebræ of the reptile, and was in fact a long and narrow causeway.

The age of this extraordinary serpent-mound may be guessed from the amount and depth of the peat which was found by Miss Gordon Cumming and her friends to have accumulated all along the top of the backbone of the serpent. This extraordinary monument of prehistoric days is not the only one of its kind in the neighbourhood, for Mr Phené has found similar serpent-mounds, although of smaller size, in other lonely valleys on the western coast of Scotland.

Who constructed the great serpent-mound near Oban, and why was this wonderful monument erected? We naturally think first of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, who ravaged the coasts of Scotland for centuries, and in whose traditions the serpent and the dragon played such a prominent part. In the old Norse mythology a mighty dragon called the Nidhug lay at one of the roots of the celestial Ash-Tree, the boughs of which spread over the world; and so gigantic and so terrible was this monster that when the Norse gods met in council it formed the subject of their conversation. The Midgard serpent also dwelt in the depths of the sea as a mighty snake. Thus it was that the Scandinavian sea-pirates pictured the depths of the ocean to be the home of

> That sea-snake tremendous curled,
> Whose monstrous circle girds the world.

There are carvings of serpents on the rocks along the eastern coasts of Scotland which are justly considered to be of Scandinavian origin, and it is most natural to refer the serpent-mound near Oban to the Norsemen, whose traces are so numerous in our northern islands. Nevertheless, there are difficulties in this supposition. The age of the Oban serpent-mound seems to be much greater than the era of the Scandinavian pirates. It is associated with rude stone monuments of great antiquity; and, moreover, similar serpent-mounds are found in countries never visited by the Scandinavians. In North America, at Brush Creek in Ohio, there is a gigantic mound of earth in the form of a serpent. The body of the monster, which is stretched out in graceful curves, is seven hundred feet in length, and its jaws are wide open to swallow an egg which it holds in its mouth, and which is represented by a mound one hundred and sixty feet long and eighty feet thick. In the religion of the ancient civilised races of America the serpent played an important part. Serpents were carved on the walls of the sacred edifices in Mexico and Peru, and even upon the surface of the rocks. The Indians of North America also believed that a vast serpent dwelt in the great lakes, and that it was necessary to appease the wrath of the monster with constant offerings. In all these cases the gigantic serpent-mounds and the elaborate carvings representing these reptiles could have had nothing to do with the Scandinavians or with their mythology.

When we turn to Ireland we find strange legends describing conflicts with gigantic serpents which could never have really occurred, and which are mythological and allegorical. The Irish saints are said constantly to have destroyed mighty serpents, and their followers and converts had similar encounters. There is truth behind all these strange stories; but this truth can only be discovered by interpreting the stories in the light of modern research, and by considering them to describe figuratively the struggles between men of different races and of different religions.

We know that in ancient days the worshippers of animals frequently called their priests, and especially their chiefs, by the name of the animals they venerated. Thus the chiefs of

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the clans and the tribes which worshipped serpents were themselves called 'serpents,' while their settlements were similarly named. We read in the Old Testament of a king of the Ammonites who was called Nahash, a word which means a serpent; and others in the Bible bore the same name. In ancient times the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus were called Ophiusa, being the residence of the Ophites or serpent-worshippers; and Sir Emerson Tennent tells us that the ancient name of Ceylon was Naga Dipo, which signifies the island of serpents. The ancient records of the Aryans state that when they entered India they overthrew monkeys, demons, and serpents, these signifying animal and serpent worshippers, who to the Aryans—possessing a purer and loftier faith—seemed to be brutes and reptiles. In Central America, at the time of the Spanish invasion, the worshippers of the great serpent were themselves called 'serpents.' The Nahuas were among the most civilised and cultured inhabitants of Central America, and they are often called 'the men of the race of the serpent.' The empire of Xibalba, in the same region, was called the Dominion of the Serpents, and its capital city of Palenqué, the ruins of which even now excite such admiration, was known in ancient times as the Town of Serpents.

Now, according to Mr Fergusson—whose great work entitled *Tree and Serpent Worship* has for long been one of our very highest authorities on this question—most of the prominent myths in ancient history which are of the greatest antiquity are serpent-myths; many are doubtless grotesque remembrances of important events which happened ages before, and others relate the destruction of inferior tribes who worshipped serpents by powerful invaders professing a different religion. Later stories which tell how Christian saints overthrew mighty serpents may have originated in the conversion of some illustrious serpent-worshipping chief and in the destruction of his serpent-sanctuary. Thus we are told that St Philip killed a huge serpent at Hierapolis; and as that city was sacred to Æsculapius, the god of medicine, whose emblem was a serpent, the story probably originated in the conversion to the Christian faith of some celebrated priest of the serpent-divinity. Similar stories in Western Europe may be explained in the same manner, and such traditions also exist in different parts of Great Britain.

J. F. Campbell, who with such indefatigable labour collected so many of the weird traditions of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides, relates many legends which confirm these ideas. Serpents were, he found, again and again connected with customs and legends of the wilder parts of Scotland. A great white snake of monstrous size was said to infest many parts of the Highlands, just as in the present day the king of cobras in Ceylon is said to be a white snake of this species. The Druid priests in Scotland, amongst their other names, bore the title of 'serpent,' so that when we read of the Christian saints in Western Britain overthrowing mighty serpents, we may consider these stories to be dim recollections of the conversion or banishment of the serpent-worshipping priests by the preaching or the influence of the early teachers of Christianity. Like St Patrick, who drove the serpents out of Ireland, St Columba is said to have expelled all the snakes from his holy island of Iona; and as the Druids had possession of the island long before it became a Christian sanctuary (the pagan name being still attached to it), this latter story seems simply to tell how the Druid serpent-worshippers were expelled from Iona by the exertions of St Columba and his followers. Dim traditions in the wilder parts of Western Scotland speak of heroes overthrowing mighty serpents or dragons. Thus John the Fisher's son killed a dragon with nine heads in Barra, and Fraoch destroyed a mighty serpent on the grand granite mass known as the Ross of Mull. These legends most probably refer to the overthrow of renowned serpent-worshipping chiefs, who called themselves 'serpents,' and were slain by the invading Gaelic Celts. In the wilder parts of the Highlands of Western Scotland there were formerly weird stories of mighty serpents living beneath the waters of certain lochs. There must be some real foundation for such stories.

In Ireland similar traditions are still more numerous. Omitting the famous story of St Patrick driving the serpents down a steep hill in Mayo into the sea—which may be explained by the expulsion of the serpent-worshippers by the saint and his followers—we find many loughs and hills connected with the existence and overthrow of mighty monsters. Hidden beneath the waters of many Irish loughs gigantic serpents are said still to exist, and at times even to appear. The saints in Ireland, as well as their followers, were constantly overthrowing these terrible creatures. Thus, by chasing it into a lough, St Barry destroyed a huge serpent which desolated the district of Slieve Bann. St Patrick killed a great snake in a similar manner, and a multitude of Connaught men chased a huge serpent to the neighbourhood of Ballymena, where they killed it, and raised a great pile of stones upon its body to commemorate their triumph. This story possibly is a dim recollection of the hunting down of a priest or great chief of the serpent-worshippers by the ferocious Celts who might have been early converts to Christianity.

The worship of trees, rivers, and springs of water goes far back into prehistoric and pagan days, and it is remarkable that many of the holy wells in the north of England are said to have been guarded by mighty serpents and terrible dragons. Thus the holy well of Thurston

was said to have been guarded by a dragon; and a fearful serpent dwelt for a long time at the Worm Well near Lambton, in Durham, and was ultimately killed by a knight who had returned from Palestine. Even in the western regions of Devon and Cornwall such stories are related. The earliest tinners on Dartmoor fought desperate battles with gigantic serpents and mighty dragons, which are said, long ages ago, to have wandered over the great moorlands in central Devonshire. The Cornish saints in olden times gained great victories over huge serpents, and in many parts of Cornwall desperate struggles took place between dragons and heroic warriors. Such stories can be simply explained. They probably refer in their *ultimate* origin to the capture of the strongholds of pre-Celtic serpent-worshipping tribes by the Celtic invaders of Devon and Cornwall, and to the slaughter of the great chiefs of the former race, who, from the objects of their worship, were called 'serpents' and 'dragons.' All this shows the resemblance between the earliest traditions existing now in the Highlands of Western Scotland, the west of Ireland, and in Cornwall, and this is clearly owing to the inhabitants of these remote districts having preserved longer than those of other parts of Great Britain those primitive stories which relate to the conflicts of the Celts and still older aborigines.

But the honours paid in Britain in those far-distant days to serpents, and the veneration of mighty monsters which were said to inhabit lakes and landlocked arms of the sea, point to something further. The sea in primitive times was regarded with feelings of awe and terror by our oldest British ancestors; they looked upon it as a dreadful monster ready to devour the land, and to be propitiated by sacrifices. Hence they personified the dark and stormy sea as an awful divinity who ruled supreme over the winds and the waves. When the Romans subdued Britain its chief divinity was a sea-god called Nudd or Nodens, who was specially worshipped at Lydney, near the Severn, and was also venerated as Domnu, a name connected with Dumnonia, the ancient name of the peninsula of Western Britain. Professor Rhys also thinks that the Dumnonii of Scotland and the Severn took their name from this mighty ocean-god, who must have been a kind of primitive Neptune. In Cornwall, in olden days, a mighty ruler of the ocean, whose name was Bucca-boo (which was evidently a corruption of Bucca-dhu, or the Spirit of Darkness), was held in superstitious awe. To this terrible monarch of the deep sacrifices were offered on the beach in order to appease his anger. Even until comparatively recent times the Cornish fishermen were careful to do nothing that might offend the Bucca-boo.

Similar beliefs can be traced in Western Scotland and in the Hebrides. Martin, in his *Description of the Western Islands*, tells us that in his day he had seen a sacrifice offered to the ocean-god by the natives of the Hebrides on Hallowe'en. Legends have also existed in remote districts of the Scottish Highlands of maidens chained to rocks to be devoured by a monster from the sea to propitiate its wrath, and of their deliverance by a warrior who slays the sea-monster. These legends—which recall the myth of Perseus and Andromeda—clearly originated in the devoting of a maiden (often the daughter of a great chief) to be sacrificed to the sea-divinity, and her rescue by some neighbouring Gaelic champion, who slays the priest of the ocean-dragon.

It seems probable that the mighty ocean-god was personified as a gigantic serpent which dwelt in the depths of the sea, and exercised sovereign power over the winds and waters. J. F. Campbell tells us how mighty serpentine forms were held by the Western Islanders to inhabit the sea, and he thinks that the monstrous serpent of the deep had the attributes of a god, and was the same as the mighty snake of the *Edda*, which encircled the world. In the frontispiece of his fourth volume he portrays the different legendary forms of Scottish tradition, and in the middle of the picture, the most prominent form of all, is seen the mighty serpent of the sea swimming in the midst of the waves. He thinks, also, that the Scottish stories about the fairies originated in the existence of a dwarf-race in Scotland in prehistoric days, who resembled the present-day Laplanders in many respects. The Lapps in ancient times worshipped a great serpent, and had their priestesses, who professed to be able to control the winds and waves. Possibly the prehistoric Scotch fairies were of the same race and had the same worship.

The worship of the sea-dragon or serpent was in ancient times widespread. In the oldest records of ancient Babylon the ocean was considered to be the representative of everything destructive and horrible. The raging sea was personified as a mighty foaming dragon, which had its home in the depths of the ocean, and was venerated with the profoundest awe. It was called 'the huge seven-headed serpent which pounds the waves,' and the scriptures of the Old Testament contain more than one reference to 'the dragon of the sea.' The great sea-dragon of China seems to have had the same origin, for the connection between ancient Chinese literature and the primitive inhabitants of Babylonia seems now to be well established.

From Babylonia and Phœnicia the belief in a mighty ocean-divinity spread in different directions. But there are even earlier traces than this of the adoration of the awful powers of the sea. The earliest wanderers over the earth appear to have belonged to the Turanian (or Mongolian) branch of the human family, and they seem from the very dawn of history to have venerated the mighty serpent of the

ocean. Wherever this primitive race has spread, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, the great serpent or dragon of the sea has been held in superstitious awe. Possibly these gigantic serpents or dragons of the deep which were so profoundly venerated in olden times were the same as the mighty serpent which Miss Gordon Cumming describes as represented in the great curving mound in the lonely depths of Glen Feochan, near Oban.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER V.—WILFORD.

DE SARSAN sat in the smaller smoking-room at Fetterings, and rings of dissolving blue, drawn from a very excellent cigar, curled up in almost rhythmic succession to the ceiling. Everything was going well, very well indeed, in his own particular world. He, who had formerly been a journalist and, as occasion offered, a politician, was now a politician and, as occasion served, a journalist. He had made of his career a huge personal success. He had fought for his own hand and prospered, prospered and risen until he became the ruler of his own section of the universe. All this he had become by doing less for his fellows—except in the way of business—than is usual even with the most selfish of mankind.

His newspaper permeated France. He led public opinion to a very large extent. He was regarded as a man who had his eye perpetually open to many interests, individual and national. He had made it a very leading point to expose frauds of various kinds, little frauds whose promoters were not strong enough to turn and rend him. Thus he had shown himself to be worth bribing by richer and more powerful rascals. Experience had made him a past-master in the art of underhand bluff. His boast that he could make and unmake a Ministry by scientific wire-pulling was not altogether a vain one. His sole restraining principle was self-interest, and he took care to make the fact known to those whom it might concern. Therefore his wealth increased with the rapidity he had every right to expect.

As was natural, such a man could not be without enemies; singular to say, he had no friends. Yet this friendless man was eminently capable of getting others to serve his ends. He enunciated a system of *quid pro quos*. He was quick to see the goals towards which other men were directing their energies; thus, knowing the ultimate aim of each career, he was able to further or retard its progress as suited his own convenience and designs. To hold his entourage in leash was more than a wise precaution to De Sarsan; it was his recreation. At the present moment he was occupied with a new scheme, one which appealed not at all to his pocket, but a good deal to his head, and most of all—and this sensation, from its rarity, had a keen zest about it—to his heart.

He remembered that his first considerable step upwards had been taken by means of a woman. The documents he had procured from Lady Cahusac had transformed him from a troublesome petitioner into a *persona grata*, and given him a place of consideration with the various Continental bureaus. By means of another woman he now proposed to reach the highest scale of the ladder he had long ago set himself to climb.

He was thinking over this pleasant subject when the door opened under an impatient hand, and swung to behind Lanceley, who, with a scowling glance at De Sarsan, flung himself on the cushions of a settee and fell to studying the fire in sulky silence.

De Sarsan continued to smoke luxuriously, but his half-closed eyes took in the fact that the handsome, flushed, brooding boy opposite believed himself to be more than usually at odds with the world. It was curious how unanimous Wilford Lanceley's acquaintances were in accepting his boyhood as an established and continuous actuality.

'I say, De Sarsan, if you have a remark to make, don't be delicate about it. I prefer that to knowing you're grinning at me under your moustache!' burst out Lanceley at the end of some minutes.

The Belgian raised his eyebrows, and removed the long ash of his cigar with elaborate care before he spoke. 'My dear young friend, what is it?'

Wilford Lanceley turned his head slightly so as to look fair across at his interlocutor. 'The devil's in it!' he said savagely.

De Sarsan noted the eyes, the blazing, wonderful light-blue eyes. Wilford's beautiful sister possessed just such eyes, although De Sarsan had never seen them blaze yet; but he flattered himself that in the interesting future there were few expressions he should not have the pleasure of admiring in those same eyes.

'But, my dear Wilford, you are not explicit,' he objected. 'The devil is—so they tell me'—he shrugged his shoulders apologetically—'in most things. Now and again his head pops up into view, and we conventionally pretend to be surprised, even shocked! Pray in what direction has the devil appeared for you at this particular juncture?'

'All along the line.'

'It is so sometimes, but he passes on elsewhere, always he passes on. We are none of us

sufficiently important to usurp the whole of his valuable attention.'

'Hang it all, man, can't you see I'm not joking?' expostulated the other. The hot fit was almost over, and in the cold he craved support.

'Precisely, so I perceive; and if you had but given me time, I was about to offer you any help which it may be in my power to give. I need not repeat, Wilford, that you are one of the very few men whom I have ever desired to regard as a friend.'

'Just so,' agreed Wilford, who had preserved with his other youthful habits that of accepting all things as his due without a notion of gratitude or return. 'Look here, I'm in no end of a tight place. Debts, Jews, the deuce of a position to keep up and nothing to keep it up on. Just at this moment, too, when'—— With a curse, he thrust his forehead into his hands and stopped short in his complaint.

Then followed a long pause, no sound but the crackling of the flames about the log on the hearth.

'I can't hang on any longer,' broke out the young man again; 'and if I have to leave the service, I must leave the country. You don't know what it all means to me!'

'Ah, I see. It would naturally be easy for you to leave the country,' De Sarsan began in a measured tone, 'were it not that first it would be necessary to send in your papers. Am I not right?'

'Curse it, yes! I'm awfully dipped in the regiment.'

'But I understood that you had a friend?'

Wilford did not raise his head, and there was an alteration in his voice which might have led one to believe he was half-ashamed. 'The fact is,' he said, then paused. 'Is it strictly between ourselves, De Sarsan?'

'But certainly, my dear fellow.'

'I have a friend, as you call it, but her resources have been pretty heavily drained. And the Jews won't come up to the scratch any more!'

'That,' remarked De Sarsan, 'is awkward for you, and—pardon—for your friend.'

Wilford laughed with some embarrassment, his head still in his hands. 'You may as well know it all. Can't you guess who the friend is? I haven't so many! It is Alice, of course.'

'Ah, but how is this? She is not yet of age?'

'No, no,' irritably; 'but she gave me her written promise years ago.'

'Years ago?'

'Yes, when she was sixteen. She backed herself to pay my debts whenever she got her fortune into her own hands. I'd have gone under long ago but for that, you know.'

De Sarsan, aware that his companion was not looking at him, nodded his head at each item of information as one does who checks off known facts, and is making sure that nothing is omitted. At the end of the last speech he remained silent. Absence of comment here bore but one interpretation to Wilford's mind.

'Surely you, De Sarsan, are not one of the strait-laced lot who would blame me?' he asked bitterly. 'I knew well enough what I was doing. Alice is said to be handsome, and she is certain to marry. If she had been one of your plain sort, of course, I'd never have touched a penny. As it is, she won't feel the loss. Can't you see that?'

'*I* see perfectly that whoever had the good fortune to appear acceptable in mademoiselle's eyes could not, for so much as a second, spare a thought to anything beyond her own personal attractions.'

Wilford threw himself back. 'Exactly. I knew you'd agree with me; any sensible man would.'

'Yet there are a large number of persons whose good sense, from your point of view, would be conspicuously absent,' went on the Belgian.

'Lord! that's the least of my bothers!' Wilford laughed in renewed excitement. 'The chief trouble of my life at this moment is that I want to get married myself. Then I could provide for Alice as long as she wanted it. That's my point.'

'I perceive how you regard it; but what aspect would your conduct in relation to your sister's fortune bear in the estimation of most people?' asked De Sarsan incisively.

'I tell you, Alice is one of those women who are only happy in sacrificing themselves. She would sell herself for my sake.'

'And you would permit her?'

'Faith, I don't see why she shouldn't be happy in her own way! But drop that, De Sarsan. I tell you I could settle everything if only'——

'You could by any means secure a complaisant brother-in-law—eh, my friend?'

Wilford stared. Enveloped as he was in his own emotions, an undercurrent in De Sarsan's words struck him. 'I say, do you mean—yourself, by any chance?' he asked rather slowly.

A slight shadow crossed De Sarsan's face. 'I mean myself,' he answered very deliberately. 'Have you an objection—by any chance?'

Wilford pulled himself together. 'Lord, no; let her please herself! Only, I had some sort of notion'——

'Yes?'

'You took me by surprise, you know. I imagined your foreign folks would look blue if you, of all men, married an English girl.'

'I can endure that for mademoiselle's *beaux yeux*. But your other notion?'

'You seem to know what a fellow's thinking of, by Jove! I was going to mention that I had a sort of notion that Malcolm Cahusac and Alice might hit it off. He's a bit callous; but that may be on the outside, don't you know? On

second thoughts, I've no grounds for saying there is anything between them. Go in and win if you can; you've my good wishes.' He scowled again suddenly. 'Look here, De Sarsan; here's a bargain for you. If you'll keep Cahusac out of my way, I'm hanged if I don't keep him out of yours!'

De Sarsan was at last genuinely astonished, but he only asked for an explanation.

'It's Lorrie Madesson. I tell you here, in cool blood, I'd die next week if I could make her my wife to-day! That's how it lies with me.'

'More than one man has said as much in my hearing before now.'

'I know all about that. They said Gridley of ours and poor Tommy Sorrel, the brewer's son, went to the bad for Lorrie's sake. That's where I grow desperate when I look forward. If I failed! De Sarsan, I tell you frankly I came here to ask you to help me. People say that you can do whatever you set your mind to. You're always calling me your friend; well, let's see it act now. Lorrie's money would set me on my legs again. Not that I care a curse for that; I'd take her without a penny if I could! But as she has the needful, so much the better. Why, man, I'm dying for her! I feel as if my heart would burst sometimes!' He threw himself into his old attitude of despondency, biting at his moustache.

The colour had gone out of his face, and was succeeded by a curious pallor. De Sarsan turned a glance on him; then he considered his whole face and figure more attentively. Wilford looked haggard and drawn, and he had grown very thin of late. Either he had stronger feelings than any De Sarsan had given him credit for, or—— A faint gleam of a new and satisfactory idea strayed for a moment over the Belgian's features.

'I promise you my help in return for yours. As long as you stick to your bargain you will find me stick to mine. Be joyous! When I choose'—he sank his voice—'I can almost promise success. So!'

Wilford sprang to his feet and wrung the other man's hand. 'God bless you, De Sarsan!' he exclaimed, and walked out of the room. There were tears in his eyes.

'God bless you, De Sarsan!' echoed the Belgian sardonically. 'In the name of the devil, my friend! *Parbleu*, yes!'

(To be continued.)

THE DUELLO.

'WHAT is Tybalt? More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you! Oh he is the courageous captain of compliments! He fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist! a duellist! A gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado! the punto! reverso! the Hai!*' This is Shakespeare's picture of the approved arbiter of honour, and in the Middle Ages such a definition was generally accepted as that of a very perfect gentleman. Since then the practice of duelling has been considerably modified. In the days of D'Artagnan if a passer-by insulted a stranger by so much as a disparaging glance swords were drawn and the quarrel settled on the spot, without surgeons or timekeepers—least of all newspaper reporters. Nowadays, however, in France—which is the acknowledged home of duellists—an individual who hankers after notoriety has only to write and publish an offensive paragraph concerning an author, actor, or other more or less already well-known personage, and the whole machinery of the code of honour is at his disposal. I say advisedly a 'well-known personage,' for it is seldom indeed that the name of any private man figures in the almost daily *procés verbaux* that can be read in the Paris Press. In France the precious possession of honour appears to be confined to a few hundreds of the literary, dramatic, and political worlds, who use and abuse their capital with the greater freedom that the more it is drawn upon the stronger it grows, and there is never any fear of depreciation or other damage.

The process followed is at once solemn and simple. A deliberate provocation having been offered, two friends whose names will look well at the foot of the official report are despatched, in frock-coats and *huit reflets* hats, to demand reparation, and are at once put into communication with a couple of equally distinguished representatives of the foe. The only object of the business as a rule being self-advertisement, the *quatuor* quickly agree that nothing but blood can wipe out an insult which might well have been treated with a shrug of the shoulders. A day and hour are fixed for the meeting, and a whole *posse* sets out for the scene of action. If the weapons are to be swords, the points are carefully 'flared' in a spirit-lamp, a 'director of the combat' with a walking-stick places the two men opposite each other, the timekeeper produces a stop-watch, whilst the doctors ostentatiously prepare their dressings, and photographers and kinematograph operators focus the duellists. When all is ready the word is given, and according to the skill or impetuosity of those engaged the fight proceeds, until one of them receives a wound which 'places him at a manifest disadvantage.'

As in the modern duel the habit is to aim

always at '*les avancés*,' or at the hand, arm, or knee, this wound is usually a scratch on the wrist or forearm. It is, however, all the balm that mutilated honour demanded, and as soon as it has been applied the adversaries are separated, often only immediately to embrace each other affectionately, and congratulations are offered and accepted with delight by all concerned. If pistols are used the men are put up at twenty-five paces, and the seconds take good care that no harm shall happen. A duelling-pistol is a delicate and deadly arm if properly loaded, but with a bullet made of blacklead, or a double charge of powder to throw up the aim, it is an innocent toy. After a pistol-duel it will always be read that 'two bullets have been exchanged;' but this is a distortion of speech and fact, for only one shot has been fired by each, and though two bullets have flown, only one has been 'exchanged.' Pistol-duels are usually much less dangerous even than those fought with swords, when accidents may occasionally happen in spite of the vigilance of the director of combat in keeping the men at double swords'-length so as to obtain the necessary prick which places one of them 'at a disadvantage.' This term alone suffices to show the huge absurdity of the business. If one man has so grievously offended another that he is compelled to give the latter a chance of killing him, by what process of logic can it be argued that as soon as the offended party has obtained a slight advantage he is to forgo all further hope of satisfying his vengeance? To agree with the dictates of common-sense, a duel should only be fought if the aggrieved person believes that he is in a position seriously to damage his adversary or kill him, or if he is prepared to be killed himself rather than subsist under the affront. Consequently law and custom should provide either that the duel must be fought to a finish satisfactory to the aggrieved party, or that the man first wounded should be compelled to apologise completely, and, if he is the offender, to pay a very heavy penalty to save his life from the supposed danger he is in of losing it.

As it is practised to-day, the duel cannot by any stretch of imagination be looked upon as really constituting what it is supposed to be. The academical description of a duel is a 'reparation' by arms, and if it is not a reparation, all other considerations, equally for or against it, fall to the ground. Its advocates say that it is a school of courage, an elegant and gentlemanly way of settling a dispute; it is regulated by nice distinctions, thanks to which honour is always preserved; and it is one of the few relics of a glorious past age of chivalry that are left in France. It would be easy to answer these pleas *seriatim*, but it is unnecessary to do so, because they are all beside the mark. The duel is openly demanded and agreed to as a reparation, and it is not one unless it answers the object for which it exists. According to the ethics of duelling, a man who has fought against another who has offended his honour is supposed to have wiped off the disgrace, whatever be the result of the duel. But if I am accused of some dishonest and disgraceful act that damages my reputation, what difference can it make if I call out the offender, and even wound him severely? Supposing that he elopes with my wife or carries off my daughter, is his crime mitigated or the injury to me repaired by my inflicting or receiving a scratch on the wrist or firing a pistol in the air? Or if he accuses me of being a thief or a liar, am I the less guilty because I have pricked him in the arm?

The fact that the duel is useless and irrational, and does not fulfil its avowed purpose, is not, however, sufficient to cause it to be declared illegal, as is proposed by the draft law laid on the table of the French Chamber by the Abbé Lemire. In the first place, it is an assault; and assault and battery are illegal even if the parties consent, for the law protects individuals even against their own passionate impulses. It is likewise in direct contravention of the principle that no man has the right to take justice into his own hands. From a moral standpoint it is equally indefensible, because in nine cases out of ten it is an unequal contest, which gives the advantage to the practised swordsman or shot against the novice, to the young against the old, to the strong against the weak, the healthy against the feeble, and the possessor of physical courage against the timid. In fact, turn it about as we may, the duel stands condemned as a foolish and possibly dangerous anachronism from legal, moral, or common-sense considerations.

The draft law of Abbé Lemire suggests that duelling be made a penal offence, punishable by a small fine; his idea being that when it is merely a question of being mulcted in a trifling sum the duel will die out from ridicule. There may be some ground for this conclusion; but it seems more probable that the sort of men who fight duels to-day, when it costs nothing, will not be deterred by a five-pound note of costs. The ideal law would be one imposing enormous fines or long imprisonment, for many a man who will take an infinitesimal risk of having a hole drilled in his skin will decline altogether the same certainty for his pocket. A practical law would provide for a court of honour or damage, sentimental or material, and issue sentences to be carried out by an official *ad hoc*. For example, when A. writes a scurrilous article about B. which nobody believes, the damage done to B.'s honour or position is small. Nevertheless, feeling aggrieved, he prosecutes A., who is sentenced to receive a wound in the shoulder sufficient to keep him in hospital for a month, with the alternative of paying fifty pounds fine. The wound would be scientifically inflicted by the State doctor or else the money

would be paid. In more serious cases the court would decide even up to death-penalty, failing possibility of reparation, or else very heavy compensation or long terms of imprisonment; and to make the law more effectual, the seconds should also be severely punished in proportion to the principals by fines and imprisonment in case the code is contravened and a duel fought instead of the case being referred to the tribunal. It is too much to expect any law approaching such a model in France; but, together with legislation especially directed towards preventive punishment, there is a crying need of new laws protecting the person and his honour. Putting aside the great mass of duels that are simply brought off for self-advertisement, a certain number are fought under stress of opinion as being the only conventional way of at least partially clearing a reputation; and these arise merely because the French Code and French magistrates punish severely offences against property, but do not in any adequate degree protect the person. A trifling theft brings with it a month or two in jail; but the most abominable verbal or written insults are only deserving of a fine of a pound or two, and even to obtain this the injured party has to contemplate the endless intricacies of months of procedure, and to face the often insulting examination and pleadings of counsel. Consequently a Frenchman, if insulted in a manner which it is impossible to pass over in silence, has either to swallow the injury or have recourse to the duel, and of the two he generally chooses the latter, miserable as may be the satisfaction it affords in the best of cases. Recourse to the courts is not even thought of, because it would be considered tantamount to 'swallowing' the offence; and it will always be so considered as long as the legislature remains in its present ineffective state. If, as in Britain, offences against the person were punished by heavy pecuniary fines and imprisonment, duelling would soon end, for it has been seen that wherever personal rights are powerfully protected the duel has ceased to exist, whereas it has always defied repressive laws. With the ticklish 'sense of honour' that has grown up in France it is certain that no ordinary law like that of Britain could meet the majority of cases that give rise to the duels of to-day. For these special Courts of Honour should be formed by the Syndicates of Literature, Press, Drama, &c., such as have long been in practice in the fencing-schools. Such courts would relieve the ordinary magistrate of the difficulty of deciding where and to what degree honour was touched. As the limits of honour vary widely according to different strata of society, complicated and delicate questions would often arise. But the French judge has perpetually to deal with almost, if not quite, as difficult and delicate questions, and gradually the competent courts, with adequate laws to administer, would probably be found quite up to the standard of their work in the majority of cases. It is necessary, however, to add that sometimes circumstances arise with which no court could deal to the satisfaction of the aggrieved parties, and in which they could not themselves apply to a court without inflicting greater damage on their own feelings. In such circumstances, and in such alone, is the duel not only justifiable perhaps, but the unique solution possible.

Englishmen who find themselves placed in positions like these seldom hesitate to offer to foreigners such satisfaction as the duel affords, or to claim it from them on foreign soil, since our own laws forbid the practice. I cannot better illustrate such situations than by relating one or two cases in which personal friends of mine have been engaged, and proved that duelling may have its good sides.

In the winter of 188– I was dining at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, with two Austrian and Hungarian noblemen and a high Egyptian official amongst the guests. A British officer at another table indulged in silly jokes at the expense of the Pasha. When we rose the Hungarian followed the offending officer and handed him his card, which, however, was simply thrown on the floor. Crimson with rage, he sent two friends immediately to demand an apology, but was met with a blunt refusal to have anything more to say or do in the matter. In the evening he went round to the Opera, and, entering the box of the British Minister, Sir E. Malet, bowed low and begged to congratulate him on the sense of honour displayed by the British army. About midnight he was stalking up and down the famous balcony of Shepheard's Hotel reviling the British, when a young fellow employed in a bank went up to him and struck him on the face. The Baron was not only a noted duellist, but a man of herculean strength, and he at once knocked his assailant down before they could be separated. He now vowed that no man who had hit him could live until at least he had stood up to his fire; but the Englishman declared that he would fight him with fists even if he were pounded to a jelly, but would not be shot. The Baron's fixed resolve was thenceforth to shoot him at sight, and it became necessary to remove the young man from Cairo, since, had the threat been carried out, as it doubtless would have been, the Baron would only have been tried in Hungary by a jury of his peers, and either acquitted or sentenced nominally to a short term of confinement on his own estates. In the matter of the officer, a jury of honour was formed, which decided that reparation should be offered; but the consular authorities stepped in and also removed the soldier, who, I believe, was shortly afterwards cashiered, though not ostensibly or only on account of this business. I was very nearly fighting the Baron myself, although he was a good friend of mine and an excellent

fellow; and when I asked him what he would have done if his first challenge had been accepted, or if any one else had taken it up in the ordinary way, he replied that he would have fired in the air or else aimed loosely at the arm, and then have shaken hands. As it was, through the refusal of one Englishman to fight, every Britisher in Cairo was exposed for weeks to insulting remarks, and a passing stigma was inflicted upon national honour and courage. This was a case in which motives of policy and international honour imperatively pointed to the opportunity of fighting, absurd and trivial as was the original cause.

To take a very different case. An Englishman had been mortally offended in his family affections by a foreigner, who fled the country. He followed him for weeks all over Europe, and at last succeeded, with the full approval of the authorities, in bringing the culprit back as his prisoner. A duel was arranged, according to the conditions of which the two were to be put up at twenty yards distance, and on the words 'One, two, three—fire!' either could fire at will, advancing on the other. It may be prefaced that the Englishman, whom we will call X., was an extraordinary shot with a pistol, and could pick out the ace of hearts once in three times at twenty yards, whilst Z. was unused to firearms. The meeting took place in the depths of an ancient forest, a very different venue from the Grande Roue of Paris, and I was reminded of the contrast when MM. Rip and De Flers fought in February 1911, with six photographers and a kinematograph operator perched on the palings surrounding the Velodrome, and a cloud of newspaper reporters making jokes on the appearance and gestures of the principals. Here there was no laughing and no fun, but all were in deadly earnest—the Englishman cool and collected as if he were at his writing-desk, the foreigner in an ecstasy of terror. At the word 'Fire!' the latter pulled the trigger and the bullet flew wide overhead. X., after deliberate aim, raised his pistol and fired in the air. A second time the word was given, and Z.'s bullet ripped up the grass and dead leaves to the left. X. advanced to within a yard of his adversary, and again fired in the air. The tension was now painful, as all felt that the end was not far off. In reply to the seconds X. merely said, 'I have given him his life twice. He knows what he has to do if he wants to save it, for I shall not let him off again.' And the wretched man, who was by this time a mere rag, agreed to the terms he had been offered from the first. No law-court could ever have forced him to the reparation made, and the method chosen by the Englishman was the only one open to him. Here again was the utility of the duel proved.

Yet one more instance of recent date. A foreign officer had been grievously wronged by an English soldier, and considered that nothing but his death could wipe out the offence. The foreigner had already killed one opponent, if not two, in duels, and had the reputation of being an unerring shot and merciless antagonist. It was impossible for the duel to be fought on the spot, and to avoid all scandal it was arranged that the two should meet in a distant capital a month later. The Englishman did not hesitate an instant. According to his idea, it was a debt of honour that must be paid on demand, and he refused all attempts to save him from what his friends believed to be certain death. Bravely and gallantly he faced the risk, and Providence was kind, for he escaped with only a comparatively slight wound. By his action he saved many others from possibly lifelong consequences, and upheld the reputation of the Englishman for true courage and a sound and real sense of honour, which must take into consideration the opinions of others, and not invariably decline to fight on the ground that it is against the law.

From these three little stories I think it will be admitted that circumstances may occasionally force a recourse to the duel; but such cases are comparatively rare, and can scarcely be taken into account in a consideration of modern duelling as practised in the twentieth century. A typical illustration of the duelling code was the case of M. Bridge, manager of the theatre Bataclan, who recently published an article that was considered offensive by M. Arnyvelde, and received his seconds. But a short time before M. Arnyvelde, for reasons of his own, after naming seconds, had refused to fight another adversary. The result was a *procès-verbal* of *carence*, or disqualification in honour. Consequently M. Bridge cannot fight with M. Arnyvelde unless he is prepared also to fight with the former adversary and both his seconds, all of whose honour was offended without satisfaction by M. Arnyvelde's declining to go out. Rubbish of this sort daily appears in the Press merely as an advertisement of the parties concerned, about whose honour the public cares not a fig.

Perhaps the most stinging satire on duelling ever perpetrated was when the actor Dugazon (1745–1809) was called out by a monstrously fat opponent, Des Essars. Dugazon had written a bogus letter to the king in the name of Des Essars, asking for the place of the lately deceased elephant in the Jardin des Plantes. When they met Dugazon took a piece of chalk, and drawing a circle on the portly waist of his opponent, declared that 'all hits outside it should not count.' But it would take a volume to relate the ridiculous and tragic happenings connected with duelling in France. Enough has perhaps been said to allow the reader to form his own opinion, and to follow with intelligent interest the future debates in the French Chamber on Abbé Lemire's motion for making duelling a penal offence.

THE BANDIT AND THE LADY.

CHAPTER V.

'I have done many things of which I am proud, signore, but of nothing am I prouder than of the quickness with which I smeared my paper with the paste, stuck it upon the glass, and cut out the whole panel.'

'That tells of a bad experience, Beppo Cavalanci,' said Tredare.

Cavalanci shrugged his shoulders. 'Alas! it does, signore; but here I used my bad experience for a good purpose. In a few minutes,' he continued, 'the glass was cut, and there was a hole big enough for two men to get through abreast.

'"Come, Illustrissima!' I whispered, "there is not a moment to lose."

'But the shrouded figure, which I now saw more plainly, did not move.

'"Come! come!" I whispered; "we may be found at any moment. Have courage! There are horses and *carabinieri* outside the gate."

'"I am lame! You must help me!" The whisper was so low that I could scarcely hear it.

'"Then I will lift the Illustrissima," I said, stooping into the opening and holding out my arms. The black figure moved quickly towards me, so quickly that the veil slipped from her head to her shoulders, and I saw her face. It was the Princess's attendant, her evil eyes blazing with malice and fury, and a long dagger in her hand! In my surprise, I stood upright, and this saved my life, for at the same instant the woman made a downward lunge with the dagger, which must have pierced my neck through and through. She struck so furiously that, missing her aim, she overbalanced herself and fell full length upon the floor. Before she had time to stir I had leapt over the wooden partition of the door and my hands were round her throat.

'"If you make a sound I will strangle you!" I whispered. She was stunned, I think, by the fall, for she made no resistance, and of this I was glad; one does not like to hurt a woman, even such an evil creature as this. I made a gag with the black veil and secured it round her mouth; there were curtains on each side of the door, looped back with cords, and with these cords I tied her hands and feet.

'Beyond the circle of moonlight, close to the door, all was blackness. I struck a match, and found myself in a vast hall, bare of all furniture save for a long marble table against a wall, and on this table stood a candle. I lighted it. The woman moved her head furiously, trying to free herself from the gag. I bent over her, and made the fastening more secure. But, oh, the fury and hatred in those evil eyes of hers!

'There were doors on both sides of the hall, but where was the Princess? Where should I find her? Time was pressing.

'I took the door to the right and passed from room to room, each communicating with the other, and each most gorgeously furnished—the Prince had certainly made his wife's prison a bower of luxury—until I could go no farther. There was no second door in the last room, and I knew that I had reached the end of the apartments. The Princess, therefore, must be in one of the rooms on the left-hand side of the hall, and I quickly retraced my steps. The woman had rolled herself across the floor, and was rubbing her face against the wall, trying to get the gag from her mouth in that way. There was an artful wretch for you! I had come back none too soon, for one side of the fastening I had made by twisting the veil was already worn through. Cursing her for making me lose such precious minutes, I fastened the gag still more securely, and darting into the next room, seized a large piece of brocade which I had noticed thrown over a sofa. I rolled the woman over and over in this until she looked like a giant baby in swaddling-clothes, and then with more curtain-cords I bound the covering round her ankles, her waist, and her shoulders, and then tied her to one of the legs of the marble table.

'But all this had taken time, and the great clock boomed the hour of one. Frantically I opened the door on the left side of the hall, and again I passed from room to room hung with tapestries and brocade, and filled with rich furniture. In my fear and haste I forgot caution, and hurrying through each room, I opened the communicating doors without any care for sound. At last I found myself in a vast saloon. There was an open piano with music littered upon it; near by was a woman's work-table; an empty coffee-cup stood upon a console; there were books and papers littered about. This, then, was the Princess's sitting-room; her bedroom could not be far off. But there were three doors leading out of this saloon. I opened two of them, but my candle showed me empty rooms with no doors of exit. The third door, then, must be that of the Princess's bedroom. I knocked; twice, thrice, I knocked. There was no answer. I opened the door, and, oh, signore! I had found the Princess! She was lying fast asleep in a great golden bed with carved pillars and brocaded canopy, her dark hair streaming all over the pillows.

'I did not dare to enter. "Illustrissima! Illustrissima!" I said over and over again, my voice rising louder and louder; but she did not stir. Then I, Beppo Cavalanci, the proscribed, the outlaw, was forced to enter the sleeping-chamber of the Princess della Gravina. I shook her gently by the shoulders—she was a deep

sleeper, the Princess—but at last she awoke, and, seeing me, gave a muffled cry. For a second she stared at me, her beautiful eyes set wide with fear. Then a look of pride and contempt came over her face.

'"So it has come at last!' she said. "He has sent you to kill me!"

'"I do not come from the Prince, Illustrissima," I said. "I come to save you! I come from the police at Naples, because of the story told by your maid Maria. You found my letter beneath the watering-can yesterday?"

'The Princess looked puzzled. "Letter? Watering-can?" she said. "The garden-door was locked all day yesterday. I could not go out."

'"Then the Illustrissima did not throw the envelope over the wall as the signal I asked for?" I cried.

'"I know nothing of any letter or signal," she answered.

'"Then that daughter of the Evil One, the woman who attends on the Illustrissima, took that letter of yours and gave me the signal."

'"She cannot read," said the Princess.

'"But she has a husband," I answered. "He is ill with fever, but he can read."

'I saw it all as clearly as if the words had been spoken to me. The woman had seen the steward and myself go into the garden; she had watched, and had seen my visit to the cistern. She had found the letter, and had taken it to her husband to read. It was she who had given me the arranged signal; and shrouding her face in a veil, she had stood within the door to make me think the Princess was waiting for me. If her dagger had achieved her object, my dead body would have been the ruin of the steward. He would have paid dearly for his assumption of authority. The woman's humility to him that morning was now explained. She knew she had his downfall in her hands.

'All this, and the open field for escape, I explained to the Princess as quickly as my tongue would go. When I had finished she put out her hand.

'She was so beautiful, and her face was so sad, that I fell on my knees by the bedside and kissed that little hand.

'"I trust you! I trust you!" she said. "Your heart is in your voice."

'The Princess lighted two candles standing on a table close to the bed. "Wait outside the door," she said. "I will come to you as quickly as I can."

'"There is no time to be lost, Illustrissima! Put on anything and come at once; the wife of the commandant of the *carabinieri* will give you all you need;" and, saying this, I went into the saloon.

'One of the windows was open, but the jalousies were closed, and through them came a muffled sound. I listened intently, then threw the jalousies wide and leaned out. The sound came from the direction of the gateway, a confusion of cries and heavy hammering. Heavens! there could be only one cause.

'"Illustrissima," I cried, "you must come at once! The guards are breaking down the door!"

'She was brave, the Princess! In an instant she came into the saloon, with a cloak around her, and holding a pair of felt slippers in her hand. She put them on her bare feet, and we hurried through the long suite of rooms. When we reached the hall I held the candle high above my head, and we both looked at the brocade bundle tied to the leg of the marble table. Only the women's eyes showed, blazing with rage and fury.

'I lifted the Princess bodily over the wooden portion of the door, and carried her in my arms down the staircase. The cries of the guards and the heavy, dull thuds upon the door were now clear and distinct. The Princess shivered in the night air.

'"We must run for it, Illustrissima," I said, as I put her down. "The door is strong, but there are four strong men behind it!"

'She put her little hand in mine, and we ran like deer down the path to the garden-door, the cries and hammering sounding louder and louder. Scarcely had we passed through, when a piercing shriek came from the castle. The Princess stopped and gripped my hand.

'"What is that?" she gasped.

'"That fiend has got her mouth free, but she is too tightly tied to stir," I answered.

'Only the three spring-locks on the great outer doors lay between us and safety. The noise in the dormitory was that of evil spirits in torment, and as we sped past the door one of its panels splintered and crashed under a heavy blow!'

Cavalanci drew a deep breath. 'Never shall I forget that moment, signore! A second blow sent the splinters flying and made a hole in the door. One of the guards looked out and saw us. There were loud yells, more blows upon the door, and, ringing above all, the ceaseless shrieks of the woman. In the gateway it was so dark that I could not see the locks. I struck a match and turned the first key. Then that brave woman snatched the match from my hand, and held it whilst I turned the two other keys. I dragged the door open a little way, and the Princess slipped out.

'I looked at the dormitory door; the hole was larger, but still the stout old wood resisted. The Princess returned and seized my hand.

'"Come! come!" she cried. "The door will be down in an instant!"

'"Strike a match, Illustrissima," I said, giving her the box. "We can save ourselves a sharp run."

'She obeyed me instantly. In oiling the three locks I had observed that when the keys

were removed the wards were released. By the light of the flickering match, and with the cries of the men, the shrieks of the woman, and the crashing of the door making an *inferno* all about us, I drew out each of the three keys. As I drew out the last one the dormitory door burst in halves, right down the centre, and the guards rushed out. In a flash the Princess and I were outside the great door and I had pulled it violently after me. It closed with the bang and rattle of a great gun, and we heard the locks snap into their sockets; and, signore! I held the three keys in my hand! The guards were themselves prisoners!

'The rest was very simple. The *carabinieri* were waiting at a short distance from the castle, and within an hour the Princess was safely sheltered in the house of the commandant and his wife. Three days later she was in Naples.'

'What happened?' asked Tredare eagerly.

'The Prince della Gravina died very suddenly, signore,' Cavalanci said meaningly.

'By his own hand?' There was a note of horror in Tredare's voice.

Cavalanci nodded, saying, 'But it did not appear so on the death-certificate, signore. It was the only thing he could do. And that,' he added, with a sigh of profound content, thrusting out his legs, 'is how I rescued the Princess and so gained the *velo d'oblio*.'

There was a long silence. The mountains loomed purple and black through the clear Southern night; far away down the valley an owl was hooting. Tredare felt that he was in a world that had slipped back two hundred years. He was roused from the amazement and excitement of the ex-bandit's story by the sound of wine being poured into a glass.

'Let us drink to the health of the noblest and most beautiful of all ladies,' said Cavalanci, 'the Princess della Gravina! It was she who bought the inn for me.' The two men drank the toast standing.

'Tell me one thing,' said Tredare a few moments later, as Cavalanci, after lighting the candles, was leaving his bedroom. 'Tell me, why did you not escape when the police set you free to rescue the Princess?'

Cavalanci's eyes opened wide with surprise. 'How could I escape?' he said simply. 'I had given my word of honour to the head of the police.'

'Then if you had failed to rescue the Princess you would have returned to the police, although you knew the *ergastolo* could be the only end?'

'Of a surety, signore. What else could I have done?'

Tredare put out his hand. Cavalanci grasped it warmly. 'Perhaps the signore thought a robber could have no word of honour,' he said with grave simplicity.

Tredare had just got into bed when the door opened and Cavalanci's head appeared.

'Perhaps the signore would like to know what I did with the three keys of the castle gate?' he said, his flashing teeth displayed in a broad grin. 'I sent them to the steward at his house in the town early the next morning, with these words on a scrap of paper: "Those who are responsible to great princes should beware of the clatter of women's tongues!"'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A WATCH THAT TELLS THE TIME IN THE DARK.

A DISTINCT novelty in regard to timepieces which has recently appeared upon the market is the Bravington 'radium' watch, the peculiar feature of which is that therewith it is possible to read the time in the dark. Residents in the country, travellers in foreign climes, and even those dwelling in towns and cities, are fully cognisant of the troubles incidental to ascertaining the hour of the night in darkness, and the hunt for matches, which in itself is an exasperating difficulty, and one which is not always successful. Hitherto the only method of ascertaining the time under such conditions has been by means of a repeater, but such watches are very expensive. The new watch, however, is distinctly one for the masses, being nominal in price, and it has the distinct advantage of being a much simpler and easier means of conveying the desired information than the repeater. The watch is a neat little piece of work, two inches in diameter, and very thin and light, so that it fulfils the requirements of a small, light accessory to the pocket. The dial is illuminated, not in a general manner, but by means of round dots composed of a material which emits a phosphorescent glow in the dark, and placed above the indicators of the hour, the hands likewise being covered with this material. The twelfth hour is indicated by two dots, one above and the other below the Roman numeral, so that it is impossible to read the time erroneously. When the watch is examined, the hour-dots, one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, stand out brilliantly, together with the hands; consequently the time can be ascertained at a glance. The illuminating material is claimed to be of a permanent character, is not affected by dampness, and retains its luminosity under all conditions. In fact, it may be stated that the watch will tell the time in the dark so long as its mechanism keeps going. If desired, the watch can be obtained fitted with an alarm, placed inside, which can be set to ring

at any time like the ordinary alarm-clock. In this case the watch is about twice as thick and heavy as the one already described. Travellers will appreciate such a watch, for it overcomes one of the greatest difficulties when they are encamped in the wilds, where maybe the search for matches has to be prosecuted in the depths of a sleeping-bag; and even when discovered, these often refuse to strike owing to dampness, as the writer can testify from experience. It is also an excellent timepiece for the bedroom. The idea might be profitably extended to larger horological works with much advantage, for it certainly supplies what has long been a felt want, and constitutes one of the most ingenious and useful developments in the watch that has been effected for several years.

THE MELOGRAF.

This is the age of the mechanical piano-player, but one great disadvantage to the universal adoption of this particular musical instrument has been its high cost. A Swedish inventor, Mr J. P. Nystrom, has recently devised an instrument of this class which he calls the melograf. This apparatus is built into the piano in the usual manner, leaving visible only the roll of paper in which the notes are cut. It is impossible to describe the design and features of the apparatus without the aid of illustrations; but its scope and operation may be readily understood. In the first place, any one can make his own notes for recording at will. The roll of paper intended for the receipt of the record is covered with a wax-like skin. Electric wires run from the keys to knives which, when keys are depressed, are brought against the paper, and cut lines similar to those produced by the stylus in making a talking-machine record, the only difference being that the lines are straight instead of being in the form of a spiral. The notes are recorded upon the paper the instant the key is depressed. Directly the record is obtained one is able to reproduce the result. The roll of paper is placed upon a shaft, while every key on the instrument carries a small projecting peg. These latter coincide with the record-line upon the waxed paper, and when the instrument is started an electric contact is established between a line and its corresponding piano-key, which is depressed. The lines on the record vary in length as well as depth, so that an absolutely correct interpretation of the piano-score is obtained. Another notable point is that if a mistake should be made during the preparation of the record, the error can be corrected as easily as a photo can be retouched. The combined machine for recording and reproducing costs fifty pounds. If reproduction only is desired, such as in the case of the ordinary piano-player, the reproducer costs twenty pounds. The cost of recording, also, is trifling, a complete opera being secured for an expenditure of fifteen shillings, while an ordinary pianoforte waltz can be obtained for about two shillings. The invention should be of great value to composers, who are thus enabled to obtain very quickly a record of any improvisation. Another attractive feature is that the record is played quite automatically throughout without any human aid whatever, so that it is really more perfect in its operation than the ordinary mechanical playing system, all expression and inflection being carried out by means of the record itself, even to the manipulation of the pedals.

FRUSTRATING THE THIEF.

The prevalence of thefts of valuables during recent years has stimulated inventors toward the evolution of some means whereby the efforts of the depredators might be effectively frustrated. Success has been achieved to a unique degree in the 'trusty' alarm-box. This little acquisition can be used for protecting cash, my lady's jewels, or other valuables either during transit, at home, or in the office, and it defies illicit removal without giving loud warning of the fact. It is made of steel, and is fitted with the well-known Chubb safety-lock. Each box is numbered by the manufacturers, who retain a register. After the box has been deposited with its valuables, say, in a railway-carriage, the alarm is set by the owner before he goes away. When the sneak-thief prowling around the departing railway-train takes up the box he instantly starts the alarm, which is so loud as to arrest the attention of those standing around; and even if he reaches the street he is unable to make good his escape, as the alarm continues to issue its warning for six or eight hours. So skilfully is the system perfected that if the box is used as a paper-weight upon the table, the removal of a sheet of paper from beneath it suffices to set the alarm in motion. The setting of the alarm is absolutely secret, and once it has been set and the box is touched the alarm will continue to emit its notice of disturbance until the owner, who alone knows the method of its setting, appears upon the scene. It is undoubtedly a novelty, and it offers the most complete protection against the theft of cash and valuables that has yet been devised. The box is made in a variety of sizes to meet different requirements, from the conveyance of diamonds to the carrying of deeds; and the fact that it is used extensively by those accustomed to the storing and transportation of valuables, such as banks and railway and steamship companies, is sufficient warranty of its efficiency.

A NEW FOUNTAIN-PEN.

The fountain-pen has entered so extensively into our complex commercial and social life as to be considered indispensable. Yet this familiar instrument suffers from various drawbacks, the

greatest of which is the necessity of carrying it in a vertical position to avoid the discharging of the contents of the reservoir into the pocket. Last year the writer had occasion to wander in the wilds of north-western Canada as the member of an exploring-party, and the object most in demand among the members of the expedition was a small Swan stylograph. This barrel of ink, which fitted flatly into the pocket, occasioned considerable interest and curiosity among the Indians, who were astonished to see such a small device capable of writing indelibly, and yet only occupying two inches of space. A fountain-pen of the ordinary type under such conditions would have been lost within the first twenty miles among the fathomless forests, as it would have been jerked out of the pocket; but this little instrument, lying flat in the pocket, defied removal. Recently the manufacturers of the Swan fountain-pen have gone one better. Instead of a stylo, they have fashioned an ordinary fountain-pen which lies horizontally in the pocket without permitting a drop of ink to escape, and this is undoubtedly the greatest boon that has been placed within reach of the traveller and explorer, who when on the trail cannot pay such close attention to essential details as the city man. To carry a fountain-pen vertically when struggling over fallen trees is certain to bring about its loss. The new fountain-pen is safe against such mishap, while the ink cannot escape for the simple reason that the cap screws into position, forming an airtight chamber. Concurrently with the perfection of this writing instrument, the manufacturers have devised a new and clean way of filling the fountain-pen. The bottle of ink is provided with a dome-shaped india-rubber cap having an orifice at the top. The point of the pen is forced into this aperture, and the ink-bottle is inverted and moved up and down about a dozen times, acting as a pump. The result is that the pen becomes charged with ink. The bottle is then restored to its original position, and not a drop of ink is to be found except upon the nib. Such a simple and clean method of refilling the pen is certainly excellent.

PREVENTING MOTOR-CAR SIDE-SLIP BY THE GYROSCOPE.

Side-slipping still remains one of the greatest dangers of motoring, and although various expedients have been devised to avoid this contingency, little success has been achieved up to the present. The gyroscope has now been pressed into service for this purpose, and it must be admitted, from the results of experiments, that it has proved the most effective and business-like means of eliminating this danger. In order to prevent side-slip, which overtakes the driver unawares, it is essential that a system should be automatic in action, effective on any kind of road surface, possessed of long life, and of such a character as to avoid wear and strain on wheels and tires. The application of the gyroscope to this peculiar problem was only to be expected owing to its capability of maintaining equilibrium on the line of travel under all conditions; but the question to be solved in regard to its adaptation to this requirement was beset with peculiar difficulties. However, one inventor, Mr A. Rutt, applied his ingenuity to the subject, and has devised a simple and ingenious apparatus which can be applied to any car. It comprises a wheel having a heavy rim, mounted in a flexible manner upon a central axle such as the shaft of a motor, so that it can be tilted in any direction at an angle to its axis. As is well known, the tendency of a gyroscope is to maintain its position at right angles to its axis, and accordingly when the axis is disturbed it will strive to restore it to its original position. No amount of effort will induce the gyroscope to deflect in the direction of the application of force. This accounts for the successful manipulation of the torpedo, the maintenance of a car upon a single rail, as in the Brennan railway, and so forth. In its application to the motor-car the gyroscope is mounted at a convenient point upon the shaft of the engine, either in front of the bonnet or inside it between the radiator and the front of the motor, according to which position is the more convenient. When the gyroscope is running and the car shows a tendency to slip, in which action the front wheels remain stationary and the back wheels describe an arc to this pivot, the gyroscope helps to keep the back wheels in the direction of travel set by the steering-wheel by counteracting their attempt to slide to the right or left about the front wheels. The gyroscope non-slipping device has been subjected to many exacting tests, but has established its capabilities to overcome skidding in a very pronounced and satisfactory degree.

THE READING CAMP ASSOCIATION.

An organisation which is deserving of support has been formed in Canada for the express purpose of improving the lot of those who toil on the uttermost limits of civilisation, either in the task of sending forward the railway, obtaining lumber for the world's needs, or in prospecting and so forth. Unless one has ventured, like the writer, into the heart of the Canadian wilds, one cannot have the remotest idea of the condition of the toilers. When they have completed their daily task time hangs heavy on their hands. Being far removed from civilisation, they are denied the enjoyments which enable most people to spend their leisure moments profitably, and the greatest dearth is in regard to reading material. The men have to devise their own ways and means of passing the tedium of idleness. When the writer was in some of these camps all the gold

in their pockets would have been given for an hour's perusal of a magazine or book. This want was realised some twelve years ago by a number of gentlemen, and accordingly they set to work to find a remedy. The Reading Camp Association, having its address at 16A Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, is one of the many institutions for the alleviation of human disabilities deserving of encouragement. This organisation, by the distribution of magazines, books, talking-machines, and other devices of profitable amusement, works admirably for the improvement of the life of the frontiersmen who are straining to develop the resources of the Empire. It is assisted in its beneficial work by Earl Grey, who probably knows the loneliness of the wilds better than any Britisher, and is consequently warm in its support. The method of the organisation is to despatch an instructor, usually a college graduate or undergraduate, to a camp, where he works with the men during the day and amuses them during the evening, while on Sunday he fills the rôle of minister to their spiritual welfare. The association started with three instructors; to-day it has thirty clever students working at every description of camp labour—cooking, running donkey-engines, track-laying, skinning mules, building dumps, swamping, and drilling, and entertaining the men during the evenings with books, lectures, music, and so forth. These men are not missionaries in the usual sense of the word; they are in advance of these worthies, working as members of the gang during the day for a wage, and assuming control of the amusements in the evening. The healthy moral tone of the Canadian frontier camps to-day is largely due to the efforts of these enlightened toilers, and the fact that their work is commended by the leading spirits of the undertakings upon which they labour affords ample testimony to its value.

A FOOT-REST FOR HORSESHOEING.

The operation of shoeing horses is appreciably facilitated in the south-west of England by a simple rest. It comprises two flat pieces of iron about eighteen inches in length, attached to one another at right angles in the form of a cross to form a support. From the centre of this foundation—that is, the point where the two pieces are connected—extends an upright bar of iron of about twenty inches in height, surmounted by a flat, circular head. In shoeing a horse, instead of the horse's hoof being nursed between the legs of the smith, it is held on the head of the upright, the smith standing on the rest to keep the stand steady and rigid. This ingenious arrangement was first introduced by a shoesmith in Cornwall, and has a considerable vogue throughout the county, as shoeing is thereby free from the fatigue characteristic of the old method. The advanced smiths, however, often effect the first stage in shoeing—the removal of the old and fitting the new shoe—by the usual practice, and rest the hoof on the stand to complete the task. The idea has been introduced into Bristol, but in this case the support comprises a small tripod. Smiths who have been converted from the old to the new method express complete satisfaction with the mechanical rest and the lessened fatigue and effort that attend shoeing. It certainly constitutes an easier and speedier means of accomplishing the end in view.

THE AMALGALINE JOINTING SYSTEM FOR PIPES.

The specifications of the majority of municipal authorities and architects demand that all connections in plumbing-work shall be effected with wiped lead joints, as this has been regarded as the most perfect method of accomplishing the desired end. In London, however, this practice is being superseded by a simpler and quicker system known as the amalgaline process. The new jointing material is a special metallic mixture made in the form of a ribbon five-hundredths of an inch thick. When a joint between two lead pipes has to be made, a length of this metallic material is laid between the cones to be joined together, the workman being provided with special tools by means of which the ends of the pipes can be coned to form a correct fit. The union of the two pipes is then carried out by fusion, a blow-lamp being brought to bear upon the amalgaline ribbon; and as the melting-point of this jointing medium is well below the fusion-point of lead, a perfect and intimate connection is effected between the two pipes without impairing them in the slightest. Joints formed in this manner have been subjected to the most severe tests, and, owing to the complete nature of the connection, the process is now permitted, in lieu of the usual wiped joint, by several municipal, sanitary, and water authorities. Not only is the joint thus completed in every way equal to the best class of wiped lead joint, but the work can be performed in much less time, and the result is far neater.

HOUSE-WARMING IN WINTER.

In connection with the recent description of the Carron anthracite stoves, by means of which a room can be kept at an even temperature at a cost of seven farthings per day, some misconception has arisen as to our suggestion that the process should be cheapened. So far as the stoves themselves are concerned, those manufactured by the Carron Company are unquestionably inexpensive and economical in consumption. The initial cost of such a stove compares very favourably with that of the ordinary grate, while the fact must not be overlooked that an anthracite stove will warm a greater cubical space than an open fire-grate of the same price. There are some very cheap anthracite stoves on the market; but it must be remembered that cheapness carries its own dis-

advantages, and the majority of fatalities that have occurred through this new system of warming the home have arisen from the use of low-priced, indifferently designed, and badly made stoves. The name of Carron is sufficient guarantee of the quality of the stoves issuing from this firm, and the writer can testify to their low initial cost and high efficiency in fulfilling the purpose for which they are designed.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS AND ARTISTIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

As much business is done in these days by means of advertising, skilled advertising is of great importance in many commercial undertakings. Clever, artistic advertisements tell in favour of any firm and attract attention. Mr Thomas J. Barratt, chairman and managing director of Messrs A. & F. Pears', is a past-master in this art. Sir W. H. Lever, who ought to know, regards him as one of the shrewdest advertisers of the time. The writer of the 'Romance of the Soap Industry' (*Chambers's Journal*, November 1911), in recounting some of his achievements, said the same, and quoted the statement given in Sir John Millais's Life as to the artist's anger at the use made by Messrs Pears of his picture 'Bubbles.' Mr Barratt informs us that this narrative is entirely incorrect, and gives in a letter we quote what actually passed between Millais and himself. He writes: 'I was sorry to read in the article on the "Romance of the Soap Industry" in the November [1911] issue of your magazine a repetition of the statement that "Millais was furious" at my use of his picture of "Bubbles," which is entirely contrary to fact, and is a reflection on his good sense. Indeed, he complimented me upon the use I had made of the picture, and hung a copy in his house after calling his wife to see it; and when I told him of the difficulties I had had in the past in inducing good artists to illustrate advertisements, he said, "—— nonsense, Barratt. I will do as many for you as you like;" and named his price. Unfortunately no others were done, owing to his untimely decease.' This is an absolute refutation on Mr Barratt's authority of the suggestion that Millais was other than gratified by the use which had been made of the world-wide known picture.

IGNORANCE OF THE ELEMENTARY LAWS OF HEALTH.

Miss Florence E. Campbell, B.A., head-mistress of Grafton High School, New South Wales, draws our attention to a little book which she and her staff have found of immense value to them as teachers. Our correspondent writes: 'In the June issue [1911] of your *Journal* reference is made to the sad want of knowledge with regard to the elementary laws of health which exists among so many people at the present day. We in Australia are fortunate in that there has been recently published an admirable little book entitled *First Aid in Bush Nursing* (Angus and Robertson, Sydney), by Mrs W. M. Thomas, formerly a nurse of many years' experience. Though primarily intended as a guide for those in the bush and country, this book is so simple, practical, and comprehensive that it would prove invaluable in any home or in any land.' What Miss Campbell says about the booklet seems perfectly true. We have no lack of similar handbooks here, notably a little book called *How to Keep Well*, by the popular lecturer, Dr Andrew Wilson (Chambers, 1s.); yet, in spite of free education and all the teaching from handbooks, the knowledge does not seem to have filtered down to the stratum of society where it is most required. The last report of the Chief Medical Officer of Health of the Board of Education showed a large proportion of children suffering from diseased conditions of various kinds, a considerable percentage from malnutrition or semi-starvation. Besides, 40 per cent. were suffering from decayed teeth, and between 30 and 40 per cent. were in a condition of personal uncleanliness. This betokens woeful ignorance of food-values, cookery, and health. It is commendable that such employers of labour as Messrs Rowntree, Cadbury, and others have social staffs for training girl-employees in domestic economy and the laws of health. Prevention is always better than cure, and this must begin in the first place in a higher standard of life in the home.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

How oft, descending from the rugged hill
Where stormy winds were blowing wild and chill,
And night, with cloudy brow and dismal frown,
Upon the cheerless moors was sinking down,
Have I beheld, and gladdened at the sight,
Down in the vale the tiny twinkling light
That spoke of shelter, warmth, and kindly cheer,
And all I loved and all I held most dear;
The bright fireside, the brighter still, no doubt,
For the thick darkness and the blast without;
A haven of peace from life's tempestuous sea;
A bower of bliss from care and conflict free.
Oh happy he, where'er his footsteps roam,
Who thus to light, and love, and joy comes home!

R. H. CALDER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

MOANING BAY.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bernardine*.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE border-land between daylight and the early dusk of a November in the North: a sunless day, gray and troubled sky, gray and troubled sea, and a nor'-west gale dying hard. For days the gale had bellowed round the Outer Hebrides; and now the lees of the storm, spent yet vindictive, made clamour on the shingle of a lonely beach. A dark fringe of seaweed marched with a reach of sand, its surface powder alive and dancing like smoke in the wind, running to the base of a great masterful knuckle of a cliff, a sombre headland on a little island, all around it the heaving girdle of the Atlantic. From the giant fist thrust thus defiantly into the surge there slanted to the north-east and southward the islet's coast-line, grim and relentless as any in the seven seas.

The beach was set in a scene of the very extremity of loneliness. Scarcely a single tree broke the gray of the sky and the gaunt profile of the cliffs. Restless clouds scurried across the lift, the horizon as murky as the sea it encompassed. Landward, no kindly farmhouse, no crofters' dwellings, could be seen, for the houses of the few islanders were in the 'bield' farther inland, out of the wind and the callous spindrift. In the distance to the north, hardly distinguishable in the falling dusk, rose the stem of a lighthouse.

The great voices of the place completed the sombre impression of that lonely and darkening shore. No cheerful music of ocean heartened the listener. The sea complained continually to the beach, breaking with sullen insistence on the shingle that muttered and roared as each receding wave wrenched at and strove with it. Round the headland the long rollers boomed with the despondent iteration of a minute-gun.

Another voice, arresting and mysterious, at times arose from the distance in a lull in the surf or the hoarse call of the beach; a sound of moaning, a sound indescribably mournful and despairing, the voice of Moaning Bay!—'*Camus a' Chaoidh*,' as the islanders call it; a little gap in the coast about two miles from the headland, its entrance a narrow channel sentinelled by the bared fangs of black rocks. There, every day and night when the nor'-west gale blew, a great high voice strangely like the cry of agonised humanity came down the wind. Travellers and other wise men explain that the cause of the daunting sound is simple; that a cleft in the rocks, narrow at its mouth, reaches up a cliff's face, widening there to a great funnel. Then the wind, when in a certain quarter, calls and sings and weeps down it. Just so it does down the chimney in the evening, when the world grows quieter, and the fire burns low and whispers; when the sensory perceptions are keenest, and visions and memories sad and fantastic are conjured up as one imagines the Spirit of Grief in the rise and fall of the voice of the wind that wanders for ever and ever over the homes of men. A mere trick of the nerves or the fancy! So say the dwellers in towns. But within sound of the sea, round the peat fires o' nights, the folk of the west have no such simple explanation. Indeed, no one knows if they have any, for they will never talk for long about Moaning Bay.

Looking down from the cliff on that November afternoon, the only marks of life visible, save the sea-birds, were a couple of specks moving slowly along on the sand below. The specks were a wandering sportsman riding a sturdy hill-pony, followed by a spaniel. The rider was one John Loudoun, a gentleman of leisure, with a love for the fascinating sport of shore-shooting. He was a keen ornithologist, an authority on the subject of wildfowl, and was a man possessed by a hatred of cities. He had means to indulge his tastes, his instincts and love of solitude leading him to become tenant of the shooting—good of its kind—that the islet offered.

Loudoun was tired. He had been out since morning, an absence of luck in the day's bag adding to his fatigue as much as the stiff head-winds and the tramp over the rough and pathless country. The pony trudged along slowly, its rider with his head down; 'Duke,' the dog, taking cover to the leeward, for the blown sand was stinging and the wind from off the sea keen and wintry. They went on for half a mile or more, when a welcome rock jutting out handily for two or three yards suggested a halt. Loudoun pulled up, dismounted, and fastened

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the bridle-reins lightly round a stone. Then he laid down his gun, lit his pipe, and rested; the three of them, man, pony, and dog, glad of the respite from the wind and spray. The spaniel sat down beside his master, eying him with watchful gravity. Man and dog talked for a minute or two, like the close comrades they were.

'I wonder how far we are from home, "Duke,"' said Loudoun; and, as if for answer, suddenly the great eye of the lighthouse opened, stared slowly from east to west and back again, a long flail of light, startling, spectral in the gathering shadows.

'Ah, there's the lighthouse! A good four miles from home yet,' said Loudoun, as he looked at the weird signal flashing its warning over the leagues of sea; a long, ghostly finger pointing into the darkening. Then the sound of the incoming tide arose, a great muttering growing every minute in volume and intensity to a thunder-roll, reverberating along the miles of iron coast. The man listened to it, shaping in his mind an image to fit its suggestion to him of some invincible supernatural force—the steady roar of a great unseen furnace, he thought. For a minute or two he lingered. Then he suddenly crouched behind the rock, for his quick eye had caught sight of a wedge of wild geese approaching. But they were high up, a faint arrow-head against the sky, palpably out of range; and he watched their steady flight into the gathering dusk without raising his gun. It was not yet too dark to shoot, and he knew that there where he stood was a favourite line for flighting. Therefore he made up his mind to rest for a few minutes longer, on the chance of any birds coming over. The wild-bird life around keenly interested him—gulls on heavy wing, oyster-catchers, ringed plover, a regiment of dunlin gyrating, skimming the sea, wheeling with marvellous precision, little auks fearlessly diving into the waves, the lightning swoop of a great gannet. However, nothing worth shooting came his way, and his thoughts turned to home, dinner, and a book in front of the glow of a peat-fire.

He got up and gave a last look around him before starting for home. He was not a very imaginative man, but some strange fascination kept him waiting and listening to the full-throated bass of the tide, and the ceaseless contradiction between sea and shingle. The great dark headland and the lowering sky, swept by the slow, regular gleam from the lighthouse—beyond its radius chaos and unutterable things—intensified the gloom of the place, the imminence of night, and his own isolation. Grave, questioning emotions stirred him as he lingered. Had there been any human companion with him, probably both would have gone on their way without spoken comment other than the exchange of a thought-concealing monosyllable, some hint of an undercurrent; for with Loudoun, a Lowland Scot, deep and moving thoughts froze speech. But alone, the scene gripped him. He fell into a reverie, watching the vast elemental forces round him; his mind groping around eternal problems — this little world — the Other Side. *What was that?*

He jumped to his feet. Above the call of the tide came, he thought, a long cry. Of course he knew the cause, he said to himself. Moaning Bay he was familiar with, but the illusion was so alive, so sudden, that he doubted his senses. He seized his gun and peered into the darkening; but there was nothing to be seen other than the charging tide now nearly at its meridian, and the capering gray shadows of the sand rising in quick spirals, collapsing suddenly, sprawling, writhing, to spring up again to their *danse macabre* in the wind. He listened eagerly, with an anxiety touching pain, for he was a warm-hearted man, and the cry seemed to him to have come from some man or thing in terror or danger. There it was again, a long, rising call of anguish, then a diminuendo, it seemed to him, in the desperate unmistakable note of death; some man, some thing, in the throes of a dire extremity. Loudoun made a speaking-trumpet of his hands and called with all the strength of his powerful throat and lungs into the night. There was no answer.

CHAPTER II.

A CAPFUL of spindrift struck him on the face, startling him into action. He passed swiftly round the rock, gun in hand, calling on the dog to follow. Half-a-dozen yards down the whirling sand he looked over his shoulder to see if the spaniel was in his wonted place at his master's heel. No dog was there. The little incident was strange, for 'Duke' was a model of fidelity and obedience. The man called again to him, with a touch of temper in his voice. But the dog did not come, and Loudoun caught a whimper from the rock that he had just left. He went back, and found the dog crouching close by the rock. 'Duke' lay stock-still, taking no heed of his master. The hair on his neck was standing on end, and the dog lay staring seaward into the darkness. Loudoun bent down and caressed him. The dog was trembling, palpably terrified of something, unable to move, and his master knelt down on the sand beside him, talking in reassuring dog-language. At the sound of his voice 'Duke' moved closer to him, still trembling, but never took his eyes off the darkness, and crouched down, his head on the sand, his hair on end, his little body in a paralysis of terror.

Loudoun, puzzled, tried to think it out for a moment, and turned to 'Donald,' the pony. It was standing with its sides heaving, its ears twitching. He went up to it, and laid a hand on its

neck. The hair was damp and cold. He passed a hand over its withers and down its sides. The beast was in a lather of cold sweat! It had not even strained at its tether, for the bridle-rein hung loose. Loudoun's practical mind suggested that dog or pony had been scared by some beast of the night, the uncanny infection of fear among animals spreading to the other one. He looked warily round. Suddenly the long cry arose again, this time nearer—almost, it seemed, close at hand. The pony reared wildly, broke its light tether, and wheeled, squealing like a mad thing, into the night; the man, angry and bewildered, listening to the scurry of its hoofs on the shingle growing fainter and fainter.

A sound made him turn swiftly. 'Duke' had risen, and was biting viciously at the empty air around him, now on one side, now on the other, avoiding something, leaping over it, then whimpering aloud as he gradually backed to the rock, his hair bristling, his teeth showing. There was something uncanny in the poor beast's frantic rushes, in the *snap-snap* of his teeth at the Thing he imagined. Loudoun held his gun in readiness, for he thought he had the solution. The pony, he concluded, must have bolted in the mysterious way of animals, some prescience telling it that the dog was going mad. There was a lump in his throat as he slipped a cartridge into the gun, for poor 'Duke' and he were firm friends. However, there was no help for it. There could only be one law for a mad dog. But the dog solved the question and saved his life by suddenly tearing homewards after the pony, and Loudoun was left standing by the rock, and, as he thought, alone.

He was of a practical mind, a man of excellent, well-kept, and trained nerves and physique; but there was something out of his experience, something baffling, in the animals' behaviour. He was vaguely uneasy.

He waited for a moment or two, angry with himself for his momentary weakness. There was no doubt, he told himself, that common-sense would right matters. It is so easy to label one's own view the common-sense one! The common-sense view and the commonplace are near relatives, and are often mistaken for each other. 'Duke' must have been going mad, and as he had solved in the poor brute's behaviour the cause of 'Donald's' stampede, his thoughts now turned to the cry he had heard or imagined. There lay his immediate duty—to do his best to succour the owner of the voice, if any such existed. A hundred chances to one, he said to himself, that it was the voice of Moaning Bay that he had heard, perhaps startlingly clear on a wind in the precise quarter for it; but his exacting humanity forbade the suggestion of leaving the spot with his conscience unsatisfied.

He went forward and shouted again into the night. Next moment the great arm of the lighthouse swung slowly round, pointing to the ocean. It came nearer, bathed him and his surroundings for a second or two of pallor, and then went slowly on to its deep-sea message, leaving the darkness darker. In that second Loudoun had started to run down to the beach, for he had caught a glimpse of some dark object close to the edge of the foaming sea. It took him but a minute to run full speed across the sand to the spot where he judged the thing to be.

The ebb-tide was running now, voluble and eerie in the darkness. He looked all around, and was about to shout, when his foot caught on something on a belt of seaweed. He bent down and stretched out an arm. His fingers grasped a cold, wet hand! He had looked on death often, and was no coward; but a cold chill ran through him as the long wail at that very instant rose again out of the sea. It seemed to him that the man moved. Loudoun struck a match. The light showed the face of a black-bearded man lying supine, his eyes open, his face deathly pale. A fragment of a torn jersey hung on him, leaving a muscular arm naked, and on it Loudoun saw tattooed an anchor, and below it the letters D. L. He felt the pulse. There was not the faintest beat.

'Dead,' he said; and, even as he spoke, the man half-rose to a sitting position and stared steadily out to sea. His rescuer felt in his pocket for his flask, and then remembered, with a curse, that it was empty. However, he would carry the poor soul out of the wind and the drenching spray, and then run to the lighthouse for help. He put an arm under him, and the man, apparently divining his intention, to Loudoun's astonishment rose to his feet and stood swaying. He was of great stature, capless, barefooted, dressed in sea-going clothes, dripping wet from head to foot, his naked arm hanging limp and broken, and the mark of an old scar from eye to chin on his left cheek.

'Feeling better?' said Loudoun, conscious of the ineptitude, for he had never seen any living man look worse.

The man showed no signs of hearing him. 'Listen,' he said in a strained, weak voice. 'Listen!' He pointed into the darkness. 'Listen! listen!'

Again came the cry. The man shuddered from head to foot. 'I hear them. I hear them, always!'

'Must have got a knock on the head on his coming ashore,' said Loudoun to himself. 'He's wandering, poor beggar!'—'Where did you come from?' he asked him eagerly. 'Was there a wreck?'

'A wreck? Ay!' He wrung the sea-water out of his hair, his great hollow eyes fixed on the darkness. '*The Western Belle*—she's there. Dinna ye hear them? I saw them!' he groaned. 'I hear them.'

Loudoun listened keenly, anxious if possible

to disentangle the man's message. The dripping figure was standing, guarding his eyes from the spray with his right hand, trying to pierce the gloom, a dreadful expectancy in his look.

'Come, gather your wits, man,' urged his rescuer. 'We may save them yet. There's a boat and a rocket at the lighthouse.'

'Save them?' The despair in the voice was tragic. 'Never! never! I took the wrong course, man. She couldna get to windward. We tried to lay her to. She's to pieces—out there. I hear them—always. I'll hear them for ever—for ever.'

Loudoun looked into the castaway's face. It was drawn and haggard as a corpse.

'Always!' the voice went on, the eyes fixed on the sea, never once resting on Loudoun. 'They may be near, thrown ashore wi' the tide—as I was.' He walked along the fringe of the beach, lowering his great height as he bent, searching eagerly. His broken arm swung loose and helpless, but he ignored it, as he scanned the dank line of seaweed.

'Better to have gone with them—Ailie—Donald!' he called. 'Nevermore. They are out there. I hear them. *Dhia! thoir maitheanas dhomb!*' and at the words he reeled and fell with a dreadful haunting cry of grief beyond words, a sound past tears.

Loudoun understood the Gaelic; knew that the cry was for forgiveness. He made up his mind quickly. The castaway was distraught, incoherent, a hindrance to action. He would take him to the lee of the rock, leave him there, and run to the lighthouse for help, although he guessed that any souls from the wreck were beyond the aid of men.

He thought of his gun, and ran back for it, to fire some shots in the hope that some one might hear them and bring help. He fired both barrels, reloaded rapidly, fired again, repeating this until his score of cartridges gave out.

Then he ran back to the beach. As he neared the water's edge the air seemed to thicken into a mist, opaque, damp, and choking. He dashed it out of his eyes and from his face, but in a moment or two it had enveloped him again. He was struck cold to the bone, although the wind had fallen with a strange suddenness. The stealthy wet hand of the fog sent a shudder through him. He struck his last match. It burned steadily for a moment and then instantly went out.

Near the place where he had left the castaway he called aloud, but there was no reply. The strange wall of fog for a moment blurred his vision. Then the wind rose in a gust as mysterious and sudden as its cessation of a minute or two before. The curtain of the haze melted as swiftly as it had fallen, and Loudoun saw that there was no one there! The beach was empty! Bewildered, he searched the place thoroughly. It was impossible that a wave could have clutched the man, for the spot where he left him was well beyond the sea's reach. Up and down, up and down, he spent a vain quarter of an hour in searching. Beyond doubt the castaway had vanished! Loudoun at last gave up the hopeless quest, and, holding his breath, listened, he scarcely knew for what. But there was silence, and he was conscious of a great sense of relief.

The gloaming had fallen into a night of black darkness. The wind had died again, and there was no sound but the sob of the sea.

(To be continued.)

'SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK.'

By Professor HUGH WALKER, LL.D.

YES, 'something rotten in the state of Denmark;' and possibly something rotten nearer home than Denmark. In the earlier part of last century there was a general impression that science and mechanical inventions were going to bring the millennium. The essays of Macaulay are redolent of the conviction. The youthful Tennyson caught some gleams of this optimism; but, looking back 'sixty years after,' he saw half the triumphs of his morning staled by use and shrunk to the commonplace. With a troubled spirit beneath the light banter, Matthew Arnold jested at the boasts about 'our incomparable civilisation.' With processions of the unemployed scarcely vanished from our streets we may well despair of the millennium, and begin to wonder in what sense it can possibly be true that our civilisation is 'incomparable.' The achievements of science have been marvellous, human ingenuity has been prolific of invention, material wealth has grown enormously—and yet—and yet—— Where lies the disease? For disease surely there must be. While the majority would agree that some advance has been made, probably the most optimistic would hesitate to say that there has been improvement in the social condition at all commensurate with the growth of material wealth. Kingsley, who raised his voice for social reform in the middle of last century, twenty years later thankfully acknowledged a most beneficial change. But while the increase in material wealth is patent everywhere, while we can almost see the piles growing under our eyes, from time to time we receive some shock which momentarily shakes our belief that there has been improvement at all. Are not those processions of the unemployed almost enough of themselves? Whether it be thirteen millions of our population who are on the verge

of starvation, or only half that number, is there not evidence that 'our incomparable civilisation' has in some vital respects failed? It seems as if the phenomena were such as to deserve an examination more earnest, and above all more dispassionate, than we usually give them. To the man of robust political faith the thing is simple. If he is a Liberal, all that is needed is to get rid of a mischievous and obstructive House of Lords, and then a wise and beneficent Government will drop plums innumerable into the open mouths of an expectant people. The obstruction has been removed and the mouths are agape for the plums. If the politician is a Unionist, of course the shoe is on the other foot. What is needed is to get rid of the Government which causes bad harvests and ruins trade, to adopt Tariff Reform, and to float upon summer seas of prosperity to the Islands of the Blest.

But that is not the way of dispassionate investigation. Excellent for its own purpose as the party spirit is, that to which it points is not precisely 'the high white star of Truth.' Yet if the evils from which society suffers are to be reformed, that star is just what we must see first of all; and the trouble is that here in Britain every organisation dealing with the problems of society rapidly becomes political. Perhaps it is inevitable; perhaps there is no other way of handling the questions to good purpose. But, if so, it is disquieting. And, on the other hand, it is just possible that the British distrust of theory and of all merely speculative investigation may here be at fault. At any rate, the way of party is not the way of science. We do not hear of organisations of Radiumites and Anti-Radiumites. While men of science differ as to the qualities of radium, they go steadily on inquiring. They are willing to be convinced; but party supplies the convictions ready-made, and the art of the partisan is often the art of shutting his eyes till necessity forces them open. He who opens his before the hour of compulsion comes will probably see many things unwelcome to both—or to all—parties. He will see that both parties have been wrong in the past. Many changes have been made which the Conservatives denounced as ruinous to the country; and, though our condition is not ideal, the country is not ruined. On the other hand, the Liberal party has shifted its ground just as completely. What remains of the philosophy of the Manchester school? Who believes any longer that the whole duty of the State is to make a ring and let the economic forces fight it out?

If we try for a moment simply to *understand* the social structure of modern Britain, without attempting to pronounce judgment upon it, we see, in the first place, that we are a community in which agriculture plays a smaller, and in which manufacture and commerce play a greater, part than they ever played in the Britain of the past, or than they play in any other modern community of the first magnitude. The consequence is a great and growing concentration of population in large cities, and, on the other hand, a relatively sparse and declining rural population. The land of one of the busiest and most crowded communities in the world has largely gone out of cultivation. We see industries organised on an immense and a growing scale, and small industries gradually crushed out under stress of competition; and, along with this, we see a distribution of wealth such that a few have far more than they can use, while multitudes have nothing at all, and that, with the exception of a small percentage, those who work with their hands are permanently within measurable distance of destitution. Consequent upon this there arises a relation between employers and workmen which, to put it mildly, is not characterised by that friendliness and that conviction of a unity of interest which might be desired. Further, we see, as a constant factor in the community, a class of unemployed always considerable and sometimes dangerously large. Perhaps the saddest sight of all is that of children of tender years thrown by thousands upon the streets of our great cities to earn a living under conditions which almost compel them, in their maturity, to swell the ranks of the unemployed. They have learnt nothing for which any rational man would pay sixpence, and are unemployable. Finally, we see in consequence a condition of pauperism, not, it is true, as bad as that which prevailed before the great reform of 1834, but still disquieting; a condition, moreover, which has not in recent years shown any steady tendency to improvement.

When the dispassionate inquirer has reached this point, he may, perhaps, proceed to ask himself questions; and, having only his own reason and conscience to answer to, he will probably decide that not one of these features of 'our incomparable civilisation' is lovely, and that most of them are hideously ugly. The partisan, if he held a brief from the landed aristocracy, would probably at this point proceed to explain that the state of affairs is indeed unsatisfactory, but that the evil is in no measure due to a system of land-laws of ideal justice. If he were the mouthpiece of the capitalists, he might become dithyrambic over the immense volume of our trade and the unparalleled accumulations of wealth. If he were a member of the Labour party, it is quite possible that he might go equally far astray on another track—picture a class rich in all the virtues, but oppressed by inequitable laws framed in the interest of unprincipled men. He would ignore such damaging facts about the drinking habits of working-men as were recently stated bluntly by Mr John Burns. This is the way of assumption, of preconceived opinion, of squaring the facts with the party creed. But in all points it is diametrically opposed to the way of impartial investigation. That way is thorny and diffi-

cult, and its results are unwelcome to all parties alike. On the one hand, for example, it seems futile to deny that a different and more democratic system of land-laws might have done a good deal to keep the population on the land—a conclusion which would not be enthusiastically welcomed by the Conservative party. On the other hand, it seems no less futile to deny that, in spite of the confident assertions to the contrary seventy years ago, Free Trade has as a matter of fact thrown many acres out of cultivation. The dispassionate inquirer would decide nothing as yet. He would register these conclusions in his mind, but would remember that no question of the sort can be wisely decided without consideration of its bearings upon other questions. He has, however, put himself in a position to take an independent and unprejudiced view of two of the most important questions affecting our social condition.

In the same way he might go on to consider what has led to the organisation of industry as we see it at the present day; in what direction that organisation is moving; whether the condition of affairs, present and prospective, is satisfactory, and, if not, whether it is or is not possible to modify it. Here again the partisan would decide the matter, on the one side or on the other, with little difficulty. The inquirer would probably find that there was a good deal to be said on both sides. That is what makes him so unsatisfactory. He would have little hesitation in saying that the root-cause of the present organisation is machinery propelled by steam. He would see that the use of machinery neither can be nor ought to be prevented. Here the partisan of a certain type would close the discussion with a *Q.E.D.* But the inquirer goes on in his tiresome way. It is true that machinery is necessary and inevitable. It is true that, wisely used, it does great good. But it is *not* true that it does no harm. The crude condemnation by the older political economy of the workmen who opposed the introduction of machinery at the Industrial Revolution will not bear investigation. If the law of self-preservation justifies a man in fighting for his life, those workmen were justified. It is impossible to deny that the introduction of machinery is one of the causes of the loss of employment. The question of the duty of the employer who introduces machinery, or the duty of society at large, to the displaced workman is one which has never been adequately considered. Clearly he is no longer needed in his old place. Clearly it would be burdensome to the community, and demoralising to the man himself, to support him in idleness. But it is not quite so clear that the present system of throwing him overboard and leaving him to sink or swim—perhaps at an age when the chances of sinking are ten to one—is absolutely satisfactory. Surely it is eminently a case for investigation. The inquirer may well suspend judgment—another unpleasant way he has; it is so much more agreeable to hear the gospel preached without any 'ifs' and 'buts.'

The Royal Commission on Pauperism has presented results arrived at by this process of dispassionate inquiry. It is earnestly to be hoped that the report may not for that very reason be left in the pigeon-hole where it has, for the time at least, been put. But there is a danger; such reports are so frequently displeasing to both parties. The great report of the Commission of 1834, for example, would certainly not have pleased those who now pose as the champions of the poor; and there are few things they would have liked less than the evidence of the greatest, and certainly not the least charitable, man examined before that Commission—Thomas Chalmers. In this sphere again we have diametrically opposite views: on the one side, the assertion that 'it is all a matter of money,' a kind of quack salve which, if it is only spread thick enough, will cure this running sore of the body politic; on the other side we have the maxim of Lord Acton, a Liberal, but one of the old school: 'The remedy of pauperism is not the material resources of the rich, but the moral resources of the poor.' Which of these is true wisdom? Is the problem only how to rob a few hen-roosts more? Or must we face that hard and toilsome way which—so the gods have decreed—is not to be climbed without sweat? Must we attempt no less a task than that of moral regeneration? And is it possible still, as it has proved to be possible in the past, that the 'salve' laid on by a quack may cause moral degeneracy?

These are but a few of the many examples which will occur to the student of social problems, where strong reasons can be adduced in support of conclusions widely divergent from those of the orthodox political creeds. But all our organisations are political; and how is 'any voice not of thunder' to make itself heard? Yet surely there must be many whose single aim is to discover the truth; and surely the questions are important enough to repay study. Are there, perchance, ten who will pledge themselves, in respect of such social questions, to worship Truth only, and neither to bend the knee to the Baal of Liberalism nor to worship the Golden Calf of Conservatism? Peradventure they might gather others to themselves; and, though their single voices are feeble, it might come to pass that after many years the walls of the forts of Folly would fall at their shout.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard, Authors of *Roving Hearts*, *Don Q*, *Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.—INNUENDOES.

AFTER a moment De Sarsan rose and followed Wilford, whom he found leaning moodily on an outjutting bracket by the fireplace. A little knot of people were gathered at some distance, Lady Fettering apparently trying to persuade Mrs Westaway and Alice Lanceley to remain longer, while on one side Lady Madesson was talking with her usual animation to Cahusac.

'See Lorrie!' Wilford said to De Sarsan, who joined him. 'Look at her now!'

'She is always equally charming,' remarked the other.

'You don't know her as I do! That is her way with a new man when she wants to annex him. Don't I know it, look and smile, word for word, and trick by trick! Her face showed it when he passed, and she told me to stop him.'

'What! Cahusac? She has surely met him before?'

'Yes,' Wilford laughed; 'but he has avoided her.'

'He saw danger ahead?'

'It's a kind of danger most men like to get into when it's so propitious, by Jove! Now she'll keep him hanging on for six months until she is tired of him, and in the meantime I'——

'So!' De Sarsan's moustache did not hide a derisive amusement, as with a fleshy forefinger he made an imaginary spiral in the air tending downwards. 'My poor friend, let us by all means take measures to evade so melancholy a conclusion.'

Both men advanced upon the group. Alice turned to meet them with a tremulous smile.

'We are going, Wilford.'

'All right, I've no objection,' returned the young man brusquely as he passed on to speak to Lady Madesson.

Alice's expression altered. 'Is he not coming also?' she asked of De Sarsan in a lowered voice.

De Sarsan shook his head. 'If he should not go with you, my dear young lady, will you trust him to me? I will do what I can. But he will be difficult to-night—ah yes, I can perceive it—very difficult,' he answered gently.

'Perhaps Mr Cahusac can persuade him,' she murmured.

De Sarsan followed her glance with an obvious superciliousness in his own. 'Am I to understand that M. Cahusac is also a friend of our dear Wilford?' he asked. There was a fine mingling of courtesy towards herself and contempt for Cahusac in his manner.

The girl's manifest astonishment at the tone he adopted annoyed him. 'They were at Eton together. Didn't you know?'

'Ah, that explains! Otherwise'——

'Otherwise?' repeated Alice.

'They would not be great friends perhaps. That is all, quite simply, mademoiselle.'

'It is time for you to trot home, little boy, and be tucked up in your own little cot. Go away; you are detestably cross,' Lady Madesson was saying meanwhile, as Wilford stood white and sullen beside her.

'I begin to feel that way myself,' put in Cahusac, laughing.—'Shall we make a start of it, Lanceley?'

'All right, go ahead.'—And as Cahusac left them Wilford added, 'I only want to be rid of that brute, Lorrie. I'm not going while there's any fun on here, I can tell you. I'll stay and look after you.'

'Thanks, but you see I've a notion of doing without you,' she answered quietly.

'Well, I shall stay all the same—and look after you too. Now!'

'It's rather a pity that private houses are not so well supplied with the comforts of life as saloons,' she retorted.

'There's some meaning in that speech, I suppose?'

'Yes; we need a chucker-out.'

'What do you mean?' he asked furiously.

'I mean that you're too drunk for decent society,' she replied.

'I've—I've been as drunk—as you choose to call it to-night—before, and, by Heaven, you seemed to like it, my lady!' The insult in the words was doubled in his glance and smile.

'I'll never forgive you as long as I live!' She faced him with a dusky glow in her cheeks, and her voice took a deep note.

'That also I have heard before,' he grinned, 'although I will admit the provocation was of a different nature.'

Cahusac returned at this moment. 'Come along; the carriage is waiting.'

'Then it needn't wait, nor you either. Go on, I say.'

'All right; but if I were you I'd take Lady Madesson's advice, as I am doing myself.' He bowed slightly toward her. 'Remember we must take an early train in the morning.'

'See here, Cahusac, there's one thing every man can do, and that's to mind his own business. Keep your advice till it's wanted.' The foolish rudeness sounded very clearly through the hall. People looked round and laughed, while Alice turned to De Sarsan in dismay.

De Sarsan's pantomime of metaphorically placing himself at her disposal caught Cahusac's attention. To his quickened apprehension the gallantry had a real meaning attached to it. De Sarsan slipped his hand through Wilford's arm.

Wilford flung out an angry word. 'Look here, De Sarsan, we've had enough of this fooling. I don't care for interference any more than my seniors.' With that he stalked toward the billiard-room door.

De Sarsan tucked in his elbows and spread his fingers, but with the subdued gesture one notices in those of his race who have spent much of their time in England.

'Alas! we poor diplomats must learn to bear defeat and grin as though we liked it. Is it not so, M. Cahusac?'

'I can't say we have been particularly happy in our methods to-night,' said Cahusac coldly. 'We diplomats!' he thought to himself. 'The scurrilous scoundrel!'

Lady Madesson at once resumed her conversation with Cahusac, and De Sarsan lingered for a moment beside Mrs Westaway, for Lady Fettering had fluttered off before this. But the Belgian's attention was fixed on Cahusac rather than on the lady to whom he addressed himself. De Sarsan was Celtic, and he shared in some degree the Celtic power of gauging the mental atmosphere of those about him. The young man opposite was listening to Lady Madesson with a half-smiling gravity, and punctuating her brilliant talk with a word here and there that lent to it an added point and piquancy. In a flash it came to De Sarsan what the modulated voice would say if its owner shared the knowledge of the part he, De Sarsan, had taken in the events of the April evening in Park Lane. The fancy burned for a moment so fiercely in the Belgian's brain that he was vaguely afraid of thought-transference. De Sarsan pictured to himself the grave raising of the brows, and the quiet, expresssionless, inexorable anger. He became aware that if Cahusac ever knew, there would be room in the world for only one of them. Until quite lately he had forgotten Malcolm Cahusac amidst the tumultuous play of intrigue, scheming, and counterplot which composed his own career. De Sarsan felt he had been deceived by the young man's silent resumption of his life, from which he had too hastily assumed a lack of character and energy. Now, when chance threw them face to face, he discovered that the younger Malcolm Cahusac was also a man to be counted with.

Mrs Westaway, Alice, and Cahusac being gone at last, De Sarsan offered his arm ceremoniously to Lady Madesson to conduct her to a seat.

She took it, with amusement in her blue eyes. 'You're very polite, monsieur. It gives one a change at Fetterings to be elbowed around like this.'

'I have few such pleasures, madam,' he replied with effusion. 'Our friends have after all been obliged to leave their pet-lamb among the wolves.'

'Lambs are so intolerably silly!' she said shortly. She was tiring of De Sarsan.

'His friend M. Cahusac is an interesting fellow. I have never before had the pleasure of meeting him.'

Lady Madesson murmured something.

'There is a history attached to him, is it not so? I remember hearing of a mysterious story—a step-mother who became insane—something of that sort,' De Sarsan went on as if making talk.

'Now was there? How very curious! Tell me about it.'

'I, my dear madam—I, a mere foreigner—to know the secrets of an English great house! I could not aspire to so much.'

Lady Madesson settled herself comfortably into her place and opened her big black fan. 'How delightful! I hope it is a good scandal. Go on!'

De Sarsan shook his head. 'My dear madam, I have told you that I know nothing positive.'

The broad curve of her fan came down in a soft swoop upon his arm for a second. 'My good monsieur, you may assure me as much as you like; but—you know all about it. Go on. It is my order.'

He disclaimed the knowledge, she coquettishly affirmed it, and presently—by a hundred innuendoes, half-spoken sentences, and undermeanings—he had conveyed to her the fact that a very ugly story lay somewhere in the background of Cahusac's life.

'I wonder for what reason he hates Malcolm Cahusac so badly,' reflected Lady Madesson to herself when De Sarsan had gone. 'And he allowed me to see it! What fools men are!'

CHAPTER VII.—WORDS.

A MAN is never himself save when he is alone, and the key in which he then thinks is the tone-note of his mental world. At other times he is less or more than himself—momentarily baser, momentarily nobler, a thing swayed by the mood of contact or of expediency. But alone with his own memory he cannot choose but fall into accord with the prevailing echo of his past.

Malcolm Cahusac, although he had made himself a man of action, was endowed with many of the qualities that go with a strong imagination. At this period he was overwhelmed by a wave of fatalism. For him the butterfly world around emphasised its own sadness. Events working upon the sensitive material of his inner nature had forced back hope and the spring of youth,

and left him sick of that ancient view of life which tells us that it is all old, stale, autumnal, overhandled; that the coming and going of the leaf upon the tree, of man upon earth, is only part of a deadly routine without meaning, without purpose save only the temporary furnishing of a planet. He fancied that he was looking upon the world stripped of its romance, and that he saw it as it was—a winter stubble-field, alone and acold, in some squalid town suburb. About it blew a raw wind, which blighted and held no promise of spring, and over the rag-polluted waste arose a desolate wailing of dead lips. Was it a mood or a vision of truth? He did not know it was merely the cost of possessing an imagination, which is a gift we pay for in agony.

The conversation between Detching and Cahusac, drifting listlessly to and fro, held somewhat of the meaning of what has been written. Detching waited. He saw that the long apparent calm of his companion's life had been disturbed, the fountains of the deep had been broken up, and the tide was rising with a terrific force; and he—he was standing by as usual.

Cahusac broke a long silence by a question: 'Do you happen to know that Mrs Westaway is living in Park Lane?'

'In that house?'

'Yes; she has taken it furnished for the season from the Blaines. I have never been there since.' He laughed slightly. 'You were with me when I left it, and by an odd coincidence you will be with me to-night when I enter its doors again. It is odd, you know, for the past is not dead, as I had lately begun to believe.'

'What has happened?'

'Nothing very tangible. But there are rumours, vague hints. I can't tell you where they come from nor how they have arisen. At present perhaps no one would notice or understand them except those who know.'

'How have they reached you?'

'I've seen them in the *Gas-Lamp* principally, which copies from *L'Œil* more or less. It is an unmistakable attack. It touches on my father's death with cynical comments.'

'Nothing about Lady Cahusac?' asked Detching.

'No,' said Cahusac sharply. 'Thank God not that!'

Detching stared in silence at his boots, which rested on the edge of the mantelshelf. 'There is a small point I have never mentioned to you. It probably has no connection with our affair. You may recollect that on that night I was walking down from the Marble Arch towards Piccadilly? It was very late, and there were not many people about. The single person whom I saw in the near neighbourhood of your house was a man like a foreigner, lighting a cigar under the lamp-post next above your house.'

'Like a foreigner!' repeated Cahusac. '*He* would have been a foreigner.'

'Not necessarily. Some of us have our price too.'

'Detching, that is the man!' Cahusac said with conviction. 'If you could lay your finger upon him you would break up the most dangerous wasps' nest in London. In diplomatic matters there is always a leakage. Those concerned find it a dangerous service, and are paid on corresponding lines. Now and then a side-wind comes to us, and we take action.'

'Diplomatic action?' inquired Detching with some dryness.

'When a man is making off with stolen secrets in his pocket, if you catch him you may find diplomacy come to hand with conclusive methods,' answered Cahusac grimly. 'A spy is an outlaw, and has no remedy. His own people curse him, and there is no scandal.'

'I see. If I can lay my finger on the man I saw that night, you would'——

Cahusac got up. 'Do you remember the winter we had in India? We used to tie up a goat for the tiger.'

'And wait for him, eh?'

Cahusac nodded and smiled. 'Yes. I think there is a tiger on my trail. Keep your eyes open.'

Detching fingered his red moustache. 'It would be good *shikar*,' he said.

Cahusac's thoughts swung away on the word to the night-noises of the jungle, and came back with a zest to that indefinable *shikar* in London. 'Come along,' he said aloud. 'It's time we were at Mrs Westaway's.'

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF A FLAG.

THE KING'S COLOUR OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

By Colonel R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A Scot.

WHEN Marshal Ney, 'the bravest of the brave,' decided on his supreme effort at Quatre Bras, he sent for Kellermann, commanding the Third French Cavalry Corps. 'My dear General,' said he, 'the safety of France is at stake. Take your cavalry, and fling yourself upon the British centre. Crush them! Ride them down!' War-worn Kellermann was not

the men to blench at such an order; nevertheless he pointed out that the enemy were now twenty-five thousand strong, and that he had with him only a single brigade of cuirassiers, the other three brigades being far to the rear, in accordance with Ney's own commands. 'What does that matter?' roared Ney above the thunder of the guns. 'Charge with what you have; ride them down! I'll support you with all the cavalry I have. Go, go, I tell you!' Ten minutes later Kellermann's cuirassiers were under way. In column of squadrons, eight hundred steel-clad horsemen were about to make their effort, when Major-General Sir John Halkett, commanding the 5th Infantry Brigade of the 3rd British Division, who had galloped to the front to reconnoitre, turned round his horse and hastened to dispose his brigade in such a manner as to render it fully prepared to brave the coming storm. On his way he sent an intimation to Major-General Sir Denis Pack of his discovery, and orders to the Second Battalion of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, one of his own brigade, to prepare forthwith to receive cavalry.

The Second Battalion, Sixty-ninth Regiment, was formed in Lincolnshire in 1803, on the recommencement of war with France; it had served in Holland in 1813–14, and had already suffered the misfortune of losing its regimental colour at Bergen-op-Zoom the year before, but without any reflection on the honour of the regiment—the colour is now in the Hospital of the Invalids in Paris—so that in the Waterloo campaign the Sixty-ninth carried the king's colour only. A sudden and heavy cannonade had already opened from the French heights, a sure prelude to the attack which was about to take place, and the battalion was in the act of forming square in accordance with the orders of its commanding-officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Morice, when the Prince of Orange rode up and asked what they were about. 'Preparing for cavalry, sir,' was the reply, 'by the Brigadier-General's orders.' 'Oh, cavalry be d—d!' remarked His Royal Highness; 'there's none of them within miles of you. Reform column, sir, and deploy at once.' This fresh order was in the act of being carried out when Kellermann's squadrons came thundering down, taking advantage of the surrounding high corn, and unperceived till quite close to the spot; and rushing suddenly and impetuously upon a flank, they succeeded in completely doubling up the regiment, riding right through it, and along and over the unfortunate men, of whom great numbers were cut down. Some officers and men took shelter in the square formed by the Black Watch and Forty-fourth Regiments; the mounted officers gained the other side of the road, pursued by some of the enemy, and escaped by riding through one of the Hanoverian battalions lining the Namur road.

But what had become of the king's colour of the regiment, which officers and sergeants were defending with their lives? Ever since the days when the golden eagles glittered in front of the Roman Legions, the object of their fondest devotion and attachment, soldiers have regarded their colours as sacred, bound to them by the united influence of religion and honour. The flag is a symbol, intrinsically valueless, extrinsically priceless. The perishable material of which it is composed may be purchased at any time for a trifle, but the ideas it represents are the soldier's costliest inheritance. The king's colour, in particular, is the pledge of his loyalty to his sovereign and his obedience to the laws of his country. The Sixty-ninth were not the men to part with theirs without a struggle. It was carried on this occasion by Christopher Clarke, a boy-officer, who was hacked and cut in a fearful manner, as were also Major Henry Lindsay and Lieutenant Brooke Pigot, who stood by him. The French cuirassiers were determined to carry off the trophy, and when they had overwhelmed by sheer numbers the small band of British heroes, the colour was wrenched from the hands of its bearer by a trooper of the 8th French Cuirassiers named Lami, who succeeded in carrying it off and offering it on the field of battle to Ney, who hailed it as the harbinger of victory. By him it was presented to General François Zavier Donzelot, who commanded a division under the Marshal. The Second Battalion of the Sixty-ninth was present at Waterloo, but without colours, and there its gallant commanding officer, Morice, was killed. The battalion returned home at the peace, and was disbanded in 1816. The honour of 'Waterloo' was taken over by the First Battalion, the present Second Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, and the incident of the colour was gradually forgotten.

Nearly a century has elapsed and the scene changes. We are friends with our gallant opponents the French, and a British officer is travelling peacefully in the Touraine district of France. At Azay le Rideau he visits the château which has lately been converted by the Government into a museum. In the hall-porter's lodge his attention is attracted by two flags labelled 'For Sale,' one of which has the appearance of being a British Union-jack. The price asked for the flags is six hundred francs, which being at once paid, a British colour which had been captured in battle returns peacefully into British keeping, and is brought to England. It is undoubtedly the identical king's colour which, after a gallant defence, was captured from the Second Battalion of the Sixty-ninth Regiment at Quatre Bras on the 16th June 1815. From General Donzelot the trophy passed to his nephew, General de Ricard, and from him to his son, Louis Zavier de Ricard, until recently the curator of the museum at Azay le Rideau, who left it with the present hall-porter in liquidation of a debt:

But a moth-eaten rag, on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not seem likely to stir a man's soul.
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff, and the rag was a flag.

The British officer to whom the country is indebted for the recovery of the trophy is Captain J. P. Jeffcock, late Inniskilling Dragoons. An illustration of the flag was given in a recent *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*.

THRIFT.

A STORY.

By W. L. George, Author of *A Bed of Roses*.

WILLIAM CASSON listened thoughtfully to the distant chimes—St Mary-at-Hill perhaps, or St Michael in Cornhill; he had never troubled to inquire. There was a pause, and the hour of one struck. He laid down his pen, closed the sundries ledger, and, standing up, removed his office-coat—a thing of tatters which aroused envy among the juniors, for an office-coat should be tattered. He left the room, and reappeared some minutes later, drying his face and hands after his midday wash. As he rubbed he puffed, for William Casson was not a young man. He had one of those long, thin faces that always look hungry, a pointed nose, a hard mouth, and scanty gray hair. He was sixty, but looked more, perhaps because his attire had no glory; to evoke William Casson in one's mind was at once to think of dark-gray trousers with baggy knees, a wrinkled waistcoat crossed by a clumsy silver watch-chain, a dark-blue poplin tie much discoloured and tightly drawn. He had never been seen wearing obtrusively new boots or glossy, unfrayed linen, or—even in the giddy days somewhere round 1870—with a flower in his buttonhole. The mysteries of William Casson's costume had ceased to interest his fellow-clerks; they had given up asking him ironically whether his trousers were the work of a bird-fancier. He was merely a seedy old man who had for forty years kept a ledger for Labonde & Company; they had engaged him for the purpose at twenty shillings a week, and raised his wages by small increments to thirty. And there he now stood, blowing as he rubbed his long, pale face.

'Is it cold to-day?' he asked of Vanner, the junior at the next desk.

Vanner grunted without raising his head. He was copying out a statement of account in the beautiful writing by favour of which he lived; his head slowly followed the movement of his hand, and as he wrote his tongue protruded a little, while his eyes were anxious. For Vanner was an artist in his own way.

Old Casson, taking no notice of the snub, looked out of the window at the doubtfully clear sky over Fenchurch Street. It did not look very warm; still, it had not been cold when he came up in the morning. He decided to leave his overcoat on its peg, and putting on his ancient bowler, left the room without another word. As he passed down the stone stairs of the warehouse he still turned over in his mind the question of the overcoat. The air outside struck him as chilly, but it was bearable; and he reflected with satisfaction that, after all, it was not really cold. Meanwhile his treasured overcoat could hang safely on its peg and be saved unnecessary wear.

William Casson made his way quickly towards Lombard Street, a copy of the *Times* under his arm. He never bought a newspaper, but had a traditional right to borrow the office copy every day from the general office. So well established was the practice that Mr Labonde himself had learned to give up asking for the *Times* between one and two.

The old man walked rigid and resolute, his bowler hat set far back on his gray hair; he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but made, as if by a homing instinct, for the tea-shop where he lunched. His tea-shop was not one of those new limited liability creations which flaunt tiles and urns and cakes and appetising window exhibitions; it was very much what it had been in the seventies—a temperance tavern with a floor of boards, hard benches, and stained deal tables. An untidy girl laid before him, without orders, a cup of tea, three slices of brown bread, and a piece of cheddar, which Casson consumed slowly while he read the leading article of the *Times*, the paper securely shored up against the dirty cruet. He took not the slightest interest in the eating-house—its savoury steaming pans full of sausages, the piles of rough greens, the noise, the clatter of knives and forks; he seemed very uncomfortable, for two office-boys and a carman had crowded on his bench; but he was not uncomfortable, not only because he had lunched on this very spot about twelve thousand times, but because he had realised twelve thousand times that here a cup of tea cost a penny-halfpenny instead of the twopence charged by the new establishments, while a penny bought three slices of bread instead of two.

William Casson slowly ate his food without any show of pleasure. He ate because eat he must, and grudging rather than joyful; often he was haunted by horrid calculations such as:

'If I had no lunch I could save threepence-halfpenny a day; three hundred and sixty-five times threepence-halfpenny is'—— And then he would work out the annual waste on lunch, the amount he had wasted on lunch for forty years, the accumulated compound interest on the saving he might have effected if he were not addicted to lunch! The results were awful, heartrending. Still, he found that he had to have lunch; it was a great trouble to him.

Twenty minutes were allotted to the meal, ten to a walk to St Botolph's and back, twenty-five to a further perusal of the *Times* in the churchyard. Then William Casson returned to the office to post in the sundries ledger the vagaries of casks, bottles, and corks, the results of mysterious adventures where demurrage, breakage-allowances, and special discounts played their part. He took no interest in these affairs of Labonde & Company, Wine Merchants and Bottlers; the vast sums which he mechanically entered held no meaning for him. His imagination had once been stirred by the invoicing-clerk, who had tried to assuage a moment of revolt against the bottles by telling him that David Copperfield himself had worked among bottles. William Casson acquired a deep interest in David Copperfield, but he never read the book. He was often seen gazing at a cheap reprint which contained the romance of bottles; but he could not make up his mind to buy it, for sixpence was sixpence. And David Copperfield became idealised as the classic of bottles, as a book dealing with nothing but bottles, as the wonderful epic of bottles, which he could never afford to buy.

At six o'clock William Casson placed the sundries ledger in the safe and left the office. A short walk brought him to his room in Finsbury, where the landlady offered him food and other perfunctory attention when she was not doing the washing in the basement in the midst of a hot Scotch mist. At seven he ate. Then he walked to the 'Angel' regularly; and, untempted by the glow of this Mecca of the omnibuses, he would turn back, climb to his room at the top of the house, up the dark staircase with the broken steps. There he slept, near the thunder of the trams in the City Road, haunted by the smell of the landlady's soapsuds and the cooking of her greens. But the uncarpeted room, in which there was no grate, cost him but four shillings a week.

It should not be concluded from the manner of William Casson's living that he was a poor man. One can be rich or poor on thirty shillings a week or on ten thousand a year; it is all a matter of wants, and Casson had reduced his to vanishing-point. He most morally lived well within his means, for the example of his childhood's home had taught him that the wages of extravagance is penury. It was because he had seen his old father and mother remove to the workhouse, his sister vanish into service, his elder brother emigrate and also vanish, that he had sworn not to depend in his old age on a curmudgeon State. He was going to save money, he thought in 1870, and forty years later he was saving it still. Father, mother, sister, all were dead; his brother was lost. Thus, standing alone, he decided to end free. It was all a matter of saving five hundred pounds, which would buy a forty-pound annuity and a peaceful end in a cottage.

It had not been, some would say, a cheerful life. For forty years rent and breakfast had cost him six and fourpence a week, his midday meal two shillings and a halfpenny; his landlady fed him at night for three and sixpence a week. He thus found himself living and clothing himself for some fourteen shillings a week. He had never had a fire, bought a newspaper, visited a music-hall; he had hankered after pleasure, but yet had never wasted a halfpenny on tobacco or on drink. Indeed, he had never spent money when it could be helped; there had been casualties, an illness during which the landlady had forced upon him a useless doctor and an extortionate chemist without realising, the insensitive woman, that William Casson preferred to die now to dying poor; there had also been a terrible day when Mr Labonde had commanded him to go out at once and buy a new rig-out, on the absurd plea that he was a bachelor and could afford it, also that his status in the firm required of him good clothes. William Casson had grudgingly bought the new rig-out at a second-hand dealer's in Hatton Garden, who was his tailor, his hosier, and his bootmaker too (which explained why his clothes were never new); but it had given his exchequer a shock from which it did not recover for ten long weeks.

Yet, in spite of these set-backs, disease of the flesh, and trammels of fashion, William Casson had marched splendidly towards his goal. He had set aside everything for economy. He had, in the early seventies, removed from the fields of Highbury to the slums of Finsbury to save the daily 'bus fare; he had steadfastly refused to join in sweepstakes; he had given up religion because of the clamorous plate thrust before him by the sidesman; he had never played games, because clubs could not, apparently, be carried on without funds; he had never taken holidays, or rather had made them profitable by devoting these wasteful periods of his life to temporary work in other offices. Naturally, he lived alone, having mastered the principle that no company can be had for nothing; besides, none obtruded themselves upon him, not even his facile fellows at the office, for William Casson had shown himself a 'hunks' somewhere about 1892, when Mr Labonde, senior, died. The office, having prayed for many years that Mr Labonde senior's troubles might be lifted from him, decided to commemorate the occasion by a wreath; one

man refused his shilling, and that was William Casson, the 'hunks.' It was felt that he ought to have contributed, either in a broken-hearted frame of mind or in a spirit of thankfulness (this being optional); but he kept his shilling, and was rewarded by an atmosphere of unfriendliness which emanated traditionally from new clerks as well as from old. He lived in the desert.

William Casson had had his struggles. He had known awful moments when the devil tempted him and strove to make him order an egg from the untidy girl at the tea-shop, or to make him buy an evening paper when people were being killed in South Africa in interesting ways; the devil had led him past book-shop after book-shop where the dastardly bookseller featured David Copperfield, the hero of the bottle-trade; the devil had whispered 'Kew Gardens,' 'the old Mogul, only fourpence,' 'Earl's Court;' but he whispered in vain. William Casson had saved his money, fighting down the desire for riot, gambling, glorious drunkenness, glorious life. Once only the devil nearly triumphed; he made William Casson fall in love. That was a terrible affair, for she was slim, fair, roguishly blue-eyed, and wore shoes so small and neat that William Casson dreamed wonderful dreams, where he knelt and humbly kissed them while she smiled over his bent head. She packed bottles while he entered them, and packed them with a winning gaiety, singing, as she packed, snatches of 'He's not a marrying man, my love,' and 'Champagne Charlie.' One day William Casson went into the warehouse where his goddess was busy packing. He watched her raptly, her rosy fingers nimble in the straw, the toss of her conscious fair head (he did not know it was conscious), and then the load on his shoulders became too heavy to bear. Recognising, full of joy and fear, that his hour had struck, he mumbled a request that they might meet that evening under the porch. The invitation was accepted with disturbing alacrity, and William Casson went back to his ledger, his head buzzing with the music of her laugh, his eyes dazzled by her yellow hair, and he could not look at his own lean hand on the pen without thinking of the rosy fingers that so magically packed.

It was a night of terror. The divinity, having bewildered him with one blue-eyed flash, stopped in front of a barrow in Gracechurch Street.

'I am hungry,' she declared, and, in the presence of her lover, calmly seized an apple and bit it. She bit it while William Casson stood with open, horrified mouth.

'Fourpence, guv'nor,' remarked the coster as he put four more apples into a bag; 'we sells 'em by the pound.'

'Right!' said the charmer; 'put them in your pocket, William. We'll eat them on the 'bus.'

And William Casson, impotent in presence of this munching girl and this threatening coster, allowed them to thrust the apples into his pocket while he paid the price of a lunch. Gloomily then he walked by the side of the girl, uncheered even by the immaculate little feet. At the Bank she lightly skipped on to an omnibus. He was still on the pavement when she waved to him from the top, fairy-like and mischievous.

'Come along, William!'

He came along as if in a nightmare. He paid, and as his pocket lightened realised what it must feel like to have a finger amputated. He paid for a ribbon picked off a stall; he paid for a badly printed song some strollers were singing in the lane outside the 'Cheshire Cheese;' he paid—he paid—and she laughed, the merry siren, as she drew his life's blood—he paid—paid. His head was like putty, but his protesting tongue clove to his palate; he was bewitched; he could not believe he walked; he must wake up soon and find that all was well with his life. At last the siren went too far; she stopped with deliberation opposite Eleanor's Cross, and suggested that they should go to Cremorne Gardens. William Casson looked at her as if she were an evil spirit. Cremorne, the dazzling home of fashion—gilded haunts of vice—roundabouts outside, penny a ride!

'No,' he said bluntly, and suddenly felt a man again.

'Why not?' asked the girl angrily.

'Because'——

'Oh, because? Because you're a hunks! Hunks!' She turned on her little heel, vanished in the crowd, and with her went the spirit of life.

Thus briefly was William Casson's dream broken and laid low with shattered wings. In a sense a load was lifted from him, for he had never believed, even when Cupid shot, that two could live as cheaply as one. Thenceforth he avoided the dangerous blue eyes, the nimble, rosy fingers, until, after a while, she married some one else and freed him from his thrall.

His agreeably joyless life flowed in its old channel; he amassed five shillings a week, then six, then seven; then, as the delirious years passed by, as much as sixteen. The Savings Bank could no longer help this man of property, for he had passed the legal maximum; interest accumulated, shillings at a time, then pounds at a time; William Casson's wealth overflowed into the penny bank, for there seemed to be a conspiracy to make him a rich man. At sixty he had five hundred pounds. He carried about with him the immense power of those five hundred pounds, not money invested in Consols, wretched things that fluctuated and made you in one day the poorer or the richer by the earnings of a month, but real, golden money. And now the time had come for him to retire, as a man of means, into the house of some cottager of Norfolk, where blows fragrant the North Sea

wind. Five hundred pounds—his ambition—meant liberty. And now he had five hundred pounds.

William Casson sat on a bench outside the cottage. He had earned his right by the labour of forty years. All his affairs were arranged, his forty-pound annuity bought. He need do nothing now but sit on this bench and watch the rolling sea. As he watched, this first day, memories came over him, memories of London, the bells of St Mary-at-Hill, the barrows and their costly bananas, the cold room in Finsbury. He thought with some bitterness of all this sight of the sea had cost him. He had been alone, and had known no joy; he had starved and toiled; he had turned from his fellow-man, followed no statesman, served no God; he had flouted love, too—love, the bearer of gifts. An immense sorrow was upon him as he thought of the fair girl with the small, neatly shod feet.

Now a stranger was by his side—a lawyer, that he could see by his frock-coat. He was talking a great deal. 'What did he want?' thought old William Casson.

'We had a lot of trouble to find you,' said the man; 'quite a chance we found you at all. As I was saying, your brother died a wealthy man, a very wealthy man. We believe, Mr Casson, that the estate will be worth twenty thousand a year.'

'Yes, yes,' said the old man dully. 'Twenty thousand a year. Very nice.'

'It will be very pleasant for you, Mr Casson, especially if you have not saved much,' said the lawyer, with a shade of patronage in his voice.

'Ah,' said William Casson, 'I did save—save.' And he thought of all the bare past—the desert through which he had trudged to attain this rolling sea, the fair-haired girl married to another.

'You need not have done so,' said the lawyer, and his laugh was professional and jolly. 'Pity you didn't know!'

Old William Casson did not answer. He had bought the sea and lost it, earned liberty and found it too dear. He had not lived, and now he was to die.

'Yes,' he muttered, 'it is a pity. If I had known'——

But the flood was too strong for his old heart. Sixty years of joys forfeited came beating into his old body like an equinoctial tide, sixty years of life despised, sixty years of prudence without a single glorious break!

'If I had known!' muttered William Casson. At a bound his spirit cast its bonds and flew away to the immaterial unearned joys.

THE WHITE ANT IN NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.

By F. A. W. Gisborne.

A VISITOR to the vast region known as the Northern Territory of Australia views with astonishment the number and size of the ant-hills scattered profusely over the country. The termite—commonly, though improperly, called the white ant—and the mosquito are the two great scourges of the region. The latter is the universal tormentor of human beings and animals of all kinds, and the distributor of tropical diseases. The former not only devastates gardens and plantations, but extends its ravages to man's dwellings, and literally eats the settler out of house and home, massive piles and beams being reduced to mere shells; and the pertinacious assailants have been known to drill holes through sheets of lead, and even to cut grooves along the surface of billiard-balls. Only two or three kinds of timber found in Australia are immune from their attacks; one, the cypress-pine, fortunately being fairly plentiful in the northern forests. This tree supplies the material commonly used for the framework of buildings; and in Palmerston, the capital and only town in the Territory, almost all the hotels, stores, and private dwellings are simply built of sheets of galvanised iron nailed on to frames of cypress-pine. The termite finds iron a little too tough for its teeth, and the flavour of the pine appears to be too strong for its palate. But the simple method of architecture practised has its inconveniences in a town where the average maximum temperature during the day throughout the year is ninety to ninety-two degrees in the shade (last year, according to the official observations, it was exactly ninety-one degrees), and where the mercury seldom falls below seventy degrees on the coolest night. The half-baked condition of the ordinary resident of Palmerston is largely attributable to the minute but persistent enemy against whose attacks people are obliged to fortify themselves in a manner by no means conducive either to health or comfort.

On up-country cattle-stations the destruction of fences and stockyards due to the attacks of the same pest is enormous, and renewals have to be made incessantly. One squatter, whose modest domain measured a hundred miles across in a straight line, told the writer that the stockyard at each of his out-stations had to be entirely rebuilt every second year. On his run cypress-pine was unobtainable, so ordinary timber had to be used, to the great increase of the cost of management. Along the telegraph-line, stretching from Palmerston to Adelaide, the poles used to support the wires are of iron. Otherwise a whole army of repairers would be kept continually at work.

Considering the comparatively minute proportions of the architects, the size attained by some of the ant-hills is almost stupefying. From fifteen to eighteen feet may be said to be near the average height; but occasionally monsters are found towering to the altitude of twenty-five and even thirty feet. The shape varies considerably. The generality of the hills are formed like irregular cones, with projecting buttresses and pinnacles. Sometimes a specimen is found almost, if not quite, symmetrical in outline, much resembling the steeple of a partially buried church; others are rounded and dome-like. But the most curious structures of all are what are called meridional ant-hills. These suggest gigantic, tawny hands planted upright, with the wrists in the ground; the palms, some ten or twelve feet across and about two feet thick, shooting upwards, with numerous small, blunted pinnacles resembling stumpy fingers. The most striking peculiarity of the meridional ant-hill is that its opposite edges invariably point with exact precision to the two magnetic poles. Mathematical accuracy in this respect is exhibited by every hill examined, and evidently some reason must dictate this extraordinary arrangement. One would naturally suppose that edifices of the kind would, for the sake of stability, be so built that their edges, not their flat sides, would be exposed to the prevailing winds; but this is not the case in regard to the remarkable structures referred to. The monsoons, which blow for alternate periods of six months in the year throughout the Territory and Northern Australia in general, are the north-west or wet monsoon, and the south-east or dry monsoon. The meridional ant-hill, therefore, is not designed to minimise wind-pressure. Some other explanation must be found, and this still remains a puzzle to the scientific investigator.

The number of the abodes of the industrious little creatures alluded to is incalculable. Extensive plains may be frequently found thickly dotted with hills, though a close inspection will often show that most of them have been abandoned. Such plains look like vast cemeteries studded with thousands of yellow monuments and monoliths. They are, indeed, the graveyards of ancient forests whose trees, in the course of a long period of time, have been entirely devoured by their pygmy but relentless foes. Marvellous as the hills are in number and size, the subterranean operations of their builders are even more wonderful. The termite city is frequently found erected on an arid plain many miles from the nearest surface-water, or on the crest of an isolated eminence or plateau. Its inhabitants must have water both for drinking and for carrying on their building operations. Knock a fragment off an ant-hill overnight, and the next morning you will find the breach carefully plastered over with moist clay, which soon hardens into a cement-like crust beneath the sun's rays. Where has the water required come from? Obviously from underground sources. The termite is far too sluggish in its movements to make long nocturnal journeys, and the workers —soft-bodied and defenceless—would soon be exterminated by their natural enemies were they to quit their impregnable citadel for the open ground. The required liquid, therefore, has to be obtained by industriously tunnelling downward until water is reached. The writer was informed by a medical man, who had made a long and careful examination of the habits of the termites, that these creatures had been found at a depth of seventy feet below the surface of the ground, and in some cases probably they have to penetrate considerably deeper. Like its cousin the bee, the termite is a paragon of ingenuity and industry; though the latter virtue, from man's point of view, is lamentably misapplied.

Each ant-hill probably marks the spot where a tree once grew. Riding through the bush in the Northern Territory, one frequently comes across a tree with an ant-hill in process of erection at its base, and closely clasping its trunk. Such a tree is doomed. While its stem serves to prop up the growing fortress of its destroyers, the ants gnaw away its vitals, transforming the wood pulp into food, and, when kneaded together with clay, into the material for making the internal partitions between the multitudinous cells, galleries, store-rooms, and chambers with which the whole edifice is honeycombed. When the original home has become overcrowded, hardy colonists must seek out fresh trees and build new mansions for themselves. In course of time a small clearing is made, and finally, as fire hastens the work of denudation, the forest is transformed into an open plain. More thorough instruments of deforestation than white ants could scarcely be found. In sailing along the north-east coast of Australia recently, the writer observed an island near Cape York whose condition strikingly exemplified the destructive operations of these voracious creatures. The northern half of the island was clothed in dense tropical jungle without an open space of any kind. The southern half consisted of bleak, wind-swept downs, over which were profusely scattered the red and yellow towers of the enemies of the forest. In this portion of the island there remained but a scanty fringe of vegetation along the sea-shore; elsewhere not a tree had survived. In another century probably, by the joint agencies of termites and bush fires, the whole of the island will be bald and naked, deprived of the beauty of its forest robes and tresses. The white ant is no respecter of nature. It typifies too well the sordid, ruthless spirit of modern commercialism.

Of natural enemies the white ant in North Australia appears to have too few. The great ant-bear of South America, the aardvark of

South Africa, and the pangolins of Africa and Southern Asia are not known in the island-continent, where the echidna (that strange egg-laying mammal), the squirrel-like myrmecobius, the Australian blind snake (*Typhlops rupelii*), and a lizard known as the Amphisbæna are the only foes not belonging to the insect world the termite has to fear. It might be suggested that the importation into the Northern Territory of a number of African and Asiatic ant-eaters would be of great benefit to the country in checking the ravages of its most destructive pests. Highly specialised animals of the type referred to, when transferred to new surroundings, could hardly adopt new methods of life that would render them a source of trouble or loss to human beings. At present, in Australia, a big red ant of highly martial disposition appears to be the termites' most formidable enemy; but the ant-hill is a fortress impregnable against the unaided attack of so small an assailant. It is interesting, however, to watch the results if you take a club and knock vigorously at the door so as to admit visitors. When a mass is broken off one of the projecting buttresses, fragments of hardened clay honeycombed with numberless cells, together with quantities of finely chopped grass used as packing material for the eggs, tumble to the ground, eggs and larvæ are scattered abroad, and astonished-looking nurses rush wildly about amid the wreck. Presently a few inspectors of public works appear at the breach to survey the damage, and these at once summon the guards, who in turn are speedily followed by bands of workers. The latter are small, white, and soft-bodied, and apparently have no means of defending themselves; whereas the soldiers, much larger in size, are distinguished by the possession of massive brown heads armed with a pair of serviceable-looking nippers. Long before order has been restored and repairs effected, however, a red ant scout appears on the scene, and on perceiving the opportunities offered, rushes away in an ecstasy of delight to summon his comrades to the feast. Soon an army of red ants is on the spot, and the termite soldiers deploy for action. Their military tactics are peculiar, and suggest a preference for defensive rather than offensive warfare. Each warrior, like the 'sniper' of a modern army, buries himself nearly up to his head in a pit, and opens his mandibles menacingly. His red antagonist, however, practises strategy of a carefully calculated and particularly effective description. Signalling a friend, he commences to fence with the immovable champion, the mandibles of the combatants crossing and recrossing like swords. While these exercises are engaging the attention of the imprisoned warrior, the red ant's comrade steals behind, dexterously nips the unfortunate termite in half, and carries away the head and thorax as his share, leaving the juicy abdomen, no doubt the choicest joint, for his more enterprising partner. Thus, by methods suggestive of Nelson's tactics at the battle of the Nile, the aggressors soon annihilate the regular forces of the garrison, and the eggs and helpless workers, left unprotected, are unceremoniously picked up and carried away by hundreds. Protracted and luxurious banquetings in the red ants' mansions must follow such forays; but by virtue of their architectural skill and their extraordinary fecundity, the termites nevertheless fully hold their own.

Future cultivators and planters in the Territory will have to exercise all their ingenuity to preserve their crops and trees from foes whose subterranean methods of attack render the task of repelling them extremely difficult. By continually stirring the soil above the roots of trees with the hoe, it is said, the pests may in some degree be kept in check. And the writer was informed that by boring a hole in the trunk of a growing tree and injecting a little arsenic and water, all danger of its destruction by white ants can be removed; but the remedy would seem to be somewhat drastic for the tree. It would be far better if some means could be devised for the extirpation of the pests themselves. Perhaps the scientist might oblige with a microbe; and if he could find another microscopic philanthropist of the kind with a predilection for the mosquito, future generations of healthy and prosperous dwellers in the spacious plains of tropical Australia would have cause to bless his name.

THE WEE FOLK.

A WIND from the Hills beyond the World
  Came crying between the sheaves;
It followed me over the meadowside
  To the Forest of Fallen Leaves;
It piped such a tune that I needs must dance
  In rustling fallen leaves.
    I dared not look to right nor left
      For fear what I might see;
    I heard faint footsteps on the ground,
      And knew 'they' danced with me.

The Wind from the Hills beyond the World
  Was sweeter than I can tell,
It carried the scent of the souls of flowers
  From the land where the Wee Folk dwell—
The souls of the blossoms, which died on earth,
  That bloom where Wee Folk dwell.
    I put my hands across my ears
      For fear what I might hear;
    But something plucked me by the gown,
      I knew 'they' must be near.

The Wind from the Hills beyond the World
  Grew weary, and went to rest;
The scent of the blossoms came down no more
  From the mountains dim in the west,
And the feet of the Wee Folk danced away
  To the opal lands of the west.
    I dared to look upon the ground
      Where piled the red leaves were;
    But though I saw the leaves alone,
      I knew 'they' had been there.

MAY BERKELEY.

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CITIES IN THE AIR.

By Colonel STANLEY PATERSON.

IT was hot—hot even for June in Southern Malaya, where one scarcely expects much coolness—hot with that heavy, tense, smothering heat that one only experiences in tropical forests on an airless day usually preceding a storm. It had been warm enough when we left camp an hour before daybreak, Suntul and I, to pick up the track we had lost the previous night, the track of the big bull *seladang*, that only three days before had charged and killed Baseha, the Dyak tracker, who had rashly followed the wounded beast in the gathering darkness. But now, with the sun almost directly overhead, it was stifling. Even the ever-cheerful Suntul was gloomy and despondent to-day, besides seeming disturbed and nervous because none of the other men were with us; for since Baseha's death I had put my foot down firmly, and forbidden the attendance of any more than one tracker when dangerous game had to be dealt with, as it was evident that the nerves of the Malays would stand but little further strain. None of them had been willing to follow me into this distant, unexplored jungle, and it was only Suntul's authority, belief in the white man's prowess, and the promise of (to them) exceedingly high pay that had in the end gained their allegiance. No mortal man, they declared, could pass through that jungle, because in the middle of it was a great bitter lake with many islets, on which were built large white stone houses inhabited many thousand moons ago by their forefathers, but now entirely in the hands of the *hantus* (ghosts), who by evil spells would either kill us or prevent our further progress, even if the wild beasts of the forest permitted us to get so far.

Well, we were now deep in the heart of this spirit-haunted jungle, and, strangely enough, from the time we entered it things had gone amiss with us. First of all, Nakodha had badly twisted his arm by a fall, and all the infallible *mantras* (spells) of old Raja Liang, the *awang* (wise man) of the party, had failed to cure it till a timely application of St Jacob's oil outwardly, fortified by a drop of whisky applied inwardly, had the desired effect. Then fever broke out, and sometimes for days we could not move camp because so many of the men were unfit to walk; some most necessary stores were irretrievably lost in crossing a river, food was scarce, game balked us every day, and now in the death of Baseha our misfortunes seemed to culminate.

Therefore Suntul and I were not in the best of spirits, as from sunrise we followed the big tracks in all their windings through that dense, dark forest, where the sky was seldom visible, and which even on the brightest day was pervaded by the gloom as of a moonless twilight. First through the low, wet jungle, knee-deep in mud and slime, we plunged along, slipping and stumbling over hidden snags and roots; then into slightly higher jungle still reeking with the morning mist and moving with leeches, over a hummocky bit pitted by innumerable old gold-workings, along a roadway cut and laid straight through this lonesome forest at some prehistoric date, presumably by the afore-mentioned ancestors, away over a small hillock with its dense undergrowth of spiky palms, necessitating the constant use of the *parang* to clear our way down to a little creek of very brackish water. On through the dry *damar* jungle the bull led us till 'at the time when the plough is idle,' as the Malay poetically terms the hottest hour of the forenoon, we emerged on a huge open patch of spear-grass or *lalang*, and, completely exhausted, leant against the bole of one of the outer trees, tearing open our shirts in the vain hope of getting a breath of air to fill our gasping lungs. Not a leaf stirred; not a sound was to be heard. Earlier in the day there had been noise in plenty—cries of animals and birds, the whirring and humming of insects, the shrill calling of tree-frogs and cicadas, the hundred and one noises of the jungle mingled in one vast and incessant murmur; but now, as is usual in the midday heat, all things animate slept, and there was a deep and impressive silence over all the forest. Awe-inspiring indeed is the desolate silence of the eternal snows and the great deserts of the trans-Himalayan plateaus, but for absolute soundlessness they are not comparable to a tropical virgin forest at noon on an airless day.

At last there came a tremor in the air—it could scarce be called a sound—a kind of thrill to which the nerves responded without one realising which set of nerves was affected. Very gradually it increased, pulsating softly in the still atmosphere overhead until it could be classified as sound, which, swelling in volume and ap-

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parently approaching us, soon resolved itself into the hum of many human voices. My attention was distracted by Suntul. He had fallen on his knees, and his face was greenish white as he plucked at my coat, whispering, 'Come away quickly, Tuan—come quickly; the *hantus* are talking in the *lalang*. Allah is good, but something dreadful will certainly happen to one of us from the hearing of this;' and he threw himself face downward on the ground, with hands clasped above his head in the attitude of prayer, repeating the 'Allah Akhbar' without cessation. As for me, I stood up, shook myself, and slowly lit a cigarette to make quite sure that I was awake and in full possession of my senses. For, as I stood in the *lalang* patch, fully a hundred miles from the nearest village, there passed over my head, in long waves of sound, all the turmoil of a great city—the shouting of the people, the rolling and creaking of the traffic, the clang and din of the workers, the clatter of the feet of the horses, the changeful but never-ceasing stream of sound that tells of busy life in the human hive. All this swept steadily over the *lalang* patch, first increasing in strength, then slowly decreasing till it became but an echo; then again we were in the hushed stillness of the noonday jungle.

Calling Suntul, who was still shaking and green with fear, I started off homeward, he alternately praying and bewailing his luck as we went, while I walked silently, trying hard to think out a reason for the phenomena I had just heard. Before we had been walking half-an-hour the problem seemed solved by a wild storm of thunder, lightning, and rain that broke over us; and for the rest of the march I tried hard but unavailingly to convince Suntul of the electrical origin of what we had heard, getting little response beyond, 'Perhaps, Tuan; but the *hantus* were talking in the *lalang*.'

It is to be feared that the supernatural character of that jungle received undoubted confirmation in the native mind when within a week I was being carried down to the coast in a seriously mangled and apparently dying state. Suntul walked all day and every day beside my rough bark-litter; and when the coast was reached and the inevitable parting came he wept bitterly, and throwing himself on his knees beside me, exclaimed, 'Ah, Tuan, did I not say something terrible would happen that day we heard the *hantus* talking in the *lalang*? For *hantus* they were, Tuan, whatever you may say.'

Well, who is to say which was right, the white man or the brown? I have thought over it many a time since, and can best describe my conclusions in the words of a canny old Highland gillie who invariably wound up his most startling tales by adding, 'Noo, I wad not be saying it was a ghost; but it was a fery straange thing whatever.'

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VIII.—AGAIN.

THE music ran on as Malcolm Cahusac passed slowly up the familiar staircase with the crowd. It was some time before he saw Alice Lanceley, who was sitting rather apart. De Sarsan, standing beside her, was talking with a good deal of animation, and evidently held the girl an interested listener. Cahusac had leisure to notice a good deal, for the rooms were very full, and it took some time to work round to the spot he desired to reach.

'Ah, it is M. Cahusac!' De Sarsan turned quickly; he had seen a subtle change in the girl's face, and the interruption annoyed him profoundly.—'You are late, monsieur. Mademoiselle is already fatigued with saying "Thank you," "You are very kind," to those whose good wishes she has already received.—Is it not so, Miss Lanceley?'

Alice blushed a little. 'I do not feel too tired to say one more "Thank you" to Mr Cahusac—that is, if he means to congratulate me.'

'Mademoiselle to-day attains her majority,' explained De Sarsan.

'I should remember that, for I had the pleasure of giving Miss Lanceley my good wishes and—and a doll just ten years ago.'

Alice laughed. 'And Wil's terrier ate her, don't you remember? I have her head still; nothing else was left of her.'

De Sarsan relished these 'Don't you remembers?' very little.

'I hope your gifts are not always so unlucky, monsieur?' he remarked. 'But we have not heard your good wishes for this happy day.'

'I shall wait to offer them until M. de Sarsan has gone, Alice,' laughed Cahusac. 'He has heard too many, and is prepared to be critical.'

'M. Cahusac is, I see, an undisguised Imperialist,' the Belgian said with a vicious playfulness.

'What do you mean?' said Alice, looking from one to the other.

'Imperialism is your national sin, mademoiselle, and each individual desires to usurp according to his opportunities. He ousts his neighbour when he can.'

'Only in the hope of adequately replacing him,' said Cahusac good-humouredly.

'Do they not say "Imperialism is England"?' Alice put in, using a phrase that had not much meaning in her own ears, but which

she hoped might somehow serve to allay the storm.

'Imperialism is England! Exactly.' De Sarsan lost his acquired deliberation of manner and spoke volubly. 'A handsome name for a crime.—Pardon, M. Cahusac! For so small a man, John Bull has been a wonderful thief!'

'M. de Sarsan and *L'Œil* equally disapprove of us as a nation,' Cahusac said, drawing a bow at a venture.

De Sarsan became exceedingly grave. 'You mistake, monsieur. *L'Œil* is no longer the organ of my party. It has ratted, as you call it over here.' He resumed his air of pleasantry. 'And it is acknowledged that no enemies are so embittered as those who have once been friends.'

'What was it all about?' Alice turned to Cahusac as the Belgian moved away.

'About nothing—the usual cause of disagreements, you know.'

'You are laughing. You don't like him?'

'Not especially perhaps. Probably a prejudice. I hope you do not mind very much?'

'I do, rather,' she replied. 'He is a friend of Wil's, and I am grateful to him. He has a good influence over Wil, I am sure.'

'That is the best I have ever heard of him. But now to speak of yourself. I have no doll to give you to-day, only my good wishes. What is the best thing I can wish you? Happiness? I will wish you happiness now and always.'

'I don't know that coming of age is a matter to be congratulated upon. I don't think it will make me particularly happy,' she said with a natural pathos which sat well upon her. 'After all, perhaps it does not matter. I was taught by my old governess that happiness is not the best thing in the world for one.'

'I cannot at this moment recall a better thing, or I would wish you that also.'

As he spoke Lady Madesson crossed the room in front of them with Wilford. She was plainly very bored; her brows wore a little frown, and she was looking listlessly about her, scarcely listening to Wilford's laughing talk.

Alice watched them pass, and an unwonted hardness settled round her mouth. 'Happiness and prosperity make people selfish,' she said. 'Love is better, even if it demands self-sacrifice.'

'Then I will wish you love also, but not the love which asks for self-sacrifice. That is not a satisfactory sort, in my opinion.'

'But it is the highest. You know, I have often thought'——

'What were you going to say?' He took a seat at her side, for her low replies scarcely reached him.

She gave him a half-timid glance. 'I have thought that you knew something of self-sacrifice. You are not like other young men.'

'Do you credit me with this also, as well as a secret sorrow?'

His face was looking down into hers, and she bit her lip at the expression of mocking amusement which grew out upon it.

'I wonder if you recollect our talk at Fetterings? I am very unwilling to upset your theories, but I cannot pretend to a virtue not my own. I assure you that love has never had anything to do with me; therefore self-sacrifice—in your reading of it—has no concern with me either.'

'You hurt me when you laugh at me like that.' He puzzled her with these transformations—at one moment kind, his real self; the next mocking, far off, incomprehensible. She could only retire upon her own simpleness of heart, and working outward from that point, she occasionally sent her answer home. 'Why do you sometimes try to pretend to me?'

Cahusac knew her too well to be taken by surprise. She interested him by her curious mingling of simplicity with a natural power of insight. He acknowledged that, in spite of her gifts of heart, she lacked the mental strength to use them to advantage; and yet he knew, had fate allowed, how dearly one man at least could have loved her.

'What do you want me to be?' he asked. He had meant to say something very different, but the question came involuntarily.

'I only want you to be your real self always—with me,' she answered. 'I do not ask you to—to tell me anything you don't wish to confide to me. Wil says girls are not of much use in that sort of way, because they don't understand. Very likely it is so. I hardly know how I am to make you see what I should like you to do. I dare say it will seem small and silly to you. But I know you are lonely in yourself, and I—I am lonely too. Perhaps you will laugh at me for saying this, but I thought it would help us both to understand one another. I should see when you were sorry, and you would know if I'—— She stopped with a quick intake of the breath. 'Don't laugh! What is there in your laugh that hurts me so?'

Her appeal shook him. The suggestion, girlish as it was, touched and attracted him. She was very young for her age, but youth has infinite possibilities. What a woman she might become! He could not allow himself to dwell upon the thought. That shadow out of the past might yet overtake him. He must ask no woman to share his unstable fortunes. If his step-mother had believed that vile story, would the world be less credulous?

'I am a brute if I have ever hurt you in any way, for you have always been a'—he chose out a term with difficulty—'a rest and a restorative to me. You have given me back some part of my faith in goodness. You cannot know how much you have done for me by that alone. But

I dare not take your kindness, because it would become indispensable to me. Once I had had it, I could never do without it again. In one point you have guessed the truth. I am solitary, and must always remain so. I cannot accept friendship.'

Alice sighed rather wistfully. White arms, white garments, and fair face in its soft halo of curls; too good and pure and sweet for any man, he thought, as he looked at her.

'You know best,' she said at last. 'But I am glad you told me just a little even of your real thoughts. I can be sorry for you; though why we—— But you know best.'

'I am afraid it is not best—for me at any rate; but it is needful.'

'I was right about you in one thing! Was I not right, too, in saying that you sacrifice yourself?'

'If I do,' he said more lightly, 'my vows are none of my making. They were made for me, perhaps, at my baptism.'

Wilford came up as he spoke, and, with a cool word or two to Cahusac, took his sister away.

Cahusac strolled about the rooms, speaking to one and another. He was a little absent, but no one could have guessed that the past and the present were raging furiously in his mind.

After midnight he made his way downstairs. He would not leave the house without seeing again the four walls within which he had spent that April night six years ago. Yet when he reached the closed door he stopped.

While his hand lingered on the handle he jerked a look back over his shoulder with the instinctive feeling that some eyes were fixed upon him. Detching, who was descending the staircase, nodded down to him, and then turned and went up again.

Cahusac opened the door. From behind a screen which stood immediately inside, and similar to one which had stood there in his recollection, came a murmur of voices.

'But you do not understand, Wilford.' It was Alice Lanceley's voice. 'I promised. I actually signed the paper you brought me.'

Wilford laughed discordantly. 'You are a little goose! Do you suppose a man binds himself by his signature? Lord, I hope I may be damned for no worse! It is only a form, my dear girl; it means nothing.'

'It is a promise,' Alice urged rather hopelessly. 'I must keep a promise.'

'Oh, I say, look here, De Sarsan; just listen to her!—My good child, we were taught to think so when we were young, but it is not a working principle in life.—Tell her, De Sarsan.'

'Mademoiselle is right,' De Sarsan began, and stopped.

The words had been spoken quickly as Cahusac appeared, then turned to leave the room again; but he found some one behind him, who took him gently by the arm and led him forward.

CHAPTER IX.—AN OFFER.

THE three people in the room were standing together at the farther end by the window. Lady Madesson, with a mere glance in their direction, guided Cahusac to a couch that stood against the wall almost opposite to the door. Although the others continued to talk in low tones, she was well aware that she and her companion occupied the attention of at least two of the group.

'It looks as if they were bullying your friend Miss Lanceley,' said Lady Madesson.

'I have known her since she was a small child, but I don't flatter myself that she regards me as a special friend,' replied Cahusac.

'No? Well, at least I gather you are interested in her,' was the pointed rejoinder. 'And because she interests *you*, I should like to be kind to her; but she does not in the least take to the American element.'

'But you like her?'

Lorrie bit her lip furtively, for his tone implied not doubt but certainty. 'You rather expect me to say "Yes" with enthusiasm,' she replied; 'but that is beyond me. Though I can see there is much in her to like—that most men would like'——

'You don't like her, then,' said Cahusac with equal certainty, but evident indifference.

'I don't love her,' returned Lady Madesson, with an inflection on the verb that made Cahusac smile, it implied so much; 'but I would help her, and—and could help her, if only somebody would take the trouble to damp out the starch. As she stands, she has the makings in her of a first-class social martyr. And I have no patience whatever with martyrs.'

Wilford Lanceley crossed the room as she spoke, and threw himself into a chair which he brought close to the couch till his knee touched Lady Madesson's skirt. She drew away with a deliberate and cold annoyance.

'Do you imagine yourself in a crowd?' she asked. 'Because, I assure you, there is plenty of room for you elsewhere—outside the door, for example.'

'Oh, come, Lorrie, that 's a trifle heavy! We 're all friends here. Cahusac knows.' Wilford laughed with his charming, boyish impudence.

'What do you know, Mr Cahusac?' Lady Madesson turned upon him.

'That if I were he I should offer you an apology,' Cahusac said with point.

'Thank you.'

'My dear girl, if that 's all, I apologise. Let 's be proper, by all means; but one never knows where to have you. You are pleased one day with precisely the thing that vexes you on the

next! Come, confess you are cross to-night! And what's the use of it? He knows'—raising an eyebrow towards Cahusac—'and I know, and —you know.'

'What?' The deep, full note of the question almost stopped him.

'You have a beautiful voice, Lorrie,' he said. 'I love it—and you!—and all the world knows! So that we are only enacting a pretty little comedy, we three, for whose benefit I can't for the life of me conceive; it is a bit of make-believe. But'—the real ardour of his infatuation for her breaking through—'Lorrie, I can't stand it! I can't stand even a pretence that puts you farther from me. Even a make-believe of this sort kills me!'

Her clear eyes were on him. 'I almost wish it would kill you at this moment!' she said with a slight lift of the eyelids which seemed to let out a flood of blue, scornful animosity upon him. 'Cowards like you exist to ruin lives and reputations. I am not afraid to speak and to call things by their blunter names. It is a comedy and a make-believe on your part. I perfectly understand your motive, and I am not at all afraid of you. You are as crudely familiar as a rude boy, only you have not the excuse of boyhood, because you wish to give Mr Cahusac the impression that I permit you to be on these terms with me at other times.'

Wilford smiled meaningly. He believed he had a strong card left. 'Now, why in the name of all that's reasonable should I wish to give Cahusac—Cahusac in particular—such an impression?' he asked.

Lady Madesson did not flinch from the answer, as he had expected. She meant to win Cahusac eventually, if she found she really wanted him, of which she was not yet quite sure; but in the meantime she could not submit to be browbeaten by Wilford's insinuations. 'Because you are jealous of him,' she replied quietly. 'And because you fancy this insinuation of yours is precisely the thing to disgust a man of his character. Now at last you know, and I know, and he knows—as you said a few minutes ago.'

Wilford's temper got the better of him. 'Yes, Cahusac's knowledge of the case is almost as good as our own. Don't flatter yourself that he knows no more than you have wished him to see! He knows that I am regarded as your accepted suitor. You have had no end of flirtations; but in spite of all your capriciousness, Lorrie, you're mine. London has too many eyes and ears; clever as you are, you have not blinded her! Ask Cahusac himself,' pointing at Malcolm. 'Why, you can see how much the man knows by the very face of him! Ha, ha, ha! It's a good joke, upon my word! Ask him, Lorrie, and see what answer you will get if you put him on his honour. Good-night, beloved! You want to get rid of me for the moment, but *on revient toujours*'—— With that he rose, bowed, and walked out of the room.

Lorrie paused for a second's scrutiny of De Sarsan and Alice, but they appeared to have some engrossing subject of conversation. Then she turned back to Cahusac. She was looking extraordinarily beautiful in her anger; the grand moulding of throat and chin lent power to her expression. There was nothing petty or narrow about this woman, with her strong nature; she might sin perhaps, but she would sin superbly, like those black-haired Roman matrons whose beauty she shared.

'We have come to know each other pretty well,' she began, 'since we met at Fetterings. I don't in the least mind telling you that you have interested me, as many a clever and original man has interested me before. I scarcely know yet whether you are worth any stronger feeling; but you are resolute, and you can be sincere. Besides, it happens that chance has put us on the same side. You don't know what I mean? Well, this. You are fighting a battle; perhaps you don't comprehend how remorseless your enemies are. To-night Wilford Lanceley has shown me that I am in much the same case myself. You must have heard, of course, that he wants me to marry him—the news has been common property for some while past; but he has never until now tried to force me to do so. There is some new influence at work.'

'He is a young ass; but I've known him a long time, and I do not think he could have behaved like this unless he had been—well, not quite responsible.' Cahusac felt the awkwardness of the position far more than the lady.

'He may be rather tipsy; he usually is nowadays,' said Lady Madesson; 'but that does not account for it. No; he is acting on the advice of some one else. The man who is behind him, who is prompting him, is not my enemy, but is merely working towards an aim of his own. Women see so much, especially women like myself who are alone, who are at leisure to observe, who have no belongings to plot for, no personal advantage of any kind to work toward or gain. The man I speak of is not my enemy, but he is yours.'

'I suppose I am hated much as other men are,' Cahusac said unconcernedly—with any other woman the conversation would have seemed to be growing slightly emotional and absurd, yet somehow it was not so with this one—'but I don't know that I have any such special enemy,' he ended.

'Oh, why fence with me?' She frowned impatiently at him from under her level brows. 'I am in deadly earnest, and so is—De Sarsan.'

A flash came into the young man's eyes, but his voice was half-amused still. 'De Sarsan! What about him?'

His smile stung her. She had meant to approach his confidence gently; but she believed

in his danger, and was perhaps also not averse from proving the value of her opinions and her warning. 'I have a notion that he may know almost as much about the tragedy of this house as you do!'

The colour was struck from Cahusac's face as if by a blow. His lips kept themselves close in a spasm of recollection. He did not speak.

'Poor boy! you are very human after all,' she said pityingly; there was much of motherhood in her. 'Listen. You have your reputation to save, and I have mine. We can fight better together than apart.'

'My reputation to save? I did not know'——

'Then you are blind, and your friends too! Have you not seen the articles in the *Gas-Lamp*? It is a scandalous little paper, but every one reads it. It has lately had some articles "About Foreign Office Officials Past and Present." They are still dealing with the past, yet to-night there are strange hints which seem to me to concern you. See, I have brought the cutting for you.'

He took it mechanically from her hand. This resurrection of the past—ghosts rising on all sides of him—staggered his senses; he half-lost control of his judgment. The question he longed to ask was, where had she acquired her unaccountable knowledge? And yet to ask would be to admit.

'You want to know where I learned all this, how I found it out? You believed it to be so carefully dead and buried,' she went on softly, as if meeting his thought. 'That is easily answered. I told you that you interested me. It was this very story about your father that gave you interest in my eyes when I first met you. Since then I have tried to hear all I could about it from one source or another. But it was he, De Sarsan, who put me on the right track. Only a close friend—or an enemy—could know so much. I arranged the facts I gathered from various people, I inferred this and that from things I saw and heard, and joined it all to my knowledge of you. It was quite simple. And then I recognised the wisdom of the course you have pursued in quietly carrying out your original plan of life, and giving no cause for comment or gossip. People had forgotten your family tragedies; but some one is making it his business to rake them up now, and it is time you were on your guard.'

'I am very grateful,' Cahusac said, 'for your kindness.' He added no more, though she waited for it.

'Very well,' she returned; 'think over it, and remember that if I can help you, it is more than probable that you can help me. Come in on Friday evening, if you care to talk further about it.'

De Sarsan and Alice were moving, and she rose also.

At the same moment the handle of the door turned, and Detching stood in the opening. The Belgian and his companion paused to exchange a few words with the other couple. There was a brightness in De Sarsan's eyes; events which pointed toward success had excited him beyond his wont. He felt strong enough to try a fall with fortune.

'You will remember this house, monsieur?' he said, addressing Cahusac.

Cahusac smiled, a frozen smile of distant politeness. 'Naturally I recollect it very well indeed. And you, M. de Sarsan, do you happen to recollect it also?'

De Sarsan's face continued still amiably imperturbable; but Detching saw the fingers of the hand which he held behind his back twitch suddenly. 'I enjoyed the pleasure of Lady Cahusac's acquaintance for some years. Her loss occasioned a gap in her own circle which has never been filled,' he replied with an audacious relish for the under-meaning of this speech.

Then he turned with Alice Lanceley on his arm. Detching, who was still in the doorway, drew aside with an apology.

De Sarsan stared at him as he passed, and on the stairs asked his companion if she knew who he was.

'I think he is a friend of Mr Cahusac's,' she answered.

'I've seen him somewhere before,' De Sarsan said half to himself.

'Very likely. He and Mr Cahusac are about together a good deal.'

'Ah! ah! that explains it of course.' But not satisfactorily to the Belgian's mind. He, who never forgot a face, could not succeed in placing this one in its specific niche of memory.

(To be continued.)

FLORENCE YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

By May Baldwin.

THEY jostle each other as they stand side by side, visible to the eyes of even the most unobservant and Philistine tourist—the Florence of yesterday and to-day—the former with its Palazzo Vecchio standing in the Place of the Signoria, where all the happenings of the city took place, where we stand maybe on the stone marking the spot of Savonarola's martyrdom, and, looking down, see (carved in bas-relief which relates his tragic end) the grim, ascetic face of the great Dominican preacher and reformer as they saw it of old—the

Florentines of yesterday—when he was thundering out his denunciations of their vices and wickednesses, plain speaking which cost him his life. For a moment we live in Florence of yesterday, and see the great Duomo filled with an eager, intelligent crowd hanging upon the words of the famous monk as he preached to them; for it does not need much imagination, as we stand in that Place of the Signoria, which more than any other part of Florence has kept its ancient appearance, to see the Florence of yesterday, nor much more acquaintance with the history of Florence than is to be found by the average tourist in his Baedeker, to people the Place of the Signoria or Lords with the turbulent crowds of old. The Guelphs and the Ghibellines were clamouring always for freedom, more indeed than any other city of Italy, and falling more often than their fellows under the yoke of some so-called leader to freedom, mostly a dweller in one of the many palaces of massive, rough-hewn stone, with their iron-barred windows, which stand there grim and forbidding, as if defying time and modernism to oust them from their place of honour, and frowning down disdainfully on the painfully new buildings which are springing up everywhere in Florence to-day, and crowding out the picturesque and historic buildings of yesterday. There, too, we can see the Florence of yesterday in its 'bel Giovanni,' the beautiful Baptistery where the Florentine babies—from Dante and before him, down to the poorest Florentine of to-day—are all made Christians in the massive stone font; its Duomo of gleaming marble of to-day, and its bell-like dome of yesterday; its nobles' mansions—palaces, they call them—the Pitti Palace (where we go to see the originals of our favourite pictures), built by a proud Florentine noble who boasted of building the finest and largest palazzo in the city, and who exemplified the proverb that 'pride comes before a fall,' for he did not live to complete his palace, which has now passed to the reigning family in Italy, and is used by them when they come to visit the Flower of Italy.

There, too, stands the old palace of his rival, Strozzi, who, hearing this vain boast of the noble Pitti, retorted that his palace should have not size but quality to recommend it, and forthwith gave a commission to a fine worker in metal to make him four splendid lanterns, one for each corner, where they stood, the admiration of the artistic world, until their beauty tempted a thief to steal one; but how any one was able to accomplish the feat the Florentines have not yet been able to explain. We honest Britons of to-day stand, Baedeker in hand, and gaze with admiration, real or affected, at the graceful wrought-iron lanterns, and read how the artist, not having the wherewithal to live upon while he fashioned them, begged an onion from a passing vendor, and by the compassionate giver's advice sat outside the palace eating his scanty fare, and so shamed his patron into giving him the money he needed. This, they assure us, is the origin of the spikes on the lantern which are supposed to resemble an onion. At any rate, we buy tiny models of these iron lanterns in silver if we cannot afford to get the more exact and cumbersome copies in iron, either because we do really admire them or because other people do; and we try to imagine the town lighted by torches and lanterns, a difficult matter with the electric light throwing its brilliant beams round us.

But it is Florence of yesterday that we all come to see, so we stare hard at the house where Dante lived—that is to say, at the house standing on its site; and, thanks to pictures and post-cards which have made us familiar with the features and chief incidents in the life of the great poet, we see in imagination the melancholy, dreamy face of the proud and lonely man; see him striding through his beloved Florence which was to treat him so badly, or standing on one spot for hours absent-mindedly reading some rare manuscript; or, if we are young and romantic, we picture him meeting Beatrice on the bridge of Santa Trinita. Then, with eyes that are disapproving, in spite of Lord Acton, we read the tablet that tells us that Niccolo Machiavelli, the cynical adviser of princes, lived in a small house in one of the most narrow streets of Florence. But even if we are not acquainted with this much of its history and its great men of the past, we all know its artists, and crowd to its galleries where the masterpieces of the Old Masters are to be found.

From the Florence of to-day we turn with distaste, condemning her tramway-cars, which are almost as wide as some of the streets through which they pass; feeling the incongruity, while we patronise them, of the numerous tea-rooms instituted for our benefit, aware that we should have done better to fall into Italian ways, and eat twice a day instead of introducing the habit of drinking hot tea and eating rich cakes under a blazing four o'clock sun.

It is disappearing fast, the Florence of yesterday, in spite of desperate efforts to retain it by those who really love it and those who know its commercial value; and happy are those who see it now before it has vanished quite, and left only Florence of to-day. They jostle each other, too, the Florentines of yesterday and to-day; but the eyes of the tourist cannot distinguish between them; no, nor the average villa-dweller or member of the immense British and American colony, although they may and do intermarry with them both, the Florentines of yesterday and to-day, and strive to become Florentines too. But this they never do, but remain foreign, and make their spouses quasi-British, American, or whatever nationality they may happen to be themselves, producing in their children the Florentines of to-morrow. To them (as to all

foreigners), in their secret hearts, even if they intermarry, the Florentine of to-day—and so they designate all living Florentines — is a degenerate in that he does not produce the sculpture or painting of old.

As for the majority of Britons who travel in Italy, if they know any Florentines beyond the shopkeeper who charges them exorbitant prices for the souvenirs or curios they buy, or the hotel-waiter whom contact with wealthy foreigners has demoralised, they find them pleasant, well-mannered acquaintances, whom, however, they persist in believing incapable of sincerity either in speech or friendship. Not that they have proved them to be so more than their own countrymen; but it is a tradition that the Italians are a hot-tempered, insincere race, loving the sun, in which they bask rather than work; and this in spite of the smiling vineyards and well-tended olive-groves and rice-fields through which they pass; in spite, too, of the fact that we have our wireless telegraphy of to-day from the lazy Italian, as we had our telescope and many a scientific discovery from him yesterday.

But if the foreigner does not know the Florentine of to-day, even if he is friendly with him and exchanges dinners and visits with him, still less does he know the Florentine of yesterday, with whom, as a rule, he does not hold social intercourse, and whose existence, if he reads this article, he will probably deny, thereby giving another proof of his non-acquaintance with him. For he does exist, the Florentine of yesterday, looking down just as disdainfully upon the Florentine of to-day as do the old palaces upon their newly built neighbours; fearful also that they, like their palaces—they all inhabit palaces in Florence—will be thrust out of sight by their fellows of to-day. Fearful with good reason, for the Florentine of yesterday, a hundred years behind the times, and hating the change he sees taking place around him, is not likely to win in the race of life. They do not know the foreign colony, these Florentines, neither the Germans nor Austrians, with whom they have no natural affinity, nor the British or Americans, on whom they look askance as the importers of manners which they do not like, and luxuries of which they do not approve nor see the necessity of. Therefore they will not employ a domestic who has been taught extravagant ways and perhaps liberal views by the luxurious British, who have an elaborate breakfast the first thing in the morning, and consequently spend large sums on fuel for cooking, as well as for heating their rooms, a thing unheard of among these Florentines. So they stand apart, clinging to their old habits and customs, eating their slice of bread and drinking their small cup of black coffee in the morning, sometimes not even sitting down to do so; and they sit in their cold, comfortless rooms with a chauffe-rette under their feet, unconscious either of cold or discomfort, living a simple life on two light meals a day—if we except the morning bread and coffee—and declaring that much eating prevents much thinking, and that the cold lasts for so few days that it is not worth while to trouble themselves by lighting a fire either in Florence or in their palazzos in the country or among the mountains unless their castles or villas stand very high. Everywhere the life they lead is just the same as that which was led by their grandfathers a hundred years ago, in town as in the country, where they use the same primitive ploughs and instruments of husbandry, and practise the same primitive method of making olive-oil in a press turned by huge white bullocks, and the same simple method of making wine. They will have naught to do with such modern customs as Christmas-trees and Christmas gifts, but keep Christmas Day as a religious feast, and give their gifts and make merry at the Befana or Epiphany, the 6th of January, which was the day the Babe of Christmas had His gifts. On that day they still give cinders and potatoes to the naughty children, and presents only to the good ones.

But they know that they are of yesterday, and that their children must be of to-day or fall behind in the race of life; and one by one, reluctantly and with strong resentment at the necessity, they send them to schools they hate, to learn manners and views they hate and shake their heads over; and thus one by one the Florentines of yesterday, like their palaces, are disappearing with the march of time, their place being taken by the Florentine of to-day, who plasters his city with quotations from his famous poet, of whose work he may be proud, but not a word of which he believes. The Florentines of yesterday and to-day teach their children Dante, and now, as of old, lectures are given yearly in the hall set apart for the purpose; but to the children of the Florentine of yesterday Dante's *Divina Commedia* (it does not bear translating) is an inspired description of a future state in which they firmly believe, but about which his schoolfellow of to-day does not as a rule trouble himself.

And the Florentine of to-morrow? According to himself he will be the citizen of a Florence which will be great as of old; having had two mighty epochs of greatness, he assures you that everything points to his country having a third. He is proud to call himself an Italian rather than a Florentine, so he pulls down the solid old palaces and picturesque buildings of yesterday to erect in their place others which are neither beautiful nor so durable, however hygienic and up to date they may be; while he dreams of a great United Italy, whose greatness, he acknowledges if hard pressed, will be founded upon reason and that liberty for which the Florentine of all times has ever clamoured loudly and fought furiously, the which liberty, like the Blue Bird of Maeterlinck, ever and for ever escapes him.

MOANING BAY.

CHAPTER III.

LOUDOUN turned suddenly on his heel. The poor sailor's brain was affected, he thought, by his fight with the murderous sea. He pictured him wandering in the dark on the long, cruel beach, or perhaps lying in some corner dying alone, like a beast of the field. His heart filled with remorse at having left him for a moment, but there was only one course practicable now. His matches were exhausted; so were his cartridges. He might shout and search alone for the castaway for hours without finding him. He made up his mind to go to the lighthouse for lights and assistance, and went off at a steady trot. He was in good training; but the night was pitch-dark, and the soft sand-drifts were leaden fetters on his progress. However, he went on gamely for hours, it seemed to him, the eye of the lighthouse his guide, until at last he neared the goal, the great broadening glare from the column a welcome sight after his weary tramp in the dark. As he was climbing a sand-dune, his foot caught in the tough, entangling 'bents.' He fell headlong, plunging down the slope, his head striking a stone. He rolled to the foot and lay senseless.

An alarm had been raised at the shooting-lodge when 'Donald' came home blown and riderless, along with 'Duke' the spaniel. A search-party was organised, and an intelligent member of it, a collie belonging to Finlay Ross (one of the lighthouse-keepers), found Loudoun late that night. The good dog's barks brought his master hurrying to the spot with a storm-lantern. Finlay's knowledge of first-aid was limited to the prompt administering of whisky, but Loudoun was not seriously hurt. Providentially (for the exposure might have ended a weaker man) he was warmly clad, and had fallen into a hollow, well out of the wind. He had received a nasty scalp-wound, and was stunned; but there was no concussion. The stalwart Finlay lifted him, and carried him to the lighthouse, which fortunately was close at hand. He rallied somewhat, but talked with little coherence, and the lighthouse-keeper forbore to question him. They just managed to get inside the lighthouse, when Loudoun fainted. The good Finlay did probably the best thing in the circumstances. He carried him to bed, covered him with warm blankets, gave him more Talisker, and sent his fellow-keeper off for the doctor, who arrived in the small hours, drenched with spray, muffled up to the ears, a gray-haired, ruddy, kindly gentleman. He had been out with some of the search-party at the cliffs five miles away.

The old doctor's life had been spent in fighting the Enemy among the scattered poor of the island. Not of this earth his reward, nor that of many another obscure devotee to duty in these lonely outposts.

'He 's been restless, and haverin' a bit, talkin' to himself aboot a wreck or something,' said Finlay.

'Imphm!' said the doctor, as he looked at Loudoun's knock on the head and felt his pulse. 'About normal! He 'll be all right wi' two or three stitches,' was his verdict. He thawed himself leisurely at the fire and mixed and drank a tumbler of toddy. Then he woke Loudoun, stitched the wound, and gave him a hypodermic.

'I 'll bide here until morning, Finlay,' he said when Loudoun was asleep. 'I 've had a long day, and I think I 'll lie down;' which he did. 'You or your mate, give a look to him and call me if ye want me.'

It was early morning when Loudoun woke, to find the doctor beside him. The events of the night before gradually pieced themselves together.

'You 'll be all right in a day, Mr Loudoun,' the doctor was saying. 'Your "sheltie" and the dog came home dead-beat. They must have been going a cracker, I can tell ye. Of course we sent out search-parties at once, but we had no idea where they left ye. 'Twas lucky Finlay and his dog found ye, for pneumonia 's a kittle chiel'. I 'll drive you home in the afternoon. Your adventures can keep for half a day, for'——

'No, no, doctor! that 's just what they can't,' interrupted Loudoun. 'The poor beggar from the wreck—— We must go back. He may be lying there yet!'

'Wreck! What wreck?' asked the doctor in surprise.

Loudoun told the two men hurriedly the outline of the story of his finding the dripping castaway, and finished up with, 'He must be found, dead or alive! I 'm fit to go back now, and I 'm going.'

The doctor shook his head. But Loudoun was determined, meeting the doctor's mild expostulations with an uncompromising obstinacy. There was nothing for it but to make the best of his 'maun to Cupar' rigidity of purpose.

'I 'm going!' he repeated.

The doctor surrendered. 'And I,' said he.

'An' me,' said Finlay.

'It 's dark yet; but in a quarter of an hour or so we can start, and reach the place by daylight. Did the man remember the vessel's name?' asked the doctor.

Loudoun thought for a moment. 'He did, and told it to me; but I declare I have forgotten it for the moment,' he said. 'It will come back

to me, no doubt; but it's of little consequence, for we'll hear it soon enough.'

Finlay brought some steaming coffee, and, after a light and hurried breakfast, in a quarter of an hour they were tramping along, carrying storm-lanterns, and going as quickly as the half-light would permit, for early morning is dark enough in November in these latitudes. Half-an-hour passed. Finlay halted, and swept the beach with his glass.

'Nothing; but it's hardly licht yet,' he said. On they went again.

'It's sad work reconstructing it from memory,' said the old doctor as they walked along; 'but the weather calls to my mind the last wreck. 'Twas last year, on a Sunday afternoon in winter—just such another day as yesterday; but with a fog earlier in the day, the wind freshening, and the glass falling like a bullet. Finlay here and some others had seen a vessel driven far too near the reef outside "Camus o' Chaoidh." We were at the kirk, I remember. Ye could hardly hear John Sime the precentor's voice for the wind and rain blaudin' the windows. We got word of the vessel's danger at the skailin', and came—minister and all—straight to the beach. I saw her, a brig, lying to, under maintops'l. She would have been all right in middling weather, but she had gone a bit out of her course in the fog, and on the back of it a bad nor'-wester sprang up. In a clap it was blowing great guns. I could just get a sight of her now and then. Once we thought she would weather it. Man, she made a gallant fight!'

'Yess, she did that!' chimed in Finlay; 'she did that!'

'Yard by yard she was gaining. Then came a score of great combers out of the Atlantic, walls of crested seas, to send her staggering back, staggering nearer—nearer—nearer the yeast o' the breakers on her lee. Again she made a point or two, and I drew a long breath of relief; but the next glint I got of her froze me. Lord! her foremast had snapped and hung dangling, and she was coming broadside on like a racer half a cable's length from the reef. We just stood dumb and useless. The minister put up a bit prayer; but it stuck in his throat, poor man! I saw her strike. Ay, once—twice—then a great tearing sound; and then—then—I knew it was coming—a long, dreadful shriek. There she hung on the reef as if on barbed wire. I took the binocular—I wish now that I hadn't—and counted ten souls hanging tied to the rigging, among them—peety us!—a woman and a bairn. Next moment a tremendous sea smothered her, and another, and another. I saw her bowsprit rise in a quivering good-bye, as she was lifted high and heaved over into the jaws of the rocks. Then the night fell black with a storm of blinding rain. That was the end. There were no more cries.

'Only one man came ashore alive. We found him on the beach half-an-hour after. He could speak; but, despite all I could do, he joined the others in ten minutes. Ay, it's a cruel coast.'

The doctor brushed the spray out of his eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

DAY broke on a cold sea, the wind blustering, and a long, ugly swell running. It was a cheerless dawn, a dawn to shiver in.

The three men had rounded the bend of the sandhills, and Loudoun led the way to the rock where he had watched on the night before. There he found his gun.

'The spot, sure enough!' he said. 'I found the man on the beach nearly in a straight line from where we stand. Let us hope that we are in time.'

'A coincidence! Tidal currents, likely,' said the doctor, half to himself. Finlay, behind the others, crossed himself. They went down to the beach.

Finlay was examining the soft sand. 'These will be yours, sir,' he said, pointing to some footmarks.

Loudoun compared them with his fresh foot-print. Undoubtedly they were his tracks of the night before.

'And just here is where I found the man,' he said, pointing to the line of seaweed.

'But'—— began the doctor. The three men looked at each other, the same thought seizing them. 'But there are no other footprints! Where are the man's? He was able to walk, you say, and did walk. He was barefooted. We must find his tracks as well.'

But there were none, nor the faintest traces of any human footprints other than his own, and the sand was as impressionable as wax. They could even see the prints of the sea-birds.

'Are you sure of the spot, sir?' asked Finlay.

Loudoun did not reply. He was standing staring at the lightening east, trying to remember something.

'Yes, yes. This is the very place. And—I have it! The man I found here last night told me that the wreck he had been washed ashore from was *The Western Belle.*'

'*The Western Belle!*' came simultaneously from the two men. The lighthouse-keeper's voice shook. The doctor looked at Loudoun's inquiring face narrowly, professionally.

'Impossible!' he said, 'unless there are, or were, two vessels so called, for that was the name of the wreck I've just been telling you about. Lamont, the man whom we found last year, and whom Finlay and I saw die near this very spot, was sent home—poor soul!—to a kirkyard in the Long Island.'

There was a long pause.

'*The Western Belle*, you said, went wrong in the fog. I gathered from the—the man last night that he took the wrong entrance and lost his ship.' The words dropped one by one from Loudoun. He was white to the lips.

The doctor looked at him, his first thoughts upbraiding himself for allowing him to come out, for his patient looked ill, and his words suggested that he was hardly himself.

'Lamont was a pilot,' the doctor said to Loudoun. 'In a mist he mistook—out there—for the Antlers Channel farther south, until he saw Erness Light. Then it was too late. He paid for it with his life—and his wife and his child were on board.'

Loudoun's face was very grave. 'I'll finish it, doctor. Their names were Ailie and Donald,' said he slowly.

'Come, Mr Loudoun,' said the doctor coldly, 'this is unworthy of you. If it is an attempt at a jest or a hoax'—— Then he stopped suddenly at the sight of Loudoun's ashen face.

'Doctor, you will tell me if I am wrong,' Loudoun went on. His voice was hoarse and unsteady. 'Lamont was a very tall man, black-bearded, barefooted, a long scar on his left cheek. He wore a jersey, half-torn off him in his fight with the sea, leaving his left arm naked. The arm was broken, and tattooed on it were an anchor and the letters D. L.'

The doctor stood silent, but the colour had deserted his ruddy face. Loudoun laid a hand on the doctor's shoulder, and the old man saw that his hair was wet, and beads of sweat broke on his forehead.

'I am right?' said Loudoun, looking straight into the other's eyes. 'Tell me, doctor!'

'My God! you are,' was the answer.

'The brig was lost a twelvemonth gone yestreen,' whispered Finlay.

A surge in his blood icy and benumbing swept over Loudoun. He looked swiftly around the beach, peopled as with presences, by the gesticulating shadows of the dawn.

His eyes fell on the rock. The vision of the terror and flight of his dog and pony came to him like a shock, and in that instant, in a strange flash of memory, some lines idly learned in far-off school-days took sudden life, and rang over and over again in his brain:

> For beast and bird have seen and heard
> That which man knoweth not.

'Who was he!—It—last night—I saw—watching—listening for voices from out there.' He pointed to the sea's dark ridges with a shaking hand.

Riding on the rising wind came a long wail from Moaning Bay.

'*Crioeda leinn!*' said the lighthouse-keeper. '*Crioeda leinn!* Let us go home!'

THE END.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

THE MISTRESS—A PLEA FOR THE MAID.

THE onerous duties of a mistress who manages her own household from first to last are by no means easily performed; her position is one of very great importance, and cannot be too highly estimated. By her conduct the whole internal policy of the home is regulated; by her counsels and commands the family and maids are guided; her words and actions will be helping to form their characters, and will elevate or lower them according to the nature of her own character. She will be exercising an influence either for good or evil, and a whole train of causes may be set in operation. By striving to obtain and cultivate clear and true ideas of right, by emphasising these ideas in her conduct, and shedding abroad their radiance through her influence, she will be able to strike the most effective blows at every form of wrong-doing, and to encourage and develop that which is noble and good.

The servant question has to all appearance reached a very serious crisis, and great difficulty is frequently experienced by mistresses in obtaining suitable maids. Their manners, capabilities, and general training seem to be at fault. They are constantly changing, and live in a state of perpetual unrest and dissatisfaction. The fact is, a girl leaves school, and is sent to service knowing little or nothing about the work she is expected to do.* Unless that girl is fortunate enough to secure a situation in a good home where her moral and spiritual welfare will be cared for, and where, under the wise guidance and judicious training of her mistress, she is instructed in the art of housework in all its branches, she is in danger of drifting from one place to another, until at last she is proved to be so incapable as a servant that no one will keep her for any length of time, and her chances of securing a good home are gone. She does not realise how unsatisfactory her services are, and her mistress does not take the trouble to teach

* It is to be hoped that this will soon be a thing of the past. At the instigation of the Board of Education, greatly increased attention is being paid to the teaching of home management in our elementary schools, and the valuable pioneer work done by Miss Hitching, of the Derbyshire Education Committee, is already bearing fruit. Miss Hitching's *Home Management* (2s. 6d.), in which she expounds her ideas and gives the results of her experience, is now in very general use throughout the schools of the country. See advertisement sheet, page 6.

her, preferring rather to take her chance of finding another more suitable.

The training of servants is a tremendous responsibility, and one which requires great tact and patience. Constant watchfulness and repose of mind on the part of the mistress, and the cultivation of an amiable, kind disposition, will enable her to foresee many difficulties and ward off many dangers, and make her strong to exercise the important principles of good government which go towards the making of a bright and happy home.

The fundamental principle of good government is invariably to enforce obedience. When a right command is given, obedience must follow. Any appearance of insubordination must at once be checked, and should not be classed amongst trifling faults. The exercise of discipline may be painful, but it is of the profoundest importance; and if a mistress shrinks from that duty she will expose herself to the sad train of consequences that disobedient servants leave behind them.

There are times when it will be very necessary to censure and show disapprobation of disagreeable conduct, and to point out faults and failings; but it must be remembered that this should always be done in love. A wise mistress will take into account all the circumstances of the case, and, whilst knowing it to be her duty to administer a reprimand, she will also seize the opportunity to instil the lesson of obedience into the mind of the girl.

To make it a habit of casting the eyes around in order to find some little thing out of place, or to be continually seeking grounds for censure on every possible occasion, is not conducive to happiness. If a servant finds that she is frequently found fault with when striving to do well, she will become soured, her disposition will become hardened, and eventually she will relinquish all efforts to please, and become utterly heedless of reproof, simply because she will anticipate blame as a matter of course. The personal satisfaction she might have experienced in doing things correctly is quenched because of the certainty of getting no commendation; thus the judicious exercise of approbation is of very great importance.

While in all cases real evil must be strongly resisted, there are doubtless many cases of trifling faults it may be expedient to overlook. Girls will sometimes be thoughtless and inadvertent without any real intention of doing wrong, and wise judgment will be required in deciding what may be overlooked. Sometimes a maid makes a most determined effort to please her mistress and merit a smile or kind word, and often the most bitter tears are shed because her feelings and efforts are not sufficiently sympathised with. This lack of interest and sympathy often leads to carelessness and disobedience, when an expression of gratification would have helped to promote obedience and cultivate respect and affection. In order to be consistent and decided in government it is not always necessary to be unduly severe; indeed, it is distinctly improper for a mistress to be harsh, unsympathetic, and forbidding. She will gain more by wise guidance and kindly counsel, by trying to soothe rather than ruffle the feelings of her domestics, and will avoid giving orders in such a way as she has learned by experience will be calculated to excite unpleasant moods. To encourage the girl is to inspire her with hope, to stimulate her powers, and enable her to make fresh efforts. It will also pave the way to pointing out error and faults, and correcting them. By the exercise of control and a little judicious management the desired object may be attained, and the minds of all kept in perfect peace.

The advantage of order and punctuality is of the greatest possible value. The motto of every home should be, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place; a time for everything, and everything up to time.' Meals should be at fixed hours, and this rule should be adhered to and strictly observed by every member of the family as far as possible. Nothing so quickly throws the internal arrangements of a home out of gear as meals the hours of which cannot be depended upon. Picture the scene in consequence. The master, in a state of irritability, rushing off to business at the last minute; children late for school, with breakfast or dinner half-eaten, tempers ruffled, digestion upset; mistress and maid at variance, the atmosphere electric, strength spent in the struggle, and the serenity of the home disturbed almost beyond recovery. Circumstances like these are alarming, and overwhelm the whole household with a sense of unrest and dissatisfaction, all of which may so easily be avoided by orderly methods and the strict observance of punctuality. When a mistress is entering into an engagement with a new maid, it is necessary to make her clearly understand that negligence in this respect will not be tolerated; and by so doing the mistress will not only be doing her duty, but the maid will see the good sense of this arrangement, and the mistress will receive the genuine reward of respect and affection.

In carrying out a system of order in the daily routine of the home, one of the most essential things is early rising. When a good start is made in the morning, it will be found that the various duties of the day will be much more easily accomplished, and will considerably help to make the domestic wheels run smoothly. To be even five or ten minutes behind time is sufficient to throw the working machinery of the home out of order, and to cause dissatisfaction and unrest for the remainder of the day; but early rising is impossible if maids are not allowed to retire until midnight. There should be a fixed time for kitchen lights to be out, and on even-

ings when maids are not required they should be given the privilege of going especially early to bed. A little thoughtfulness on the part of the mistress in this respect will be greatly appreciated.

To fail to make a proper distinction between faults and accidents is to be unjust. If a thing is broken carelessly, that most certainly is a fault, and should not be overlooked; but if it occurred purely through accident, and expression of regret has been made, it is unfair to be continually harping on the fact that such and such a thing was done. A mistress needs very great control over her feelings, or she will be continually provoked even to acts of injustice by what are really the misfortunes of her innocent maids.

Economy also should be evident in every mistress. It is a very important home virtue, and should always be practised, even though the income be a large one, which fact will relegate the question of ways and means into the background. To allow extravagance or waste is sinful. To be competent to manage a little or a lot is a real merit in housekeeping, and to keep well within the bounds of the housekeeping allowance is to be commended. While economy and frugality are important virtues in the home, they must never be allowed to degenerate into parsimony or meanness.

In conversation with friends over an afternoon cup of tea in the drawing-room a mistress may be tempted to talk about her disappointments and petty annoyances, and led to discuss her servants' faults and failings. This method of relieving one's feelings is to be deprecated. It will be found harmful to mistress, maid, and friend, and will not call forth real sympathy or produce helpful results. It is well when a mistress can regulate and control her own household without calling in the assistance of friend or neighbour, and when she can show, by a judicious exercise of the power her position gives her, that she is capable of managing her own affairs.

Opportunity should be given maids to attend regularly the services of their Church, and the work of the home should be lightened in every way possible in order that this may be accomplished and enjoyed.

THE SERVANT—A PLEA FOR THE MISTRESS.

The pressure of life to-day makes it more than ever necessary that the home be properly managed, its affairs well regulated, and the equipment of its servants of the very highest order. Domestic service at the present time is unpopular, yet it is a most honourable calling, and in no sphere can the activities of young women be better employed than in such service, and in no sphere is there more clamant need for them than at the present time. To be an adept in the art of housekeeping, to understand hygiene and be able to cook and serve food in a palatable, dainty fashion, to be capable of washing and ironing in a satisfactory manner for a family, to be competent to nurse and care for children and attend the sick, is surely a not unworthy position in the social life of the nation.

In our national and social life we all depend upon each other. The maid cannot do without the mistress; neither can the mistress do without the maid. It is only right and just, therefore, that mistresses should interest themselves in their servants' welfare; but it is surely equally fair that servants should study and guard their employers' interests. An inconsiderate mistress and an idle, wasteful servant are equally guilty, and the great question that confronts both is, 'What is my duty?' To neglect to do one's duty is a social sin, and what is urgently required between mistress and maid to-day is the practice of the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' A true sense of the value of good, honest work, and a deepened sense of responsibility to employers, would enable maids to do their duty more adequately, and to fulfil more faithfully the responsibilities undertaken by them.

The unfortunate thing is that so many who offer themselves for domestic service know little or nothing about the work they undertake to do. When they reach the kitchen, pantry, or nursery they are awkward and bewildered, and even the most insignificant of a servant's duties appear to be hard and irksome. The consequence is that everything seems to go wrong. Their views of service and of mistresses become distorted and out of all proportion. Trifles are magnified, the domestic atmosphere becomes sultry, the work gets hopelessly out of gear, tempers are tried, and peace and rest are unknown. Now, how and when can this condition of things be rectified? It seems to the writer that when domestic service comes to be regarded by mistress and maid as a great social profession, the profession of the home-maker, then, and only then, will there be any general forward movement in the position of domestic servants. That there are grievances on both sides is undoubted, and these must be taken into consideration. No wonder a mistress becomes impatient and irritable when her cook, to whom she is giving a good home and fair wages, cannot produce an appetising dinner or keep her kitchen and cooking utensils clean and in good order, or when her housemaid is incapable of making a bed neatly or turning out a room for thorough cleaning.

To the maid we would say: Method and punctuality are indispensable to prosperity. The importance of working on a fixed plan cannot be too strongly enforced. It is easy to see that work done in a haphazard fashion, without order or method, will only result in worry

and discontent. Tasks that appear formidable will begin to disappear when they have been well arranged and systematically attacked. Always begin by planning work so that time, strength, and labour may be saved. Slovenliness of habit in work and person has been the ruin of many a promising girl, and has meant for her a miserable existence instead of a bright, happy life. If servants started their work with a fixed resolve that whatever was required to be done should be done to the best of their knowledge and power, then their anomalous position as 'one of the maids' would be changed, and they would be rated at their true value, and would become trusted helps and friends of the family.

Thoroughness in everything is to be highly commended. All branches of work should be considered important, and nothing trifling. It is not only the cut glass and the fine silver and rich veneered furniture that require special attention, but the kitchen floor and cupboards, the range, the scullery sink, the outside of the back door as well as the front, the corners that are not always visible as well as the more conspicuous places. Thoroughness is a virtue and a just return for payment; while every kind of deception is imposture, and the face should be sternly set against it. It must be remembered, also, that our conditions and surroundings are largely what we make them. Masters and mistresses usually know capacity when they see it, and make a note of it. The old proverb, 'There is always room at the top,' is true in domestic service to-day; thus encouragement is given to strive after excellence in every detail, and energy combined with common-sense is a quality that will contribute most surely to success. To go in for good, honest, genuine work; to make strenuous efforts to turn out only the best; to be conscientious, thorough, honest, truthful, is to merit well-earned praise and gratitude, and to win a career of honourable success.

When the work is felt to be hard and little progress appears to be made, servants are apt to be discouraged, and, without due consideration, contemplate a speedy change. This is not good. And they should beware of the disastrous habit of wandering from one situation to another in the hope of getting 'a better place and more wages.' 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and the maid who 'gives in her warning' at the end of a fortnight or month, before she has had time to give the work of the house or its inmates a fair trial, is apt to be led into indolence, carelessness, frivolity, and a want of definite application to work, which will eventually lead to her downfall. It is impossible to find one's niche in a strange and unfamiliar household in a few days or even weeks; it will take courage, patience, industry. And if heart and soul are put into the work it is bound to merit approbation, and will bring promotion in due course.

When occasion to leave and go elsewhere does arise, it is wise never to carry away information regarding the master and mistress. If they cannot be spoken about kindly, then a discreet silence should be observed. Gossip should never be repeated. It is almost impossible to get, or give, a true impression. Exaggeration slips in and false judgments are often formed, and as a result many have been made to suffer needlessly. Any critical discussion of masters and mistresses should be avoided; such criticism often becomes slander, and is a positive injury to society. It is astonishing how a story changes in its character as it passes from one to another, and eventually all kinds of surmises are indulged in.

Truthfulness, even when it may appear against us, should be cultivated. To condescend to falsehood is to lower our self-respect and moral dignity.

'Never to be idle' is a good maxim. When hands are not usefully employed, then attention should be given to the cultivation of the mind. The amount of work that can be done in spare moments is surprising; if we could count our wasted moments we should be filled with wonder and regret.

Then the habit of cheerfulness on the part of the servant will be appreciated in the home. It is a quality that cannot be too highly estimated. A bright, happy nature which makes the best of everything will enable her to display courage and wisdom, promptitude and smartness, and to discharge all obligations. She will also impart inspiration to those she is associated with, and be ready for any contingency that may arise.

Let a maid strive to do her work thoroughly and systematically, and take a pride in giving satisfaction, remembering that all honourable work is noble. It is equally the duty of the mistress to recognise such efforts by kindly interest and general approbation.

EAST AFRICA: ITS PRESENT CONDITIONS.

By JOHN POLLOK.

ALTHOUGH within the last few years, thanks perhaps to Mr Winston Churchill and ex-President Roosevelt, more accurate information regarding East Africa is now common, still it is undoubtedly the case that knowledge of the East African Protectorate is confined to a comparatively small section of the public at home.

Hitherto East Africa seems to have been the Cinderella of the British colonies; but it is hoped that in the present Governor, Sir Percy Girouard, D.S.O., the fairy prince has appeared on the scene, and that in a short time East Africa will take its proper place among progressive British possessions; and the more reliable information the public at home gain regarding the country the sooner will it come to the front and take its proper position amongst British colonies.

When one considers the glowing description of East Africa as portrayed by Mr Churchill, ex-President Roosevelt, and Sir F. Treves, one wonders why there is not a greater number of immigrants and settlers arriving in the country. That there is some reason for this backwardness must be admitted, and to remove this prejudice is the duty of all who have the interests of the colony at heart. The Government officials at home were blamed, rightly or wrongly, as the primary cause of the slowness in the development of the country. It is commonly reported that the Foreign Office looked on East Africa as an appanage to India, and not only were white settlers not encouraged, but they were actually looked on with suspicion by the Government officials both in the colony and at home. This obstacle has now been removed, and Government officials of all classes now admit that the highlands of East Africa are suitable for Europeans.

Of course the effect of the Government's former attitude is still felt, but will gradually disappear. Having helped to keep back the country, it is now the duty of the Government to give the colony a helping hand. This can be accomplished in various ways, and one of the first is to spread authoritative information regarding the country and its resources in such a manner as will enable it to reach the class of people most desired. These are the small farmers and better-class workmen, and every means should be taken to encourage these types to emigrate to East Africa. It is also, nevertheless, the duty of the settlers already in the country to assist the Government in the carrying out of this work. Unfortunately personalities seem to keep some of the most influential settlers from viewing the interests of the colony with clear eyes. This is much to be regretted, as it undoubtedly adversely affects progress. When influential settlers, regardless of the good of the country, take to contradicting and opposing any policy promoted by personal opponents, then the Government have a strong excuse for not actively encouraging emigration. The greatest difficulty to be overcome in a new country is the land question, and in no colony is this difficulty more apparent than in East Africa. The home authorities are blamed for the chaotic position of affairs in this respect, but it is doubtful if all the blame should be laid on their shoulders. Some of the settlers are not entirely blameless over this question, and because of their personal feuds not only do not assist the Government officials, but tend to prevent them from drawing up satisfactory rules and regulations. It is, however, primarily to the home authorities that the present unsatisfactory condition of the land laws is due. Ultra-socialistic views seem to reign at present among the Colonial Office officials, and they evidently regard it as a first duty to see that all the land in the country must, in due time, revert to the Government. It is even already proposed to increase the present rents of the land, and this notwithstanding that there are hundreds of thousands of acres waiting for settlers.

To the ordinary person it would seem to be the Government's first duty to attract settlers and to hold out enticing inducements to encourage them to take up land. If it is stipulated that all the land granted must be occupied within a certain period, and that satisfactory development work be carried out before the land is formally handed over to the settler, then it is not only useless but harmful to talk about increasing the present rents. If the rents are not sufficiently low to attract settlers, then it would seem good policy to lower rather than to increase them.

The land question can, however, only delay for a short time the proper opening up of the country. The agricultural resources are so great that settlers will come despite all restrictions. Some of the best agricultural land lies at a considerable distance from the present railway, and good roads and light railways are required to allow of these lands being developed. It is safe to say that the present Governor is fully alive to the requirements necessary to be carried out. The construction of the railway to the Magadi Soda Lake will serve to open up a new district, part of which is splendid grazing land. This part of the country is at present a game reserve, occupied only by a few Masai, who use it as a grazing-ground for their herds. It is extremely probable that a great part of the land adjoining the railway will be opened up for settlement. The construction of the railway and the working of the soda deposit at Magadi will be of great advantage to the country in many indirect ways. It will be a source of profit to the Uganda Railway, and thus enable the authorities to cut down the freight-rates on agricultural produce. It is well known that traffic makes traffic, and it is to be hoped that the impetus which the new railway will give to the country will not cease for many a year.

There is no denying the fact that the highlands of East Africa have many advantages for white settlers. There are two rainy seasons each year, which are fairly constant in time, although the amount of rainfall is variable. The

climate is delightful, and living is fairly cheap. At present, owing to lack of transport facilities, the country is handicapped, but this defect is common to all new countries. Almost all semi-tropical products can be grown. Wheat now appears to be a proved success; coffee, mealies, potatoes, and fibre have all been proved; and fruit-growing and tea-planting, although not definitely proved, give every promise of success. Sheep-breeding is flourishing, and so is ostrich-farming. Cattle and horses have not yet proved successful, but pig-breeding is doing very well. It is, therefore, only a question of time until this new colony becomes self-supporting and plays an important part in supplying food for the older and more densely populated parts of the Empire.

It would seem as if the Home Government had now awakened to the importance of East Africa as a white man's country. Careful regulations dealing with indentured labour from India have been drawn up, and are being strictly enforced. At present all the artisan classes are Indians, and, practically speaking, all the clerks in the Government and railway offices. The new regulations will tend to reduce the supply of skilled Indians, and thus necessitate the employment of Europeans in their place.

Other improvements will include (1) a light railway from Nairobi, about thirty miles long, (2) a water-supply for Mombasa, and (3) a deep-water pier at Mombasa. All these works are urgently needed; but three hundred miles of light railway, rather than thirty miles, would not satisfy the demand for transport facilities from the outlying agricultural districts. Still, it is a start, and this is an important point gained. Great changes have taken place in Nairobi, the capital of the protectorate, during the last few years; and the writer, returning after an absence of three years, was greatly impressed by the improvements effected on the town in that short period. Substantially built stone houses are now the rule rather than the exception, and the usual colonial type of house of corrugated iron and timber is already becoming obsolete. The value of land in the town has been very steadily increasing during the last three years, and several plots have been changing hands recently at comparatively high prices.

There is one thing urgently required, and that is an agricultural bank, preferably under the control of the Government, whereby settlers can obtain money for developing their farms at easy rates of interest. At present the banks are shy of accepting land in security for loans. In a new country time is required to show what class of agricultural produce is best suited to the locality; and unless the settler has a good bank-balance to draw on, he may spend all his capital developing and improving his land, and finally have to give up the fight and lose the reward of his labour. With a Government agricultural bank to assist him, the settler can enter on his experiments with greater confidence, and with the feeling that his labour will not be entirely thrown away on useless efforts.

The writer would advise all parents who think of sending their sons to one or other of the colonies to give the claims of East Africa careful consideration. Admittedly progress hitherto has been slow, but all the signs point to the country quickly taking its place in the foreground of British tropical colonies.

NATURE'S NON-BETRAYAL.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.—WORDSWORTH.

DEAR Wordsworth, true thy every word!
Dear Nature never yet
Carved one deep furrow, one record
Of sorrow or regret.
She takes us, burdened with our smart,
To woods all grim and hoar,
And 'mid the sighing of the trees
We lose our sighings sore.

She takes us to the pebbly strand,
And shells of varied dye
Wake sunny pictures in our hearts,
And tender looks the eye.
She takes us to the mountain-peak,
So stalwart and so gray,
And there sunrise and sunset speak
Of Heaven not far away.

She leads us to the waterfall
That foams in lines of song
Mirthful and vast, and we recall
The thought that makes us strong.
In every morn, in every eve,
By bird and beast and bee,
Some beauteous vision we receive
And meaner visions flee.

Dear Nature never fails her child;
And at the last we sleep
Below her mantling daisies wild,
Nor ever wake to weep.
As children, lo! we pluck the blooms
And dream our dreams of pride;
At eve they blossom on our tombs,
For ever glorified.

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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DICKENS AND FORSTER.

By S. M. ELLIS, Author of *William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends*, &c.

WHEN, during the Christmastide festivities of 1836 at Kensal Lodge, Harrison Ainsworth introduced two of his guests, both young men of twenty-four, to each other, he little thought he was laying the corner-stone of a memorable friendship and for all time coupling together two names—Dickens and Forster. And now, seventy-five years later, what may be termed the coping-stone of that friendship appears in the shape of an elaborate and richly illustrated edition of the oft-reprinted book in which the one friend recorded the life of the other.

Forster's *Life of Dickens* is now generally acknowledged to be one of the great biographies in the English language, and has a place in the select group which includes Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, and Mrs Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë*. And yet no biography has ever been more adversely criticised. Personal friends of Dickens, who had known him intimately, were dissatisfied with it. James Crossley, the famous bibliophile, speaking of Forster, said, 'I cannot call him the successful biographer of Dickens.' And Ainsworth observed, 'I see he only tells half the story.'

No doubt the views of Dickens's friends were biassed by annoyance at the scant notice they received in the authoritative biography; and this lapse, of course, *is* where the book is most open to effective attack. Forster himself is unduly prominent; but other intimates of Dickens, who very strongly influenced his career and literary work, are relegated to an obscure position, and very often their share in the life-story is entirely ignored and omitted. It is the same with the correspondence; the letters quoted are practically all addressed to Forster, and no attempt is made to utilise the many valuable letters written by Dickens to other correspondents. Further, the documents Forster did use in his narrative are inartistically introduced and cruelly mutilated. Indeed, his method of dealing with Dickens's original letters makes the blood of more meticulous biographers run cold, for, as a friend of his has recorded, 'To save time and trouble—and this I was told by Mr Forster—he would cut out the passages he wanted with a pair of scissors and paste them on his manuscript. As the portion written on the back was thus lost, the rest became valueless.'

It will ever be matter for regret that Forster, with his unique opportunities for a detailed and intimate picture, has given but an incomplete record of perhaps the most interesting period of Dickens's life, the years 1836–39, the outset of his literary career, when the early books were written with all the young, fresh brilliancy of their author. The biographer gives an unsatisfactory version of Dickens's relations and quarrels with his first publisher, Macrone; in fact, he suppresses all mention of the important point that the author had signed an agreement to write, for two hundred pounds, a novel—probably *Oliver Twist*—to be published by Macrone; but that, owing to the dispute and ill-feeling which had arisen between Dickens and Macrone concerning the copyright and reissue of *Sketches by Boz*, Dickens absolutely declined to carry out the contract, and disposed of his proposed novel to Bentley for five hundred pounds, thus risking a legal action, which, however, was rendered inoperative by Macrone's sudden death. These events occurred in the late autumn of 1836.

Forster's account of Dickens's quarrel, some two years later, with Bentley is also open to criticism. There were two sides to this historic separation, as in every other dispute, and both Dickens and Bentley were justified in fighting for what they considered their rights. Judging by the expressed views of his contemporaries, Bentley was certainly a hard man to deal with; but it does not follow that he was quite the rapacious taskmaster depicted by Forster in his earlier pages. Here we must make allowance for the biographer's affectionate bias towards his friend-hero.

The facts of this matter were that when, in 1836, Dickens first entered into his arrangements with Bentley his great success and fame were not as yet; and he, a young man of twenty-four, was glad to undertake the editing of *Bentley's Miscellany* for twenty pounds a month, and also to write two serial stories (*Oliver Twist* and *Barnaby Rudge*) for the sum of five hundred pounds each. But the phenomenal success of *Pickwick* and the increasing public attention now given to *Oliver Twist* naturally changed the situation; and so in 1837 Dickens's editorial

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salary was increased to thirty pounds a month, and the price for the novels to seven hundred and fifty pounds each. A further increase of remuneration was conceded in 1838; but this did not satisfy Dickens, who in February 1839 refused to continue the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*. However, after much discussion and correspondence, new agreements were entered into—one for *Oliver Twist* and the *Miscellany*, and a second for *Barnaby Rudge*, for which Bentley now consented to pay four thousand pounds, a large and liberal advance, as all must acknowledge, on the five hundred pounds originally agreed upon for the work. Dickens stipulated that he would complete *Barnaby Rudge* by the end of the year 1839, and this point proved to be a *casus belli*. For Dickens soon found the simultaneous composition of two long novels, combined with the editing of the *Miscellany*, an intolerable strain, and, to quote his words to Forster, he said: 'I cannot—cannot and will not—distress myself by beginning this tale until I have had time to breathe. . . . There—for six months *Barnaby Rudge* stands over.' So when Bentley announced, in December 1839, the forthcoming work, *Barnaby Rudge*, he received a lawyer's letter stating that Dickens would not be ready for three or four months. Perhaps Bentley would have consented to the desired postponement had not an announcement appeared that Dickens was about to publish another work, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, elsewhere. This Bentley regarded as an aggravated violation of his own agreement, and resulted in the final separation of publisher and author. Dickens repurchased the copyright and existing stock of *Oliver Twist* for two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, the existing agreement for *Barnaby Rudge* was cancelled, and the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany* passed from Dickens to Ainsworth.

The rumour soon spread in London and in literary circles that it was the influence and advice of Forster which had caused Dickens to break his agreement with Bentley; but Dickens, in a long and very interesting letter to Ainsworth, warmly repudiated the charge. This letter, printed *in extenso* in the present writer's *William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends*, would certainly seem to exonerate Forster from the charge in question. As a matter of fact, it was against his strongly expressed advice that Ainsworth afterwards took over the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany* just resigned by Dickens. This point is conclusively established by a still existing letter from Forster to Ainsworth.

Before dismissing the limitations in Forster's otherwise great biography, one may perhaps express a personal regret that the biographer devotes but a few words to the social or convivial phase of Dickens in these first glorious years of youth and fame. He barely mentions the frequent rides through the lovely country then surrounding the suburbs of London, which Dickens delighted to take in company with his two intimates, Forster and Ainsworth; and the even more frequent dinings and festivities the trio enjoyed go almost unrecorded. Certainly the dinner in celebration of the completion of *Pickwick*—when the *pièce de résistance* was a glittering temple of confectionery, beneath the canopy of which stood a little figure of Mr Pickwick, gaiters and all complete—deserved one word for pleasant memory's sake.

Forster's all too brief allusion to Dickens's two early visits to Manchester with his friends is a distinct biographical lapse, for these visits were intimately concerned with *Nicholas Nickleby*.

It was in November 1838 that Dickens and Forster first went to Manchester, and they were accompanied by young Hablot Browne, who had just become famous through the illustrations he had furnished for *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*. The party were furnished by Ainsworth with letters of introduction to the most prominent literary men of his native city, and in one of these letters (to Crossley) he observed: 'Dickens's object is to see the interior of a cotton-mill—I fancy with reference to some of his publications. . . . I rather suspect that he is reconnoitring for character, and perhaps you may aid his researches; but at all events you can help him to the best glass of wine in Manchester, and that will materially assist his judgment in coming to a favourable conclusion of the habits of my townsmen.' As a matter of fact, one of the express objects of Dickens's visit was to see two quaint but benevolent merchants of Manchester, William and Daniel Grant, whose qualities had often been described to him by Ainsworth. Another Manchester friend of Ainsworth's, Gilbert Winter, arranged the desired meeting, and it was at a dinner at his residence, Stocks House, on Cheetham Hill, that Dickens and the Grants met. The result was that the Grants in due course made their appearance as the Cheeryble Brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*. No doubt Phiz's sketches of the Brothers were also drawn, *sub rosa*, from the originals. Dr James Bower Harrison, who met Boz in Manchester, noted: 'Mr Dickens was then writing *Nicholas Nickleby*, and I well remember his reading the proofs of his novel, and smiling at his own writings. He was then a smart-looking young man of rather effeminate appearance, wearing long hair, very much like the pictures of the hero of his story. . . . I still call to mind his polished boots and drawing-room-like attire.'

Dickens, Forster, and Phiz devoted one of their three days in Manchester to an expedition to Cheadle Hall, in Cheshire, to see the three little daughters of Ainsworth, who were at a boarding-school there. The respective parties had not hitherto met, and so by way of a peace

oblation the three young men, all in their 'twenties,' took various books to present to the three maidens, whose ages ranged from eight to eleven. The youngest lady had been intentionally misinformed by a mischievous fellow-pupil that the 'severe-looking gentleman'—Forster—was the dentist on business intent. Consequently when he stepped forward the little girl uttered an exceeding bitter cry, and it was some time before she could be induced to believe that Forster's intentions were friendly, and that, though he might be a man from the *Examiner*, he was not an examiner of teeth. However, peace was restored, and all spent a very happy time together.

Dickens and Forster were so delighted with their experiences in Manchester that they repeated their visit only two months later, in January 1839, and this time Ainsworth was able to accompany them; the whole party were the guests of his relative, Hugh Beaver, at The Temple, Cheetham Hill, where a large dinner-party was given on the night of their arrival, Saturday, 10th January. On Sunday the trio attended service in the Collegiate Church (now the Cathedral). On Monday a semi-public dinner was given in honour of Dickens and Ainsworth conjointly; on Tuesday they dined with James Crossley, and on Wednesday with Gilbert Winter, when, no doubt, the Grants again came under the ken of Dickens, the party subsequently attending a public assembly.

It will be remembered that Forster, in the biography, merely alludes to all these pleasant days and convivial nights of congenial friendship in one short sentence as regards Ainsworth, and in a brief note of memory concerning Gilbert Winter and Stocks House; yet in the later phases of Dickens's career, when the biographer was the one and all-important friend, there is often a prolixity of detail in the narrative.

Granting, then, that Forster's book has faults both of omission and commission, that it is egotistical and at times prejudiced, that its arrangement is bad and its chronology chaotic, yet, owing to the biographer's whole-hearted admiration and enthusiasm for his subject, and by his sympathetic and vivid presentment of his hero's character and career, the final result is a great biography, the greatest, it is safe to say, of its great subject, and one that will never be superseded. Many reasons support this conclusion. Dickens himself wished Forster to be his biographer; and the novelist's near relatives, those best qualified to judge of its claims and merits, have always given their *cachet* of approval to this particular work. Dickens's most trusted friend and the executrix of his last wishes, Miss Georgina Hogarth, has stated to the present writer: 'Mr Forster was the only person with the material and authority to write the biography. But it was written very soon after Mr Dickens's death, and a great deal could not be said *then* which becomes possible as years go on. I always feel that Mr Forster's book will be more appreciated in years to come than it is now.'

The truth of Miss Hogarth's belief (expressed eight years ago) is already becoming justified as the Dickens centenary approaches. The successful consummation of this sumptuous Memorial Edition of the *Life of Charles Dickens* demonstrates the fact. Its most attractive feature, of course, is the unique collection of over five hundred illustrations, gathered together and arranged by Mr B. W. Matz. Of particular value are the views of the houses and schools associated with the youth of Dickens, for the scenes and surroundings where early and lasting impressions were formed must ever be of supreme biographical importance. Great interest will attach to the portraits reproduced in this edition, notably of Dickens himself, his parents, his wife (who is presented in an exquisitely graceful sketch by Maclise), and children; and to the pictures of family life at Gadshill. Though superior critics may vainly assert that the public has no concern with the private life of a great man, but only with his life's work or contribution to art, the inexorable fact remains that humanity is most interested in the human or domestic side of a genius. A book on Nelson and Lady Hamilton will find twenty readers where a work on Nelson and Trafalgar will find but one, Byron's love-affairs are more discussed in these days than his poems, and Napoleon's wives threaten to overshadow Waterloo.

It is to be regretted that Mr Matz has not included in his great collection portraits of Macrone and Bentley, and a view of Kensal Lodge, where, as previously stated, Dickens and Forster first met; and that he has left Dickens's visits to Manchester in 1838 and 1839 unillustrated, giving no views of Stocks House and The Temple, or portraits of the Grants, Gilbert Winter, and James Crossley. But the compiler may well say that, as these incidents or people are only noted by a few words in Forster's text, the omissions are justified; nevertheless, as this paper has endeavoured to show, they were either important or interesting factors in the life of Dickens. In other respects Mr Matz's collection is complete and truly admirable, and both he and the publishers are to be congratulated sincerely on their worthy tribute to the great novelist whose centenary is at hand.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER X.—IDEALS.

THE cutting from the *Gas-Lamp* consisted of a few venomous sentences embedded in masses of verbiage. M. de Sarsan knew his world; and, though *L'Œil* now represented a faction with which he no longer openly identified himself, he still held the controlling strings in his hand. Before the world he was officially connected with another newspaper. But *L'Œil* continued to offer him a safe outlet for damaging onslaughts on foes—or friends.

The *Gas-Lamp's* attention had been cleverly directed to the pamphlet—from the point of view obtaining on this side of the Channel one could not describe *L'Œil* as a newspaper—the moment being opportune, for the substance of its articles just then was being neatly medicated to appeal to the British palate, and the *Gas-Lamp* was tempted to give translations of the lurid 'historiettes,' the calumnies, the unsavoury personal items; and, finding that scurrility gained favour in certain quarters, it continued to serve up these vitiated gleanings as a weekly dish. From this period, one is obliged to add—not without shame—its circulation went up by leaps and bounds.

The point of importance to Cahusac in the article given him by Lady Madesson was embodied in a few paragraphs. It was asserted that the flagrant hypocrisy of certain Powers was nowhere more monstrously apparent than in the pretended purity of their diplomatic methods. As an instance of the accuracy of this statement, *L'Œil* implored its countrymen to recall the case of a rising young diplomat who had—it might at this distance of time be admitted—been the secret friend of a country not his own, and whose untimely murder in the streets of London had for some twenty years remained a mystery. *L'Œil*, however, was now in a position to prove that he had been assassinated. Why had this young man lost his life? Who had most to gain by his removal? It was hardly necessary to answer such a question. Farther on there was a reminder that the son of the diplomat had elected to follow his father's profession. At this point the subject was dropped.

Next morning Malcolm Cahusac visited Detching at his chambers, and, with a word or two of explanation, gave him the long slip of paper. Detching unfolded it and read it slowly to the end. With each line his face grew harder and more set. At length he laid it across his knee and smoked on for some moments, then raised the slip and read parts of it again.

Meanwhile Cahusac sat opposite, stern and brooding.

'I say,' Detching said abruptly, breaking silence, 'are you in love?'

Cahusac had been rapt in thought, but the question must have touched his reverie at some point. He looked up, and the loneliness of the man leaped suddenly into his eyes. 'I think I should be if—if it were not for that, or the chance of such as that, coming up against me at any time'—his glance fell on the paper slips—'who knows?'

'How did you hear of the business?'

'From Lady Madesson last night.'

Detching sat up with a jerk. 'She would fight your battle for you! A woman whom a man could adore!'

'Perfectly. A woman whom many men have adored.'

Detching seldom used bad language. He considered it to be a waste of energy below the dignity of a reasoning creature; but he said something now that sounded double-shotted. 'There's a queer vein of Puritanism somewhere in the bed-rock of your character,' he went on cynically. 'Don't let it influence you against facts.'

Cahusac shook his head. 'You're wrong there, old man. My Puritanism, if I have any, is a thin veneer; and'—he hesitated—'Lady Madesson happens to know it.'

'Ah!' Detching's red-bearded face scowled contemptuously across the fireplace. 'And yet?'

'And yet she is not the ideal woman.'

'Hang ideals! She has touched you. You acknowledge it. And she's just the woman you want. Besides, it's not to be denied that she is perhaps the most beautiful woman in London, too, which is saying a good deal. You are blind, Malcolm! I wish I had half your chance.'

'Yes, I suppose she is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. As for my chance, if I had any, you're welcome to it.'

'I'd say "Thanks" if it were yours to give, but unluckily it isn't. Seriously speaking, you've a dangerous and difficult game to play, and you'll want money. Besides, she's got a head worth two of ours. I tell you, taking you all round, I don't know a fellow who wants a wife worse than you do. Keeping all this worry to yourself will turn you sour if you don't look to it.'

'What does it matter?' Cahusac's irritability was new. 'Could I ask any woman to bind herself to me with all that behind me?'

'Why not?'

'Come now, would you allow your sister to marry a man whose father had been accused more or less plainly of betraying his country in this foul way? Would you allow her to marry a man whose own career must be definitely

checked, if not ruined, by the reaction of such rumours? If I could take steps—if I could have these papers up for libel, for instance—it might be a different matter. But you know how I stand. You know that I am powerless, that I can prove nothing, and may never be able to clear up the unhappy business unless chance befriends me and I can get my hand upon the man; but beyond the fact that it was he who stole the letters I have no clue.'

The harshness of Cahusac's voice was new to his friend, who pondered for a minute.

'What you say might apply to the Lanceley girl,' he said roughly, 'because of her relations, who think they run the British Empire upon lines made from their own family tree. But the other—why not?'

'Why not? Because there sits in Paris to-night a man who is wrecking me with pen and paper. After a long silence I have reached a fresh development in the plot. These articles in *L'Œil* emanate from some obscure source in Paris. I must find out that source, and put a stop to the paragraphs, if I can. I cross to-night.'

Detching stretched himself. 'All right,' he said. 'Let us go.'

'Not you! Why should I drag you over?'

'Because you are a fool, and would swamp without me.'

Cahusac laughed with some relief. The tension of the earlier part of the conversation was relieved.

'Besides,' went on Detching, 'I know a man called Huson who is Paris correspondent to a couple of big English and American dailies. He ought to be able to give us a lead.'

Cahusac made no answer for a moment or two. His face was rigid with some disagreeable, baffling thought. Detching saw the quiet eyes lower to fierceness. After the long waiting, Cahusac looked as if he had found his enemy.

'It is well that he has held himself in reserve,' thought Detching, 'for, now that the time has perhaps arrived to strike, he has the strength to strike home.' Then he added aloud, 'By the way, how comes Lady Madesson to be mixed up in this?'

'Only a woman's curiosity,' replied Cahusac. 'She scented a mystery, and began to put two and two together. She appears to have made it her business to find out all she could from every one who would talk about it. And a good many people have been doing that latterly, as you know,' he ended, with some bitterness.

'And I bet you she has come to some sort of conclusion. Why, man, speak out; what is it?'

'Yes, you 're right; she has an idea.' Cahusac smiled rather incredulously. 'She says De Sarsan put her closer on the track than anybody. To use her own words, "No person could know so much unless he were a close friend or an enemy."'

'Quite so. Go on.'

'Well, he is not my friend, and she insists she has reason to think that he is my enemy.'

'You have reason to think the same,' said Detching, eying his companion askance.

'I suppose so. He might have something to do with these newspaper attacks.'

'More than possible. Go on.'

'He has always been suspected of being a secret agency man. He was in London at that time. He told me himself that he was acquainted with my step-mother—you heard him last evening. In short, Lady Madesson believes him to be the originator of these paragraphs.'

'Of course! What a woman!' almost groaned Detching. 'Ideals! Hang it all, man, what are ideals to a reality like that? Handsome, level-headed, and clever, with love enough and money enough'——

'To make the man who wants her egregiously happy. That 's true,' Cahusac said, impatiently turning off the other's meaning. 'Let it rest for the present.'

'All the same, she may be the woman to save you, in spite of yourself. Now, I have a trifling detail to mention to you, which gives me the idea that Lady Madesson has made the most extraordinary guess at something near the truth. Do you recollect my telling you of a foreigner I met when going down Park Lane on that memorable evening? He stood lighting a cigar under a lamp-post. I could not see his face, for he wore a soft hat pulled over his eyes; but I saw his right hand, which held a match, very clearly. I noticed that he had a curious malformation of the little finger; the nail was singularly long, and half the width of an ordinary nail. If I had not been a doctor I don't suppose I should have remarked it.'

'Well?'

'I saw that nail again at Mrs Westaway's last night, and the hand that carried it attracted my eye because it twitched when you inquired if De Sarsan remembered the house.'

'Look here, Detching, you don't mean that De Sarsan—— Why have you not told me this before?' Cahusac's voice was low and strained, and a vein suddenly stood out upon his forehead.

'For the very excellent reason that never before have I had the pleasure of meeting De Sarsan.'

'Good heavens! Then the chances are that De Sarsan *is* the man! At any rate, he is probably the only soul alive who knows the whole truth about that last night at Park Lane, for whoever stole the letters must have been the man who was bound to get hold of them for his own sake—at any cost. So he ventured far.'

'Give him rope enough,' said Detching after a

moment's silence, 'and he must inevitably betray his knowledge.'

'No, that must never be permitted.'

'It would fix his identity.'

'Yes; but at what a cost! I am not prepared to pay it, Detching. Lady Cahusac's story must never be known. Well, we must cross to-night. Once I get hold of his agents I can lay my hand upon him and bring pressure to bear.'

Detching looked round as if mentally picking out the articles he meant to take with him on his journey, and asked half-abstractedly, 'De Sarsan has hated you all these years; why should he just at this time change his tactics of silence?'

A slow flush crept up under Cahusac's skin. 'He wishes to ruin me, that is all.'

'Now, why at this particular time? You have not been interfering with his little games, have you?'

'Apparently I have,' Cahusac answered shortly.

'In what way? I'm not particularly curious, don't you know; but I must have this straight if I am to be of use.'

'It will not, I hope, be necessary for you to do anything but introduce me to Huson.'

'No, I hope not. Yet it seems to me we can't be sure we are booking a bee-line passage to the end we're endeavouring to arrive at. And knowledge may be useful—even to me, who only want to look on, I assure you, if the thing goes propitiously.'

'If you wish to press the question, then, I have reason to believe that De Sarsan has dared to think of Miss Lanceley as a—a wife.'

'He is rather oldish for her, to be sure. Yet'——

Cahusac said nothing.

Detching ventured to whistle softly. It is not to be supposed that he had gathered no hint of the subject presented to him in so disjointed a manner by Cahusac, but he chose to make it appear so.

'Malcolm,' he began, with the air of one trying to face a preposterous notion with some show of tolerance, 'you do not mean to tell me that you—*you* have for an instant thought of the same lady in the same light?'

'Had it been possible for me to think of any one in that light I might have done so; but—— I need not repeat myself.'

'Oh Lord!'

Cahusac turned on him hotly. 'What do you mean, Detching?'

'Eh? Nothing.'

'Alice Lanceley is pure and sweet and good. We can't say as much for—for every woman.'

'And strong?' questioned Detching. 'We can't say that either for every woman.'

Cahusac laughed angrily. 'It strikes me that Lady Madesson has made one man appreciate her.'

'That's enough, Malcolm! I can't help your being a fool, but I can help your talking about it. One thing at least you will do. You will go to see Lady Madesson before we start?'

'No,' obstinately.

'No? Though she may have valuable hints—even information—to give you?'

'I hope we'll be able to do without either.'

'No man can ever do as well without a woman's help when that woman happens to be such as Lady Madesson. You're off? Well, we'll meet to-night at Charing Cross.'

Cahusac got as far as the door, and stopped. 'I'm going to Park Lane to Mrs Westaway's,' he said in an odd, defiant voice. 'I may never see Alice again, in the same circumstances. I've denied myself many good things during the course of my life. I'm hanged if I deny myself this one!'

'What in the name of reason are you going to—say—to do?'

'Nothing! That is the irony of the situation.'

He was gone, and Detching stood in the centre of the room, still staring at the closed door.

(To be continued.)

DERELICT SHIPS.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, Author of *A Manual of Marine Meteorology*, &c.

EVERY storm that travels over the waters which divide, yet unite, the New World and the Old leaves in its wake some sailing-ship abandoned by her crew. As a rule these dreaded derelicts are of wooden build and laden with cargoes of lumber. Often they have carried costly cargoes under every sky with credit to themselves and profit to their owners, but the increasing infirmities of age have caused them to engage in the lowliest forms of ocean-carrying. Under the adverse influence of a careering cyclone these gallant craft meet their fate. The savage sea opens wide their straining seams; the pumps, clatter as they may, are quite unable to cope with the ingress of sea-water; and the disheartened crews seek safety in a passing ship at the first opportunity. Thus it happens that many a lumber-laden sailing-ship drifts deviously at the will of wind and current, a menace to safe navigation, until her hull is riven into fragments by the combined forces of Æolus and Neptune, or reaches land after a solitary drift of many weary leagues of sea.

Quite naturally, the North Atlantic holds the record for drifting derelicts, inasmuch as it is the great ocean highway of the nations. During

the five years 1887 to 1891 not fewer than nine hundred and fifty-seven derelict ships were reported to the then Hydrographer at Washington, Captain (now Admiral) Richardson Clover, U.S. Navy, as in evidence between the fifty-second meridian of west longitude and the east coast of North America. Of this large number three hundred and thirty-two were identified by name, and the remainder were either capsized or battered out of recognition. On an average there were about twenty derelicts drifting in the North Atlantic at any instant, and the life of each was one month. The Washington Hydrographic Office receives reports from shipmasters under every flag, setting forth the appearance and the geographical position of every derelict sighted during the passage across; and this information is published in the weekly Hydrographic Bulletins and the monthly Pilot Charts, which are freely distributed among navigators visiting American ports by the branch offices of that department of the United States Navy. The British Board of Trade also furnishes shipmasters in United Kingdom ports with similar printed information, and the British Meteorological Office and the Deutsche Seewarte have followed suit by graphic representation on their monthly Pilot Charts of the North Atlantic.

Many derelicts disappear within a few days of abandonment, but some drift several thousands of miles before the end comes. A vessel left to her fate near New York, for example, may drift southward with the Labrador current until not far from Cape Hatteras. Thence she finds a way into the relatively warm water of the Gulf Stream, and may eventually drift ashore on the west coast of Europe. Should the derelict happen to get into the Sargasso Sea, an area in mid-Atlantic of light winds and variable currents, made memorable by the pen of Julius Chambers, she will probably travel in a circle for a long series of days.

An Italian barque, the *Vincenzo Perrotta*, abandoned 600 miles north-east of Bermuda in September 1887, came ashore at Watling Island in April 1889, after covering no less than 3000 miles in 536 days. The Norwegian barque *Telemach*, abandoned 450 miles west of the Azores in October 1887, seems to have broken up when 600 miles nearer the American coast, after a drift of 3150 miles, occupying 550 days. An American schooner, the *Wyer G. Sargent*, left with a valuable cargo of mahogany in March 1891, near stormy Cape Hatteras, was last sighted in mid-Atlantic, having drifted 5500 miles in 615 days. Her track, as laid down on successive United States Hydrographic Office Pilot Charts from numerous reports at varying intervals, is a veritable maze. A similar vessel, the *Fannie E. Wolston*, apparently holds the record for a long drift in solitary state. Abandoned not far from Hatteras in October 1891, she was last seen close to her initial position in October 1894. During this three years' interval she travelled about 10,000 miles in diverse directions. The schooner *W. L. White*, abandoned during the blizzard of March 1888 just eastward of the Delaware Capes, made tracks for the Banks of Newfoundland; there she remained for many days, right on the route of palatial passenger-liners; then she got another slant to the north-east, and eventually drove ashore at Haskeir Island, one of the Hebrides, after traversing 6800 miles in 310 days. Her timber cargo was salved by the islanders in fairly good condition.

The schooner *Twenty-One Friends*, abandoned off the entrance to Chesapeake Bay in March 1885, was last heard of within 100 miles of Cape Finisterre. She had crossed the Atlantic in 260 days, and covered some 3500 miles. Two similar vessels, the *Ethel M. Davis* and the *David W. Hunt*, were left by their crews within a few hours during a cyclonic storm which played havoc along the Atlantic coast of the United States in November 1888. The former gave up the struggle when 800 miles from Cape Finisterre, after drifting 4400 miles in 395 days; and the latter was last seen near Madeira, having covered 5000 miles in 350 days and been reported forty-one times to the United States Hydrographic Office.

Metal ships are seldom left derelict; but there are not wanting remarkable verified drifts even of this class. In October 1876 the British iron barque *Ada Iredale* was abandoned, with her coal cargo burning fiercely, when 2000 miles east of the Marquesas Islands, South Pacific. She moved slowly westward with the south equatorial current, travelled 2500 miles in 241 days, and was then picked up by a French warship, which towed her to Tahiti. After the fire had died out the hull was repaired; she was fitted with new masts and rigging, and has ever since been known as the *Annie Johnson*, of San Francisco, California. On her being boarded some time ago she was still doing well, and quite a handsome vessel. The British ship *Oriflamme*, another iron vessel, was left under similar conditions about 850 miles west of Lima, Peru, in June 1881. She drifted ashore on the island of Raroia 241 days later, unfit for repairs, and had travelled 2850 miles in that interval. In December 1892 the big four-masted British ship *Honresfeld* was abandoned, also with coal cargo on fire, when in 8 deg. N., 118 deg. W. A week later she was sighted; but nothing more was heard of her for just three years, when the American whaler *Alice Knowles* reported having passed the derelict in 9 deg. N., 175 deg. E. Her ultimate fate is unknown. In April 1882 a similar vessel, the *Falls of Afton*, was precipitately abandoned while on the way from Glasgow to Calcutta with a valuable cargo. A few days later she was picked up by a French vessel and taken to Madeira. Since that time

she has had many successful voyages; but the then master suffered severely under the finding of a court of inquiry. In May 1902, while bound from Australia to California, the metal ship *Fannie Kerr* was left, with her coal cargo on fire, in 20 deg. N., 169 deg. W. Nearly twelve months later, near Formosa, the derelict was boarded by the chief officer of the steamship *Volute*, who took away her bell, which was in good order. Two days subsequently she stranded on Formosa! Five hundred tons of her coal cargo was then untouched by fire, and portions of her saloon were still in good condition.

Ships which have been abandoned more than once in their career are not unknown. In November 1888 the iron ship *Duncow* stranded close to Dunkirk Harbour during heavy weather. The crew sought safety on shore, and the ship afterwards floated. Belgian fishermen boarded the derelict, obtained the services of a tug, and took her to Terneuzen, thus assuring for themselves salvage payment, which could not have been legally claimed had she reached a French port. In 1897 this vessel, while carrying timber from Puget Sound to Australia, went ashore not far from her destination. She again floated off after abandonment; and once again a tugboat earned salvage by bringing the derelict into port uninjured. In October 1905 the Swedish wooden barque *Orion*, salt laden, was picked up by the steamship *Exeter City*, and brought to Halifax, N.S. Her chronometer, charts, ship's papers, a fine library, and seamen's effects were all on board, together with a sufficiency of food. Later on it was discovered that the crew had previously been taken off the *Orion* by the steamship *Etruria*. She was placed under the British flag, converted into a barkantine, renamed the *Marion C.*, and resumed sailing. Towards the close of 1906, however, this vessel was again abandoned; and the U.S. ship *Lebanon*, which had been sent out to search for this dangerous derelict, ended her existence, by the aid of torpedoes, about 300 miles east of Sandy Hook, the entrance to New York harbour.

In 1895 the German liner *Normannia* effected a daring rescue in the Atlantic by taking off all hands from the iron sailing-ship *Arno*, then on her beam-ends, with grain cargo shifted, and within an ace of capsizal. Shortly afterwards the steamer *Merrimac* fell in with this derelict, put a prize crew on board, and trimmed her upright, and she managed to reach Liverpool after an exciting passage. In 1898 the steamship *Samaria*, when some 400 miles south-west of Queenstown, sighted the derelict German iron sailing-ship *Schiffswerft*, with only her mizzen lower mast standing. The steamer's chief officer and a boat's crew volunteered to steer the derelict after she was taken in tow, and at one time the angel of death fluttered his wings immediately over the salvors. A howling hurricane prevailed, a boat could not be sent to take them off the derelict, and a watery death was imminent. The weather improved, however; and the *Schiffswerft* was eventually brought to Queenstown without further mishap. In 1899 the barkantine *Anna Alwina*, of Riga, fell in with the derelict Norwegian iron barque *Ellen* about 1500 miles south-west of Scilly. The lame duck was on her beam-ends, her cargo of beans having shifted; but the salvors succeeded in trimming her upright, and, aided by fine weather, brought their prize safely to England. In 1900 the British ship *Senator* observed the Norwegian iron ship *Superb* drifting aimlessly about, some 2000 miles west of Gibraltar. A volunteer prize crew of an officer and five men were put on board the derelict, and they brought her to Gibraltar. The salvors were awarded nearly two thousand two hundred pounds for services rendered, and four hundred pounds for extra expenses incurred in the salvage.

Rather amusing incidents crop up occasionally with respect to derelict ships. The German steamer *Fürst Bismarck* collided with the French sailer *Louise*. At once the crew of the latter clamoured to be taken off what they deemed to be a sinking ship, and were accommodated. Thereupon an officer and some sailors from the steamer offered to sail the derelict into the nearest port or perish in the attempt. The volunteers were successful, and received two thousand marks for salvage services rendered. In 1897 the Portuguese barque *Para*, with a cargo of lumber from Pensacola for Trouville, was abandoned by her crew near Scilly. They took refuge on board the British steamer *Bourbon*, which promptly put a volunteer crew on board; and they brought her safely to Falmouth. Not long since the iron steamer *Tyr* was abandoned in a sinking condition in the North Sea. A fishing-vessel collided with the derelict, on board of which the crew leaped, only to discover that they had not gained by this compulsory exchange. Forthwith they launched one of the sinking steamer's boats, which had been left behind by her original crew, and were eventually rescued by a passing vessel. In 1844 the sailing-ship *John Blake* was abandoned by her crew on the coast of Cuba. While making for the nearest land in the boats the shipwrecked men sighted another derelict, the *Two Friends*, stranded on a shelving beach. They succeeded in getting her afloat, sailed her to England, and were awarded a goodly sum for salvage remuneration.

Derelict ships add to the difficulties of transatlantic navigation; hence the demand of the shipping industry for specially constructed derelict-destroyers, such as the American *Seneca*, to patrol the Atlantic, experience having shown that a derelict is not nearly so impossible to locate as is sometimes alleged. The barque *Siddartha* was abandoned near the Azores in February 1899. She drifted slowly to the

north-east, until within 400 miles of Queenstown, and there she hovered over the liner tracks for several successive weeks. Moved by a joint appeal of the White Star and Cunard Companies, the British Admiralty sent out two warships in quest of the derelict, and she was soon anchored in Bantry Bay. This vessel, while derelict, was reported to the United States Hydrographic Office by more than sixty ships. In February 1895 the barque *Birgitte* was abandoned on the western side of the Atlantic; and on 1st March she was sighted about 1000 miles west of Cape Clear. Drifting slowly eastward, almost continuously on the routes followed by the large transatlantic liners, this derelict was found by a tugboat and towed into Queenstown. Forty-three vessels had reported her to Washington during the interval. At night-time and in thick weather such dangers may be passed quite close without any one having an inkling of their proximity. About the same date, but more to the north-east, the Russian barque *Louise* was abandoned. She apparently went north as far as the Faroe Islands, under the influence of the Gulf Stream extension; thence proceeded eastward; and was picked up by two steam-trawlers when 16 miles from Aalesund, Norway, and thence towed into that port, after a drift of approximately 1400 miles. The American schooner *Alma Cumming* was left to her fate in February 1895 off Chesapeake Bay. After the end of May, nothing was heard of her until March 1896, when she was about 800 miles off the Cape Verde Islands. She was then totally dismasted, had evidently been unsuccessfully set on fire by some passing ship, and her deck was level with the sea-surface. In August she was observed ashore on an island off the San Blas coast, Isthmus of Panamá, with the natives busily engaged annexing all they could from the wreck. On 1st March 1911, in 53 deg. N., 28 deg. W., the Russian steamer *Korea* was abandoned by her crew; and two days later, about a degree farther east, the steamer *Ionian* sustained considerable damage by collision with the derelict.

Some of the reports of alleged derelict ships are as thrilling as a nautical novel. In May 1823 the *Integrity* fell in with a derelict close to Jamaica, the decks and hull of which were showing a rich crop of barnacles. Her cabin was full of water; but a trunk was fished up which contained coins, rings, and watches. This salvage realised three thousand pounds. In August 1872 the schooner *Lancaster* sighted a dismasted derelict, the *Glenalvon*, on board of which several skeletons of men were discovered, but not a morsel of food. An open Bible, it is reported, lay face downward on the cabin table alongside a loaded revolver and a bottle containing a piece of paper, on which was written: 'Jesus, guide this to some helper! Merciful God, don't let us perish!' All the bodies were reverently committed to the deep, and the derelict left to whatever the future had in store for her.

In 1882 the Nova Scotia barque *L. E. Cann* was towed into a United States port by a steamship which had found her adrift. Later on, in dry-dock, fifteen auger-holes were located in her hull below the water-line. They had all been bored from the inside, and subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that her former captain had conspired with a resident of Vera Cruz to load the vessel with a bogus cargo, insure it heavily, scuttle her when in a suitable position at sea, and divide the insurance money. Unfortunately for these partners in crime, the barque did not lend herself to their nefarious operations nearly so much as was expected.

In 1894 the Austrian barque *Vila*, carrying a cargo of bones which were said to have been gathered from the battlefields of Egypt, was found derelict by a Norwegian steamer and towed into New York. Not a word has ever been heard as to the fate of this vessel's crew. Presumably they took to the boats for some reason, and disappeared without leaving a trace. About the same time the sailing-vessel *C. E. Morrison* was fallen in with, drifting derelict, and set on fire. The crew of the destroyer first salved a bank-book, a sextant, fifty charts, and some pictures, all of which were eventually returned to their rightful owner, Captain Hawes, who had been compelled to leave his vessel without standing on the order of his going. In 1895 the derelict and burning barkantine *Celestina*, bound from Swansea to the Strait of Magellan, was boarded by a boat's crew of the barque *Annie Maud*. A written message was found on the cabin table stating that she had been abandoned in open boats. The fire having been partially subdued, sail was made on the prize, and volunteers navigated her to Rio de Janeiro.

The *Marie Celeste* is a mystery of the sea. This brig left America for Gibraltar; and nothing more was heard of her until she was sighted approaching the Strait in a suspicious manner, when she was found to be derelict. Her hull was sound, there was no sign of an accident aloft, and her boats were in their appointed places. Some remains of a meal on the cabin table were still fresh, and a watch was ticking unconcernedly; yet her captain and his wife and daughter, together with the crew, had disappeared for ever.

Many who gaze upon the obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle, erected near the House of Commons, on the Thames Embankment, are perhaps unaware that it was for some days in the hold of a derelict ship drifting about the Bay of Biscay. The salving vessel lost a whole boat's crew in the first attempt at recovery.

Nautical novelists have made moving word-pictures of drifting derelicts, and hoaxers have also utilised them. In 1893 some witty person

closely copied parts of a soul-stirring yarn by Clark Russell, and the alleged modern experience was telegraphed round the world, appeared in the press, and was then decisively contradicted. It was asserted that the Norwegian ship *Elsa Anderson* arrived at Galveston with an English-built brig in tow, which had apparently been burnt and sunk more than half a century previously. A submarine seismic disturbance was invented to account for the vessel's return to the surface. The hull was covered with strange sea-shells, and in the hold were chests containing many guineas bearing the date 1800, several watches, and a stomacher of pearls! One of three skeletons was said to be that of a man over seven feet in height. This hoax was successful until it reached Galveston. Then the authorities denied that the story had the slightest foundation in fact. Six years later a similar hoax was perpetrated, which ought immediately to have been recognised as merely a variant of *The Frozen Pirate* by the above-mentioned eminent nautical novelist. It was gravely asserted that the barque *Silicon*, on her way from the United States to Greenland, had picked up an old-fashioned derelict ship near the Greenland coast. When access to the hold was gained, the salvors, so ran the hoax, discovered that she was laden with furs in good condition; and her log-book showed that she had been abandoned by her crew in 1848. Like the ship imagined by Clark Russell, she was said to have been fast in the ice in the far north. One of the most ridiculous derelict-ship hoaxes of the past century had quite a boom in 1896. A burning derelict, read an astonished world, had been passed between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, with her lower holds full of coal and petroleum, and the between-decks portion crammed with the dead bodies of people who had met their fate by suffocation while on their way from Russia to Brazil. The burning cargo had generated gas which suffocated the emigrants; the bodies had swollen out of human shape, and subsequent explosions had torn many limb from limb! This tissue of falsehoods appeared in many of the world's daily papers without comment.

H.M.S. *Resolute*, since broken up, was one of the most famous of derelicts. She was abandoned in 77 deg. 40 min. N., 101 deg. 20 min. W., drifted southward in the centre of a solid sheet of ice, and was eventually picked up by an American whale-ship off Cape Mercy, in 65 deg. N. After having been refitted by the United States Government, she was presented to England with impressive ceremony. A desk of the President of the United States, in the White House, Washington, D.C., was made from the timbers of the *Resolute*, and sent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in memory of that courtesy and loving-kindness of America to England. It is a substantial token of the goodwill existing between two kindred peoples.

Sufficient has been written to indicate that derelict ships often live long and travel far, are dangers not lightly to be despised, and are occasionally salved. Some of the large shipping firms of the United Kingdom keep their commanders informed by telegram with respect to derelicts on the transatlantic routes; the shipping papers of London and Liverpool publish tabular statements regularly of similar import; the United States Hydrographic Office, the British Board of Trade, the British Meteorological Office, and similar bodies on the Continent supply navigators with the most recent information respecting such drifting dangers. Thus life and property were never so safe at sea as they are to-day.

THE ENVOY OF ST JAGO.

By GEORGE ELLBAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE youngest, and according to the illustrated papers the handsomest, captain in the British Navy List took the slate from its slightly excited bearer and read the wireless message with a lifting of his eyebrows. Then he handed it in silence to the commander.

'Good Lord!' blurted out that officer. 'I thought the diplomatic gentlemen had squared things up.'

'Some hitch, I suppose,' said Captain the Honourable Fitzroy Peele thoughtfully. 'I wonder'—he shrugged his broad shoulders—'but what's the use of wondering? That's clear enough. What?'

'Yes, that's clear enough,' agreed Commander Pawson. 'Anyway, it'll give us a bit of gunnery practice, sir.'

Captain Peele was looking at his watch. 'It's now five o'clock,' he said briskly. 'My orders are to open fire at sunset—just two hours. Make the signal "clear for action" at once, Mr Pawson, and carry on.'

'Very good, sir.'

Through the square light on the port side of the *Invulnerable's* state-room the city of St Jago was framed as in a picture. From the intense blue of the Pacific the stone quays and lime-washed houses rose white and peaceful against the unclouded blue of the sky. Here and there a church, or a public building, or a mass of dark-

green foliage gave relief to the scene; while high in the centre of the city stood the dazzling square tower of the governor's house, with its flagstaff and wireless mast.

Peele, rising from his desk, came suddenly upon this fairy-like scene, and was seized with compunction. Around him, throughout the ship, was the sound of hurrying feet, the rattling of stanchions being lowered, the lumbering of heavy weights, and all the bustle and noise of preparing for action. It seemed almost wanton cruelty that the object of these preparations should be the destruction of that fair town. He gazed for a moment at the seemingly unconscious city, and cursed mentally the foolishness of the rulers who had brought the little republic to such a pass, and the ineptitude of the negotiators who had failed so lamentably to lead her out. For Captain the Honourable Fitzroy Peele, R.N., was a man of sentiment.

Then he shook himself irritably, and was the naval officer again, knowing his orders, and intent only on carrying them out to the best of his ability.

He made his way along the main-deck, a trim, well-knit figure, cool, clean-shaven, keen-eyed. Men jostled past him at the double as if he were a mere civilian instead of master of their destinies and those of two other ships' crews as well. They were doing his business, and it was his business to keep out of their way while it was done.

On the upper deck the turrets of the great twelve-inch guns were being turned, and a party of men under the boatswain was busy filling the ship's boats with water. Peele went up on the bridge, where he found the commander bending over the telephone.

'Some hitch in the fire-control of B turret, sir,' explained the latter, looking up.—'Ah, yes, yes, I 'm here. All right, you say? Good. Good-bye.' He hung up the receiver.

A signalman came up and saluted. 'Launch flyin' flag of St Jago comin' off shore, sir.'

Captain Peele and his executive officer moved over to the end of the bridge. A little launch, bravely carrying the flag of the timber-trading republic—a tree with an axe lying at the foot—was ploughing rapidly toward the big cruiser.

'Seems appropriate,' commented the captain, indicating the flag as the launch came alongside. 'I wonder what sort of reply they 've sent to our ultimatum!'

A side-boy doubled up on the bridge and handed Captain Peele a letter. Peele read it and stood silent for a moment, frowning at his thoughts. The commander looked on curiously.

'Show the gentleman to my cabin,' said Captain Peele at length, curtly.

The message was quite brief; it simply conveyed the earnest request of the governor of St Jago that his secretary might be granted an audience. It gave no indication of the nature of the republic's reply. Captain Peele's ultimatum was addressed to the president; and, strictly speaking, he could refuse to meet any one but an accredited representative of the state. Nevertheless, he knew the governor of St Jago to be both powerful and influential, and motives of humanity prompted him to accede to his request.

A figure enveloped in a long military cloak was standing by the port light as the captain opened the cabin door. He observed with astonishment that the stranger was still wearing his sombrero, which was drawn down in such a way that his face was not visible. Peele stepped forward, moved to sudden anger at this exhibition of rudeness.

'Sir,' he said sternly, 'is it the custom of the governor of St Jago's secretary never to remove his hat?'

The other started violently. Then with a sudden movement the sombrero was swept off, the cloak fell away, and Peele found himself face to face with a woman whose flushed face and evident consciousness of her appearance enhanced rather than detracted from her undoubted beauty of face and form. An involuntary exclamation of astonishment came from Peele's lips. Then he recovered his self-possession.

'Madam,' he said, bowing courteously, 'you have the advantage of me. I had expected to see the secretary of the governor of St Jago.'

'And,' replied the girl, 'the governor of St Jago's secretary stands before you. Is it the custom of the captain of His Majesty's ship *Invulnerable* never to offer a seat to a lady?'

Captain Peele bit his lip. With feelings in which annoyance and humorous appreciation of the hit struggled for supremacy, he placed a chair for his surprising visitor.

'May I ask,' he said grimly, 'what is the meaning of this play-acting?'

'Play-acting!' The girl rose, her face white from the intensity of her feelings, and her dark eyes glowing. 'Have I come—as I have come—to plead for the lives of the innocent women and children of St Jago to be sneered at as a play-actor? Do you call it play-acting when hundreds of poor, unoffending people are to be butchered because—because a petty state is too petty to apologise, and a great nation is too great to be magnanimous? Ah, but I forgot. You are English, cold and unyielding, oblivious to everything but enforcing the might and the power of your great nation. It may be play-acting to you just to stamp out a few common foreigners—a mere incident—a little gun-practice. Oh my God!'

Staggered by the violence of this outburst, Peele stood looking dumbly at the girl, who

had subsided into her chair, with her face in her hands, the picture of overwhelming grief. Because the object of her visit touched a responsive chord in his own nature, the bitterness of her speech—an attack rather than an appeal—passed unheeded. He felt almost guilty, and his discomfiture was increased by his Englishman's horror of a scene. Everything else sank into insignificance before the necessity of ending that.

'I beg your pardon if I have been discourteous,' he said somewhat nervously, 'and as a man I sympathise most deeply with you in your trouble. But as an officer in the navy of my country I—er—my duty'——

'Oh sir,' said the girl with pleading eyes, 'your duty is our destruction! All we ask is that you will wait two hours—one hour. My father, the governor, has great influence, and we are certain that if he only has a little time—just a little longer—he will be able to save us. But if you go on, the people—they will break loose—go mad—and it will be terrible—terrible!'

Now Peele knew that it was only fear of the governor—an adventurous Irishman called O'Hara, who had made his way by sheer strength and audacity—that kept the turbulent South American populace of St Jago in hand. He knew also that the man had great influence with both high and low; but he did not share the daughter's confidence in her father's ability to effect a settlement of the international squabble. Besides, his orders were explicit; they admitted of no quibbling; moreover, they were known throughout the squadron. His sympathies were touched, but there was only one course open to him.

The girl received his reply with a look of incredulity and horror. Then her lips tightened, and a curious expression crept into her dark eyes. 'Then you will not wait—you cannot wait?' she said, almost in a whisper, gazing fixedly at the captain.

Peele shook his head, and then uttered a cry of alarm. 'Good heavens,' he muttered, 'she's fainted!'

He dashed across to a spirit-cabinet, took out some brandy, and hurried over to the girl, who lay prone where she had slipped from her chair. As he stooped to raise her he noticed a faint, curious odour; but before he could identify it a pair of strong young arms seized him round the neck, pressing something soft and suffocating against his mouth and nostrils; and before his brain could adjust itself to this new surprise he was incapable of thinking at all.

CHAPTER II.

HE awoke with the echo of a crashing noise in his ears, and instinct made him struggle up into a chair. But the effort showed him how sick and dizzy he was, and he sat motionless, while his brain and senses slowly awoke from their stupefaction. He realised that he was in his cabin, and that the semi-darkness and the noise he had heard were due to the armoured hatch being let down over the starboard light. This started a train of memories, and gradually the events of the day came back to him—the wireless message to shell the city, the preparations to carry out the order, the interview with the governor's daughter.

The blood rushed to his head as he realised what had happened. He looked round wildly, saw the brandy on the table beside him, and almost emptied what remained of the liquor. The spirit steadied him. He got on his feet, switched on the light, and sat down again to think out his position as coolly as he could.

There was no doubt that the girl had chloroformed him; but why? And where was she, and what had happened since? He looked at his watch. Considerably more than an hour had passed since he entered the cabin.

A knock came at the door, and Commander Pawson entered. His eyes shone and his voice wavered to a falsetto, as was his habit when excited.

'Wireless message just received, sir. Thought I would bring it in myself.'

Peele took the deciphered telegram in a rather shaky hand: 'Take no action. Stop. Matter arranged satisfactorily.'

'Cutting it rather fine, sir,' remarked the commander. 'Ten minutes later and it would have been too late. And I wonder who'd have been the scapegoat,' he added to himself, looking at Captain Peele thoughtfully.

'Yes,' said the captain absent-mindedly.

Something in the captain's voice and appearance caught the commander's attention. He eyed Peele narrowly, and a look of concern came into his face, for the captain was a popular officer. Peele, looking up suddenly, met his junior's gaze, interpreted it, and smiled. 'Somehow or other I feel a bit seedy, Pawson.'

'You're not looking well, sir. Shall I send the doctor along?'

'N-o, thanks; I don't want any of his messes. I'll turn in early and sleep it off. That'll do me as much good as anything.'

When the commander had gone Peele went to the door and beckoned to the sentry. 'Has any one wanted to see me, Martin?'

'Only Mr Rogers, sir.'

'Why didn't he come in?'

The marine looked troubled. 'Well, sir, the gentleman said as 'ow you was very busy, an' didn't want to be disturbed on any account. So I'——

'Oh yes, yes. Quite right, Martin; I forgot. Lemme see; how long ago was that?'

The man reflected. Just then six bells was

sounded. His face cleared suddenly. 'Egzackly a hour ago, sir. It struck four bells as 'e was speakin' to me.'

'Um! Pass the word for Mr Rogers to see me at once, will you?'

The captain's clerk came in, and Peele resolutely concentrated his thoughts on his belated correspondence. Having cleared that off, he was free to reflect upon the mystery of his fair visitor's extraordinary action. He summarised the facts. The girl had come with the avowed object of persuading him to defer the execution of his orders. Peele saw no reason to doubt the genuineness of the plea; her whole behaviour was consonant with such a purpose. Moreover, the wireless message was evidence that she spoke the truth. Finding that he was not to be moved, she had cleverly rendered him senseless. Then she had quietly returned to St Jago; but he calculated that a quarter of an hour at least had elapsed between the time he lost consciousness and her departure from the ship.

The key to the mystery lay in those fifteen minutes. Of that he felt certain. But, think as he might, no adequate motive for the girl's desperate action suggested itself to him. Her purpose was not robbery—a thorough search proved that nothing was missing from the cabin. He was forced to the conclusion that her attack on him was directly concerned in some way with her desire to avert the shelling of the city. Now that he could review the affair calmly, it seemed to him that her attitude throughout was too strained, too hopeless, for that of an envoy who expected any good to result from mediation alone. It seemed as if she was purposely hurrying on the interview to what she foresaw must be its inevitable conclusion—if her desperate ruse succeeded. But, assuming all this, it only focussed the light of inquiry more strongly on that mysterious quarter of an hour. For it was ridiculous to suppose that any one, however sanguine, could think that the carrying out of an important political order to the squadron would be frustrated by anything, however untoward, which might happen to its senior officer.

Thus Peele argued, pacing the floor of his cabin; but he could find no reasonable theory to explain what might have taken place while he lay insensible, with his visitor free to act as she pleased. For an hour or more he struggled with the problem, and the result of his cogitations is best expressed in his own summing up: 'Well, she was a darned pretty girl, and a darned plucky girl; and if this business has driven her out of her mind it's a rotten shame, that's all.'

But he was not allowed to leave the matter there. Just as he had decided to dine alone in order to avoid the possibility of awkward questions from Commander Pawson, that gentleman presented himself with a flimsy in his hand. He looked puzzled. 'I don't know what they're thinking about in the flagship, sir. This has just come from the wireless room.'

Captain Peele drew his eyebrows down until they nearly met as he read the message: 'Suspend operations. Stop. Settlement arrived at. Stop. Letter follows.'

'Surely the admiral didn't think we should be such fools as to misunderstand the previous message?' went on the commander. 'Shall we ask for an explanation, sir?'

Peele did not answer for a moment. When he did he spoke slowly, without looking up, as though his mind was occupied with something that did not directly concern the matter in hand. 'N-o,' he said; 'no. I don't think it's worth while. Probably he is over-anxious about it. We've carried out the order, and that's the main thing. But I'll keep the two messages myself in case any question arises.'

Captain Peele dined alone, with the two marconigrams on the table beside him. It was his custom to take one glass of port at dessert, and as he put the empty glass down he nodded to himself in a mirror opposite very solemnly and deliberately. He had formed a theory which, if correct, would explain the strange happenings of that evening. It was only a conjecture, and the opportunity might never come to test its truth; for of one thing he was thoroughly convinced—that it was to his interest never to speak, save perhaps to one person alone, of what had befallen him that night.

. . . . . .

Six months afterwards Peele was walking down Pall Mall with a little flush on his handsome face. The flush deepened as he saw a young, trim-bearded man disengage himself from the passers-by and make straight for him.

'Congratulate you, Sir Fitzroy. You've got something we can never hope for in our enlightened and democratic country. Shake.'

'Thanks, old man,' said Peele, grasping the other's outstretched hand. 'Though what I've done for it I don't quite know.'

'Wal,' drawled his friend, 'you pulled out the chestnuts, anyway; and now you're eating 'em, I guess. But how you did it *I* don't quite know—nor any one else. There's a queer absence of information about what happened around St Jago just before the curtain rang down, eh?'

In Peele's mind came a picture of a flushed, dusky-haired girl, in a military uniform, facing him with glowing eyes across the table of the *Invulnerable's* cabin. He smiled a far-away, reflective smile; and if the other thought he was going to hear something interesting he was mistaken.

'What's this crush at your Embassy to-night going to be like?' was all Peele said.

The other laughed. 'Oh, the usual thing.

Coming? You'll meet one or two interesting people there. Come and dine with me, and we'll go on together.'

Peele, who had only mentioned the function at the United States Embassy to turn the subject, saw that he was cornered, and agreed.

They sat long over the meal, talking about old times, for Peele and Captain Van Sittart, now the United States naval attaché in London, had been through the Russo-Japanese war together. Thus they arrived in Park Lane somewhat late in the evening. After the usual presentations, the two were making their way through the crowd, when Peele suddenly stopped short and clutched Van Sittart by the arm.

'Who is that—that tall, dark girl over there, beside the short man with the dark moustache?' he asked in a quick whisper.

Van Sittart followed his friend's gaze. 'Gee!' he exclaimed, 'you ought to know them. That's Miss Norah O'Hara and her father, Governor Denis O'Hara of St Jago. Say, how did you miss 'em out there? She's a thoroughbred; and as for her father, he's quite the biggest and richest man on the Pacific slope. Come along; I'll introduce you.'

As Peele followed in the wake of the attaché his heart beat fast for all his apparent coolness. He had long ago mapped out his line of action if he should chance again to meet the envoy of St Jago, but the sight of this sweeping beauty in white thrilled him with a new emotion, and awoke all his sailor's diffidence. Moreover, he had clean overlooked the fact that the governor would assuredly know as much as his daughter about his (Peele's) discomfiture.

'Miss Norah and Governor O'Hara, let me present to you Captain Sir Fitzroy Peele of the British Navy. Say, you needn't be afraid of him here, governor; he's left his little guns behind him this time.'

As their eyes met Peele saw the girl give a little start of recognition. With a sudden boldness the captain held out his hand.

'How do you do, Miss O'Hara? I think we have met before.'

As the girl blushingly placed her hand in his Peele caught a glimpse of Van Sittart's look of astonishment.

Then above Miss O'Hara's somewhat confused commonplace rose her father's cheerful voice: 'Afraid of him, bedad!—So ye're the lad who was goin' to blow our poor little St Jago into the sea. Faith, I'm plased to meet ye, and I compliment ye, sor, on yer humanity.'

Peele shook hands and muttered something more or less appropriate, and at the first opportunity turned to the girl, with perplexity and interrogation in every line of his handsome face. Mischief, but also understanding, gleamed in her expressive eyes, and Peele, with a sailor's promptitude, decided on his course.

'Miss O'Hara and I have lots to talk about, and we're going to have a quiet chat,' he said unblushingly in his frank, taking way. 'You don't mind, do you, sir?'

'So ye have!' said the little governor. 'An' if ye didn't want a chaperon whin ye fixed up St Jago between ye, ye don't want one now. An' I want a dhrink.—So come along, Van Sittart.'

As O'Hara and the amazed attaché moved away, Peele smilingly offered Miss O'Hara his arm.

The girl caught her breath. Then her eyes danced, and, with a little shrug of her shoulders expressive of much, she let herself be swept away by Peele's masterly handling of circumstances.

The captain deliberately selected a dim and secluded alcove, and found her a chair. Her face was half-turned away from him; her lips were parted in a little, mysterious smile; and for a moment Peele gazed at her faintly illumined profile with an absurd and rapturous sense of intoxication. Then he spoke. 'Your father, the governor, then, does not know all that took place in my cabin in the *Invulnerable* six months ago?'

'My father has a very high opinion of Sir Fitzroy Peele's humanity and—er—diplomacy,' said Miss O'Hara, glancing at Peele demurely.

'He must also have a very high opinion of his daughter's courage and—er—diplomacy,' said Peele.

'He has,' said Miss O'Hara calmly.

'Tell me,' said Peele, 'do you always telegraph to your enemies in the British cipher code?'

'Always,' said the girl emphatically, 'when they keep the code-book in a cupboard in their cabin, and the key on their watch-chain.' And her eyes danced with merriment.

'Do you think it was—er—strictly fair?'

'All is fair in love and war, Sir Fitzroy.'

'All is fair in love and war!' repeated Peele musingly. 'So that is your maxim?'

'Most assuredly.'

'Then would it be fair for me to call and see you to-morrow?'

The girl turned her head away, and Peele saw the warm colour tinging her shell-like ear. One little gloved hand lay on the settee near him, and, taking it unresisted, Peele bent forward to hear her answer.

'Yes,' she said very softly, 'I think—I think perhaps it would.'

THE END.

CONCERNING COATS OF ARMS.

By Sarah Wilson.

THERE is an old saying that it takes four generations to make a gentleman. This popular impression must be considered with care before acceptance; for the sovereign, being the fountain of honour, can bestow rank when and where he pleases; and thus three of the generations supposed to be necessary can be swept out of the way at the royal pleasure. The conviction may have grown from the concession in Ireland that those families who have used coats of arms for three generations are entitled to have them recorded in the books of Ulster King of Arms. There remains the fact that distinguished ancestry bears a noble share in our appreciation of people using armorial bearings. We look with extra interest upon the present representatives of the knights whose names are inscribed on the Roll of Battle Abbey, for instance (Sir Walter Scott consulted this for designations for his characters in *Ivanhoe*, including Front-de-Bœuf), or upon those in direct descent from the first knights of the Order of the Garter, or who are associated with similar amalgamations of romance, chivalry, and history, like Crusades. It happens that heraldic devices were used to distinguish individuals long before the foundation of the Heralds' College; therefore it comes to pass that we have among us identified descendants of men who were great before it was aught. It is well for those who incline their hearts toward matters of the kind that there are many rolls still extant containing lists of knights engaged in various undertakings in long-past centuries, such as those who assisted King Richard the First in the siege of Acre.

Over and above languages, always used with the utmost compression, the heraldic world has two other modes of expression—namely, devices and colour. In this way those who have gone before us still speak to us with a kind of eye-talk. Their achievements, or escutcheons, tell us, if not how 'they warred, they sang, they triumphed, and they passed,' at least from whom they were descended and with whom they intermarried. In addition to documents and pedigrees carefully preserved in the Heralds' College, British Museum, and private muniment-rooms, we have to look at the effigies, brasses, and tombslabs in our old churches, at the tiles upon the floors, and at the stained glass in the windows, many of which are rich with armorial bearings. The Bayeux Tapestry displays devices on the shields of the adventurous warriors depicted on it; but neither true armorial banners nor shields of arms came into use until the 12th century.

Occasionally general attention is drawn afresh to this sub-world by publications touching upon its confines or laying bare some of its details. Such a work was undertaken by the late Mr Joseph Foster, a relative of the distinguished artist Birket Foster. His handsome volume entitled *Some Feudal Coats of Arms* is embellished with a very large number of armorial bearings and engravings of effigies. He tells us the principal sources of his information are the rolls containing the personal insignia on the vestments and banners of the knights who fought at Falkirk in 1298 at Caerlaverock in 1300, at the battle of Boroughbridge in 1322, and at the siege of Calais in 1346; and, in addition, the lists of the knights who took part in the tournaments held in Dunstable in 1308 and 1334. The descendants of these warriors, he remarks, constitute in very deed the *ancienne noblesse* of to-day. It is curious to observe how many ancient lines are extinct. In the case of the two hundred and seventy Knights of the Garter created before the reign of Henry the Eighth, only thirteen are now represented in direct male descent. On the other hand, it is a matter of surprise to see in the published pedigrees the number of noblemen and gentlemen who claim royal descent or affinity. The identified descendants of Edward the Third, for instance, are numerous.

One of the pedigrees given by Mr Foster refers the descent of His Majesty George V. to the—probably mythical—Hengist who with Horsa was said to have landed in Kent in 449 A.D. at the request of the British Vortigern, then harassed by Picts and Scots. Wittekind, the duke of the (Continental) Saxons, who fought with Charlemagne and was conquered by him, is given as a descendant of Hengist. Through a long succession of Margraves and Electors in the course of centuries, while the throne of England was filled by Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stewarts (with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins), the Continental Saxon line is brought down from Wittekind to the princes of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, one of whom was the grandfather of our King. As Mr Foster says, the pedigree suggests that the Continental Saxons reacquired the British throne in the person of his late Majesty King Edward the Seventh!

Some old-world editors of heraldic works actually based their investigations upon the insignia of the Hebrew tribes when wandering in the wilderness, contending that they were brought out of Egypt in military array, with standards and insignia as described in the Book of Numbers. They tell us the tribes were divided into four squadrons, under Judah, Reuben, Ephraim, and Dan. Emblazoned on the standard of the first was a golden lion; on that of the second a man or male child, or, as some say,

three bars wavy azure, in allusion to the declaration of Jacob, 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;' on the banner of Ephraim was a sable ox; and on that of Dan was an eagle with a serpent in its talons. Other authorities take up the subject as exhibited in ancient Greek vases on which heroes are shown with devices on their shields; and some begin with the symbols on our buildings, on the armour and vestments on effigies or brasses, or on fonts, pulpits, pillars, and paving-tiles. Many brasses, like windows, give the proper colours of armorial bearings.

It is not all of us who cherish appreciation of noble names, but there are few who cannot feel the romance of the deeds that gave distinction and rank in the first instance. Even the sternest and most philosophical minds do not disdain the imputation of a love of arms and all that it represents. Carlyle tells us Mr Gracie of Dumfries traced the Carlyle family to the first Lord Carlyle, and thus to the brother of the murdered Duncan. 'What laughing my darling and I had when that document [Gracie's genealogical-tree of the Carlyle family] arrived!' he wrote. And Dr Johnson argued with Boswell that every man thought meanly of himself for not having been a soldier. 'Were Socrates and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, "Follow me, and hear a lecture on philosophy;" and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, "Follow me, and dethrone the Czar," a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. Sir, the impression is universal; yet it is strange.'

Looking at the devices chosen for coats of arms in Plantagenet times, we see that many of them make allusion to the names of their owners. Swine-heads and boar-heads, for instance, appear more than once on the shields of warriors whose names refer to those animals, as in Swinburne and Swinnerton; gauntlets were chosen by a mediæval Gaunt, maunches by a Maunsell, picks by a Pickford and a Pigot, trumpets by Trumpingtons, hands by Malmain, lambs by Lambton, hunting-horns by Hornes, bows by Bowes, three hammers by Hamerton, keys by Chamberlains, ravens by Corbets, herons by Herons, wings by Wingfield, a muzzled bear by FitzUrse. This adoption did not prevent the use of the same device by owners of other names. There was no limit, apparently, to the choice of animals. Lions were the favourites; after them leopards' heads and bucks' heads, horses, and in some cases talbots were chosen. The horseshoe was also appropriated, and the unicorn. There was a larger choice in birds — owls, cocks, ravens, herons, and popinjays being all represented, and martins without feet, called martlets. Hawks' lures were chosen in two instances. There were also (and still are) many fish in this mute language, such as dolphins and mullets. The great bulk of display in this kind of pageantry, nevertheless, consists of conventional items, such as crosses of very many forms, all of recognised meaning, bars, bendlets, roundels, stars, crescents, fusils, lozenges; and across many of them we see a label to denote the elder son of a father still living. Many common and uncommon objects occur, such as lamps, staves, pens, plumes, cups, helmets, boughs of trees, and leaves. A varied arrangement of chess rooks was chosen in at least three known instances, which, in connection with Froissart's account of the way King Edward the Third played chess with the Countess of Salisbury, opens out a view of the popularity of this game before Caxton's time.

The colours employed are another study of intricate detail. They were said to be symbolic, and are thought to have once had the same significance among all nations. In blazonry, white or argent is understood to mean purity and innocence; yellow or gold, love, constancy, and wisdom; red, blood and fire; blue, loyalty and fidelity; and green, joy and abundance—differing slightly from their ecclesiological interpretation.

When a stand of colours (with another sense of 'colour') is presented to a regiment to-day, it means much; but it means something quite different from what it did when William landed in Sussex, or Edward set out for Scotland, or the French and English kings saluted each other on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. '"Here is my banner," said Sir John Chandos on the morning of the battle of Navarete to the Black Prince. Then the prince and the king took the banner, which was of silver with a sharp pile *gules*, and returned it to him, the prince saying, "Sir John, behold your banner; may God grant you may do your duty." Then Sir John bore it to his own company, and said, "Gentlemen, see here my banner and yours; preserve it as your own."' And straightway, as we read the blazoned page (Froissart's), or view the picture mentally portrayed by it, we are aware of the spirit that pervaded the users of coats of arms in old times.

A QUEST.

One face amid the crowds I seek,
The careless crowds that hurry by;
Through summer shine and winter bleak
To hope I will not say good-bye—
One face I seek.

One face I seek! God send the day
I find it, be it soon or late;
I know her eyes will turn my way
At the compelling call of Fate—
One face I seek.

One face I seek, and, if my quest
Be vain, until the day I die
I'll bear its image in my breast;
And still, and still beyond the sky,
Amid the rapture and the rest,
One face I'll seek.

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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A WANDERER'S NOTE-BOOK.

By A. F. WHYTE, M.P.

IN BELGIUM—*continued.*

THERE is a saying attributed to an English lady of the mid-Victorian period on her return from a tour on the Continent. She was requested to give her impressions of foreign countries, and she replied that they were 'mostly ruins, inhabited by imbeciles.' We are happily far enough removed from that time to be able to smile at the insular presumption of her words, though the spirit that prompted them lurks in varying degree in many of us to this day. The industrial expansion of Germany, for instance, has opened our eyes; her rivalry in armaments and trade has forced upon us the study of her people and her methods. In another direction, and with the completest difference of origin and result, the *entente cordiale* with France has swept away old enmities and established what promises to be a lasting friendship not only between the Governments of Great Britain and France, but also, in a very gratifying sense, between the two peoples. Denmark, in her turn, claims our admiration for her systems of popular education and scientific agriculture, by which she has raised herself from the dire straits of 1864, and has more than made good the loss of the two duchies. Norway has shown us, by her admirable system of public-house reform, how to subdue one of the gravest of our national evils. And so on. During the last years of the nineteenth century we awoke to the fact that our 'splendid isolation' had left us all but entirely ignorant of the world of thought and action in Western Europe; and we set about to dispel our own ignorance. It is curious to note that, in the process, we have practically ignored one of the most interesting and instructive of our neighbours — namely, Belgium.

The average Briton thinks of Belgium—if indeed he thinks of her at all—as a kind of *annexe* to France; he has some recollection, perhaps, of having heard something somewhere about the Forest of the Ardennes; Brussels he associates vaguely with sprouts and music; and as his memory brightens he will tell you that the country possesses a famous battlefield which has given its name to one of the London railway termini! As for her history, 'why, didn't she not so long ago escape, by the death of the late King Leopold, from the rule of an unscrupulous and dissolute monarch whose iniquities in the Congo Free State made him notorious from Gibraltar to the Baltic?' If he has a taste for the study of guide-books he may remember those lines of Latin doggerel in which a medieval monk celebrated with commendable brevity the contemporary virtues of six Belgian towns:

> Nobilibus Bruxella viris, Antwerpia nummis,
> Gandavum laqueis, formosis Bruga puellis,
> Lovanium doctis, gaudet Mechlinia stultis—

'Brussels breeds statesmen, Antwerp breeds wealth, Ghent has its halters, Bruges its pretty girls, savants flourish in Louvain and fools in Malines.' But beyond such scraps of travellers' gossip his knowledge does not extend.

Belgium is a small country (about twice the size of Yorkshire), which supports more inhabitants to the square mile, and is served by a more complete transport system of roads, canals, and railways (including a vast network of light railways), than any other country in Europe. To the statesman she offers the study of a highly developed commercial organisation, a scientific system of agriculture, and an object-lesson in the development of small-holdings in land. Each of these, in its appropriate degree, deserves our attention; but we cannot, in such random sketches as these drawn from the note-book of a 'sentimental' traveller, enter deeply into any one of them. Vast quantities of information regarding each and all of them lie rotting in the Consular Department of the Foreign Office and the pigeon-holes of the Board of Trade. All I can do, in passing, is to put my hand at random into such pigeon-holes as I know, and give you samples of the untouched store of facts.

Take the consular service as an instance of commercial organisation in Belgium, and you will soon see how much we may learn from our neglected neighbour. 'Belgian diplomatists,' says Sir Constantine Phipps in a report to the Foreign Office a few years ago, 'little absorbed by international questions [happy men!], devote their main attention to commercial matters and to the extension of Belgian export trade, and require no commercial attachés to assist them. They are obliged, on entering the service and at

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certain stages of promotion, to pass difficult examinations on economic subjects; and it is to be doubted whether in any other diplomatic service persons could be found so thoroughly versed in such questions. The Belgian consul renders, moreover, services such as can be obtained from the consuls of no other nation, even to the extent of assisting in the collection of debts, in the arrangement of litigious questions, as well as making close inquiries into the credit and reliability of individual commercial houses abroad. The consuls act as pioneers of Belgian trade.' They are, as a rule, graduates of the Institut Supérieur de Commerce at Antwerp, which is the merchants' university and the special training-school for all branches of commerce, as well as the consular service. For two years, often for three, the prospective consul pursues his studies; the first year being devoted to training in the routine of a merchant's office, in advanced commercial arithmetic, rates of exchange, bills of lading, marine insurance, commercial correspondence in at least three foreign languages, and a few other cognate subjects. The second year's course carries the student forward into political economy, commercial law, the study of protective tariffs; with a weekly lecture, illustrated by models, on the main conditions of modern shipbuilding. A glance at this curriculum shows how thorough is the commercial equipment with which the Belgian goes out to face the competition of his rivals. If he is fortunate he may obtain a travelling bursary from the Government in order that he may extend his commercial knowledge by visiting countries outside Europe. Such bursaries are tenable for three years, and are large enough to enable the holder to make extended journeys in search of openings for Belgian trade in Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, of which he must furnish full half-yearly reports to the Commercial Department of the Belgian Foreign Office. The results of this system are regarded with high satisfaction by the Government and the home manufacturers; and there is no doubt that it forms a most valuable training for the consular service. Our own Foreign Office and the Board of Trade would do well to ponder these things, for they are essential to the continued well-being of those many millions of our fellow-subjects whose very existence depends upon the maintenance of our immense foreign trade.

For another instance, take the transport system of Belgium. In my first article I spoke of the miraculously cheap *Rundreise* tickets provided by the Belgian State railways; and I think I can prove that the epithet is not extravagant. The railway rates in Belgium, both for passengers and for goods, are usually very low, partly owing to the competition of the canals, and partly owing to the fact that the Government deliberately pursues the policy of low rates for the encouragement of industry and commerce, the development of the export trade, and the capture of as much as possible of the transit trade from South Germany to the sea. For nine shillings and fivepence a third-class passenger can travel anywhere over the two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine miles of Belgian State lines as often as he pleases during any given week. It may be noted in passing that the above mileage represents rather more than thirty miles of railway for every hundred square miles of territory; and if the mileage of the light railways be included, the proportion rises to fifty-two miles for every hundred square miles. Workmen's tickets are so cheap that many city artisans live out in the country, and are thus able to enjoy the twofold advantage of the purer air of the countryside and the higher wages of the town. For one shilling and threepence a farmer can send ninety pounds of perishable goods—that is, fruit or vegetables—by fast train a distance of one hundred and fifty kilometres (nearly ninety-four miles) at the State risk, whereas in England a farmer would have to pay four shillings if the goods were sent at the company's risk, and two shillings and ninepence if sent at his own risk! I need not multiply instances; for the foregoing amply prove that not only is the Belgian railway system more extensive than any other, but the freights payable are 'miraculous.' The competing means of communication offered by the canals, however, has greatly decreased the importance of the railways for heavy transport. All over Belgium there is an elaborate network of canals and 'canalised' rivers, which has not yet reached its maximum development; about 85 per cent. of these belong to the State, and *are deliberately run at a loss* of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds per annum. The Government regards the canals in very much the same light as our County Councils regard our high-roads, as an indispensable part of the national transport system; and 'it is no exaggeration to say that the commerce of Belgium as it exists at present could not be carried on without them.' In Antwerp alone in 1904 thirty-six thousand barges, with a freight tonnage of seven million tons, entered, and thirty-five thousand seven hundred barges, of six million seven hundred and fifty thousand tons, cleared. The rates for carriage by canal are much lower—though the time of transit is, of course, longer—than for railway carriage; and they have the advantage, from the trader's point of view, of being fixed by competition among the barge-owners, and are also more easily adaptable than the railway rates, which are fixed by the Government, and cannot be varied rapidly or often. The canal rates vary almost from day to day, and are quoted every morning on the Antwerp Exchange.

As the industry of agriculture is the most important in Belgium, and its prosperity, therefore, of vital consequence to the general welfare of the

community, it is not surprising that the Government has devoted its energies and financial resources to the development of scientific methods of tillage, of co-operation between agriculturists in nearly all their activities, and of general agricultural instruction. Out of the manifold organisation of the Ministry of Agriculture I select one branch for special mention here—namely, the State Experts in Agriculture (*Agronomes de l'État*), who number thirty-five—twenty-seven principals and eight assistants. Two or three of these are permanently established in the office of the Minister of Agriculture in Brussels, the others being in separate districts all over the country. Their duties include the promotion of agricultural organisation by means of co-operative societies and credit banks, the arrangement of practical lectures of a popular kind for farmers and others on all manner of agricultural subjects, the conducting of experiments in seed-testing and new kinds of fertilisers, &c. Details of their work can be found in several published reports and in other publications, of which Mr Rowntree's book, *Land and Labour, Lessons from Belgium*, is the latest and best. Setting aside, therefore, any further researches into the system as a whole, I think I can best give you an idea of the services rendered by these *Agronomes de l'État* by taking you through the day's work of one of them.

Rising early, the Belgian *agronome* takes a morning stroll round the experimental plots under his charge, in which he gives new seeds a thorough trial before commending them to the farmers of his district. He passes from one plot to another, noting the progress of his various experiments, and returns to his house, where he finds a pile of letters awaiting him, among which the most interesting are those addressed to him by individual farmers in his capacity as expert adviser. The following are typical specimens of the inquiries which reach him:

(*a*) Would you advise me to put chemical manure—and what sort—on a temporary pasture (six years old) before sowing winter barley? How many kilos are needed per hectare; and what else must be done to the soil before sowing?

(*b*) When you were here to lecture you told us about the Raiffeisen Bank. Would you be good enough to let me know what steps I must take to become a member?

(*c*) My wife has begun poultry-keeping, and doesn't know much about it; nor do I, for that matter. Can you give us advice as to (1) the best breeds for laying, (2) the best things to feed the birds with, (3) the proper way to pack eggs for the railway?

(*d*) As secretary of the co-operative creamery here, I write to ask whether you can send me the syllabus of your lectures on dairying. We want lectures here next winter, and I wish to lose no time in arranging them.

Such answers as he can write without consulting his books or the Brussels Ministry are sent off at once; the remainder are reserved for his evening leisure. In the afternoon he attends a neighbouring market, mixes with the motley crowds, acts as impromptu arbiter when disputes arise, and converses with the farmers, discussing 'the weather and the crops,' giving advice, and hearing complaints. New faces strike him at once; and as he chats with old friends about their families, fields, and herds, he observes a stranger prowling round the group of which he is the centre, and obviously waiting for an opportunity to talk to him. He breaks out of the circle and accosts the new man. They talk together about this and that—the dryness of the season, the new canal that the Government is building, the high hopes that are entertained about the coming of a light railway to the village, &c.; and the *agronome* soon finds that he is dealing with a novice who has so far failed to get his bearings in the new community.

'How's the manuring getting on?' he asks.

'*Peste!* not so well. It's not much use. The stuff's too dear, so I can't buy enough; and, even if I could, it costs a lot to fetch it here.'

'Oh, where do you get it?'

'From Ghent.'

'From Ghent! Why, man alive, what possessed you to go to Ghent for it?'

'A man in St Amand told me before I came in here that you could get good stuff in Ghent, so I get it from there.'

'Who told you that?'

'A lawyer who fixed the transfer of my farm for me before I came away.'

'A lawyer! Hum! We don't let lawyers shove their noses in here, I can tell you. And I don't know what your society is doing, letting you pay through the nose to some rascal in Ghent. The other men about here,' continues the expert, 'don't complain as they used to do that the price is too high. They used to pay retail prices; but that was because they bought their stuff in small pieces, separately. Now they get it through their society at practically wholesale prices, and save a heap of money from year's end to year's end.'

'What society?' asks the new-comer.

'*Sancta simplicitas!* where *did* you spring from? They have societies in France, haven't they? You came from over the border, didn't you?'

'Yes, I came from France, and I wish I hadn't; it's no use here. Societies? Oh, they have them in some places, but I never joined one.'

'That's perhaps why you couldn't make it pay—your farm in France, over the border yonder! And, *mon ami*, that's why you're finding it such poor fun here. What do you think? Isn't it?'

'I don't know. Perhaps it is.'

'Well, look here,' says the expert, 'it's no

earthly use trying to make a decent job of farming here without the societies. Oh, you may make ends meet, but you'll have a dog's life in doing it—a dog's life, I tell you. All these men,' declares the expert, waving his hand round the busy market—'yes, all of them—are in societies of one kind or another. And if you want living, walking testimony to their value, there, do you see that tall, gray-haired man over there? Well, he got a good many of his gray hairs from trying to work by himself. He was an independent kind of fellow, didn't believe in "these newfangled notions of clubbing together," said he could manage better on his own. Well, he just couldn't; he was gradually being elbowed out, and had to come in eventually. He's now a member of three societies, and secretary of one of them. Looks pretty prosperous, eh?'

'Yes, he does. Perhaps that is the way out,' says the French novice.

'You'll see soon that it *is the way out*. You think it over. I'll see you again about it; but, in the meantime, that short, red-faced man over there, with the brown leggings, can tell you more than I've time to do just now. Go and talk to him; tell him I told you to. Or, no; I'll introduce you myself, and give you a start with him.'

So the novice learns that there are societies for buying feeding-stuffs, societies for buying artificial manures, societies for insuring live-stock, societies for giving loans to farmers, societies for marketing eggs and dairy-produce; and they are all for him if he wants them. No one questions that he needs them. He goes home with something to think about and a new hope in his heart.

The work of the *agronome* is over for the afternoon, and he returns to his fireside to wrestle with the problems in the letters which he set aside in the morning.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SYMPATHY THAT GROPES.

WHY did John marry Kitty? John, with his strong, single-hearted nature, takes unto himself and adores as the one jewel of earth—for a limited period until his eyes are opened—the simple-minded, soft-hearted girl who loves him devotedly, but not one whit more than she would have loved James or William or Tom, had any one of those very commonplace young men become her husband and been decently kind to her.

Philosophy and social science, and the many specialised forms of study which we have brought to bear upon mankind, after all these years, have taught us nothing reliable about the master-passion. We love still according to no rule, after the lines of no theory; reason has no say in the matter, and expediency is out of court. A man loves from the eye, a woman from the heart; but equally by chance, so to speak.

At 241 Park Lane Cahusac found Mrs Westaway. She had once been a pretty girl, and was still pleasant to look upon; naturally good-humoured, well-meaning, and impulsive, but somewhat warped by contact with the world. She received Cahusac with an air of gloom.

'Oh my dear boy, you may well ask what is the matter! Have you heard of Wil's wickedness? We all knew he was frightfully in debt, and it now turns out he has been raising funds on the strength of a promise made him by Alice that as soon as she got her fortune into her own hands she would make it over to him to satisfy his creditors! To complete the mischief, Alice vows she will keep her word. Have you ever heard of anything so utterly unprincipled?'

Mrs Westaway shook out a fold of her soft laces impatiently, and, leaning back among her cushions, looked at Cahusac for sympathy.

'I cannot believe that Wil intended'——

'I'm not speaking of Wil. We all know, delightful boy as he is, that he would swindle his own grandmother out of her last sixpence, only she happens to be well aware of his little ways. Not at all! I mean Alice.'

Cahusac smiled strangely. 'You brought her up, Mrs Westaway.'

'Malcolm, I have known you from a boy, and I said from the beginning that you were at the bottom of this!'

Cahusac stared at her.

'Yes, I said it was just like one of Malcolm Cahusac's quixotic notions. You may ask Wil if I did not.'

'I assure you I have never exchanged a single word with Alice on the subject; but one may be permitted to respect her point of view.'

Mrs Westaway resumed her seat with some air of relief. 'I am glad to hear you haven't—more glad than I can say. She quoted cases of people who had kept vows made for them when they were babies—kept them to their own hurt. She mentioned no names, and I am sure I don't know why I thought of you,' she went on, not noticing the mingling of embarrassment and elation which crossed Cahusac's face.

'But don't you think she is right?' He put the question in his usual indifferent tone.

'Right? Certainly not! Of course one should be truthful and upright, and all the rest of it; but when it comes to flinging away your whole fortune to the Jews, and living on your family, because you happen to have been silly enough to make a stupid promise before you knew to what

it pledged you, well then I am of opinion that no one but a fool would do such a thing. It is quite as criminal to sponge upon your relations as to decline to fulfil a ridiculous and illegal arrangement.'

The servant opened the door, and Mrs Westaway added hurriedly, 'Here is Alice. I will leave you with her, and for goodness' sake persuade her to be sensible.'

Alice came into the room, and greeted Cahusac with that air of dignity and slight reserve characteristic of her race and class. It is a trick of manner, perhaps, and may not represent any inborn quality; but it invariably stands its possessor in good stead. Alice's reserve was discounted on this occasion by a deep blush when she became aware of the identity of the visitor. 'I did not expect to see you,' she said, 'at this hour.'

'I happen to be my own master just now,' Cahusac answered. 'I am going to Paris to-night.'

'To Paris! How odd! Wil is going too, with M. de Sarsan.'

Cahusac's face altered. She was watching it anxiously.

'I know you don't like M. de Sarsan,' she went on rather hurriedly; 'but he does influence Wil.'

'For good?' Cahusac did not want to ask the question—it was a stupid and priggish one at best; but he was more disturbed at this meeting with Alice than he would have cared to own.

'I think I can prove it to you. Has not Aunt Ella asked you to try to make me take a sensible view of my obligations as regards my promise to Wil?'

Cahusac flushed hotly and foolishly as he acknowledged that she had.

Alice's smile took on a little turn of sadness which stirred him still more strongly. 'She asks everybody. I wish she would not speak of our affairs so much and so openly. It is very painful.'

'I am afraid no apology of mine will mend the matter; but I can say that I did not venture to think of offering you my advice,' he replied with the quick huffiness of a man in love.

Alice was the type of girl who is readily loved; the type of girl, soft-natured and innocent, whom most men fall down and worship, and who, with their gentle dignities and stainless lives, have been the home-treasure for whose sake Englishmen, under the name of England, conquered Napoleon. Half the race have their lives brightened and their romances translated from heaven to earth by such as these.

Her eyes of childlike blue grew misty with reproachful tears. Her reserves were only skin-deep. She answered frankly, 'If you had cared to offer your advice and help I should have been glad and—grateful.'

This was an attack at close quarters of a kind to which Cahusac was not accustomed. He stammered in his answer. 'I have found it difficult. Wil avoids me lately.'

'As I said, you dislike M. de Sarsan,' she went on, not noticing his interruption; 'but I have had no one else to help or to advise me. He agrees with me that I must make over my money to Wil's creditors.'

'Agrees with you?' Cahusac repeated in surprise, while in his mind he wondered what game the man was now playing.

'Yes; did I not do well to trust him? Besides, I have no one else.' She rose and crossed the room to the window, for the tears were falling at last.

There was a second's pause, and then Cahusac followed her. He looked at her in silence, shaken throughout his whole being by the love he bore her—all dreamy hopes and gossamer thoughts, as she was! The living appeal! And these appealing girls rarely appeal in vain. Not intellectual, not strong, not capable, but fulfilling at one period of their existence a very ordinary ideal; yet a man's ideal for all that.

Such she was, sweet and helpless and appealing, fair and dear. He looked at the soft coils of hair upon her white neck, rather astonished at himself perhaps, yet thrilled and elated. He knew in his heart even then that there were thoughts and depths of soul that she could never share. Not the rarest girl in the world is she, yet most men prefer her. She is so different from themselves; she owns all the converse qualities. She is restful, trustful, and knows nothing of the mysterious discontents of spirit, the weary ambitions, the unanswerable questions of life. Marriages may not be made in heaven; some courtships are, at any rate.

'You know I would have helped you if I could—if I had known!' he found himself saying, almost unconscious of the words, so filled was he with the sense of her presence.

She turned towards him as he spoke. 'You don't know how lonely I am!' There was no artifice in the plaintive assertion. 'I have many relations, but they don't understand. They are all against us—against Wil and me. Now M. de Sarsan has undertaken to manage everything for me. And you'——

This is the sort of thing that generally has but one result. Cahusac knew so much, and was sufficiently himself to recollect it. 'I am sorry to hear that,' he said in a firmer tone. 'I think you had much better have put your affairs in the hands of one of your family.'

Two turquoise-blue tearful eyes reproached him. It was almost more than a man could bear.

'I am very unhappy,' she said. 'I don't know what to do. M. de Sarsan is our only friend; he has been very kind.'

Cahusac felt the check of the last sentence. He longed to speak, and to speak out; to tell her he loved her; and, man-like, he longed to show her how mistaken she was in her opinion

of De Sarsan; and yet in all fairness he must be silent. Her very weakness held him back. In her innocence she might some day have learnt to love him, but he could not ask her to share the uncertain future ahead, in which it might well be that calumny would triumph against him. If he told her all, he believed that, in her unworldliness and pity, she would take no count of possible trouble or shame, but gladly link her life with his. Was ever lover in so hard a case? he wondered. The one comfort of the moment was that De Sarsan, with his wiles and covert designs, was also to be away.

'I am boring you with my silly talk,' she exclaimed suddenly, he had kept silence for so long. 'I am sorry I spoke of myself. And yet, you know what it is to be lonely and unhappy too.'

He met her eyes, and in his she saw a dumb look of pain which she never forgot.

'Do you remember once you offered me your friendship, Alice?' he broke out. 'And what I told you then I tell you now once more. I dare not take your friendship, I cannot be your friend, while I stand as I do to-day, in face of I cannot tell what reverse of fortune.'

She suddenly put out both her hands to him. The action was so natural, so wistfully kind, so eloquent of the unuttered cry, 'Let me stand by you, let me comfort you!' that he could hardly crush back the answer which burned so near his lips.

It was the moment. He was on the path where one loses count of time. As long as there are two upon it they wander, taking no heed of distance. It is only when one is left to return alone that the way grows very dreary and very long.

'A man's fate is stronger than his will and his desires sometimes,' he said tenderly. 'If he can break free, then he is his own master, to do as he pleases. But until that moment he must be bound by his honour.'

He had taken both the slender outstretched hands in his own, pressing them hard in his emotion. She drew nearer with a timid movement.

'I don't understand you; but I am so sorry for you, Malcolm.' The red lips quivered, and her very loveliness translated her speech into comfort to Cahusac's ears. He could not look longer at the sorrow and supplication of her face.

'The future holds all my hopes—my life,' he muttered, as if to himself; then, seeing the marks of his rough grasp upon her white fingers, he suddenly bent his head and kissed them once and again with passion.

He was gone. She remained very still, one hand holding the other for many minutes. Then, blushing deeply to the brows, she kissed the place where his lips had been.

'I care for him very much,' she said softly. 'I wish I knew what trouble he fears will come to him. But I am sure he cares for me—and he is very unhappy.'

(To be continued.)

MONEY-BOXES.

By G. L. Apperson.

THE latest development of official ingenuity for the encouragement of thrift, the provision of money-boxes by the Post Office Savings Bank for the reception of small deposits by youthful depositors, is a wise adaptation to official ends of an ancient institution. The association of money-boxes with the national system of savings-banks is new, but the money-box itself is as old as the hills. Boys of every generation have probably repeated the familiar experience of dropping coins into their money-boxes in thrifty moments, only to make the most ingenious attempts to regain possession of the deposits when, the spasm of thrift having passed, the need for coin became immediate and pressing.

The Post Office, while providing the box, wisely intends to retain the key. The most effective of the older money-boxes were those which, while offering an accommodating slit for the insertion of coins, provided no means for the withdrawal of deposits short of smashing the receptacle, which was commonly of earthenware. But as this kind of 'breaking the bank' was somewhat of an extreme measure, the youthful depositor who wished to recover deposits too hastily made was reduced to a prolonged shaking and wriggling of the box, in the attempt, usually unsuccessful, to induce a coin to return by the opening through which it had entered.

Money-boxes, or money-pots, as they were sometimes called, were in very general use long before banks were invented. Roman money-boxes may be seen in museums. A seventeenth-century writer describes a 'Roman money-pot fashioned almost like a pint-jug without a neck, closed at the top, and having a notch on one side, as in a Christmas-box.' Medieval examples are numerous. In that remarkable collection of mementos of the London of days gone by, the Guildhall Museum, there may be seen several earthenware money-boxes, both glazed and unglazed, of the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. One of green glazed ware, with a slit on the shoulder for the reception of coins, has plainly been broken at the bottom, no doubt for the extraction of the contents. Another of the same date (fifteenth century) is in the form of a toad, while a seventeenth-century specimen is in

the form of a Sussex pig, and was perhaps made at Rye. In size these medieval money-boxes are usually three or four inches high, and three to four inches in diameter. A larger example of somewhat later date, perhaps of the eighteenth century, which was found at Stepney, is between five and six inches high, and nearly four inches in diameter. This rather elaborate box has a globular body, resting on a pedestalled base, and is surmounted by a hen and three chickens.

At country fairs, in the less sophisticated days when fairs were fairs, no objects were commoner than children's money-boxes made in many forms of earthenware and china, often quaint and curious. In the remarkable collection of rural objects of use and ornament which Miss Gertrude Jekyll made through a series of years, and described in her delightful book on *Old West Surrey*—a collection since generously presented to the Surrey Archæological Society to be housed in their museum at Guildford—are two curious examples. One, made of coarse, yellow-and-brown splashed earthenware, has a round body on a stem or foot. It bears, rudely incised, the name Mary Smith, a figure of three trees, and the date 1837. Miss Jekyll suggests that 'it was not made for any special Mary Smith, but was a pattern to be sold at fairs, where so common a name would be likely to fit some one in a rustic crowd.' The other box is of oak, and was clearly intended to be of the puzzle variety. It is held together simply by the tight gripping of each edge of the six sides; but as 'one side is made slightly narrower than the others, and can be first released by the forcible pressing back of two of the projections,' it is probable that a youthful possessor would not be long in solving the puzzle. When the released side is put in again it is sprung into place by force.

The too familiar Christmas-box takes its name from the money-box or jar in which those who solicited or received the seasonable 'tips' were accustomed to store their plunder. A Latin dictionary-maker of 1585 defined '*capsella fictilis*' as 'a mony-box made of potter's clay, wherein boyes put their mony to keepe, such as they hang in shops on towards Christmas.' When Christmas arrived the box was broken and the contents shared. Bishop Hall moralised neatly on this retentive receptacle, when, in one of his theological works, he remarked that it was a 'shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces.'

In the north of England and in Scotland, pots and vessels of various shapes, usually of earthenware, but occasionally of wood or tin, have been known for centuries, for some inscrutable reason, as 'pigs.' A 'pig' is a vessel which may be used for any and every purpose; and among its uses is that of a money-box. Some of the Scottish lads and lasses who take advantage of the new savings-bank device will probably be more apt to call their aids to thrift 'pigs' than boxes. When Jeannie, near the end of *The Heart of Midlothian*, presents her astonished husband with a parcel of bank-notes drawn from between the leaves of a Bible, secreted in a cracked brown can, with a piece of leather tied over the top, and so enables him to purchase a certain coveted piece of pasture-ground, she remarks that 'It wad be better laid out on yon bonny grass-holms than lying useless here in this auld pigg.' From revelations which are occasionally made, it would seem probable that this primitive method of banking—the storing of money in a carefully secreted box or jar—is still far from uncommon in country places.

SOME ANNALS OF A DESERTED DOCKYARD.

By C. M. Norris, Engineer Captain, R.N.

ANTIGUA DOCKYARD, better known locally as English Harbour, is situated on the south-west corner of Antigua, the chief of the British Leeward Islands.

The entrance to the harbour is through a narrow channel between two points lying east and west, on which are the remains of two old forts, Fort Charlotte on the east and Fort Berkeley on the west. The narrows open into a capacious anchorage called Freeman's Bay, from the northern end of which another channel leads into a close natural harbour, hurricane-proof as far as it is possible to obtain such a place on this terrestrial sphere.

On the eastern and northern sides of the harbour the ground rises abruptly to a height of some six hundred feet, known as Shirley Heights, on the summit of which may still be seen the remains of Fort Shirley and the barracks of the garrison which, during the French wars, was wont to keep a sharp lookout on the doings of our neighbours in the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique to windward.

At the foot of these heights the older portion of the dockyard was built in 1721. On this side also we find the senior officer's house, now called by the colonists Clarence Cottage, probably from the fact that the Sailor-Prince, afterwards William the Fourth, lodged here when his ship was hove down for repairs. The cottage is still habitable, and is used by the colonists for picnics and other entertainments. On the western side, called the 'middle ground,' a tract of hilly country which separates the harbour from the adjacent Falmouth Harbour, the newer portion of the yard was built in 1743.

It consists of storehouses, commissioner's house, quarters for officers and men when their ships were careened, a capstan-house containing huge wooden capstans, and careening jetties or wharves against which the ships were hove down in order to make good underwater defects.

The yard, nestling amidst the well-wooded hills, is exceedingly picturesque; but it bore an evil reputation among the seamen of the past as a hotbed of yellow-fever. Shut in from the bracing influence of the trade-wind, and in close proximity to the water-tanks, it was a veritable mosquito-trap.

Captain Edward Thomson, in one of his *Sailor's Letters*, gives the following description of the place:

'ENGLISH HARBOUR, 21*st October* 1756.

'With the strictest truth I may call this one of the most infernal places on the face of the globe, though a commodious harbour for refitting. I have long been suffering from a white flux, and for recovery am stuffed into a small room with twenty-six people. I officiate as chaplain, and bury eight a morning. I attribute the fever to water taken from cisterns built by Admiral Knowles. It is all rain-water, and covered close up, which for want of air breeds poisonous animalculæ and becomes foul and putrid.'

As one gazes into this sleepy little hollow it is difficult to imagine it was once a hive of human activity; that the place once swarmed with the pigtailed seamen of Rodney, Hood, and Nelson as they hauled their battered ships in to make good the ravages of the enemy. We find here the immortal Nelson pouring out his soul in love-sick tones to his adored Fanny in the neighbouring island of Nevis. In yonder old cottage the hero of Trafalgar and the Sailor-Prince sat cheek by jowl discoursing the events of the last war, Rodney's action off Dominica, and the misdeeds of the colonists in evading the Navigation Act.

It was in 1784 that Nelson arrived at the harbour in the *Boreas*. As the vessel swung through the narrows and shot to her anchorage in Freeman's Bay, the first thing that caught the young captain's eye was a commodore's pennant flying from the masthead of the *Latona*. On making inquiries, he found that there was a standing order from the commander-in-chief, then on the Windward Division, that 'all captains refitting at the dockyard were to put themselves under the orders of the Resident Commissioner.' Now this officer, though twenty-one years Nelson's senior as a captain, was employed in a civilian position under the Navy Board. Nelson, now considering himself the senior naval officer present, sent an order to the *Latona* to strike the commissioner's pennant and return it into store. This done, he warped his ship into the dockyard and settled himself down as the senior officer on the Leeward Island Division.

In a letter to a local tradesman, which does not appear to have found a place in Nicolas's *Despatches*, he writes: 'As I mean to form a mess here for the hurricane-months, please forward one hogshead of port, one of best white wine, twelve dozen bottled porter, fifty pounds of sugar, one firkin of butter, two baskets of salt, and two pounds of black pepper.'

He had not been long in the place when he brought a hornet's nest about his ears. Before the Declaration of Independence the Americans had done a thriving trade with the colonists. When the peace came in 1783 the commerce was resumed, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. Unfortunately, under the Navigation Act, foreigners were forbidden to trade with the British colonies. The Americans, having set up as a nation on their own account, were now discovered by Nelson to be foreigners within the meaning of the Act, and he with characteristic promptitude proceeded to deal with them as such. He therefore notified the Customs officials that he would seize any American vessel he found trading with the colonists. A correspondence now ensued between Nelson and Governor Shirley of the Leeward Islands, in which the latter was finally goaded into saying, 'Old governors are not accustomed to take advice from young gentlemen.' It was in reply to this that Nelson made the well-known retort: 'I am as old as the Prime Minister of England, and as capable of governing a ship of war as he is of governing the State.' The case was further complicated by the commander-in-chief sending the young captain orders to desist from extreme measures, and to be guided by the governor. In spite of these orders, Nelson, finding that his warning to the Customs officials had been disregarded, seized four American ships. The case was tried in the Vice-Admiralty Court, and the vessels and their cargoes awarded as prizes to the *Boreas*. The colonists now worked themselves into a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. After all that they had suffered during the war, here was a piratical youth come among them ruining their commerce, flouting their governor, and ignoring the orders of his admiral, apparently with no other object than to fill his pockets at their expense with his ill-gotten prize-money.

As the colonists were under the impression that a naval officer could not lawfully seize a vessel except through a deputation of colonial officers, they now caused the Yankee skippers to bring an action for damages against Nelson for assault and false imprisonment, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. But herein lay the difficulty. Though many were the ruses employed to gain possession of the body of the culprit, Nelson, by sticking close to his ship for

many weeks, managed to elude the vigilance of the provost-marshal, who followed him hot-foot from island to island in his futile endeavours to arrest him.

The matter was finally settled by the king, whom Nelson had memorialised on the subject, sending orders to Governor Shirley to have Captain Nelson defended at his expense. Later on came the thanks of the Treasury to the commander-in-chief for his successful efforts in the suppression of the illegal trading. When these were calmly appropriated by the admiral the indefatigable little captain's gorge rose. 'That another should be thanked for what I did, and against his orders!' he groaned.

Here is an extract from a letter to Mrs Nisbet about this period:

'ENGLISH HARBOUR, *August 14th*, 1786.

'My heart yearns to you, it is with you my mind dwells, absent from you I feel no pleasure. It is you, my dearest Fanny, who are everything to me; without you I care not for this world, for I have lately found nothing in it but vexation and trouble.

'I have not been able to get even a cottage upon a hill, notwithstanding my utmost endeavour; and therefore have been kept here most woefully pinched by mosquitoes, for my sins perhaps. So the generous inhabitants of Antigua think, I suppose, not one of whom has been here, or has asked me to leave English Harbour.'

In the midst of his activities, Nelson always took a keen interest in the welfare of his ship's company. He was beloved by all, particularly the midshipmen, whom he used to call his children. During the hurricane-months at English Harbour he encouraged music, dancing, and cudgelling on board, and the spirits of the men were kept up by plays acted by the younger officers. Amongst the latter an unfortunate affair took place which cast a gloom over the ship's company for a time. Two of the midshipmen, Mr Andrews and Mr Stainsbury, fought a duel which nearly terminated fatally for the former. The young officer eventually recovered, and lived to fight his country's battles in the next war.

Duels frequently took place in English Harbour, among both the naval and the military officers. They were generally fought on the middle ground toward the shore of Falmouth Harbour. A story of a somewhat sanguinary encounter is related by Admiral James (one of Rodney's officers) in his journal: 'A quarrel took place between myself and Mr Dick, the surgeon's mate, to be settled on our arrival in English Harbour. We went on shore on October 22, 1771. Not being able to procure pistols, we fought with our hangers till each was so disabled by cuts that it was mutually agreed we should defer final settlement of dispute until we were able to procure pistols. On our arrival on board, however, we were put under arrest and kept there until an amicable settlement was arrived at.'

It was in 1781 that Prince William Henry arrived in the harbour in the *Pegasus* and put himself under the orders of Captain Nelson. They had met before at Jamaica, but a warm and intimate friendship now sprang up between them, and Nelson found a ready listener when he let himself go on the charms of his dearest Fanny, and the prince amicably insisted on giving the bride away. For the next six months the two officers dined together on alternate nights, and Nelson found himself in attendance on the prince at a constant succession of dinner-parties, balls, cock-fights, dignity-balls, and other entertainments which the generous planters have always been accustomed to lavish on the naval officers of their day. The genial, unconventional manners of the prince won the hearts of the Antiguans, and they vied with each other in their efforts to make his stay a pleasant one; even the negroes were charmed with the 'Grand Buccra,' as they called him. But the effect of the prince on Mr John Burke, Solicitor-General, seems to have been rather alarming. That gentleman had been deputed by the Legislative Council to read an address of welcome; but, according to a local record, 'he was so completely dumfoundered that he was unable to articulate a single word.'

Though the most amiable of men on shore, the prince was somewhat of a martinet on board ship; even the loyal Nelson remarked in one of his letters that the prince 'had more trouble than enough with his officers.' A good instance of his methods is shown in the following extract from his order-book:

'*Pegasus*, ENGLISH HARBOUR,
'*23rd January* 1787.

'From Mr Schomberg's neglecting to inform me yesterday of his sending a boat on shore, and Mr Smollet doing the same, I think proper to recommend the reading over of these orders with attention to the officers and gentlemen, as for the future I shall make them accountable for their conduct in disobeying any commands or orders I may from time to time give out.

'WILLIAM.'

Mr Schomberg, who was first lieutenant to the prince, once told the latter that 'no officer could serve under him, as sooner or later he must be broke.' He took the censure in the order-book so much to heart that he applied for a court-martial on his conduct. As there were not sufficient officers in the harbour to form a court, Nelson put him under arrest to keep him out of harm's way; and so the luckless officer remained till the arrival of the *Pegasus* at Jamaica six months later, when the matter was settled out of court. He was not 'broke,' but eventually became a Commissioner of the Navy. He was the author of *Schomberg's Naval Chronology*.

In the spring of 1787 the *Boreas* and *Pegasus* went for a cruise round the islands, during which they touched at Nevis, where the prince performed his crowning act of kindness by giving the bride away and making Nelson the 'happiest of men.' In May the two friends parted, Nelson going back to English Harbour to refit for the voyage home, the prince to Jamaica and afterwards to North America, where he was ordered to pass the winter. The latter part of the programme was more than he could stand, so in direct disobedience of orders he made the winter passage from Halifax, struck a gale of wind off the Scillies, and arrived in Plymouth about the end of December with his sails torn to shreds.

This little escapade of the prince caused somewhat of a flutter at the Admiralty; and as my Lords did not see their way to try a prince of the blood by court-martial for an act to the prejudice of good order and naval discipline, they decided to leave the matter in the hands of the king, who ordered that the culprit should be confined to the precincts of the port of Plymouth until his ship had completed her refit, and then be packed off to sea again. There is no reason to suppose that the prince found the time hang very heavily on his hands, for he was cheered in his confinement by a visit from the First Gentleman in Europe, who journeyed down to Plymouth with a few choice spirits to welcome his erring brother.

On 13th January 1797 an incident occurred in Antigua which bulks largely in the annals of the yard. On the evening of the day in question the sloop *Perdrix* was lying against the jetty in front of the capstan-house on the eastern side of the yard. She was commanded by Lieutenant Peterson in the absence of his captain on leave; the sloop *Favorite* was at the opposite side of the yard, commanded by Lieutenant and Commander Lord Camelford. The alarm guns having been fired from Shirley Heights, Camelford sent an order to Peterson to row guard and prepare to act with the military in manning the forts at the entrance to the harbour. Peterson, conceiving himself to be the senior officer of the two, sent a reply saying that he 'wondered at Camelford's presumption,' and subsequently sent a counter-order, signing himself senior officer at English Harbour.

Camelford replied by sending Lieutenant Millward with a party of marines to arrest Peterson and bring him, dead or alive, to the western capstan-house.

Lieutenant Millward's evidence before the court-martial which ensued is as follows: 'Having arrived at the stairs leading to the mess-room over the capstan-house, I found it guarded by two seamen with fixed bayonets. Having obtained permission, I went up, followed by the marines. I found Lieutenant Peterson sitting there, and when I told him I had come to arrest him, he grew very violent, jumped up, seized his sword and a brace of pistols, and told me if I did not go he would run me through. As I advanced he made a thrust at me, which I parried with my sword. I then ordered the marines to seize him; but finding I could not arrest him without danger to his life, I called the marines off. He then told the master to arm himself, and going to the window, shouted, "*Perdrix! Perdrix!* Arm yourselves!" Just then I heard Lord Camelford, who was at the foot of the stairs, calling me to come down, which I did. Lord Camelford then went to the wharf and hailed the *Favorite* to come to his assistance. By this time the *Perdrix* men were falling in on the jetty, with their arms, and Lieutenant Peterson was walking in front of them with his sword drawn. It was then quite dark. Lord Camelford then took one of my pistols and asked if it was loaded. On being told it was, he advanced and asked if Mr Peterson was there. The latter replied, "Here I am, damme, sir!" Lord Camelford said, "Do you still persist in disobeying my orders?" "I do," was the reply. Lord Camelford then raised his pistol and shot Lieutenant Peterson dead. Then turning to the ship's company, he said they were quite right in obeying their officer, but that he had shot Lieutenant Peterson for mutiny.'

Lord Camelford was tried for his act on board the flag-ship at Martinique, and honourably acquitted.

In connection with this extraordinary verdict, it is an open question whether Lord Camelford was not himself the mutineer. Lieutenant Peterson was some two years the senior as a lieutenant; and, under the naval law as it exists to-day, an officer placed under similar circumstances would be the senior officer present. The court appears to have accepted Camelford's statement that he was the senior officer, and the Admiralty were only too glad to have the matter hushed up and done with.

Although English Harbour was not finally closed down till about 1880, its sphere of usefulness gradually declined after the American war of 1812.

With the gradual lengthening of the old wooden walls, and later on the introduction of the steam fleet and the substitution of dry-docks for the old-time method of careening, the centre of naval activity was moved northward to Bermuda, which has for many years been practically the only refitting station for ships on the North American and West Indies station. English Harbour is the only existing dockyard which has not to some extent kept pace with the times. It still remains an object-lesson in dockyard methods of 1800 and war-time, when much was accomplished with small means.

FAMOUS WRECKWOOD FIRES.

By Thomas Hake.

THE wreckage cast from time to time upon our storm-ridden shores can never fail to awaken a romantic interest. To the fisherfolk and such-like dwellers within sound of the sea it must frequently convey a meaning too sad to contemplate; but, on the other hand, the briny logs of broken timber 'arrive' after a gale in the shape of fuel that is greatly prized, being often found littering the very threshold of weather-beaten homes. Such fuel may chance to be reminiscent of disaster and even loss of life; but, nevertheless, it helps to brighten the domestic hearth. The peculiarly witching light of a wreckwood fire, with its delicate display of rose-tinted flames blending with tints of green and blue, seizes upon the fancy; and to him who sits beside it at the midnight hour, conscious of a storm raging without, there must occasionally come visions as weird as the one which haunted the mind of Clarence in *Richard III.*:

> Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
> A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl—
> . . . . . .
> All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

But a wreckwood fire alight upon the seashore after a tempestuous night, with the breakers sounding loudly in the ear, is even more inspiring. A scene of waste and desolation it is, no doubt, symbolising man's unequal fight with the forces of Nature; and yet it is so picturesque that the fascination it asserts is scarcely less irresistible than the sense of consternation and awe.

It was upon just such a wreck-strewn beach that one of the most memorable of wreckwood fires was kindled some ninety years ago. The afternoon had been stormy, with violent winds from the south-west. Evening closed in, and with the approach of night a thunderstorm broke over the Mediterranean shores such as brought a sense of dread even to the stout-hearted seamen of those latitudes—seamen well accustomed to witness the appalling 'liquid pillars of fire' never experienced in more northern climes. Just before the coming of that fateful storm, Shelley and his friend Williams, accompanied by one sailor, a man named Vivian, had gone towards Spezia from Leghorn on a return cruise. Their boat was caught in a sudden squall; it went down stern foremost, not giving them a moment in which to turn round and confront their perilous plight. Some days later Shelley's body was washed ashore in the lovely Bay of Spezia, as Trelawny was the first to discover. He it was who obtained the needful permission to reduce the remains to ashes by fire. It was the only means by which the wishes of the poet's friends for the burial at Rome could be carried out. It was all arranged in accordance with the Tuscan law: any object cast ashore must be burned, as a precaution against plague. 'We found,' says Trelawny in his graphic narrative of the event, 'wood in abundance—parts of wrecks cast upon the beach.' The place was about four miles from Via Reggio. The headland, projecting boldly and far into the sea, forms a deep and dangerous gulf, with a heavy swell and a strong current generally running right into it. A vessel embayed in the gulf and overtaken by one of the squalls so common upon that coast is almost certain to be lost. It was here, near the spot where the body had been found, that a portable furnace and tent were prepared. The furnace was of iron bars and strong sheet-iron; and the fuel used was wreckwood, with frankincense, wine, salt, and oil, the accompaniments of a Grecian cremation. This revival of a classic rite was performed in the presence of Byron, Trelawny, Leigh Hunt, and a guard of soldiers. The copy of Keats's last volume found in Shelley's pocket, doubled back at the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' as though he had been reading it until forced by the squall to put it aside, was thrown upon the blazing pyre. The extraordinary beauty of the flames was very noticeable; and a curlew that came wheeling and screaming round and round, close to those flames that rose golden and towering into the night, could not be driven away.

In that weird and powerful romance, *The Toilers of the Sea*, Victor Hugo has related the most amazing episode connected with a wreckwood fire ever imagined. It occurs in that part of the story in which the titanic hero, Gilliatt, having reached his destination on a solitary sea-bound and sea-beaten rocky peak, makes all the necessary preparations for carrying out, with fierce and dogged resolve, his set task—the herculean task of reconstructing a wrecked vessel, a steamboat fixed as in a vice between two perpendicular rocks known as the Douvres, off the treacherous coast of Guernsey. With no human aid—no resource beyond his own vigorous brain and brawny arms—he ultimately achieved his purpose. For art he had instinct; for power, will. He possessed a hatchet, a chisel, and a hammer. He wanted a good workshop and a convenient shed. He began to busy himself among the breakers in search of wreckwood, collecting more especially the smaller parts of the wrecked vessel. He took advantage of every high tide to strip the reefs of everything that the shipwreck had scattered upon them. He went from rock to rock seizing upon splinters of panels, shattered planking—whatever the riotous waves had dis-

persed. During these clambers over the rocks in search of the needed wreckwood and every scrap of iron that he could lay his hands on, he kept a sharp lookout for caves; he found two at last that proved appropriate for the purpose he had in view. He decided that one should serve as a storehouse for the wreckwood; the other he resolved to convert into a blacksmith's forge. At the entrance to the storehouse he always kept two heaps: a pile of iron for forging purposes, and a pile of wreckwood for fuel with which to feed unceasingly the contemplated forge-fire. Through the rocky recess he had chosen in which to construct his forge there was a never-ceasing current of air. This he resolved to utilise. It was this draught that suggested to him the notion to transform the cavern into a smithy. The draught, however, had to be regulated. With amazing ingenuity he stopped up all the crevices of the rock with paste and tow, leaving only a small air-passage made out of a powder-flask which he had found on board the wreck. This flask he directed horizontally towards a large stone, which Gilliatt made the hearth of his forge. Having heaped wreckwood upon his extemporised hearth, he lighted his forge-fire. The cave being partially open to the sky, the smoke issued forth freely, but it blackened the escarpment; the rocks which had seemed destined for ever to receive only white foam and crystalline spray became polluted with black smoke from the wreckwood fire. As if to enhance the wonderful vitality and picturesqueness of the scene, the wild sea-birds flying to and fro watched him as he worked. For fuel, then, he had wreckwood, the wind was his bellows, his anvil a stone. As he had no cooking utensils in which to boil the crabs which were almost his only food, he baked them in the forge-fire between two stones after the fashion of savages. But these wreckwood fires which he kindled were hardly sufficient to warm him; for in that open space, with the wind blowing in from the sea, he was often half-frozen on one side and half-scorched on the other. Seated there, wrapped in his sheepskin cloak and supping off baked shell-fish, how mystical must have been the meditations of that solitary toiler of the sea as he gazed into his wreckwood fire, with no sounds but the cries of the sea-gulls circling overhead and the roar of the waves breaking upon the rocks at his feet! It was while in search of wreckwood for this forge-fire that Gilliatt chanced to discover the strange and fairy-like cavern which is so vividly portrayed—the splendid home of the loathsome devil-fish, or eagle-ray, of which this amazing hero of romance so nearly became a victim.

But the most delightful picture of a seaside wreckwood fire is to be found in *Twice-Told Tales*. It has all the fancy and all the charm of Hawthorne at his best. It reads like a page out of his own reminiscences, as indeed it must have been, for it is descriptive of one of those lonely wanderings which he appreciated more than most men. On the shore where he is strolling in a quaintly objective, and yet reflective, mood, a fishing party have landed from their skiff and are cooking their scaly prey by a fire of wreckwood kindled in the angle of two rude rocks. In the deepening twilight, while the surf is dashing near their hearth, the ruddy gleam of the fire throws a strange air of comfort over the cove, bestrewn as it is with pebbles and seaweed, and exposed to the 'melancholy main.' Moreover, as the smoke climbs up the precipice it brings with it a savoury smell from a pan of fried fish and a black kettle of chowder. 'This reminds me,' Hawthorne confesses, 'that my dinner was nothing but bread and water and a tuft of samphire and an apple. . . . Methinks,' he goes on to soliloquise, 'the party might find room for another guest at that flat rock which serves them as a table; and if spoons be scarce I could pick up a clam-shell on the beach. . . . They see me now! and one of them sends up a hospitable shout. Can I decline? No; and be it owned, this is the sweetest moment of a day by the sea-shore.'

Even the Ancient Mariner—the mariner

> Whose eye is bright,
> Whose beard with age is hoar—

might have been tempted to approach such a genial wreckwood fire—tempted to spin his yarn of the spectre-bark once more.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOVEL SUCTION-CLEANER FOR THE HOME.

THE widespread popularity of the vacuum system of cleaning furniture, carpets, decorative fabrics, and bedding has resulted in commendable ingenuity being displayed by inventive minds in the evolution of a compact and handy little apparatus for domestic use. Probably the acme of simplicity, efficiency, and utility has been attained in the 'magic' suction-cleaner which has recently made its appearance. This device, which is British throughout, indicates a new development in the system of removing 'matter in the wrong place,' as the scientific description of dust and dirt has it. The cleaner comprises an outer case of aluminium which contains four essential parts—namely, the suction intake, fan-box, motor, and exhaust duct respectively. The electric motor is built specially to avoid excessive heating, and is

made so as to withstand long, hard use, and sufficiently powerful to do more work than it is ever likely to be called upon to perform. It is mounted horizontally, and is fitted with special, easily accessible reservoir oil-mechanisms which lead to all bearings. There is a turbine disc-fan attached directly to the armature of the motor, which is driven at just the right speed to secure the proper balance of draught. This suction effort is constant and steady in very large volume. The case is mounted upon rubber-tired wheels fitted with ball bearings, so that only the minimum of effort is required to push the cleaner to and fro. The motor can be driven from the house supply of electricity; all that is necessary is to attach a plug to a wall connection or to the lampholder of one of the electric lights. As this appliance is intended to supplant the unsatisfactory broom, lightness has been a consideration, and its total weight is no more than ten pounds. The principle upon which the cleaner works is very simple. The fan, rotated at a high speed, exercises a powerful suction, drawing the air through the fabric over which it is being passed into a suction inlet, and then discharging the dust into a bag made of dust-proof fabric attached to the lower part of the handle; when filled the bag is easily removed and emptied. The action of the suction draught, however, is different from that of the ordinary vacuum cleaner. It does not tear the fabric to pieces, which is one of the greatest objections to this system of cleaning, but merely removes the loose dirt and dust. When delicate decorative fabrics and hangings are being submitted to such treatment this is a vital consideration. The ordinary vacuum system disintegrates the threads of the material owing to the force of the suction draught, and for this reason many people after one experience of vacuum cleaning revert to the old-fashioned method, which, although it possesses many drawbacks, at the same time has the overwhelming advantage of not injuring the fabric in the slightest. With the 'magic' cleaner no such defects are present. It will clean my lady's delicate velvet hat and fragile plumes as easily, safely, and completely as it will cleanse a dust-laden carpet. The control is extremely simple, there being a switch in the handle by means of which the apparatus is moved to and fro. Moreover, it is utilitarian to the utmost degree. There is a variety of attachments whereby it can be used for many different purposes, such as cleaning upholstered furniture, renovating pillows by driving a powerful blast of pure air through the feathers (thereby separating them), dusting walls (for which purpose the attachment is fitted with bristles like a brush), curtains, carved furniture, mattresses, quilts, and bedding, hats without inflicting the slightest injury, picture-frames, mouldings, cornices, &c., books by driving a current of fresh air between the leaves, drying the hair after shampooing—in short, for every purpose where the removal of dust or damp is imperative to ensure cleanliness and health.

MEASURING THE DENSITY OF SMOKE.

The position of the societies for bringing about an abatement of the smoke nuisance has been strengthened very materially by the perfection of an instrument whereby it is possible to measure the density of smoke. This apparatus has been devised by Mr Joseph Lovibond, F.R.Met.Soc., and is a modification of his well-known tintometer. The appliance consists of a short optical instrument having two apertures at the objective end. One of these orifices commands a view of the smoke under examination, while the other gives a view of the surrounding daylight, taken from a projecting reflector. The eyepiece of the instrument secures a view of both, side by side. The daylight aperture is then closed by a series of standardised glass absorbents, until the light in the daylight aperture is equal in luminous intensity to that of the smoke. The smoke density obtained is recorded as so many units of light obstructed, and the value of the unit is recorded upon the top of the instrument, showing the result without further calculation. The basis of the light-unit is in accord with Professor Rood's division of the diffraction spectrum into five spaces of twenty units each. The value of a given light is determined by the number of neutral tint-units required to absorb all the spectrum colours.

OILSKIN WATERPROOF CLOTHING.

To decide concerning the class of clothing for wet-weather wear is always difficult. There are innumerable classes of such material upon the market, ranging from the tweed dressed with a water-resisting medium which is purely temporary in its protective qualities, to the ungainly oilskin. From all points of view the latter article is far and away the most efficient, but an objection has been raised to its sticky character and nauseating aroma. These drawbacks have been so great that, despite the undisputed value of such an article, it has been rejected in favour of the less satisfactory but more pleasant mackintosh material. The latter, except in the very highest-priced qualities, is of little use. Its life, so far as resisting rain is concerned, is very brief; while even the best qualities, acting somewhat as a sponge, become saturated with the rain, and are then uncomfortably heavy and hot. During the past few years further attention has been devoted to the oilskin waterproof with a view to eliminating its defects, and in this direction complete success has been achieved. No matter how wet the surface may become, there is no possibility of the slightest stickiness developing, while the fabric is absolutely free from smell. It has also been possible to prepare the oilskin in a variety of weights, so as to adapt the

garment made thereof to any desired purpose, either for ladies or gentlemen. Complete protection against the weather can be secured with a coat as light as silk or as heavy as a navigator's serviceable sou'-wester. Coats can be made to meet the exigencies of city life, riding, driving, motoring, and any other outdoor occupation, with equal success. Seeing that the oilskin is the obvious means of preventing the rain from penetrating to the under-garments, and that great advances have been made in its preparation, it should enjoy a great measure of popularity. In the Colonies it should make a special appeal, especially in such as Canada, where the rainfall is torrential in its severity, as the writer knows from experience, and will penetrate any other class of water-resisting material in a few minutes. The 'slicker' is about the most efficient waterproof garment available in the Dominion; but its sticky surface makes against its popularity, although its vogue is extensive, for the simple reason that there is no competitor affording equal results. The 'beacon oilskin,' however, is as superior to the old-fashioned 'slicker' as the modern railway express is in advance of Stephenson's 'Rocket.' Ladies particularly should welcome this new fabric because of the fact that it is made in a wide range of colours, which renders it more attractive to the fair sex.

WONDERS OF KINEMATOGRAPHY.

Although the popular impression of the value of kinematography is that it is for amusement only, recent developments have served to show that it is capable of being pressed into sterner service in the interests of science. M. Lucien Bull has devised an apparatus whereby it is possible to photograph bees, flies, and beetles on the wing at the rate of two thousand pictures per second, so that one may study at ease the complex movements of the wings of such creatures, which otherwise, owing to the remarkable rapidity with which they move, cannot be followed by the naked eye. He has also taken a series of photographs showing a bullet being fired through a soap-bubble. When projected upon the screen in a large image the bullet appears as big as a football, while the bubble resembles a huge balloon. The flight of the bullet can be easily followed, and the picture is intensely fascinating, inasmuch as it is observed that the bubble does not burst when the bullet penetrates the exceedingly thin and fragile wall, but when it emerges from the opposite side. A German experimenter has followed up M. Bull's experiments, and has devised an apparatus capable of taking a photograph in one ten-millionth part of a second. Of course, for such a brief period of exposure sunlight is useless, so the electric spark, which is exceedingly rich in rays having a highly valuable photographic quality, is used. The apparatus is employed primarily for military purposes, such as photographing projectiles in flight for the study of ballistic problems and the operation of automatic firearms. Although the pictures are taken at the speed of over two hundred and fifty per second, when they are projected upon the screen at the rate of sixteen pictures per second—the average speed in projecting moving pictures—the flight of the projectile to its emergence from the muzzle may be followed as easily as a man running down a street. Dr Carvalho has pressed the X-rays into service in conjunction with the kinematograph, and one can now see upon the screen the working of the various parts of the stomach during the digestion of a meal. Recently an Austrian engineer has completed an apparatus by means of which the movement of a steam-hammer has been photographed. This has been carried out in order to secure more reliable data in connection with the technical investigation of steam-hammers than any other known means can afford. It would seem, therefore, that moving pictures will in the future become an invaluable aid in scientific research, particularly as the applications of the kinematograph are illimitable.

A TRAVELLING THEATRE ON MOTOR-CARS.

In this country the peripatetic showman has become almost a thing of the past; but it would appear as if there were a possibility of his revival if an experiment which is now in progress in France becomes commercially successful. An enterprising theatrical manager in that country has conceived a novel means of treating the provincial population to the best productions of the Paris stage. He has abandoned the horse-drawn caravans in favour of an elaborate motor-car equipment composed of no less than ten powerful tractors and thirty-six cars for scenery, wardrobe, tent, and company. The outfit is divided into ten trains, and these tour from town to town in the showman's customary manner. The whole of the equipment is in duplicate, so that while the final performance in one place is drawing to a close the second installation can be moved on to the next, and the erection of the theatre for that place can be commenced while the other is being dismantled. In addition to the tent proper and the seating for the auditorium, two cars are equipped as boxes, two to each car. These are fitted in the most luxurious manner, and would do justice to a city theatre. They are drawn up on either side of the proscenium. The manager's office is situated in one car, while other cars are set aside for dressing-rooms. The tent accommodates about sixteen hundred people, while the stage is twenty-three feet in width by thirty-three feet deep. The erection of the tent, which is of solid and massive design, occupies about fifteen hours. The equipment includes a complete electric generating station for supplying current to thirteen hundred lamps on the stage

and two thousand in the theatre itself, while the train is completed with one car set aside as a workshop for carrying out all repairs.

BEET-SUGAR RAISING IN BRITAIN.

During the past few months additional impetus has been given to the movement in favour of establishing firmly the beet-sugar industry in Britain. The upward tendency in the price of sugar during the present year is said to augur well for the industry in this country, and the wonderful results which have attended its exploitation on the Continent are held up as an example of what can be accomplished in this direction. Britain imports about one and a half million tons of beet-sugar annually, the value of which is about twenty millions sterling. On the face of it, therefore, it certainly appears as if there were a profitable outlook in this field for our farmers, especially when it is stated that the British soil and climate are adapted to the cultivation of the root. The one great objection, however, to the project is the high cost of labour in this country as compared with the Continent. Then, again, it is admitted that the crops require unremitting attention to bring about the best results. Seeing that to-day the great difficulty in Great Britain is to keep the men on the land, this appears to be an insuperable obstacle. Moreover, there is very little land in these islands suited to the beetroot which is not already under cultivation for some other crop; and the question naturally arises in the farmer's mind as to whether it is better for him to abandon the present system, the precise return from which he knows, in favour of another crop the financial results of which are doubtful. Statistics concerning cost of production and profits obtained in Continental centres are advanced, but they cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence of what could be done in Britain. The strongest competitor is the cane-sugar, which is likely to improve as years go on, for improved processes and methods are being practised by the planters. It is advocated that a change in our fiscal system would bring about the desired results. Such may be the case so far as it affects this country; but, at the same time, the profits of the Continental factories would shrink to a low ebb. Even if such a situation were produced, it is doubtful whether beet cultivation and sugar manufacture would ever assume very large proportions in these islands, owing to economic reasons, for one can hardly expect the farmer to change at once, say, from grain-growing to beetroot-cultivation. For instance, France, which is the model agricultural country to the world, produces about eight hundred thousand tons of beet-sugar per annum, whereas Germany has an output exceeding two million tons. One would have thought, from the fact that France grows sufficient grain to render itself self-supporting, being equal in volume to twice that grown in Canada, that the French would have occupied the premier position in this industry. Evidently the French farmer does not consider the proposition so attractive as to induce him to throw himself whole-heartedly into beet-cultivation. Denmark has now seven beet-sugar factories, and others are being organised. Although the cane-sugar planters in the West Indies have not advanced so rapidly with their improved processes as was foreshadowed, yet the waste from the 20 per cent. of sugar in the cane is being reduced more and more. The Continental companies attained their present position solely through the iniquitous bounty system. When the sugar-cane industry of the West Indies regains its footing history probably will be repeated, for when heavy shipments were made from them to the Continent the beet-sugar industry seemed likely to collapse, as it could not withstand its competitor. The West India planters are overhauling their fields, systems, and processes, and up-to-date machinery is being introduced. A paper on 'English Beet-Sugar,' by a well-known authority, Mr Sigmund Stein, of 214 Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool, was published in these columns in 1910. In the same volume a paper appeared by Mr C. M. Hale on 'The Decay of the Sugar Industry.'

THREE-WHEELED MOTOR-CARS.

The latest development in the automobile industry has created a favourable impression. The recent Motor-Cycle Show introduced the public to the three-wheeled vehicle, which is neither a motor-car nor a motor-cycle. It is a hybrid, but one which is destined to a great future. The 'auto-carrier' in general appearance resembles the familiar voiturette, and affords all the comfort and convenience of that little vehicle, with a host of other attractions in addition. The air-cooled engine develops about six horse-power, and is fitted with two large outside flywheels which ensure steady running and flexibility. The power is transmitted to a simple special two-speed epicyclic gear of strong design, mounted on the back axle through a single chain, and giving a maximum speed of forty miles per hour. The control is of the simplest character. It will be seen that the power equipment is similar to that of a motor-cycle. The third wheel is placed behind. The body of the voiturette, designed to seat two, is the ideal of comfort, being complete with wind-screen and collapsible hood. This ingenious vehicle has certainly solved the problem of company on a motor-cycle, with none of the disadvantages and perils of a side-car attachment, for it moves as steadily as a car. Those who wrestled with the power-driven tricar may regard this latest development merely as a glorified modernised vehicle of that type, but such is not the case. The three-wheeled automobile as exemplified by the 'auto-carrier' stands in a class

by itself, and that its many features were realised the interest it aroused at the Motor-Cycle Show proved conclusively. The motor runabout has almost disappeared from the roads for the simple reason that it was too costly to purchase, and the cost of maintenance and wear and tear were so heavy. The 'auto-carrier,' on the other hand, costs no more to run than a motor-cycle, and at the same time gives everything that the small runabout motor-car can offer. It also solves the problem of a low priced automobile, inasmuch as, complete, it costs less than one hundred pounds.

BIG FORTUNES IN LITTLE INVENTIONS.

Mr W. A. Du Puy, a writer in the *Scientific American*, points out how many fortunes have been made from little, useful everyday inventions. Mr W. H. Palmer of Baltimore was the inventor of a cap for beer or soda-water bottles which has made him a millionaire. He carried the patent in his pocket for six years before he succeeded in placing it on the market; when it was placed Palmer and his capitalist had a profit of many thousands of pounds between them on the first year's business. The difference between the old straight and the crinkly hair-pin made a fortune for an inventor, who took his cue from his wife's difficulty in the use of the article. Thaddeus Fairbanks was a New England farmer who, in the silent watches of the night, thought out the principle of the now well-known Fairbanks scales. The rubber eraser on the end of a pencil made a fortune for its introducer, H. L. Lipman of Philadelphia; while Heatin of Providence, who devised the little metal staple that holds on shoe-buttons, realised a fortune thereby. Elias Howe evolved the sewing-machine from the idea of placing a hole near the point of a needle; others followed, and brought the machine still nearer perfection. Adams, who brought out a patent in 1871 for chewing-gum, made a great fortune from it. The man who invented an opener for tins did well, as also the inventive genius who made a can with a seam just below the top which, when the owner wants to open the tin, he has but to strike, when the seam breaks and the top comes off. A Chicago packer ordered ten millions of these cans as an experiment, and others followed suit. Quite as interesting a list might be compiled of British inventors on similar lines. The matter is suggestive as well as encouraging. Mr Du Puy reckons that half of the patents taken out are of public value, many of them of really stupendous worth.

THE ELIMINATION OF THE KITCHEN.

In the Brent Garden Village at Finchley, houses are being built with a view to abolishing, as far as possible, domestic drudgery, and they are without a kitchen. The aim of the promoters of the village scheme is to induce the tenants to take their meals in the central hall, and for this purpose the old mansion on the estate, once occupied by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has been turned into a kind of hotel, with a staff of servants. These servants will be available for engagement by the hour or day for service in the houses of those resident on the estate. Self-contained houses and flats are to be built, the former at rentals, exclusive of taxes, of thirty-two to seventy pounds a year; the latter from twenty-eight to fifty-five pounds, inclusive of rates and taxes. Mr J. W. C. Haldane, C.E., in his latest book, *Married Life Variously Considered*, draws attention to other methods of getting over the servant difficulty by living in flats or maisonettes, such as Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, London. This great edifice, of many stories high, containing one thousand rooms, stands on the borders of St James's Park. Here the residents can have any number of rooms, from one upwards, on long or short leases, and may have their meals either at home or in the residential dining-rooms of the building. The kitchen is eliminated, and the skilled domestics of the company are employed. At Ruislip Manor Estate, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, there is also a system of co-operative housekeeping. Meals may be either prepared at home or supplied in a central building, and trained servants are furnished by the hour or the day.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A PASSING CLOUD.

I saw a cloud, with fiery edge of storm,
Pois'd above earth and all its hives of men;
And then I said, 'A tempest comes again.'
And I beheld in mind the lightning's form,
I saw the great black drops that fell transform
The peaceful landscape with a look no pen
Could picture in its dread and surge; but then,
Behold the edges of the fearful cloud
Grew silvern and golden, and a spray
Of lovely light shot out where once it lay
Like spangled lace around a funeral shroud;
And, lo! I learn'd the lesson, known of old,
That threatening dangers may be angel-guides,
Unseen, yet treading where our terror glides.

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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MA'MSELLE.

A STORY OF THE GREAT WAR-TIME.

By H. F. ABELL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EVERYBODY in Milton loved Ma'mselle, and everybody called her a fool. They loved her because, although a stranger in the land, and a French stranger at a time—that is, in the year 1813—when the hatred of Frenchmen by Britons was of an intensity not to be realised in these days of *entente cordiale*, she gave up her life to the doing of good works not only among the poor inmates of the great war-prison at Staple Cross, near Milton, but among the country dwellers around.

They called her a fool because she had refused the hand of John Bungay, the 'Dandy Squire,' a man of fine presence and of ample means, for favour from whom half the eligible damsels for miles around would have made no slight sacrifices.

Some months before the opening of our story John Bungay had travelled down with her in the coach from London, and had rendered her some trifling service which had led to conversation, from which he learned that she, a lone and beautiful girl, was coming to Milton, in the very heart of France-hating England, to carry out a mission of mercy among her miserable fellow-countrymen shut up in the great war-prison, and treated as detestable criminals for no other reason than that they had dared to act as instruments for the great European Ogre who would rule the world. To the mind of the bluff, narrow-minded English countryman there was something so charmingly original and romantic in the idea that this fair, and evidently well-born and well-to-do, young Frenchwoman should consecrate her life to such a work as the humanising and caring for the wants of a crowd of men whom he, like everybody else, deemed worthless rascals, that she had won from him what he had never been known to give to a woman before—his affection.

John Bungay was somewhat of a mystery. He had appeared at Milton some six years previously, no one knew for certain whence; and although he evidently carried on a business of some sort, as he had a large correspondence and talked of his 'office,' its nature was never revealed, and he seemed chiefly occupied with the gardens he had made out of the land which ran along the great western road from Milton village to opposite where the great war-prison reared its unsightly walls.

Ma'mselle had upon arrival taken a room at the 'Bell' in Milton, a famous old inn whereat some score of mail-coaches changed horses every day of the year, and the next morning had called upon Captain Heacham, the governor of the war-prison, had told him her errand, had produced credentials which proved her connection with some of the best families of old aristocratic France, and finally had received his permission to commence her rôle of ministering angel among the six thousand inmates of Staple Cross. But not without difficulty. The numerous escapes of prisoners—and especially of notable prisoners—of late had rendered the most rigid precautions necessary; and even Captain Heacham, impressed as he evidently was by the beauty and pathetic earnestness of his applicant, only granted her prayer under conditions which made it practically impossible for her to aid and abet in any attempt at escape on the part of her protégés.

But the influence of Ma'mselle in the neighbourhood became something more than that of a mere philanthropist. Finding that being in Milton village necessitated a long daily walk of more than a mile to the prison at Staple Cross, and, what was of more weight, that proximity to Mr Bungay exposed her to more of that gentleman's attentions than were agreeable, she took a bold step.

It was an age when the rigid education of young ladies was regarded as a sort of compensation for the anything but rigid manners and morals of young men, and particularly rigid was the scholastic establishment at Parthenon House—in the village of Paxley, within a stone's-throw of the war-prison — over which Miss Wimple held sway.

Ma'mselle had often been impressed by the crushed and unnaturally sedate appearance of the Parthenon House young ladies when she met them taking their constitutional walk under the eye of a severe-looking governess, and a field for

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further exertion on her part seemed to reveal itself. She called on Miss Wimple.

Miss Wimple was a prim, precisely dressed, perfectly drilled little lady of fifty, upon whose every action and gesture was printed the word 'propriety,' and the contrast between her and the tall, well-built, fair-haired, blue-eyed, well-dressed French girl, whose every gesture and movement was natural and easy, was almost ludicrous.

'To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?' she asked.

'I want you to do me one kindness,' replied her visitor, who spoke English well, with a pretty accent. 'Let me live in your house. I will for half each day teach the young ladies the French, the dance, the walk'——

'The what?'

'The walk. They cannot walk. See here!' And she imitated the angular pose and stiff gait of the contemporary English schoolgirl with such exactness that the features of Miss Wimple, hitherto puckered up with an expression half of amazement, half of annoyance, relaxed into a smile.

'They are too *steef*—too wooden, and that is a great pity, with such charming faces. Then I will teach the fence—the science of using the sword.'

'But, good gracious alive! my young ladies don't want to fight duels.'

'No! no! But it is a good, graceful, strong-making pastime.'

'And the other half of the day?' asked Miss Wimple.

'I spend at my duty in the prison.'

'Oh my goodness! My dear young lady, do you know what that means?'

'I know it well enough,' replied the girl sadly and earnestly, 'to be certain that it is my duty.'

'But you will catch disease! I hear there were ten burials yesterday. You will see such sights and hear such things! I am told it is so shocking in there that it cannot be described.'

'All the more reason that some one should fight it. But I take your time. I ask no money. To the contrary, if you will, I pay you. I am rich. I give you references from the best families of France.'

There must have been something in the bearing and manner of the maker of this most unusual proposal which appealed to Miss Wimple, apart from the fact that she really was in need of a French teacher, for she said she would think it over. She did; the immediate result being that Ma'mselle came into residence at Parthenon House as French and recreation governess. The later result was wonder on the part of Miss Wimple how she had ever got on without her.

At the date of our story, Ma'mselle—her name was Claudine de Bussy, but she was generally known simply as Ma'mselle or Marmselle or Marm—had been an inmate of Parthenon House for six months. During that short time she had accomplished what, at any rate in that day of international bitterness, no ordinary foreigner could have accomplished in as many years. Ridicule, contempt, even insult, had of course greeted her; but they lasted a very short time. She became the idol of the girls from eldest to youngest; they literally gambolled in their emancipation, under her sway, from the traditional trammels and fads of fashionable education. She upset the old Parthenon House creed of turning young ladies into the most unnatural dolls possible, of returning them to their parents walking, talking, mincing, anticking, grimacing machines, so deftly and so pleasantly that not a few of them actually preferred their school to their home lives. As with studies, so with recreation. For the old miserable two-and-two constitutional and the eternal skipping-rope she substituted fencing, and figure-dancing, and musical-drill, and acting, and would have had them down to the river and taught them swimming but that propriety here felt bound to hold up a forbidding finger.

Over the hearts of Miss Wimple and the other governesses, with one exception, she had acquired complete empire. The exception was Miss Mordant, the English history and literature teacher, a blighted young thing of some thirty-five summers, who worshipped the Dandy Squire with obtrusive ardour, who had of course heard of his passion for Ma'mselle, and who therefore saw nothing in the dainty, unconventional French girl but a bold, brazen-faced intruder, who was not hereabouts without an object very different from that with which she was credited.

Ma'mselle's duties at Parthenon House ended with the midday meal. After this she went to the war-prison, and busied herself there for the two hours allowed her; after which she did great work among the poor of the countryside, of whom in this long, terrible war-time there were but too many.

Captain Heacham, the prison governor, at first told off one of his officers to meet Ma'mselle at the gates, to pass her through the sentries, and to accompany her within the prison; but gradually he took this office on himself, until it came to pass that as regularly as she came so regularly did he appear.

Charles Heacham was a naval officer, and a polished one, which was not always the case in those hard days when sailors were often at sea for years without coming into touch with softening influences. He was a typical sailor to look at, open-faced, clear-eyed, hearty-voiced; a young man to hold so responsible a position, whose chief fault in local eyes was a tenderness of heart toward the poor wretches under his care which was deemed inconsistent with the main-

tenance of proper discipline. He had succeeded a martinet whose stern rule had stirred up more than one mutiny, occasioned many escapes, and finally brought about his removal. But the martinet had seen no service. Captain Heacham had fought Frenchmen too often not to respect them.

A strange world was this great war-prison at Staple Cross. In sixteen huge timber buildings were crowded at the time of our story some six thousand prisoners—officers and men—soldiers and sailors, Frenchmen, Americans, Danes, and Dutchmen, but chiefly the first-named. Elsewhere officers were separated from men, or were allowed to reside outside on parole; but here all were flung together without distinction of rank. In this great mass there were of course men of every shade of goodness and badness, the badness predominating, as the prisoners, especially the Frenchmen, were largely privateersmen—notoriously the scum of the coast population, who usually fought more upon principles of personal gain than of patriotism.

When Ma'mselle started upon her task the prison was one great festering wen of misery and vice. Almost everybody gambled, with the result that most were half-naked. Quarrels were frequent, and generally brought about duels, which—as the possession of arms was, of course, forbidden—were fought with any weapons handy, from window-bars to scissor-blades. Captain Heacham had brought about an improvement in the sanitation; but it was still very bad, and the hospital mortuary never lacked tenants.

Some of the prisoners, being handy fellows of a better class, employed their time in manufacturing with the crudest tools, out of the bones of their food and straw, ingenious, and in many cases even beautiful, objects of use and ornament, which they sold at the bi-weekly market held at the prison gates. With the proceeds the majority gambled, some bought clothes and extra rations, and a few—a very few—formed funds which assumed quite respectable proportions by the time they were released.

Then Ma'mselle appeared on the scene. That a young, fair, delicately bred countrywoman should have deliberately chosen exile in a hostile land solely to alleviate the distress of her unfortunate fellow-countrymen appealed to the hearts of the farthest-gone blackguards in the community, and of their own will they at once conceded her a respect which very soon ripened into a feeling of far-deeper nature. Furthermore, when it was rumoured that she was the sister of the famous young Dunkirk captain, De Bussy, whose privateer, the *Soleil*, had not only for a couple of years past successfully defied all attempts by British ships to capture or destroy her, but had on more than one occasion gained victories against odds, she became the object almost of worship, and was spoken of by lips usually associated with the lowest filth and profanity as *La Sainte Demoiselle*.

It was not likely that the frequent personal attendance of the captain of the prison upon Ma'mselle would escape the notice of her countrymen. At first it was ascribed to watchfulness on his part; but when keen eyes noted what evidently genuine pleasure the girl had in his company, and ears heard her frequent praise of him as one who really had their welfare at heart, and it became the subject of general remark that he was smartened up in appearance to a degree not compatible with his ordinary sailor-like contempt for externals, it was arranged in the public mind that interesting developments were far from unlikely.

(To be continued.)

LOST LINERS.

By JOSEPH HORNER.

We only know she sailed away
And ne'er was seen or heard of more.

LOST absolutely, in the fullest and most awful sense of the term! Swallowed up wholly, mysteriously, by the devouring sea! Such has been the fate of many gallant ships; no single survivor to tell the story; no boat or piece of wreckage, no bottle, not a sign or syllable from the vasty deep to reveal the nature of the awful catastrophe by which vessel, cargo, crew, and passengers were blotted out of existence! There is a weirdness, an awful terror, in such mysterious disappearances. They fill the imagination with horror, and cause mental tension in the minds of relatives of the lost far harder to bear than when the fate of a wrecked vessel is told by survivors. The sinking of the *Royal Charter*, or of the *London*, or the *Northfleet*, though gruesome and harrowing, does not produce in the mind that sense of pain which comes with the recollection of the fate of the *President*, or of the *Pacific*, or the *City of Boston*.

The number of vessels which have so mysteriously disappeared at sea that not a trace of them, or of their crew or passengers, has ever been found is larger than most people imagine. In the North Atlantic service alone, from the year 1841, when the *President* disappeared with one hundred and thirty-six souls, to 1890, when the *Thanemore* of the Johnston Line, with forty-three lives, never came to port, there have been—inclusive of these—no fewer than twenty-four big steamers absolutely and totally blotted out of human knowledge, together with their crews

and passengers, numbering in all one thousand four hundred and fifty-three. At a very moderate estimate, the value of these vessels with their cargoes could not have been less than five million pounds. The sum of human agony involved is terrible to contemplate. And every year vessels are posted up as missing.

The *President*, one of the earliest Atlantic liners, was the first steamer to be lost and never heard of again. She sailed from New York on 11th March 1841, with one hundred and thirty-six souls on board. She was a nearly new vessel, having left the Mersey on her first voyage on 17th July 1840. The commander was Lieutenant Roberts, R.N., a man of iron will and resource. He had taken the *Sirius* on her first voyage from Queenstown to New York in 1838 in eighteen and a half days. The *Sirius* was the first steamer owned by an English company which crossed the Atlantic, and but for the determination of Lieutenant Roberts the crew would not have proceeded; they became mutinous, and said it was utter madness to go on in so small a craft. He insisted, and had resort to firearms, and so brought the little vessel to her destination.

After the loss of the *President* in 1841, thirteen years elapsed in which only one life was lost by the wreck of an Atlantic steamer. It is a curious coincidence that, after the *President* was lost and never heard of, the next great loss of life, which occurred in 1854, was also that of a vessel which disappeared without leaving a trace. This was the *City of Glasgow*, which sailed with four hundred and eighty souls on board. The *Pacific*, of the Collins Line, left Liverpool on 29th June 1856, and with her living freight of two hundred and forty was never more heard of. In the year 1859 an Anchor liner, the *Tempest*, mysteriously disappeared with one hundred and fifty souls. The *City of Boston*, of the Inman Line, with one hundred and seventy-seven persons, was never heard of after leaving port on 28th January 1870. A board stating that she was sinking was found in Cornwall on February 11, 1870. The Allan liner *Huronian* left Glasgow in February 1902 for St John's, and disappeared. The British gunboat *Condor* was lost in the Pacific in 1901. Besides these, the names of many lesser-known vessels swell the long list of tragic disappearances.

The White Star cattle-steamer *Naronic*, with a crew of sixty hands and seventeen cattlemen, was lost in February or March 1893, while on a voyage from Liverpool to New York. She was a month overdue before very much anxiety was felt, as it was known that heavy weather had been experienced in the Atlantic, and it was thought that she might have broken down and was making for the Azores. A boat with the name *Naronic* on it was subsequently found half-full of water and abandoned. In this case the vessel was a new one, launched in May of the previous year. She was built with bulkheads and all modern improvements, was four hundred and sixty feet long, and had engines of three thousand horse-power. Yet she disappeared, perhaps about one thousand five hundred miles from New York, that being the location of the abandoned boat.

Since the veil which conceals the catastrophes that sent the missing vessels to their doom can never be lifted, a wide field of surmise is open. We can only guess at the causes of these losses by considering what has taken place in the case of vessels which have received serious injuries, the nature of which is known. The following are the possible causes which may account for the total disappearance of liners: capsizing; damage from within, as explosion, breakdown of machinery, or fire; damage from without, as collision with an iceberg or with a derelict hulk; and mysterious causes.

In reference to explosions, there are two possible causes. One is due to the steam-boilers, the other to coal-gas generated in the bunkers. Accidents from both causes have frequently occurred; and though it is not easy to see how the force could be sufficiently great to rend a vessel asunder without affording time for the use of boats or life-saving appliances, yet the possibility must be admitted. Boilers are always in the bottom of the vessel, and it is quite conceivable that one or more boiler-explosions would rupture the sides and let in the water in large volumes. In the case of a tug in Cardiff Harbour this actually happened. And although the loss of no big vessel has been traced to this cause, it must be admitted that the cause would be sufficient, and the end would be sudden.

Explosions of coal-gas have occurred; and in past years, when less attention was paid to ventilation than at the present time, and when vessels were built of wood, it is within the bounds of possibility that an explosion might have torn a hole or started planks, or might have given rise to a fire of large extent. If to this is added the terror of rough weather in the night, when most of those on board would be asleep, the chances of any vestige remaining would be slender.

Breakdowns of machinery alone would hardly account for the loss of vessels, but they might do so indirectly—first, by leaving a vessel exposed to the mercy of rough weather; secondly, by damaging the hull and letting the water in. Fractures of propeller-shafts or of propeller-blades are not infrequent occurrences. Neither is damage to a rudder. It is quite conceivable that a vessel disabled thus for several days, and encountering exceptionally rough weather, might be overwhelmed by the sheer force of the waves. In rough weather the chance of a disabled vessel being seen in mid-Atlantic if she drifts out of the regular routes is very slender. Steamers for many years past have been entirely dependent on their machinery, having

no sails to fall back upon. Only in recent years have the most modern and best liners been fitted with twin screws and double sets of engines, one of which remains available if the other is damaged. A disabled vessel might, therefore, in the past have suffered badly if she drifted out of the trade-routes, and might have gone down in bad weather.

Damage to machinery may also be sufficient to explain the loss of a vessel by causing her to sink at once. The *City of Paris*, of the Inman Line, had a big smash in one of her engine-rooms on 25th March 1890. She was coming home in fine weather, and when she was near the Irish coast the starboard engines broke down in consequence of the fracture of the starboard propeller-shaft, and the sea filled the engine-room. Then the massive fragments of the wrecked engine hammering against the bulkhead smashed that, and allowed the water to flow into the port engine-room, completely filling that also. In about ten minutes both engine-rooms were filled with water, adding three thousand tons to the vessel's weight. Yet she still floated securely, and the outer skin was not damaged in the least. The watertight compartments kept the *City of Paris* afloat for three days until help came to tow her into Queenstown. At Queenstown the openings in the sea-connections of the vessel were closed with the assistance of divers. The water was pumped out of the engine-rooms, and with her port-engines and one screw the vessel renewed her voyage, and went on safely and quietly to Liverpool without any one suffering harm. In the case of the P. and O. steamer *Delhi*, which stranded on December 12, 1911, off Cape Spartel, on the Morocco coast, all the passengers were rescued, including the Duke of Fife and the Princess Royal and her daughters.

Capsizing is not so likely a cause as some others. But it is possible. The *Captain* capsized, with the loss of hundreds of lives. The type was, however, very different from that of the liner. But the draught of a vessel diminishes toward the close of her voyage, as coal is reduced. Some vessels are unsteady, and it is conceivable that heavy weather, shifting cargo, and insufficient ballast may cause a vessel to roll over on her beam-ends and capsize. There is little doubt that the *Waratah* capsized by reason of top-heaviness. One of her life-buoys was reported as being found (December 1911) at Waiuku, New Zealand.

But the most probable cause of unexplained losses of ships at sea is fire, or it is one, at least, which divides probabilities with explosions and icebergs. Even on the supposition of an explosion, it seems almost inexplicable that no trace of a sunken vessel should ever afterwards be seen. A missing liner or other large vessel is a source of interest to all seafaring men, and a keen lookout is kept on the track which the vessel was known to have taken. Any stray spar or belt or bit of wreckage, therefore, could scarcely escape observation. If a vessel sinks in mid-ocean some portions float. But if a vessel is burnt everything would probably be consumed, as the vessel would burn to the water's edge. Boats might or might not be launched, according to the rapidity of the rush of the flames, the state of the weather, &c. If boats are launched, say, a thousand miles from land, the chances of rescue or of making land are remote. Fire, therefore, seems adequate enough to account for the loss of some of the numerous vessels which have never been heard of after leaving port.

Considering other possible external causes of the total disappearance of liners, heavy weather must be regarded as a probable reason in some instances. Although we do not admit that the roughest weather would harm a modern liner, we must remember that the older vessels were not so large and powerful as are those of the present time. The *Pacific*, for example, which disappeared in 1856, was not nearly half the length of the latest vessels. Bulkheads had not been brought to the perfect condition of security which they have now attained. Not infrequently even now steamers become waterlogged and reach a sinking condition, and their crews are happy if rescued. It may well happen that vessels have foundered in mid-ocean in consequence of not being able to receive assistance, while the sailors could not take to their boats with any hope of their living in the tempest.

Uncharted rocks also cause the loss of vessels, as in the case of the *Pericles*. But her captain was a man of resource, and no lives were lost.

Icebergs are a probable cause of the loss of some vessels, especially of liners running to Canadian ports. The damage to the *Arizona* may be instanced, and many other vessels have had hairbreadth escapes. A vessel insufficiently secured by bulkheads would stand a poor chance in collision with an iceberg.

Tidal waves are probably accountable for some unexplained losses. There are three classes of such waves—those due to submarine seismical disturbances, solitary waves occurring in an otherwise calm sea (the origin of which is obscure), and cyclonic waves. Each is very dangerous, the first and the last named chiefly in the vicinity of coasts, the second out at sea. It was a seismic wave which wrought such havoc at Lisbon in 1755, and in Japan in 1896, when thirty thousand people were killed. But the effects of these do not usually extend far out to sea, as do those of solitary waves. Many records of the latter have been given where the decks of vessels have been swept of all hands, and of all deck erections. In 1881 all hands were washed off the decks of the *Rosario*. In 1882 the master and half the crew of the *Loch Torridon* were swept off the deck by a tidal wave. In 1887 the *Umbria* was flooded by two great waves. In 1894 the *Normania* was struck

by a solid wall of water reaching as high as the bridge, smashing the cabin on the promenade-deck, and carrying away the music-room and the officers' quarters. The height of tidal waves ranges from forty to eighty feet. The Cunarder *Etruria* was struck by a tidal wave on 10th October 1903, when a Canadian gentleman was killed and several injured. The captain's port-bridge and stanchions were carried away. Though such waves would not greatly endanger the huge modern liners, they might have swamped their predecessors by breaking through the decks or rushing down hatchways and skylights. Many vessels have been lost by being pooped by vast storm-waves, which are not so high as are many tidal waves.

In reference to mysterious agencies, these can be dismissed in the present state of knowledge. The secrets of the sea have been investigated so well that no destructive agent is likely to exist which is not known to science. Collision with a whale would not damage a liner, though it would be bad for the whale. The sea-serpent may be dismissed without comment. The eruption of submarine volcanoes may be dangerous to small vessels, but the idea of harm from them cannot be entertained in connection with the Atlantic service. So that, after all, we are driven back for the solution of these disappearances to the same causes which are known to have wrecked so many vessels. Among these must be included collision with derelict wrecks, which have been known to drift about in the Atlantic for over a twelvemonth, and unhappily the malicious placing of explosives among the cargoes of liners, as was done at Bremerhaven in 1875.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD, Authors of *Roving Hearts*, *Don Q*, *Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER XII.—THE WALLOW OF FAILURE.

ON the following day De Sarsan, entirely satisfied with the position of affairs, started for Paris, taking Wilford Lanceley with him. Alice's gratitude was very real, and she showed it prettily; but she made no mention of having seen Cahusac, or of his intended trip in the same direction. When alone she glowed softly over her interview with Malcolm; he was her lover, and she was proud of him, and of the fact that a man so strong and self-contained should have chosen herself from all the world to love.

Cahusac's dislike of De Sarsan troubled her at first, for the Belgian's interest in Wil, and his uniform kindness, had won upon her; and presently she came to sigh a little over the unlucky prejudice with which he had inspired Cahusac, a prejudice that she hoped in time to be able to overcome by her own influence. Wil liked De Sarsan; he declared himself safe as long as he was in the elder man's company; so for the time being Alice's fears about her brother were at rest. During his absence she hoped some family arrangement would be arrived at whereby he might be provided for, some provision made which would, in fact, permit him to continue the old careless, happy life he had always led.

By means of De Sarsan's aid, and armed with arguments he had put into her mouth, she believed her trustees could be brought to see the force of her wishes. Her instinct had made her aware of De Sarsan's hopes as regarded herself. He wanted to make her his wife, yet he was ready to sacrifice the whole of her fortune to fulfil a point of honour which all those about her called a foolish whim. So strong a proof of her suitor's disinterestedness and nice sense of honour had its due effect upon her mind and her liking for him.

It need scarcely be said that this was precisely the result which De Sarsan had schemed to ensure. The girl had no idea that the honour for which she was battling so blindly had already been discounted by the Belgian; that, in spite of appearances, her fortune was on its way into his pockets and not into those of Wil's creditors; that she was, in fact, about to be made the victim of a clever and heartless swindle. For the truth was that almost the whole of Wilford's debts had been bought in cheaply by De Sarsan's agents, who were instructed to spread abroad the report that Miss Lanceley, not being legally responsible for her brother's debts, would refuse to meet them when the time came.

Things being so far in train, De Sarsan departed in good spirits. Success, amply deserved, as he felt, still waited upon him.

Spring had been cold and damp in Paris that year. On the afternoon of their arrival De Sarsan left Wilford at a certain fashionable club where the play was usually high, and turned out into the streets.

A bleak wind was blowing up from the Seine as he passed along the broad boulevard. He had intended to walk to his destination; but the discomfort of the elements drove him into a *fiacre*, which he dismissed at the mouth of a narrow street where the tall, dark houses spoke eloquently of Old Paris.

He stood still for a second looking up the dreary vista, and crushed his cigar between his fingers. He was a man who delighted in savouring his good fortune; it was a delicious morsel which he rolled perpetually under his

tongue. Even in his thoughts De Sarsan just then did not feel vindictive; when one holds the certainty of power this emotion assumes a piquancy which is pleasant.

He passed down the street to a house on the left hand. The entrance, the stair, and the stout *concierge*, how well he knew them! He mounted slowly, and each step gratified him. In the old days he had absolutely lived here—on sausages and cigarettes! The apartment he sought was at the top; but here Mouchon had lived, and here little Pierette. Yes, yes, he remembered them all! It was a place where the right man could assail almost any reputation by an outlay of a few score francs. And yet the destroyers never fattened.

De Sarsan paused at a door, knocked, and passed in. The room was empty except for its cheap furniture. The fire in the stove had gone out, and crackled as the air grew colder. Dust, cigarette-ends, papers, and the remains of a meal were perceivable to at least two senses.

De Sarsan's eyes rushed over the unforgotten details. All seemed unaltered; even the window remained dirty and cracked as it used to be. He had been in these sodden depths, washed hither and thither by circumstances; but he had risen from the slime, and been carried by the tide of fortune to bask on the bank in the sun of wealth. Another man might have been involuntarily saddened by this contact with the old sordid life. De Sarsan felt nothing but elation. He understood the feelings of those who lived in such rooms, and the sense of having left all that so far behind flattered him.

He flicked a chair with his handkerchief and sat down.

As he did so the door was thrust open, and a small man with a dark stiletto beard entered. 'Ah, it is then you?' he said after a slight pause.

'Yes, it is I, my good Puyfot, come to have a little peep at my old friends.'

The man who had entered was perhaps forty years of age. What his face might have been before the pencils of the passions had worked their designs on it no one could say. He had a laugh between his teeth, but a dumb spirit of hatred sat behind his reckless eyes. His shiny dapperness and gaiety stood in poignant contrast to the seared brow and eyes endowed with the imagery of evil. The man looked what he was—half a genius, desperate; an epicure in vicious knowledge.

'To visit an old friend! What kindness!' Puyfot took off his coat and hat, and hung them up; then he applied himself to the stove.

De Sarsan watched him, and laughed. 'Ah, Ulpien, ever the same! Bad times and a bold face. You remind me eternally of the pretty girls, and then—the headache.'

Puyfot looked up, and his small features were shaken with a little swirl of laughter. It stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The man gave one the idea that his acquaintance with the nauseous side of life was simply illimitable, yet the whole face spoke of a hopeless depth of unhappiness that somehow held its own attraction.

'What have you been doing with yourself?' inquired De Sarsan amiably.

'Is it necessary for you to ask? We know each other,' replied Puyfot. 'I am here. I have been here ten years. Presently I shall die here.' He laughed again; it was the laugh of a moral drunkard, upon whom the liquor will no longer bite.

De Sarsan was amused. 'And afterwards?' he asked.

'Oh, you will know all about that!'

'I know about it?' De Sarsan disposed himself to hear some new jest.

'We shall meet afterwards.' Ulpien stood up and faced him.

De Sarsan frowned. In Puyfot's presence he always felt like a man without a cloak to hide his blemishes. The feeling was so strong that he could have struck the sneering eyes blind.

'Yes,' went on Puyfot, 'we shall undoubtedly meet hereafter—shall I say where there are plenty of girls perhaps, and certainly some headaches?'

'You are looking older, Ulpien,' said the other abruptly.

'Really? That has ceased to affect me.'

'Your way of life is all very well until the gray hairs begin to arrive; then'——

'What of that? I shall never wear gray hairs; old age is in my soul!' The words carried a world of tragedy.

De Sarsan crossed his legs. He had not come there to hear Puyfot's stale confidences in his moments of depression.

'I am very well pleased with the manner in which you are carrying out the affair between *L'Œil* and the *Gas-Lamp*. The thing begins to move,' he said with cold approval.

'Ah, let us to business, then! Begins to move! Pardon me, your instructions and your money have come to an end.'

'So? I am here, however, to offer you more of both.'

'I accept them. We are old friends.'

'You must continue to handle our young diplomat in England tenderly. There are other points you can use.' He lowered his voice and spoke rapidly for several minutes. Puyfot, his eyes closed, his nostrils slightly distended, listened intently until the other ceased.

'Keep it going in the papers, my friend—keep it going. Commit yourself to nothing definite, but also spare nothing in allusions, suggestive possibilities, innuendos, but vague, always vague, and leave the world to draw its own inferences; they will be infinitely worse than the worst you could invent. You can do all this—no one better.'

Puyfot opened his black eyes. 'How you hate him! If you were as good to your friends as you are merciless to your enemies'——

'What then? I pay my friends well,' said De Sarsan brutally.

'You know what I mean. I want money to live on—yes; but I have wanted something else—your influence. I am tired of my part. I can do no more.'

De Sarsan was arrested by the man's manner. 'I have not forgotten your affair, Puyfot,' he said; 'but I have been away from Paris, and it is my personal influence that I must use to forward your wishes. Your tragedy will yet appear; but it is not precisely easy to gain the ear of that great lady who holds the patronage in her hands. Still, now that I am in Paris, I will see what can be done.'

He saw hope gleam for a moment through the other's mask of desperation.

'Will you take it with you — my tragedy, *Astoreth?*' Puyfot sprang up and opened a tin box. 'Look, I shall scarcely dare to part with her—my child, my mistress, my beloved!'

De Sarsan's glance at the manuscript was more than dubious, but he had his own aims in view; at this moment he could afford neither to change nor to lose his tool.

'Yes; let me have it. I will make time to inquire about it.'

Puyfot swung round upon him. 'Oh my friend, if you will do this for me! There are years of labour, of love, of starvation, of waking, of passion, in that child of my soul! Take it—take it! Oh, if I should live to see it acted—to see *Astoreth* sweeping forth in a storm of applause!'

De Sarsan jumped up more briskly than was his wont. 'That will do, my friend!' He put a careless finger on the written pages and turned over one and another while Puyfot watched him.

'Well?'

'My dear man, what can I tell of it? My opinion is not in any case worth the having.' He raised his eyes, and Puyfot, sensitive as a mother over a sick child, read there an entire aloofness of thought from the subject in hand. De Sarsan, while he turned the pages, had been absorbed altogether in his own affairs. 'I fancy, Puyfot, that to-night we may even ask one question. This is it: "What had Lady Cahusac to do with the affair? And what was the mystery of Park Lane one night in April six years ago?"'

He took a bundle of notes from a pocket-book and laid them on the table.

'*Au revoir.* I shall see you again this evening.' The Belgian moved toward the door, opened it; then, glancing over his shoulder, he saw the fixed attitude of the other man. He closed the door—and stayed inside.

Puyfot sank into the chair before the table and buried his head in his arms. Silence reigned over the despairing scene for minutes. Then Puyfot's voice rose: 'I—I—I! Yes, he thought of nothing else; he forgot even the tragedy! As for me, I shall rot here, die here—I, who had ambitions and genius! *Mon Dieu!* I have ambition, I have my genius, and nothing else but regrets; I, who possess a hundred times the talents of that brutal politician. Why do I work for him? Why not kill him—or myself—or both?' He sobbed. 'Fame! — she who stands so far above me!—if I could lie one moment on her breast! And then—and then the night, and—who knows?—the punishment! But I rave! There is no hope—no hope!'

The door opened under De Sarsan's hand with some noise. Puyfot started to his feet. De Sarsan was half in and half out of the doorway.

'The tragedy!' he said. 'I had forgotten it. Can you not bring it with you to-night to "Les Corbeaux"?—By the way, Puyfot, have you not told me that you know something of medicine?'

'I have qualified,' Puyfot answered gloomily. 'I look after some of my poor neighbours. I know also that I carry death here.' He touched himself lightly on the breast. 'Hollow, hollow, like the world I live in!'

De Sarsan looked interested. 'So! You know something about pulmonary diseases, then?'

'But yes — everything — even of the latest discoveries, since I have a personal concern in them.'

'Quite so.' De Sarsan came in and shut the door. 'There will be a young man in my company. He will probably be very drunk. Can you diagnose his case?'

'If I am paid for it,' sullenly.

'That follows naturally. My young friend is near the end, as I think. You will also bring your tragedy?'

'No.'

But De Sarsan was growing weary of his retainer's caprices and furies, which he was inclined to consider begotten rather of absinthe than disappointed genius. 'As you will,' he said, and this time withdrew finally.

Puyfot remained staring at the door. He was a hopeless and unbalanced blend of realist and idealist, a man who spent five hours in dreams to one given to work. He was devoured by a flame of ambition; he heard the Muses screaming to him in his sleep. Had he been more of an idealist men might have taken him at the kindly valuation which they extend to genius. Had he been more of a realist he must have been a name in France. As it was, he was typical of a stratum of artistic life, a stratum which has once been described by a cynic as 'the wallow of those across whose foreheads their own genius has scrawled "failure."'

(To be continued.)

SECRET SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By P. L. OLIPHANT.

THE transition of a country from pastoral conditions to the development of its mineral resources is invariably accompanied by a rapid moral deterioration. The mining-camp acts as a magnet, drawing together from the four quarters of the earth a host of adventurers and fortune-hunters whose methods are not tolerated in the strict conventionalism of the civilised world. It may be that some of the more restless of the old settlers join in the rush for the hidden treasure; but they stand but a poor chance with the new-comers, unless they are prepared to adopt the standards and ideals of the Lost Legion. They will find themselves pitted against men, and women too, who are past-masters in the science of getting rich quickly at the expense of their neighbours, unrestrained by the terrors of any law that has not Judge Lynch as its administrator.

Mr Douglas Blackburn and Captain Waithman Caddell, in their book, *Secret Service in South Africa* (Cassell & Company, Limited), have furnished us with a picaresque and highly diverting chronicle of the sub-surface workings of the late South African Republic, full of humour and entertaining stories. It would be excellent reading but for the appalling fact that it is true. One pauses in the midst of enjoying the racy atmosphere of these stories to wonder whether it is possible that a great nation can ever spring from such sordid beginnings. Through the pages pass a procession of rogues and dupes, who are only dupes because they have failed as rogues. The rogues are not the off-scourings of the country, but for the most part the governing men; the dupes are their less fortunate companions; and the tools of both rogues and dupes are the Kaffirs. The attitude of the authors toward the state of society which they depict is strictly non-committal. They simply record the facts, leaving the reader to 'point a moral or adorn a tale.' They hold no brief either for Boer or Briton, for plutocrat or Kaffir. But they make some very pertinent observations on the nature and handling of the native population, which indicate a sympathetic knowledge of that most difficult part of the 'white man's burden.'

The book is divided into chapters giving special and peculiar information on the various phases of South African crime and its detection. There are chapters on the illicit liquor traffic, gun-running, illicit gold-buying, hidden treasure-quests, I.D.B. (illicit diamond-buying), native labour agents, and, most significant of all, the strange story of the Third Raad, which ruthlessly exposes the unabashed corruption of the old Kruger régime—a corruption in which Boer and Briton shared. Of the many good stories to be found in these chapters, mention should be made of the great chief Magato and his calabash of diamonds; of fat Jim, the native thimble-rigger; of the mystery of 'Mr Burton;' besides many tales of illicit diamond-buyers. These chapters are redolent of the Cairo stories of the *Arabian Nights*, calling to mind Calamity Ahab and his entourage of swindlers and rogues. As a record of crime and its detection they have a peculiar interest; but the authors raise our curiosity to a higher level when they touch on events of an historical nature, though it must be confessed that here they do not fully satisfy us. In perusing the chapters on the Boer Secret Service under Dr Leyds, the Jameson Raid, and the Boer preparations for war, we gain the impression that the authors could have told more an they would. In their Foreword to the volume they warn us that 'consideration for the actors, most of whom are still living, has impelled the sacrifice of much interesting matter,' and we must accept their decision; but we do so regretfully, and with a feeling that more remains to be told which possibly can be told by no others. Nevertheless they have much to say of an enlightening nature on these subjects. The story of Kruger's millions, and of his attempt to escape to Europe with them on the *Dorothy*, is dismissed by the authors as an obsession worthy to be included among 'extraordinary popular delusions.' After proving that the millions could not possibly have existed in the Transvaal at the time of the President's escape, our authors continue: 'It is scarcely probable that even Kruger's best friends in the Executive would have permitted him to leave with practically all the plunder.'

The question as to whether Kruger expected German intervention in the war, and the part that Dr Leyds took in endeavouring to secure it, are very fully discussed, with no definite conclusions so far as Leyds is concerned; but as regards the President, we are left in no doubt of his expectations. 'When he reached Europe he learned for the first time that kings and kaisers are not quite as accessible or plastic as native chiefs or even British Commissioners; and, severest blow of all, that Paul Kruger in Pretoria was not the same man in the capitals of Europe. The shock to his stubborn pride was terrible. For days he maintained a brooding silence. When he did begin to speak with his son-in-law Eloff, it was on matters of family and personal business. He evaded as much as possible discussion on the affairs of state. When he mentioned Dr Leyds, it was without bitterness. Once he let fall a remark that might have been interpreted into a reproach that his State

Secretary should have misled him by employing the cautious and equivocal language of diplomacy instead of the blunt, straightforward Taal.'

Into the secret history of the Jameson Raid our authors do not carry us much farther than previous disclosures have led us; but they give much information of a significant nature concerning the arming and drilling of the Uitlanders in Johannesburg and of Kruger's attitude toward the raiders. That there was any real enthusiasm amongst the Uitlanders for their deliverance from the bondage of Krugerism the authors deny. It was with difficulty that an audience could be got together at the monthly meetings of the National Union, an association formed for voicing the grievances of the Uitlanders; but it was a very different story when the enlistment of armed men to fight against the Government began. 'When it became known that volunteers were to be paid a pound a day for membership of a force whose duties not even the commanders could explain, there was a rush of the unemployed. . . . The hours of drill were so admirably arranged that it was possible for a man to belong to two corps, and put in his drill with both. Several enterprising fellows, realising that hay had to be made while the sun shone, joined all three corps, and drew a pound a day from each for ten days. But despite the extra time put in at drill, the martial knowledge gained was amazingly small.' The Pretorian Executive, we are told, refused to take the matter seriously. 'They could not, or would not, believe that there was any backbone in the movement, and events proved that they were right.' Kruger 'had no fear of miners armed with rifles in the streets of Johannesburg. They might shoot one another, and probably would; as to any damage to the town—well, it would hurt Uitlanders, not *oprecht* burghers, for there were very few there. Paul Kruger never loved the great town on the Reef, and the prospect of its being the scene of a serious disturbance did not worry him. . . . If ever Dutch phlegm asserted itself in Paul Kruger, it was during that memorable week.' We must give one more extract from the chapter on the Jameson Raid: 'There is an incident connected with the surrender of Jameson which has not been generally known. He and his surviving officers and men were prisoners on the market square at Krugersdorp when there arrived a party of Boers from the Waterberg district. Owing to the distance of their farms from the scene they did not reach Krugersdorp in time to take part in the final action of Vlakfontein, and heard particulars of the Raid for the first time. Their indignation was great. They rode round the disarmed prisoners in menacing style, pointing their rifles at them and expressing their feelings forcibly. It was a mild-looking old burgher with a white, flowing beard who suggested, "Let 's shoot them now." The idea was caught up and passed round. General Ben Viljoen, then field-cornet of Krugersdorp, heard it, and "went for" the patriarchal proposer in his best style of vituperative comment. His remonstrances irritated the old men. They were outraged at the sight of a young man speaking in such style to one old enough to be his grandfather, and for a minute it was touch-and-go. A post-office clerk took in the situation, and ran for Cronje, who was in the landdrost's office. The old general came out promptly, dismissed Viljoen, and reproached the patriarch in judiciously chosen language. The crisis was averted. The Waterberg Boers rode round the square firing their rifles into the air, causing something like a panic among prisoners and spectators, and then off-saddled. It is a perfectly understood thing to-day that but for Cronje there would have been a massacre on Krugersdorp market square on the opening day of 1896.'

With regard to the Boer preparations for war, we are assured that the Government made no importation of arms on any considerable scale previous to the Jameson Raid, and the authors adduce much evidence in support of this assertion. But subsequent to that colossal blunder the arming of the republic proceeded with all haste and with every appearance of justification. To all representations that the British Government was friendly disposed to the Transvaal, Kruger made the stereotyped reply, 'How can I believe their assurances after Jameson's Raid?' That there was a large and influential war-party in the country and in the Government our authors admit, and Kruger placed himself at the head of it. 'It was the strange personal magnetism that Paul Kruger exercised over his people that silenced the opposition of men like Joubert. Whence he obtained the frenzied folly that induced belief in the impregnability of the Transvaal is no secret. For the first and only time in his life he surrendered his will and judgment to the control of a younger man, Dr Leyds. The greatest puzzle of all is, did the astute, cultured, European-trained Hollander honestly believe that a petty state could hold out against Great Britain's might, or did he believe in the assurances he gave his employers that all was well since the Kaiser was their friend?'

Emphatically, *Secret Service in South Africa* is a book to read. It concerns a chapter in the history of the British Empire which was closed with the establishment of the Union of South African States—a union from which it is much to be desired that the great results expected will be realised. The perusal of this record of South African aims and ideals in the near past discloses a state of affairs which it would be difficult to match in any country in the world, and leaves us with some idea of the thorny path the reformers have to tread before these great results can be

achieved. Natal comes well out of the scrutiny; but then Natal has not yet come across an extensive gold-reef or a deposit of diamond-clay. The authors have told the truth, and they will not be thanked for it, though they have treated their unpalatable disclosures in a light-hearted spirit. To those of us who have faith in the destiny of the British Empire the book will come as a salutary warning, 'lest we forget.'

SLUYS.

By R. A. GATTY.

THERE is so much that is beautiful and fascinating in Bruges that the ordinary traveller is content to wander about the picturesque streets, and not venture farther afield into the open country. If you climb up to the top of the belfry you see at once what a flat, uninteresting land surrounds the beautiful city, offering little temptation to the traveller; and the country roads, with their stone sets, are a trial even in a motor-car. Nevertheless, no one should miss a trip to Sluys. It is easy of accomplishment, for the busy steam-tram which passes along the streets, making a most disagreeable noise, runs out to this little-known spot. The journey occupies about an hour, and it is amusing to pass through the quaint villages, some of which have fine churches; though the necessary noise of blowing of horns to clear the tram-lines of pigs, dogs, and children is a trifle distracting.

At the Dutch frontier a polite official looks into the carriage, and seeing ordinary travellers without baggage, he smilingly bows and retires. Finally the tram draws up at the dockside at Sluys, and you find you have a couple of hours to look round the town. I must own it is difficult to believe that you are actually on the very spot which once was the main seaport for Ghent and Bruges when those cities were at the height of their prosperity. The sea is now a couple of miles away, and it is only by the formation of the ground that you can trace what was once a great waterway leading up to a harbour capable of holding five hundred ships.

The town of Sluys, if you can give it such a name, is merely a shadow of its former self. There is a long, straight canal stretching away to Bruges, some twelve miles distant, and the dock was full of huge barges which were being loaded with beetroot grown in the adjacent district. There were evidences of life and business, and the proprietor of the Hôtel van Brussel informed me they had no poor in the place, and all they wanted was to be let alone. 'We love the English,' he said, 'and are good friends with the French; but we fear the Germans, for we think they intend some day to take our country.'

It was in one of the hotel rooms that I learnt more about the history of Sluys than when walking about outside. The proprietor proudly showed me a series of maps hanging on the walls. The first was a view of the port, with the sea right up to the town, as it was when the great naval battle between France and England was fought in 1340. The action, which began in the mouth of the estuary, ended right under the walls of the town, the engagement lasting for twelve hours. It is said the French lost two hundred ships and thirty thousand men. So complete was the victory that for centuries the English remained masters of the Channel. The next map was different in appearance. The sea had retreated, and only a narrow strip of water led from the town to the coast. Other maps showed this passage still further narrowed, till the last had no water at all excepting the canal leading to Bruges. Several of these maps were original, with the date attached. The first naval despatch we have in our English archives is a letter from Edward the Third to his son giving him the account of the Sluys victory.

As Sluys was such an important port, through which passed the merchandise to Ghent and Bruges, it attracted the attention of the Duke of Parma when he was fighting Philip the Second's battles in the Netherlands. In 1587 he began a siege of the town under the veteran soldier La Motte. We have a good deal of gossip about this event from the pen of the redoubtable Welshman Roger Williams. The garrison forming the defence only amounted to sixteen hundred men, half of whom were Englishmen. Opposed to them was the force of invading Spaniards, numbering about six thousand men. The defence was rendered more difficult from the fact that there were two miles of ravelins and ramparts to protect, and not enough men to cover the ground. Parma found Sluys a hard nut to crack. The town was built on firm ground, but the surrounding land, owing to a stream of inland water, was nothing but shifting sands and treacherous bogs.

Roger Williams, writing in the midst of the siege, says: 'Yesterday was the fifth sally we made. Since I followed the wars I never saw valianter captains nor willinger soldiers. At eleven o'clock the enemy entered the ditch of our fort with trenches upon wheels, artillery-proof. We sallied out, recovered their trenches, slew the governor of Dam, two Spanish captains, with a number of others, repulsed them into their artillery, kept the ditch until yesternight,

and will recover it by God's help this night, or else pay dearly for it.' Such a spirit as this directing the soldiers gave the Spaniards no easy task, but sap and mine had begun their deadly work. It seems that below the city were extensive wine-caverns, and in these for eight days, almost without any cessation, and by torchlight, the two sides fought hand to hand with pistol, pike, and dagger, within the bowels of the earth. Brave men swam out at night down the waterway with despatches to the Earl of Leicester and others in control, imploring assistance. Jealousies among the Dutch, and, worse still, Queen Elizabeth's intrigues with Parma, prevented any organised plan of help. 'It is still possible for the fleet to succour the city,' wrote Roger Williams. 'I do assure you that your captains and mariners do not their duty unless they enter with great loss; but you must consider that no wars may be made without danger. What you mean to do we beseech you to do with expedition, and persuade yourself that we will die valiant, honest men.'

The efforts of the defenders were all in vain, and the city capitulated, 5th August 1587. Roger Williams, with his gilt morion battered, was witness to Parma's entrance. The Prince of Parma, seeing him, asked him, as a brave soldier, to enter the Spanish service. 'My sword,' replied the doughty Williams, 'belongs to her Royal Majesty Queen Elizabeth. When her Highness has no further use for it, it is at the service of the King of Navarre.' Devoted as brave Roger Williams was to his queen, even in her presence he could not restrain his outspoken manner of speech. He had a suit which he wished the queen to grant, and having obtained an audience, he knelt before her in a rough riding-dress. The queen was secretly disinclined to grant the favour which the Welshman sought, and he knew it. Seeing his ill-clad person, Elizabeth turned away her head, exclaiming, 'Pho, Williams! how your boots do stink!' 'Tut, madam!' replied Williams; 'it's my suit that stinks, not my boots.'

Once in the hands of Parma, Sluys became an important place of arms. Acting upon the secret instructions of his master, Philip the Second, Parma began to concentrate troops, and to prepare the flat-bottomed boats which were to convey the Spanish soldiers out into the Channel to meet the great Armada that was shortly to be despatched against England. The plans for the conquest of England, the dethroning of Queen Elizabeth, and the establishment of the Inquisition were drawn up by Philip in his palace of the Escorial, and communicated to Parma. The Admiral Medina Sidonia was to take the Armada from Lisbon to Calais roads, and there he was to wait for Parma, who was to come out from Nieuwpoort (*Anglicè*, Newport), Sluys, and Dunkirk, bringing with him his seventeen thousand veterans, and to assume the chief command of the expedition. They were to cross the Channel to Dover, land the army of Parma, reinforced by six thousand Spaniards from the fleet, and with this army Parma was to march at once upon London. Then Medina Sidonia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, guard the entrance of the harbours against any interference from the Dutch and English fleets, and as soon as the conquest of England was complete he was to proceed to Ireland. 'Most joyful I shall be,' wrote Parma to his master, 'to see myself with these soldiers on English ground, where, with God's help, I hope to accomplish your Majesty's demands.'

This great expedition, planned by the cunning Philip, who to the last moment was endeavouring to hoodwink Queen Elizabeth and her astute Ministers, was very nearly successful. The Armada arrived in Calais roads, and Parma would certainly have come out with his army in flat-bottomed boats from Sluys and Nieuwpoort had not the vigilant Dutch fleet kept watch at the mouths of the estuaries. Here, with one hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and fly-boats, the Dutch admirals waited for the coming of Parma, ready to sink his overladen craft, packed with men unable to move. Until the Armada had cleared the coast of these nimble Dutchmen it was impossible for Parma to stir. All his preparations and efforts were vain, and the Prince raged and fumed, while the helpless Armada passed along the Dutch coast, driven before the rising gale, and pursued by the English fleet. You can see at Sluys the remains of Parma's vast works, but there is little to tell you of the gigantic struggles which have taken place at that historic spot.

The history of Sluys does not end here. In 1604, sixteen years later, Prince Maurice determined to reconquer the town. It was a prodigious task, as the land all round Sluys was wet and treacherous, and unfit for carrying on a siege. The Dutch, however, were used to such difficulties, and after much labour and fighting the Prince was victorious. The condition to which the town was reduced before it capitulated is thus described: 'It was midsummer, and the famine in the beleaguered town had become horrible. The same hideous spectacle was exhibited as on all occasions where thousands of human beings are penned together without food. They ate dogs, cats, and rats, the weeds from old churchyards, old saddles, and old shoes, and when all was gone they began to eat each other. The small children diminished rapidly in numbers, while beacons and signals of distress were fired day and night. . . . Next day the town capitulated. The garrison were allowed to depart with the honours of war, and the same terms were accorded to the inhabitants, both in secular and religious matters, as were usual when Maurice reoccupied any position for the republic. Between three and four thousand creatures, look-

ing rather like ghosts from the churchyards than living soldiers, marched out, with drums beating, colours displayed, matches lighted, and bullet in mouth. Sixty of them fell dead before the dismal procession had passed out of the gates. Besides these troops were fifteen hundred galley-slaves even more like shadows than the rest, as they had been regularly sent forth during the later days of the siege to browse upon sontinelle in the submerged marshes, or to drown, or starve if unable to find a sufficient supply of that weed.'

It must be admitted that Sluys has an interesting history. It is difficult, as you wander about this pleasant spot, to realise all it has gone through, and to believe it was once of such great importance. I had arrived by tram, and had seen the route by land from Bruges, but I was delighted to find a small steamer in the dock which was shortly starting to return by the canal. I secured a seat on board, but I found we had other duties than merely making a homeward trip. One of the huge barges laden with beet-root had to be taken in tow, and this involved a great deal of shouting and excitement before all was made fast and we slowly wended our way down the broad canal. Before us lay the low lands where once fleets had fought, now green with grass and dotted over with browsing cattle. Nothing could be more peaceful and beautiful, for the sun was sinking into the sea, and rich sunset lights tinted the houses of the old town with varying colours. The boatmen hailed us as we went by, descendants, perhaps, of those sea-dogs who had guarded England in the past from Parma's troops. We went by the water-gate which Parma himself had constructed, but there was nothing outwardly to remind one of the terrible scenes which had more than once made Sluys famous in the annals of war.

The kindly sea has silted over the records of the past, and if Sluys is now an inland town, it is surely a happier place than in those days when ships moored alongside its quays and nations fought for its possession. 'I cannot make out why you Englishmen go to Sluys,' said a Belgian gentleman to me on my return; 'it is one of the dullest, stupidest places I know.' To him, perhaps, but not to others who know the part it played in the story of the great Armada.

BRUMÈRE.

By Colonel STANLEY PATERSON.

IT was deep in the wilds of a far western land that Brumère fell sick. Fever's gaunt arm, reaching out of the marsh-mists, seized him with burning fingers, tore, racked, and shook him, throwing him down daily weaker and weaker, and visibly nearer to his end.

None of us knew much about Brumère. Picked up casually in the distant down-country, a vagrant Frenchman, he attached himself eagerly to our expedition, apparently quite content to live on the scanty food our stores could supply and the meagre pecuniary pittance our finances could afford to pay him; and by his willingness, unfailing good temper, and fearlessness of danger he soon endeared himself to all, and became the almost indispensable handy-man of the expedition.

When, on the lower reaches of the river, the engines of the launch broke down, Brumère put them right; later, when the canoes rotted and leaked, 'twas Brumère's assiduous patching that alone kept them afloat. And still later, when—deserted by our carriers, foodless, and surrounded by threatening Indians—we were forced back through leagues of trackless virgin forest, it was mainly owing to Brumère's resourcefulness and dogged pluck that we reached our canoes alive.

We never asked whence he came. In the wildernesses of the earth man troubles not overmuch as to the antecedents of his fellow-man. There a man is a man by the strength of his own virility; the ordinary rules of the social code that bind us so tightly in civilisation no longer apply, and by his daily work alone a man is judged.

Though Brumère was always cheerful when spoken to, he had a sad and wistful expression; and when work was not hard and plentiful—which was seldom—he would sit for hours gazing with eyes unseeing to his immediate environment, but obviously strenuously fixed on some view far beyond the foliage of the forest giants that bounded the limit of our visible horizon.

. . . . . .

The day's work had been arduous—all the more so that Brumère had taken no part in it—but we had now reached a place of safety. The canoes were beached on the soft sand, huge fires lighted in the forest, without, however, dispersing more than a few yards of its gloom, and Brumère had been carried tenderly to a hammock slung near to them. It was obvious to all that he could travel no farther. Pity was on every face, and even the superstitious peons crossed themselves as they passed him.

Making my nightly round of the camp, I saw him beckon, and went up to him with a sad heart, but with cheerful words on my lips.

He slightly smiled, and muttered, '*Non, non;*

c'est fini; je vais mourir.' Then, after a pause, he said, '*Mon commandant*, you have been kind to me. Will you do me another kindness? Will you write to Marie? You do not know Marie—no?' He passed his hand feebly over his brow. 'I had forgotten. She is my fiancée; she waits for me there in Toulon. Is she not beautiful?' he queried, weakly indicating a locket hanging round his neck.

I examined the photograph of a very ordinary-looking grisette, but of course agreed in his estimate. After all, every one does not think alike, and to be loved is to be beautiful in one person's eyes at least.

'They told me she was false to me, that she played *cocotte* to Grouchon; yes, and he told me so too, to his cost, *le misérable!* But they lied. I do not believe any of them. To be sure, Grouchon was always with her. We loved not one another, he and I. And Marie feared and hated him; she told me so, and with a stamp of her foot begged me to kill him. And I jestingly agreed. What could it be but a jest when he was *sous-lieutenant* of marines, and I only *mécanicien* of a gunboat? Then my ship was ordered to the East, where the Black Flags were everywhere plundering and murdering the sons of France. She came down to see the ship sail, and promised to wait for me; and as we steamed out of the bay I saw her standing on the quay with Grouchon. And so she waved me farewell.

'Two years passed—years of privation, pestilence, and constant combat—years when I learned to look death in the face and fear it not. War and sickness had claimed many of my comrades; but I remained strong and well, and was now promoted to petty officer. *Ah, mon commandant*, would that the fever had taken me then instead of now!

'Then we were ordered away in the boats, twenty of us, to carry stores and temporary relief to a fever-worn and hard-pressed garrison in a fort situated some distance up a small creek—one of the advanced outposts of our line.

'Just as dark fell and the night mists closed down on the river, we pulled alongside the little jetty of the fort, and found an eager and weary garrison awaiting us; for their stores were nearly exhausted, and from the effects of wounds and sickness scarce sufficient men remained fit to keep the very necessary watch round the fort at night. All looked pinched, worn, and haggard, and had a drawn and anxious expression on their faces very different from the look on the face of the old soldier who has faced death often, and fears it not. For these were but conscript-lads lately landed in the country, and condemned to learn their first war-experience in this swampy death-trap, poor boys! We at once disembarked and passed through the fort-gate, and there, in the dim light of a swinging-lamp, I saw a face I knew—Grouchon. He took no notice of me, but talked earnestly to our lieutenant, who shortly came over to me and said that in order to give the garrison a much-needed rest it had been agreed that we should undertake the duty of guarding the fort for the night, and ordered me to fall in six men immediately to relieve the sentries on the ramparts. Grouchon it was who marched us off; but, just as we were starting, he told me to let one man fall out, as five men would suffice. And I distinctly saw him smile as he spoke.

'Steadily we marched along the line till all the men were posted, but still Grouchon moved on. Soon we came to a small sally-port close to the river, and in a most exposed position, where he halted, and, turning to me, said, "This is your post." Now, as you well know, *mon commandant*, it is not right that a petty officer should mount sentry like a common soldier; but I am not one to argue with orders, nor can it be said that in times of difficulty or danger Brumère ever failed, so I shouldered my rifle and stepped on to the post without a word. A dangerous-looking post it was, and I now understood the tense expression I had noted on the soldiers' faces.

'A low rampart affording no protection to a sentry ran along the bank of a deep creek, over which a light bridge led to the sally-port, which was closed with a light iron door. Thirty yards on the other side of the creek was open ground, then a sombre mass of virgin jungle in which an army of Black Flags might lie hidden in comfort, and shoot the sentry at any moment—an event, I afterwards heard, of not uncommon occurrence. However, no bullet disturbed my watch, and the events of the day took my thoughts back into the past, and kept them so busy that it seemed a very short two hours before I again heard the steady tramp of the approaching relief, and distinguished their forms by the uncertain light of the half-moon which was just struggling above the horizon. Twenty yards from me the relief halted, and Grouchon came on alone. Walking close up to me, he said, "I cannot relieve you now. You must do another turn; it will give you plenty of time to think of your Toulon light o' love." Then, low between his teeth, he said things of Marie—such things as I cannot repeat, *mon commandant;* such things as brought the hot blood boiling to my head and my bayonet threateningly to the charge. "Coward, you lie!" I cried. "Ah, assassin, you would murder me!" he replied, grasping his revolver. Then, *mon commandant*, all sense and knowledge went from me. I only heard Marie whisper again, "Kill him!" and with all my force I struck.

'Well, they were all my shipmates, the relief, and they tried to save me. Apparently they told so good a story that the court-martial recommended me to mercy, and my death-sentence

was commuted to transportation for life. They called that mercy! Why, every day of those awful five years in prison was worse than any death. There is no need to tell you of them, or of our escape, and the nightmare of our life in those dread pathless forests. We were wild beasts, and worse, *mon commandant*. I shudder to think of it. Suffice it to say seven of us escaped, but only two reached this country. Good-bye, *mon commandant;* you will write to Marie, will you not?'

I promised, and went slowly and sadly to my hammock, where for long I lay awake, musing on the unalterable chance of circumstance and the dire power for the making or breaking of a man's life that lies in the hands of a woman. Alas, how recklessly too many of them use it!

Next morning we were roused as usual by the sounds of awaking life in the forest, but there was no awaking for Brumère. Carefully we laid him under an orchid-covered forest-tree, and the peons fixed a rough wooden cross above the place where he lay. Then, with a heart welling with pity, I sat down and wrote to Marie as tender a letter as rough man could write—a letter to be posted months later in a far-distant colony that welcomed me back to comfort and civilisation. And there, in the course of work, there came into my hands a letter from the Governor of a neighbouring French colony enclosing a list of prisoners escaped from his penal settlement, and asking for any information regarding them. I said nothing, though the list contained a name and description I knew well; but I smiled and thought of that orchid-decked grave in the far-away forest.

Since then years have passed. The French Governor is still hunting for his lost *forçat*, and I—I am still waiting for news of Marie.

CROCODILE-CATCHING IN BORNEO.

By the Rev. EDWIN H. GOMES, M.A., Author of *Seventeen Years among the Sea-Dyaks of Borneo.*

IT is a common sight in Borneo to see a large crocodile sunning himself on the muddy bank of a river. He takes no notice of the natives, even though they pass quite near him. So common, indeed, is the sight that the Dyaks themselves pay no heed to these dangerous reptiles; and yet it is no unusual thing in Borneo to hear of some human life being taken by a crocodile. For months perhaps the crocodiles in a river live at peace with mankind, and then suddenly one of these creatures will carry off some lad bathing in the river, or even attack some one paddling along in his boat. I know of a Dyak girl who, when sitting and paddling at the stern of a canoe, was knocked over into the water and carried away by a crocodile, and her companions could do nothing to save her. There seems to be no reason why the crocodile should suddenly show a man-eating propensity in this way. The Dyaks account for it by curious superstitions. They say that if food is offered to a person, and he refuses it, and goes away without at least touching it, some misfortune is sure to befall him, and he will most probably be attacked by a crocodile. Also, it is said that one of the ways the gods punish crime is by sending a crocodile to attack the culprit; and I have often heard it said by Dyaks of some one who has been killed by a crocodile that probably he had displeased the gods, either by paying no heed to the warnings sent him in dreams or by means of omen birds, or by committing some hidden crime.

The Dyaks of Borneo will not kill a crocodile except in revenge. If the animal will live at peace with him, the Dyak has no wish to start a quarrel; if, however, the crocodile breaks the truce and kills some one, then he feels justified in retaliating. Under these circumstances, the Dyaks set to work to find the culprit, and go on catching and killing crocodiles until they succeed in doing so. The Dyaks generally wear brass ornaments, and by cutting open a dead crocodile they can easily find out if he is the creature they wish to punish. Sometimes as many as ten crocodiles are killed before they manage to find the animal they want to be revenged on. Having succeeded in doing this, they once more live at peace with these reptiles until such time as the truce is broken again by some crocodile killing a human being.

There are men whose business it is to catch crocodiles, and who earn their living by that means; and whenever a human being has fallen a victim to one of these brutes a professional crocodile-catcher is asked to help to destroy the murderer, and a large reward offered him. The majority of natives will not interfere with the reptiles, or take any part in their capture, probably fearing that if they do anything of the kind they themselves may some time or other suffer for it by being attacked by a crocodile.

The usual way of catching crocodiles in Borneo is with a baited wooden bar and slack cable. A piece of hardwood, about an inch in diameter and about ten inches long, is sharpened to a point at each end. A length of plaited bark of the baru-tree, about eight feet long, is tied to a shallow notch in the middle of this piece of wood, and a single cane or rattan, forty or fifty feet long, is tied to the end of the bark rope, and forms a long line. The most irresistible bait is the carcass of a monkey, though often the body

of a dog or snake is used. This bait is securely lashed to the wooden bar, and one of the pointed ends is tied back with a few turns of cotton to the bark-rope, bringing the bar and rope into the same straight line. The more overpowering the stench of the bait the greater is the probability of its being taken, as the crocodile has a preference for putrefying flesh. When a crocodile has fresh meat, he carries it away and hides it in some safe place until it decomposes.

The next thing is to suspend the bait from the bough of a tree overhanging the part of the river known to be the haunt of the animals. The bait is hung a few feet above the high-water level, and the long rattan line is left lying on the ground and the end of it planted in the soil. Several similar lines are set in different parts of the river, and there left for days, until one of the baits is taken by a crocodile. Attracted either by the smell or sight of the bait, some animal raises himself from the water and snaps at the hanging bundle, the slack line offering no resistance until the bait has been swallowed and the brute begins to make off. Then the planted end of the cane line holds sufficiently to snap the slight thread binding the pointed stick to the bark rope. The stick thus returns to its original position at right angles to the line, and becomes jammed across the crocodile's stomach, the two sharpened points fixing themselves into the flesh. The crocodile swims away, dragging after him the long cane line attached to the bait which he has swallowed. Sometimes the cotton holding the bar to the line fails to snap. In that case the crocodile becomes suspicious of the long line attached to what he has swallowed, and, climbing up the river-bank, disgorges the bait and unopened 'hook' in the jungle, where it is sometimes found. But should the cotton snap and the bar fix itself in the animal's inside, nothing can save the brute.

The formidable teeth of the crocodile are not able to bite through the rope attached to the bait, because the bark fibres of which it is loosely made get between his pointed teeth, and the rope holds, no matter how much the fibres get separated.

The trappers each morning visit the different traps to see if any of the baits have been taken, and if any are missing they search for them. They seldom fail to find the rattan or cane floating on the surface of some deep pool at no great distance from the spot where the bait was set. A firm but gentle pull soon brings the crocodile to the surface, and if he be a big one he is brought ashore; though smaller specimens are put directly into the boat and made fast there.

Professional crocodile-catchers are supposed to possess some wonderful mysterious power over the animals which enables them to land them and handle them without trouble. I have seen a man land a large crocodile on the bank by simply pulling gently at the line. But this is not surprising, as, from the crocodile's point of view, there is nothing else to do but follow when every pull, however gentle, causes considerable pain.

The rest of the proceeding is more remarkable. The animal is addressed in eulogistic language, and 'beguiled,' so the natives say, into offering no resistance. He is called a 'rajah among animals,' and is told that he has come on a friendly visit, and must behave accordingly. First the trapper ties up his jaws—not a very difficult thing to do. The next thing he does appears to me very risky. Still speaking as before in high-flown language, he tells the crocodile that he has brought rings for his fingers, and he binds the hindlegs fast behind the beast's back, so taking from him his grip on the ground, and consequently his ability to use his tail. When one remembers what a sudden swing of the muscular tail means, one cannot help admiring the courage of a man who coolly approaches a large crocodile for the purpose of tying up his hindlegs. Finally, the forelegs are tied in the same way over the animal's back. A stout pole is passed under the bound legs, and the animal is carried away. He is taken to the nearest Government station, and the reward given according to the length of the animal killed is claimed.

Though the animal is spoken to in such flattering terms before he is secured, the moment his legs are bound across his back and he is powerless for evil the natives howl at him and deride him for his stupidity. Later on they rip his belly for human remains, and hew him to pieces. He struggles furiously, but to no purpose. His head is cut off and hung up over the fireplace, side by side with the cluster of human heads taken in warfare.

The professional crocodile-catchers are generally Malays; but now there are Dyaks who have given up their old superstitious dread of the animal, and are expert crocodile-catchers, and quite willing to earn money by catching and killing crocodiles if required to do so.

THE SPELL OF NIGHT.

Oh soft-winged spirit of the midnight air!
Breathe on my lips that they may learn to sing
Thy melodies in notes more pleasing; bring
Sweet thoughts and dreams divine and fancies fair.
Thy sacred presence is a voiceless prayer,
Fond memories about thy garments cling;
Hearing the flutter of thy passing wing,
I see thee not, yet know that thou art there.

Oh blest magician! teach me how to bear
The trivial woes of life, the poisoned sting
Of irritant and sleep-forbidding care.
Waft me away to where through heaven swing
The great, slow stars; for here are dull despair,
And tears, and discontent, and murmuring!

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RIO DE JANEIRO, THE QUEEN OF TROPICAL CITIES.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

WHEN the early Portuguese navigators, creeping cautiously along the partially explored coast of South America, discovered the vast bay on which the Brazilian capital now stands, they imagined that they had arrived at the mouth of a mighty river, and christened it Rio de Janeiro (River of January) in honour of the date of discovery, January 1, 1531. The mistake was a very natural one, for their native Lisbon is situated on a landlocked estuary of a very similar nature at the mouth of the Tagus. Curiously enough, the Spanish navigators who, a few years previously, had discovered the River Plate fell into the opposite error. Noticing the freshness of the water, they called it the Mar Dulce, or Fresh-Water Sea, quite ignorant of the fact that they lay in the estuary of a great river, though no land was visible, for the shores of the River Plate are for the most part low and flat, and only visible on a close approach.

Rio, like Sydney and a few other places, claims to have the finest natural harbour in the world. The writer has seen both the harbours named, but it is difficult to make any comparison between them, as the beauties of each are of an entirely different nature. Sydney harbour owes its picturesqueness to the lateral coves which open on either side, displaying ever-changing vistas of beauty as the steamer threads her way through the central channel. On every side pretty villas nestle among gardens and shrubbery which extend down to the water's edge, and the charming surroundings continue until the steamer is moored alongside the circular quay in the heart of the city.

In Rio de Janeiro, on the other hand, the beauties of the landscape are not so much in the harbour as in the surrounding mountains and the views which they present. A long way before the harbour is entered these noble landmarks serve as a guide to the mariner. The first to be descried is the famous Sugar-Loaf, a conical peak of granite which stands like a sentinel at the entrance to the harbour. Conical peaks of the same kind are common along the coast of Brazil, the formation of which is granitic. The names of other peaks in the neighbourhood of the harbour suggest their fantastic shapes. First there is the Corcovado or Hunchback, so called because, when viewed from a certain point, it presents the outline of the bent head and shoulders of an aged man or hunchback; another characteristic peak is the Gavea or Topsail; while in the distance the peaks of the Organ Mountains are visible, so called from their fancied resemblance to the tubes of a church organ. These are only a few of the many peaks which are visible, for Rio is surrounded by a mass of mountains; indeed, the city is partially built on and around them, for here and there isolated hills too steep to be built on raise their verdure-clad heads over the mass of houses below, and add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The transient traveller whose visit to Rio is confined to the few hours the steamer remains in the harbour can form no proper idea of the city, the older portion of which (that which lies closest to the Custom House and landing-stage) conveys a rather unfavourable impression. Here the streets are narrow and old-fashioned. The city, confined to the narrow valleys between lofty hills, extends for many miles in various directions, and cannot be properly inspected in a short time. The best portions of Rio, the newer city and the charming suburbs of Botafogo and Laranjeiras, are at some distance, and very often are never seen at all by the casual traveller. Botafogo lies along the shores of the bay, but not the commercial portion. On one side are the placid waters of the bay, with a view of the Sugar-Loaf, and on the other side the emerald frame of the mountains forms the immediate background. Here are the homes of the rich; there is an elegance about them to which no other city of South America (not even Buenos Aires) can aspire. The stately mansions of granite, the avenues of lordly palms, the beautiful private gardens laid out with exquisite taste and adorned with statues and fountains, the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, all combine to give one an impression of the oriental splendour described in *The Arabian Nights*.

Great improvements have been made of late years; in fact the city has been completely Haussmannized. In many respects Rio is at a

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disadvantage compared with her great southern rival, the Argentine capital. The flat, monotonous nature of the ground on which Buenos Aires is built is an advantage in so far as it allows a free expansion of the city in all directions. Rio, on the other hand, is shut in between lofty hills, and the streets follow the windings of the narrow valleys, a fact which greatly hinders the development of the city. In Buenos Aires the streets, nearly all of equal width, cut each other at right angles, on the chess-board principle so common in American cities. This is very favourable to the regulation of traffic, which can be more evenly distributed and is not confined to one or two leading thoroughfares, as every street is really a thoroughfare, and no matter in what direction one travels, one can always find a parallel street at a short distance. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, of late years the traffic in the central part of Buenos Aires has become so great that serious inconvenience is caused. But what about Rio, where no such arrangement of parallel thoroughfares is possible? In the latter city, also, many of the streets are so narrow that tramway-cars can only travel in one direction, and even then they encroach so closely on the narrow pavement that the pedestrian must exercise constant vigilance if he does not wish to be caught by the projecting footboard or splashed with mud from head to foot.

The Fluminenses, as the inhabitants of Rio call themselves (from *flumen*, the Latin name for a river; Portuguese Rio), are jealous of the magnificent new boulevard, Avenida de Mayo, which the Porteños (inhabitants of Buenos Aires) have opened up in the centre of their city. Not to be behindhand, they also built a new boulevard in Rio, which they called the Avenida Central. Although a fine avenue in many respects, the Avenida Central has not come up to the expectations of its founders. One of the reasons attributed is that business has not increased so much as was expected, owing partly to the fact that the rapid rise of the neighbouring port of Santos has been effected to a great extent at the expense of Rio. The main export of both cities is coffee, and Santos is not only on the whole a more convenient shipping point for the coffee districts, but the region tapped by it (the state of São Paulo) is one of the richest and most progressive in Brazil.

The Fluminenses are proud of their city, which is not undeserving of the title of the Paris of South America, and have spent millions on improving it. Their municipality is one of the most enterprising in the world, one fruit of their enterprise being the magnificent new municipal theatre built at a cost of six hundred thousand pounds.

The British colony in Rio is far from being so numerous as that of Buenos Aires. This is probably due in great measure to the tropical climate, which does not suit the British constitution so well as the more temperate city of the south. The number of British commercial houses is few in comparison with those established in Buenos Aires. In walking along the streets in the more central parts of the Argentine capital one recognises British faces and hears the language of Shakespeare at every turn; indeed, in the neighbourhood of the great banks (all close together) one hears almost as much English as Spanish. No better evidence of the number and importance of the Anglo-Saxon community could be given than the fact that two daily papers in English are published in Buenos Aires; there were formerly three, but two of them amalgamated. The British community in Rio is as yet far from having attained this importance.

In the neighbourhood of Buenos Aires there are few resorts where the British resident can take an outing or spend a holiday. The favourite place is the Tigre, a swampy district about an hour by rail from the city, where he can indulge in bathing, boating, and fishing of a kind, in the muddy waters of the River Plate. If he wants a genuine seaside resort he must betake himself to the neighbouring republic of Uruguay or to the fashionable bathing-place of Mar del Plata, both too distant for a day's outing or even for a week-end. In fact these, as well as the mountain resorts, such as the Sierras de Cordoba, are only accessible to the rich and leisured class.

In Rio matters are different. Here the holiday-makers find mountain and seaside resorts within easy reach and accessible to the poorest; indeed there are many such resorts in the immediate suburbs of the city. The Corcovado Mountain, already mentioned, has a cogwheel railway up to the very summit, which commands a magnificent view of the city, harbour, and surroundings. This isolated peak (elevation, two thousand four hundred feet) rises so perpendicularly that the eye travels freely in every direction, and one has the impression of being up in a balloon or on a natural Eiffel Tower. There are few mountains in the world which can furnish such a magnificent and complete view of their immediate neighbourhood.

Another suburban mountain retreat is Tijuca, also accessible by tramway; it is a miniature Switzerland, with picturesque dells and waterfalls. For those who wish a quiet bathing-place there are numerous islands in the bay where bathing, boating, and fishing can be indulged in. Here, in a sense, one is out of the world within sight and easy reach of the great city. If the bather wants the heavy surf of the open sea he can go to Copacabana, on the outer edge of the harbour. If he wants a mountain retreat where he can enjoy coolness while Rio is sweltering in tropical heat, a short trip across the bay and railway continuation lands him in Petropolis, a beautiful town among the hills. Petropolis is so close to Rio that many business men live here, travelling to and from their offices in Rio every day. Many

of the foreign Ministers live in Petropolis in preference to Rio; here also the Emperor Don Pedro had his palace, for Petropolis is the Versailles of Brazil. Another pleasant holiday can be spent in visiting one of the German 'colonies' nestling among the mountains. In fact, there are at least a score of resorts within easy reach of Rio where a pleasant holiday can be spent.

Secretary Root, of the United States, was much struck by Rio when he visited it not long ago, and expressed his wonder that it had not been 'discovered' as a pleasure resort by the citizens of the great republic. Here again the climate is against it. During the winter season (at least four months of the year) the climate is perfection, but in summer the heat is oppressive; the lofty mountains shut out the cool breeze from the sea. Therefore, although the summer of Rio coincides with the winter of Europe and the United States, the southern city offers no attraction as a spot in which 'to cheat a northern winter.' It must not, however, be supposed that the climate of Rio is necessarily unhealthy. Yellow-fever, once a great scourge, is now successfully combated by modern sanitary science. The writer remembers the case of a Scotsman who emigrated to Rio as a lad of fifteen, and, after passing his whole life there, died in the city as a nonagenarian, after seventy-five years of business activity, preserving his faculties almost to the last, and leaving a numerous progeny. Old Rio residents will remember his name when it is stated that he was the first Lloyd's agent to be appointed in South America. Speaking personally, the writer has lived several years in both Rio and Buenos Aires, and enjoyed much better health in the former city than in the latter.

Mention has been made of the rivalry which exists between Rio and Buenos Aires, each of which claims the rank of the first city of South America. It is not only in its natural beauty and its pleasant and picturesque surroundings that Rio surpasses its rival. There is an air of culture and refinement about the Brazilian capital which is lacking in the case of Buenos Aires, though in the latter city one notes more movement, bustle, and commercial activity. It is the same difference which distinguishes Paris from London, Philadelphia from New York, or Edinburgh from Glasgow. There was a time, not long ago, when Rio was undoubtedly the first city in South America, even in point of population, but the rapid development of Buenos Aires in recent years has changed the relative position of the two cities. Buenos Aires, with a rapidly increasing population of a million and a quarter, claims the proud position of the first city of the Spanish-speaking world of South America, and of the entire Southern Hemisphere. The population of Rio probably does not exceed a million, even if the outlying suburbs and the towns on the other side of the harbour be included. Though Buenos Aires was founded nominally several decades before Rio, the latter is virtually an older city. The former suffered severe vicissitudes during her early history, and was several times destroyed; the progress of the latter was steadier and more permanent. *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, published in 1867, gives the population of Rio at that time as three hundred thousand, and of Buenos Aires as over one hundred thousand. Indeed, the Brazilians state that it was they who gave the first impetus to the commercial development of Buenos Aires. During the Paraguayan war, in which Brazil took the leading part, Buenos Aires served as a base of operations, or at least of supplies for the troops. During the five years of the war millions were spent by the Brazilians in Argentina, where they bought cattle and horses for their troops, and the fleet of steamers constantly occupied in the transport of troops and supplies from Brazil to Paraguay had its headquarters in Buenos Aires. According to the Brazilians, the rapid development of Buenos Aires dates from and was first caused by the Paraguayan war, which lasted from 1865 to 1870.

The writer remembers the first time he entered the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro. It was in May 1894, not long after the suppression of the revolt under Admiral Custodio de Mello. The entrance to the port was studded with forts, nearly all of which bore traces of their recent bombardment by the rebel fleet, and one of them (Villegaignon), built on an island in the middle of the harbour, was reduced to a heap of ruins. For months the rebel admiral had things pretty much his own way, and but for the interference of the foreign diplomatic body and the foreign warships in the harbour there is little doubt that he would have captured the city, which at one time he threatened to bombard. But in this project he was again foiled by foreign intervention.

A number of Brazilian warships are generally lying at anchor in the harbour, where their imposing proportions can be seen to advantage. The Brazilians are very proud of their fleet, and they certainly have some fine ships. The recent construction of three huge Dreadnoughts, among the most powerful ships of war afloat, caused some surprise in Britain, where the general opinion was that Brazil had no need for such an imposing armament. The Brazilians are a proud and ambitious people, and already aim at the position of a great power—a position to which their population (some twenty millions) scarcely entitles them. The revolt of Mello (which would probably have been successful but for foreign intervention) opened their eyes to the importance of a powerful squadron. Brazil is a rich country, and can afford to pay for these costly toys, though in the writer's opinion the money could have been better spent. The electric current for public and private lighting, and electric power for industries and tramways,

are supplied by the Light and Power Company from the hydro-electric works in the valley of the Serra do Mar, fifty miles north-west of the city.

Rio de Janeiro is a capital built on and overlooked by mountains. Among other cities which have the same distinction are Athens, Rome, Berne, Edinburgh, and Tokyo. All of these are capitals of countries which have had a romantic history, and which have defended their independence sturdily and successfully against great odds. Unlike the countries named, Brazil has no ancient history. She is entirely a modern country, but there can be little doubt she has a great future ahead of her. For a tropical nation Brazil displays a vast amount of energy.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XIII.—'LES CORBEAUX.'

THEY say its doom is sealed, the once historic café celebrated under the Third Empire for the flavour of its ices and the wit of its customers. Red and gold on the outside, white and gilt within. The company which assembled in these rooms or lingered on the well-known *perron* was composed of that brilliant confraternity the Bohemian Paris of the Pen.

The long central room, set with little round tables, sparkled in glass and silver and snowy napery. Up to the great beam, grotesquely panelled in brilliant colours, rose the laughter and voices of the illustrious throng. For, after all, the men who mould the public opinion of a great nation in any manner whatsoever are by that very fact made illustrious.

It was a representative gathering, showing, like the side of a cleft mountain, many various strata. There were leader-writers with bald heads and scented beards, lynx-eyed financiers, stout and bland, dotted in corners, ordering the best dinners and swallowing with ears as well as mouths, for the journalist may be a liar, but his *chien de métier* takes him prowling abroad early and late; he scents the first breath of rumour, and that to the financier is oftentimes the breath of life. Here and there were anxious, melancholy-eyed men, gatherers of foreign or domestic news, jackals to the lions of assured position on the papers.

These journalists of Paris are unique. They spend their lives in endeavouring to infuse the true literary flavour into their sheets. Their public demand so much, yet they groan under the iron hand of the *feuilleton* and the humorous paragraph and article. Their business is to tickle the Parisian palate with something ever piquant, ever new.

Talk was exchanged from table to table; stories flew from lip to lip; occasionally one man dominated the assembly, gathering every hearer to enjoy the raciness, the brilliance, or the license of his speech.

The voices had now risen to the full blast of the well-dined. Puyfot, who had dreamed of the angels, was there discussing the drama—which he understood—with a third-grade actor who never would understand it. To his right sat Wilford, ghastly pale and already bemuddled, although the evening was young. De Sarsan had handed him over to Puyfot—Puyfot, whose pre-eminence in licentious wit made him famous. But Wilford had got beyond the reach of wit of any sort by this time; he sat with bleared eyes, the skin of the lower lids dragged downward toward the mouth in the drunkard's characteristic grimace. His breathing was rather laboured, and attracted the glance of many a contemptuous onlooker, to whom he offered a strenuous illustration of the genus of his people.

'Have you seen Garlis?' asked his neighbour of De Sarsan. The speaker was a fat, twinkling man of middle age.

'No; I have been in London. What is he doing now, my dear friend?'

'He writes, as you are aware no doubt, much for *L'Œil*.'

De Sarsan interrupted him. 'Indeed?' he asked with raised eyebrows and an air of polite interest.

The fat man drew in his double chin to look at his neighbour humorously. 'But you—you know! The name of the creator of that most admirable paper is no mystery—in Paris,' he said.

'I am no longer in any way connected with the Press,' announced De Sarsan gravely. 'You forget my situation. At the present moment any such connection would be against me in England. No, Gorascon; I have detached myself, with tears, from the idol of my youth.'

Puyfot drew his chair a little farther forward, and bowed to De Sarsan coldly and ceremoniously. 'You have been in England for a long time?' he asked, smiling somewhat constrainedly under his thin moustache.

De Sarsan met the advance with equal coldness. 'Yes.'

Puyfot laughed, a peculiar laugh that had the effect of bringing all heads round again. As has been said, he had a certain reputation for wit. 'Have you by any chance heard of an M. Malcolm Cahusac?'

De Sarsan bowed surprise. 'Certainly. It has been my good fortune to be acquainted with two men of that name.'

'Precisely, father and son. There is a little scandal—a little scandal—fluttering about with

regard to these two men. Is it not so?' Puyfot twiddled a couple of fingers in imitation of flight.

De Sarsan put on a troubled air. 'I have not heard'—— he began hesitatingly.

'Then I will refresh your memory, De Sarsan,' cried the fat man. 'A Sir Malcolm Cahusac died under peculiar circumstances; he was murdered—stabbed, I believe—several years ago in London.'

'An old story!' 'Threadbare!' 'Bah!' 'Puyfot!' The various comments dropped from disappointed lips.

'Old, yes!' cried Puyfot excitedly; 'but not threadbare, since it possessed a political lining of a sort that never wears out. There is a sequel which has remained hidden until to-day.'

'There can be no scandalous sequel about the present bearer of the name. I must have heard it if there had been,' put in De Sarsan.

'M. Cahusac keeps his secrets close prisoners, my friend,' retorted Puyfot.

De Sarsan drew back as if disliking the turn the conversation had taken, but the other men urged the narrator to continue.

'Cahusac senior was killed in the streets of London more than twenty years ago. There were said to be political reasons; but of that later. The mystery is this. Cahusac left a pretty wife—a second wife—and also a child by the first wife, a son of his own name. You follow me?'

'Yes, yes!'

'The boy was five at the date of his father's murder, and he was left, naturally, in the guardianship of his step-mother.'

'Exactly.'

'Some six years ago this M. Cahusac, then twenty-one years old, and his step-mother were dining together alone in their house in London. The servants had withdrawn. All was well at nine o'clock, or even at ten. The servants heard the sound of conversation for some time—until past midnight, in fact. Then the quiet was broken by screams of laughter. A party of servants rushed upstairs. Madam was in paroxysms of hysterical laughter; the young man lay bleeding, unconscious, on the floor. He had endeavoured to kill himself, or—who knows?—the lady had made the attempt to kill him! Why?'

The faces round were all alert with keenness over this mysterious ending.

'Explain! Explain!'

'Ah, that I cannot. Therefore I have applied to M. de Sarsan,' Puyfot replied. 'Madam laughed and laughed continuously until she died, but she never again spoke one reasonable word.—The son—you are acquainted with the son, you have said?' He turned to De Sarsan.

'I know him well,' De Sarsan said with some dignity; 'but this, I have never so much as heard it mentioned.'

Puyfot laughed meaningly. 'Which, in other words, is equivalent to the fact that M. Cahusac junior has had some reason for keeping his own counsel. Is it not so?'

'Precisely. But what a scandal! There must be something hidden. What is it, Puyfot? Tell us the conclusion of the story.'

Puyfot shrugged his shoulders. 'Who can say? This only I have heard whispered. The father was in the habit of telling—selling—secrets; in point of fact, he was a friend to other nations than his own. He occupied a high position in the Government of his country; therefore it was easy for him to gather valuable information. But, alas! he was found out. He died—shall we say?—a martyr.'

The listeners laughed, and Gorascon, who had been scribbling some notes, looked up. 'His name, my good Puyfot?' he said. 'I have forgotten his barbarous name.'

Puyfot was standing at his own table, and his answer went distinctly down the room to the open door. 'His name, messieurs? Malcolm Cahusac!'

'I am Malcolm Cahusac. Who asks for me?' The voice was cold and very clear.

There was a rustle and a stir of immense excitement, and all heads craned in one direction. From the door advanced a group of three men, the foremost of whom, tall, spare, and pale, looked inquiringly about him upon the assemblage whom a moment before his name had held in silence.

(To be continued.)

SHOPS AND STREET-LIFE IN CHINESE CITIES.

By JOHN WYATT.

THERE seems no better initiation into a knowledge of a foreign people than a thoughtful study of the shops and the people in the streets of a large city. This does not, however, apply so much to China, as many of the cities—such as Canton, Hong-kong, Shanghai, Hankow, and others—are wholly or partially under European domination; and the modifying effect upon Chinese character and habits of the constant association with foreigners, the influence of British municipal government and European consular administrations, together with the evils resulting from the large influx of foreign vicious rascalities of both sexes, are plainly visible.

To know the Chinese as they really are we must go to the very verge at least of foreign influences;

and for the purpose of this article Changsha, the capital of Hunan, will be fairly representative. This city has only lately been opened as a port for foreign trade; and, excepting the Customs officials and missionaries, the resident foreigners may be counted upon one hand. Moreover, the Hunanese claim to be the purest descendants of the black-haired race, and they recall with pride that their capital was the only city that successfully resisted the terrible onslaughts of the Taiping rebels. The siege lasted for seven months, and, notwithstanding the terrible famine conditions, they fought and suffered as became heroes. The superior physique and virile bearing of the Hunanese well warrants such a record.

Changsha is an ancient walled city on the eastern bank of the Siang river, one of the southern tributaries of the mighty Yang-tsze-kiang, and contains within its walls about half-a-million people. The government of the city is in the hands of a *taotai* (mayor), under whom are a number of officials who are personally responsible for the peace and good order of the wards over which they preside. The boundaries of these wards are shown by gates across the streets, which are closed every night at eleven; after that hour every passenger may be required by the sentry on guard to give an account of himself. With the Chinese there is no municipal government, no lighting or paving or sewerage rates, no policemen parading the streets, no liquor-shops, and no drunkenness. Assaults and highway robberies very seldom occur, and even in the dead of night the wayfarer may traverse the gloomy streets and darker lanes with far greater safety than in our own towns; a condition of things resulting from the Chinaman's innate love of peace, and the power attached to public opinion, which with them has perhaps a greater controlling influence than in any other civilised nation. The criminal classes, consisting chiefly of those who from the inordinate use of opium or excessive gambling have fallen to the lowest plane, receive scant mercy from officials or the general public; every man's hand is against them, their detection certain, and their punishment severe and swift.

Entering the city by one of the principal gates, we find ourselves in what appears to be a crowded lane, but which is in reality a main thoroughfare. Narrow as is the space of twelve or thirteen feet between the opposing shop-fronts, the roadway is contracted by baskets of merchandise exposed for sale, reducing the roadway to about eight feet. The ground is rather unevenly paved with granite slabs more or less covered with a black, evil-smelling mud, which under the influence of a shower forms itself into thick, miry pools. Scattered about are vegetable garbage, entrails of fish and fowls (presently to be eaten by dogs), and other refuse. This state of filth is supplemented by the splashings from buckets in which coolies are carrying away the contents of public and private conveniences, and by the less objectionable overflowings of the buckets of the water-carriers. In the hot season these conditions cause the atmosphere to 'hum' in no uncertain manner, and the historic 'seventy several and separate stinks' of Cologne are completely dwarfed by the gigantic one offensive smell that pervades a Chinese city. To keep the tobacco-pipe fully going is the only relief.

Overhead, the streak of sky is darkened by numberless flags and signboards bearing devices and lettering in gilt, blue, and red, which advertise various trades and tradesmen.

The crowd passes to and fro in a most orderly manner. There is no jostling, no individual rushing or striving to get ahead of those in front, no rule of the road, no instructions to 'keep to the right.' Every one follows his own inclination; but the spirit of compromise and reciprocity so completely pervades the Chinese character that each one willingly gives way sufficiently to prevent disorder. This voluntary custom becomes compulsory when coolies pass along with heavy burdens, as all are expected to get out of their way; and if the cry of 'Ai-ai-ai!' be unheeded the absent-minded pedestrian may find himself sprawling among baskets of fish or vegetables, or making a too close acquaintance with the filthy ooze on the roadway, the mishap bringing forth roars of laughter from the crowd. But should the sounding-gong denote the approach of a mandarin, then burden-carriers and public must adjust themselves on either side as best they can to provide a clear way for his mightiness, whose sedan-chair, preceded by the gong-beater and an official bearing aloft the large, red umbrella, and followed by a retinue, sweeps past at a good jog-trot pace.

A noticeable feature is not only that all the people—the human beast of burden (the coolie) excepted—seem well dressed, but appear to carry an air of contentment and geniality. Their chatter and laughter are no small factors in producing the din so characteristic of Chinese streets. Another feature foreign to Western cities is the total absence of women in the streets, a few of the lowest or coolie class and beggars being exceptions. The urchin or street-arab is also conspicuous by his absence; he is kept well in hand, and if not working is at school.

One of the strangest sights, perhaps, in the world is to be seen in the streets of the towns of Hunan. It may be described as 'itinerant houses of refuge.' Should an old man or woman be rendered helpless by paralysis, blindness, or some other calamity, and the family be too poor to provide proper sustenance, the neighbours subscribe their mites and build small wooden structures exactly like our dog-kennels, with the addition of a pole on each side for carrying purposes. In size they are about six feet by three

feet, and four to five feet high. The unfortunate person having been placed within, the box is carried away at night and dumped down in front of a house or shop. Henceforth all responsibility for the patient's welfare rests with the householder at whose door he happens to be placed. The temporary host sees that his unknown guest is properly tended and fed, and, if necessary, supplied with clothes. After a couple of days the 'kennel' is cleansed, new straw provided, and then it is carried away to another house. In this way it is passed on from place to place *ad finem*, when the authorities bury the body. This forced charity is not felt to be a burden, but is considered a duty to be honourably performed.

It is not an uncommon thing to see a Chinese gentleman carrying a pet bird perched upon a piece of bamboo, to which, as he walks along, he talks and whistles, and is rewarded by the chirruping replies of his feathered friend.

The street-hawkers are a bit of a mystery. They advertise their fantastic wares with loud cries, but never seem to sell anything; the perambulating 'smoke-seller' being an exception. The bowl of his dilapidated water-pipe holds a pinch of the common Chinese tobacco-dust, just affording one good whiff to the customer. Charge, one *cash*, forty to the penny. One shudders to think of the mouthpiece.

Cheap diversion may be obtained by watching performing mice, birds, or frogs, whose theatre, consisting of a small table, is unexpectedly discovered in some nook or angle. A few *cash* will make the proprietor happy for the day. Boys performing neat tricks of legerdemain are often seen, while the open space before the gates of a yamun (court of justice) may be used as a 'pitch' by strolling acrobats. Seeing one of a troupe keeping back the crowd by swinging a ball round and round conjured up a reminiscence of my boyhood in England. The crowds which gather round street amusements often seriously impede the traffic, but nobody ever thinks of interfering with them. In this, as in so many things, the Chinese are a law unto themselves. Their only arbiter is custom, and that is created by public opinion.

Now as to the shops. Except a few of the highest class, where gold and silver work or embroidered, brocaded, and other silks are sold, all the shops are open in front, and the working of the various trades is exposed to public view. All work is done by hand.

The rice-shops are important and many, and in them is seen the process of preparation from husking by means of a primitive stamper until the article is exposed for sale. In the making of bedding (the *mentoi* or thick quilted cotton blankets), the onlooker sees the cotton ginned, and all the stages to the finished article. The ingenious but simple method of equalising the layers of cotton and quilting is worthy of admiration. Space forbids any attempted description; but the *mentoi* never gets 'lumpy,' and experience proclaims them warm and most comfortable beds. The sleeper lies on one side and pulls the rest over him.

Coffin-makers offer an interesting show. The busy workmen are seen sawing, planing, and carving; while around them, stacked against the wall, are a goodly number of the coffins awaiting customers. They range from plain pine to the huge sarcophagus-like and richly carved caskets of camphor-wood, priced up to a thousand dollars. With the Chinese, to make a present of a good coffin to an old man is considered a mark of the highest regard and respect.

In kaleidoscopic review we pass the shops of workers in metals, carpenters, makers of furniture, fans, umbrellas, lanterns, shoes, and the multitudinous articles manufactured from that mainstay of China, the bamboo. From it are made houses, ropes, sails, furniture both decorative and useful, household and kitchen utensils, wearing apparel of several kinds, hats, agricultural implements, paper, musical instruments, carved ornaments, articles of personal adornment, medicine, food, &c. *ad infinitum*. The ubiquity of the bamboo is really astonishing. On the river and on land, indoors and outdoors, from the carrying-pole of the coolie to the bracelet on the wrist of a lady, it is everywhere.

The barbers combine eye-surgery with their special trade, and while the ordinary shaving and queue-dressing are going on others may be seen undergoing some delicate operation upon the eyelids. The Chinese razor, like a butcher's cleaver, is a survival from the Bronze Age, being identical in shape with those dug up from the prehistoric mounds of Denmark.

The shops dealing in second-hand articles are fairly numerous. In delightful confusion are seen cast-off official robes and other clothing, bowls, tea-cups, and vases of china and porcelain (some entire, others cracked), bronze bowls quaintly carved, bronze figures of the most grotesque modelling, old furniture, and odds and ends beyond mention. A foreign collector would revel in strolling about these places, and perhaps secure for a few pence or shillings something that would fetch as many pounds in London. It is in such out-of-the-way places that Chinese buyers from the coastal towns find their most profitable purchases. The present rage for old porcelain has created a demand which cannot be properly supplied, and as a consequence a new industry has come into existence, that of 'faked' ware. The ingenious Chinese are past-masters in the art of 'faking,' and can manufacture 'old' porcelain and 'antique' bronzes in sufficient quantity to meet any demand. Probably not 10 per cent. of the 'old' porcelain so cherished by collectors deserves the title. There is, however, a compensating consolation. As long as the

collector believes his treasure to be old, to him it is so.

Learning being held in the highest estimation as the chiefest ambition in life, it is natural that book-shops are numerous. In addition, there are many bookstalls in quiet corners in the streets, and frequently a pundit may be seen reading aloud to an appreciative audience.

In the autumn and winter fur-shops are well worth an inspection. Coats and other garments made of sheepskin (wool inside) to those made of rare and costly furs hang around in profusion, while piles of skins encumber the floor.

In the goldsmiths' and silk-merchants' shops we reach the highest grade of retail traders. These shops do not expose goods even in the front windows, but any one can enter and look around at his leisure, and no one will ask him to buy. I was entering a silk-shop one day, when, to my surprise, I saw 'camped,' so to speak, on the small vacant space beside the entrance a party of ragged and filthily dirty beggars. I was assailed by whines and cries for alms, and one exposed her limbs covered by fearful and festering sores. I knew better than to take any notice, and inquired afterwards why the shopkeeper allowed them there. Why did he not have them removed? If he attempted to do so a worse state of things would ensue. First sending notice to others, the beggars would invade the shop, squat on the floor, and make the place resound with their cries for charity. In a short time reinforcements would arrive and block the doorway, all business would be suspended, and no other course would be open to the shopkeeper but to purchase release; which being done, the beggars outside would disperse and the original group would go back to their camping-ground outside. The Beggars' Guild is said to be one of the most powerful of the many secret societies of China, and sorrow and loss is the only guerdon one gets for interfering with the exercise of what they consider their legitimate calling.

How is it possible to describe the glories of some of the goods for sale in these shops? In the goldsmiths' shops in tempting array are seen gold and silver laces and lace insertions of marvellous beauty and daintiness; fringes of gold and silver; rings, bracelets, and brooches of quaint designs, all made of pure gold. The method of business differs entirely from that of the European jeweller. When a purchase is made, a price is quoted for the workmanship, then the article is weighed and the value of the gold added.

And the silk-shops! Here more glories meet the eye—costly silks embroidered with gold and silver thread, brocaded silks rich in colour and somewhat boldly patterned, and other silks of gorgeous colouring and varying quality; silk laces and fringes, tassels, caps, fans, and other articles, the whole forming a show worthy of a place in an international exhibition.

The lamp-shops must not be forgotten. Kerosene, of all foreign imports, seems to have captured the public fancy. The trade in it is immense, and shops where only lamps are sold show stocks second to none.

The shops devoted to the sale of food-stuffs form by far the most numerous class, and whether they sell cooked or uncooked food they are the greatest offenders in obstructing the already too narrow footway. It is obvious that small tables upon which are laid trays of sweets and cakes, a cooking apparatus in full work, baskets of fish, vegetables, and fruits, and others upon which lie ducks, fowls, and joints of pork, when placed upon a street eleven or twelve feet wide are serious barriers to free locomotion. Custom with the Chinese is equal in power to a divine mandate, only more so, and to run counter to it is to court disaster. The *taotai* of Shanghai experienced the truth of this not long since. A mandarin of education, large experience, and up-to-date ideas, he saw what a great advantage to his city it would be if he cleared away the obnoxious obstructions in the narrow streets. He issued a decree that no goods were to be exposed for sale outside the shops. A great hubbub occurred, mobs besieged the *taotai's* yamun with cries and yells, and nearly created a serious riot. Petitions were sent to Pekin, and the matter ended in the restoration of the baskets to the footway. The central Government fined the *taotai* several thousand *taels* in addition to all costs, and intimated that it was lucky for him that the rioting was not serious, or he would have lost his head. Reform, being antagonistic to custom, is not looked upon with a favourable eye.

The eating-houses are interesting—when viewed from the outside. As usual, the process of preparing the various foods for sale goes on in a perfectly undisguised manner, the cooks, except in cold weather, being stripped to the waist. The interior presents no attraction to a Western visitor, and so we pass on.

The only places at which a thirst can be quenched are the tea-houses. These are well patronised, and a quarter of an hour can be pleasurably spent in sipping the refreshing beverage and watching the crowd. On taking a seat (if the weather be warm), a 'boy' at once offers you a steaming face-cloth. Though its use is very comforting, I always declined, wondering upon how many faces it had done duty since being washed.

An incident occurred in the city one day which is so thoroughly characteristic of the Chinese that it must be told. To make good a deficit in the city's finances the officials imposed a small tax upon tea; and, notwithstanding the strenuous protests of the tea-men, the *taotai* issued the decree. Next morning every tea-shop

and tea-house was closed; not an ounce of tea or a cup of tea could be purchased in the city. Public feeling was aroused, and the officials were frightened at the impending riot. They temporised, and the tea-men agreed to pay the deficit on condition that a tax upon tea should never again be levied.

Interesting as Chinese cities are to the visitor, they offer no inducement as places of residence to Europeans.

MA'MSELLE.

CHAPTER II.

IT has been said that Mr John Bungay was popular. His popularity was of the kind always commanded by a man of traditional John Bullish proclivities in the age which gave birth to that particular national type. He was a sportsman; he lent his fields for a small race-meeting and for frequent prize-fights; he was cheery, hearty, and outspoken; he hated foreigners in general and Frenchmen in particular. By the officers of the prison garrison he was regarded almost as one of themselves, because his cosy little dinners and his encouragement of sports materially helped them to make the best of an arduous and distasteful service. Captain Heacham had a high opinion of him as a business man, which he himself was not, and was instrumental in obtaining for him the vegetable contract for the prison, so that he was one of the few outsiders who had free entry to the institution.

It is hardly necessary to say that although Heacham had heard the talk about Bungay's unrequited attachment to Ma'mselle, he valued it no more than idle gossip, and never for a moment regarded him as a rival, as in higher circles John Bungay was always regarded, from his apparent indifference to the charms of the other sex, as a confirmed bachelor.

One August afternoon Captain Heacham and John Bungay were strolling round the prison blocks. Some signs of unrest and insubordination had recently been manifest among the prisoners, arising from a racial feeling between the French and an importation of American seamen prisoners who warmly resented being quartered among the dirty and evil-habited foreigners, whom they regarded as little better than wild beasts. The young captain was consulting Bungay concerning the best policy to be pursued, not from any consciousness of weakness on his own part, but from belief in the axiom that two heads are better than one.

A tumult of voices raised in fierce discussion in a distant block made the two men hurry in its direction, but before they could reach the spot the sounds had suddenly ceased.

When they came up, as had half-a-dozen breathless sentries, they saw a strange thing. It was in the particular block which had always borne an ill name as having been one where more violent quarrels and serious duels had taken place than in any other. Here was gathered, around two men who were evidently the principals in the affair, a wild, unkempt, and for the most part half-clad mob of Frenchmen, some armed with sticks and knotted ropes, all breathless with shouting, scuffling, and gesticulation.

Between the two men stood Ma'mselle, erect, with flashing eyes and hands outstretched, pouring forth words evidently of reproach and remonstrance, to which the crowd were listening sullenly, but in silence.

Heacham motioned the soldiers to halt, and with his companion remained in the background.

When the girl had finished, she made the men shake hands, whispered something in the ear of one of them which brought a smile to his face, and came to where Heacham and Bungay were standing. They saluted and asked what had happened.

'These two silly men,' she replied, 'shipmates and hammock neighbours, have quarrelled. One, a Dieppois, and a clever worker in ivory, has built one bone model of a frigate, with the ropes made out of his own hair, which he would sell to-morrow at the market. He accuses the other of stealing it and selling it. Each man has his party of friends, and if I had not come there would have arrived one of two things—a large fight between the two parties or a duel between the two men.'

'And you prevented it!' exclaimed Heacham admiringly.

'Well, I speak them what I thought of them, and for the moment there is peace. But'—— and she shrugged her shoulders expressively.

'Well, Ma'mselle,' said Heacham, 'when they kick me out of this, as they will after the next escape of a prisoner, the best thing the Transport Board can do is to elect you in my place, for I'm blessed if you can't do with a few words what I can only do with a company of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, at my back. And if you go away before then I don't know how things will get on.'

'But I go not away before peace be made,' laughed the girl. 'And now, pardon me, my two hours run like water, and I must yet see two men who have gambled away their hammocks, one man who want to write to his wife at St Malo, and I have to see the hospital, which is busy, too busy, and this stupid thing have

already take a half-hour of my time.' She bowed and tripped away.

'Clever girl that!' said John Bungay presently.

'Clever! She's better than that! She's good! she's noble!' exclaimed his companion warmly.

Bungay raised his eyebrows and looked aslant at Heacham. 'You're in love with her, eh?' he said presently.

'Why, God bless my soul, what a discerning chap you are, Bungay!' exclaimed the young officer, stopping short. 'Now, how on earth did you find that out?'

'Then you admit it?'

'Why, of course I do. But what made you guess it? I've never betrayed it so far as I know. I've kept it to myself, and jolly hard work it has been, I can tell you.'

'My dear Heacham,' said his friend, 'that's just what you should not have done. You've been trying to hide what no man ever succeeded in hiding yet. A man may pass for a gentleman, and be a rascal; a man may pass for a hero, and be a cur; but no man was ever yet really in love who didn't show it somehow.'

'Moping about in moonlight, writing poetry, wearing the hair long, not caring a drumstick for appearance, and all that sort of thing, eh?' said Heacham. 'Well, nobody can say that of me. But look here, I don't want to talk about that. Bungay, you're a chap for whose opinion as a business man I have the greatest respect.'

'You're very kind,' replied Bungay. 'At any rate I'm candid.'

'Well, now,' resumed the young officer, 'supposing—I am only supposing—I, the captain of the war-prison, were to fall in love with, say, Ma'mselle, a girl of the same nation as most of the fellows I have in my charge, who is allowed free access to the prison, and isn't watched or attended in any way, and'——

'Anything were to happen,' put in Bungay, 'such as the escape of an important prisoner'——

'Well, I'm blowed! if you're not the most discerning chap I ever met!' exclaimed Heacham. 'Why, that's the very supposition I was going to make! Well?'

'Well, people would talk about it.'

'Of course they would, girl or no girl.'

'Yes, but not in the same way,' said Bungay.

'You mean they'd think that the girl was at the bottom of it?'

Bungay nodded, but said nothing for a few moments, and was evidently framing how he should say what he was going to say.

'Yes, out with it! I've asked your opinion, old chap, and I'm not afraid to hear it,' broke in Heacham.

'Well,' said his companion, 'I don't want to offend you; but I suppose you're quite sure about Ma'mselle?'

'I am as sure of her as I am of you.'

'Thank you again. You haven't known her very long. You have no proof that she is who she says she is. You'——

'Oh, I say, Bungay, slow down a bit. Remember'——

'There you are, you see,' laughed Bungay. 'I'm only saying what's being said everywhere.'

'That she's not what I think she is or what she says she is? By Jove! if I heard'—— said the young sailor with warmth. Then he checked himself, and, seizing Bungay's hand, continued in a milder tone, 'But when you're as far gone on a girl as I am on Claudine—I mean Ma'mselle—it's hard to hear even your best friend speak of her as—as—well, playing a game. Besides, she's been here now six months. If she'd been playing the sort of game you—I mean people—hint at, don't you think there'd have been an escape by now? Don't you think Andrieux would have been got off?'

'Who's Andrieux?'

'The Wolf they call him. Chap who came into Torbay and cut out a couple of privateers which had been taken only two days before,' replied Heacham. 'The French think no end of him, and have offered to exchange three of our lieutenants if we'll let 'em have him.'

'She's a woman, remember, although in your eyes she has wings and a halo,' laughed Bungay; 'and when a woman takes a thing in hand she can wait far better than a man. Now, don't for a moment think I'm speaking against Ma'mselle in particular, because I'm not.'

'Then it's your candid opinion that I'm running a great risk in thinking of her and treating her as I do?' said Heacham.

'I do—honestly I do!' answered Bungay. 'I admire her as much as you do.'

'Yes, there's a lot of talk about your having proposed to her, and having been rejected,' said his friend.

'Let 'em talk!' exclaimed Bungay. 'Besides, if I had, I'm not captain of the war-prison. Did I ever strike you as the sort of man to—to—well, I was going to say, saddle myself for life with a wife?'

'I can't say you ever did,' replied Heacham, 'and for that reason I never believed it.'

'Just because I came down in the coach with her, and, as she was alone and a stranger, naturally attended to her, and saw her settled at the "Bell," a lot of chattering fools, with no business of their own to attend to, first of all said I was in love with her, and then concocted the story about my rejection!'

'Then you value what people say just as much as I do!' exclaimed the captain. 'I don't believe that Claudine—I mean Ma'mselle—is what people think she is; although I've never heard anybody speak of her in any but terms of admiration and appreciation.'

'Except Miss Mordant!' put in Bungay.

'Oh, she 's nobody. She 's only jealous because her nose is put out of joint at Parthenon House,' said Heacham. 'That reminds me. This afternoon is their big day. Of course you 'll be there?'

'Of course I won't,' replied Bungay. 'I 've something better to do than to go prancing about among a lot of overdressed women, and make myself ill with Miss Wimple's negus. No; I 've some work in the garden which will keep me busy.'

By this time they had reached the prison gates, and so went their different ways.

Among the innovations upon the system of education at Parthenon House which nobody ungifted with the influence of Claudine de Bussy could have brought about was that of associating the school more with the life of the outer world. At first Miss Wimple was aghast at the notion that anything so vitiating and demoralising as the common air of that world should be intruded upon the select and refined atmosphere of Parthenon House. Thereby, she considered, those very principles of selectness and propriety, strict adherence to which, she considered, had brought her school the reputation it enjoyed, would be annihilated. But, as in so many other things, Ma'mselle had her way. She enumerated the advantages which the young ladies must derive from occasional and judicious contact with what was polished and refined in outer society. She urged how their manners, their ideas—nay, their very looks—would be formed and improved by exercise in the presence and company of those who knew what was right; and in a corresponding degree she painted their awkward unpreparedness for the parts they were destined to play in society if they were tumbled into it without any training or practice other than what they got between the walls of Parthenon House and grounds.

And so it came to pass that, in the latter days of August, parents, guardians, and the chief residents in Cabotsbury (the nearest city) and neighbourhood received beautifully written intimations that Miss Wimple and the staff of Parthenon House requested the pleasure of their company on Thursday, 21st August, to an open-air Entertainment (with a big E), and would they please answer?

Parents, guardians, and the chief residents accepted *en masse*. Possibly the daring novelty attracted some; possibly a determination to find fault actuated others; but some idea of the attractiveness of the life at Parthenon House was of course by this time pretty widely spread, and the large majority came prepared for a long afternoon's enjoyment; and, as the weather was beautiful, the scene presented in the gardens, with the large company in its best bib and tucker flitting about, and the sun playing upon a myriad tints and hues, was charming.

Charlie Heacham was there with half-a-dozen officers; but the first-named was not wearing a holiday look, and seemed like one about to face a great ordeal, so unusual with one who was wont to be the life and soul of every social gathering that the doctor rallied him on it.

'Doctor,' whispered Heacham, 'how did you feel just before you asked Mrs O'Shattery to be your wife?' Which made the doctor whistle.

Ma'mselle was, of course, the ruling spirit of the proceedings, although in splendour of appearance she was utterly eclipsed by little Miss Wimple, who was literally ablaze with colour, and all aflutter with feathers and ribbons and a large fan, and all aglitter with chains and charms and lockets and rings.

The good little woman, having yielded the principle of the entertainment, was not one to do things by halves. The band from the depôt at Cabotsbury was there, the leading confectioner of the same city had received *carte blanche* in the matter of refreshments, dozens of seats and chairs and tables had been hired, and quite a score of damsels from Milton and Paxley supplemented the ordinary waiting staff of the house. The little lady, who, it need not be said, had never been to Vauxhall or Ranelagh, was for decorating the grounds after the style of those places of popular resort; but Ma'mselle pleaded so forcibly that the natural beauties of the gardens should be left alone that Miss Wimple yielded with her now usual 'Well, dear, I suppose you know best.'

'And where is your *alter ego* Mr Bungay?' asked Miss Wimple of Captain Heacham.

'Said he was very sorry, but had gardening business to attend to,' replied the young man.

'They say he makes his garden pay surprisingly, and yet it isn't much to look at,' said the mistress.—'Now, Ma'mselle, are we all here—us, I mean—Miss Smithers, Miss Bodkin, Miss Sawney, Miss Mordant? Where 's Miss Mordant? I haven't seen her this afternoon.'

'Playing at gardening with Mr Bungay perhaps—haw! haw!' sniggered a young officer.

'Oh Mr Slingsby, for shame!' said Miss Wimple, tapping him reproachfully with her fan. 'And she 's ten years older than he!'

The band struck up, and the Entertainment began, and Ma'mselle had to fly from Miss Wimple's side to other labours, for the arrangement of the whole affair, from the drilling of the young ladies in their exercises and dances to the choice of their costumes, had rested with her.

There were recitations by the young ladies of the first class; there was a display of calisthenics and exercises, which lost none of their attraction, at any rate in the eyes of the masculine guests, by the fact that the skirts of the performers

had been shortened to a degree which a few months before would have indescribably shocked Miss Wimple's sense of propriety; there were songs and choruses; there was a grand minuet danced by some thirty girls in the dresses and style of the great days of Versailles; there were fencing-bouts; and finally there was the *bonne bouche* of all—the Pastoral Play. The whole affair was an undiluted success; parents, guardians, distinguished residents, including the intending fault-finders, were charmed, amused, and astonished, and united in such hearty applause as perhaps had not been heard in this staid and undemonstrative neighbourhood since a Royal Somebody opened the new pump in Cabotsbury. Loud were the calls for Ma'mselle, but she was nowhere to be found, so the company resignedly dispersed themselves among the refreshment-tables.

The fact is that Ma'mselle had foreseen some sort of demonstration in her honour, and had taken advantage of the company being thoroughly absorbed in the *dénouement* of the play to slip away. Charlie Heacham, who had never taken his eyes off her, swiftly followed; she heard his footsteps behind, turned, and paused, and, as if with some premonition of what was coming, coloured intensely. They walked together to one of those little green-painted, climber-smothered summer-houses still to be seen in old-world gardens.

There, in the fading light of the August day, he told his love in unprefaced sailor-fashion, and, incidentally, what John Bungay had said to him.

'Captain Heacham,' she said after a silence, 'is Mr Bungay what you call "straight"?'

'If there is a straight chap hereabouts it is John Bungay, so far as I know,' replied her wooer.

'So far as you know! But how far is that?' she asked.

'Well, I've had business with him, and I've played cards and had bets with him, and I've no reason to doubt him. Why do you ask?'

'Because I have heard this afternoon once, twice, more than that, things he has said about me being here,' replied the girl.

'What has he said?' asked her lover.

'That I am other than I seem; that in my poor little work among the prisoners I have a very different thing in my mind.'

'Bungay said that! No, no! But I tell you, Claudine, this very afternoon he has told me what people would say if—if they heard that you had made me happy by saying you would be my wife, and then a prisoner—say Captain Andrieux—were to escape. He has never said it himself, because he believes in you just as I do. You have misunderstood people.'

'Well, well,' said the girl, 'that is likely. I hope so. But, Captain Heacham'——

'I am allowed by you to call you Claudine,' interposed her lover. 'You may call me Charlie if you like.'

'Not before you make one answer,' she said. 'Do you truly and honestly believe that I am that which I say I be, and what I seem to be?'

'If I did not believe that, Claudine, if I had the smallest doubt, do you think that I, who have never loved a girl before, would ask you to be my wife, and risk what people would say?' replied the young man.

'No. I believe in you, as you believe in me!' exclaimed Claudine.

'Then'—he seized her hand—'say you will be my wife!'

'Captain Heacham — Charlie! — yes!' she replied.

At that moment the most hateful sound which could afflict the ears of the captain of the war-prison rang out — three gunshots in quick succession, and the clanging of the great prison bell.

Charlie Heacham sprang to his feet, stood for a moment, still holding Claudine's hands, pressed her lips to his, and with the bitter cry, 'An escape!' rushed away.

(To be continued.)

REAL EXPERIENCES ON COLONIAL FARMS.

OUR request for first-hand information regarding daily life on colonial farms (*Chambers's Journal*, September 1911) has met with very considerable response. At present we can only give a selection from those communications dealing with life in Canada and Australia. It was pointed out that in official publications, and in many articles dealing with this subject, difficulties were not mentioned, and much of the information was one-sided, too vague and incomplete to be of practical use. A single man of ordinary intelligence and ability need have little fear of being unable to earn a living in our colonies; but how does it fare with a married man, with his wife and family? What kind of life do women lead? Is it white slavery; and, if so, what are the compensations? A successful settler has said that 'there is no land on earth where one can make an independence for himself easier than in the Canadian West.' But there is hard work and rough life for some years, and much courage, hardihood, and thrift are essential. The woman has often a very great deal to do in making any homestead a success; how does she fare? Some

of our correspondents supply sidelights on this question. There is always an abundant demand in the Colonies for female labour of every kind; and probably women have received less credit for their success in building up our colonial empire than they deserve. In *A Woman in Canada* (W. J. Hans-Smith) Mrs George Cran has set forth a picture of Canada from the woman's point of view.

CANADA—ALBERTA.

Our first correspondent writes:

Life on a homestead! What does it mean?
Washing and cooking from morning till e'en;
'Feeding the brutes' from six-thirty till ten—
Some of them pigs, and some of them men.

Such is my description of woman's life on a homestead, a never-ending round of cooking, washing-up, cleaning, milking, churning, and so on.

Early rising is the rule, which is no joke in winter, with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, and with bread, milk, and bacon to thaw before you can use them. Man works hard in the North-West, but he eats with a corresponding heartiness, and expects three meat-meals a day. A fat 'beef' killed and cut up on the farm, and then frozen in order to keep, constitutes the winter's supply, while a pig salted down does for summer.

The water from the wells is hard, and frequently full of alkali, not palatable for drinking, which may partly explain the continual tea or coffee at every meal. It is also unsuitable for washing clothes. In winter the clothes freeze as they reach the line, and have to be thawed and dried when brought into the house.

Walking in winter is impossible or nearly so, and driving often more a pain than a pleasure, as you run the risk of frost-bite, and in windy weather the trails get drifted over, and it is difficult to find your way. Life at that season is monotonous in the extreme; outside 'a weary waste of snow,' within 'the daily round, the common task,' the only break a weekly drive to the neighbouring town to get the mail and do necessary household shopping.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A well-educated English lady who has gone out to a fruit-farm in British Columbia to assist her brother writes as follows:

The work, as you know, is hard; still, work is good for everybody, and the novelty of the life makes it interesting at first. But it is not all fun. We are living in tents at present, and, unfortunately, this summer we have had a lot of heavy rain; it finds its way through the tents and drips on to the beds.

The cooking-stove is outside, so that on wet days I have to cook in the rain, and on other days often in the hot sun, for there is no shade. We burn wood, which has all to be chopped, and every drop of water has to be carried from a considerable distance. When I wash I carry the clothes up near the flume, our water-supply, and wash there. I never knew the value of conveniences till now. But, on the other hand, there is great charm about an open-air life in a beautiful country.

I do practically everything out of doors when it is not wet. We have a mare which I ride and drive. We are four miles from our nearest town, where I do my shopping, so I drive in every week, sometimes twice, to call for letters and buy in supplies. Of course we have no postman or daily newspapers. I enjoy the riding and driving; but the amusing part of it is that the mare is allowed to range on the hill-side when not in use, and feed on the grass of the hillside behind us. Every time she is wanted she has to be caught; sometimes it takes hours to find her, and sometimes she cannot be found at all. This week I spent nearly two days hunting for her. I was horrified at first at the waste of time; but I am growing philosophical, and if I cannot find her one day I postpone my shopping expedition till the next; if we run short of provisions we just make the best of it.

This is a grand school for patience; but it is very beautiful up behind the fruit-lot among the rocks and the pine-trees, where I hunt for our wandering steed. I obtain pleasure from the walk, even if I do not find her.

The country would be very beautiful if it were not so dry. The soil is like sand, and nothing will grow, except pine-trees and some very scanty grass, without irrigation. We get a lovely view from our fruit-lot looking down into Dog Lake, where I have some delightful bathes.

I have made the acquaintance of three of my neighbours, who are all very friendly; but still the life is necessarily a lonely one. There are a great many days when I see no one but my brother. C. D.

ALBERTA.

I may be able to give you some useful information about home-life in Western Canada. I came from England with my husband and family some years ago, and settled on a ranch in Alberta. I like the life—it is free and unconventional; but I find the work decidedly hard, especially as I was not accustomed to household work in the Old Country. In most towns there are Chinese laundries; but owing to the high charges and the destruction of clothes the washing is generally done at home, and I, in common with other ranchers' wives, often assist in the washing, ironing, &c. I mend all house-linen, and mend and make for the family (seven), and do a good deal of the cooking. All this sounds worse than it really is, as I have every convenience, hot and cold water, gas-stove, and airing-cupboard; but it is still sufficiently arduous. We breakfast at seven o'clock in the summer, and miss the nice

long evening, as it is necessary to get to bed early. The lack of congenial society is a great drawback.

I usually keep a 'help,' but it is not easy to get one who has a good knowledge of housework, and they all expect good wages (from fifteen to twenty dollars a month), even when they have to be taught. Many families come to Canada and live in shacks without any conveniences; for instance, water has to be carried into the house in buckets. This is not so bad in the summer, but means the greatest discomfort when the temperature is below zero. Our house is heated by hot water; this adds greatly to our comfort and lessens the work, my husband or the 'hired man' attending to the furnace, leaving only the kitchen fire to be seen to by the 'help.' QUEEN BEE.

NORTH-WEST ALBERTA.

Mrs Jane G. Smith, after what she saw on a visit in 1909 to the homestead of a married son, felt deeply interested in this great and wonderful land—so vast, lonely, and unpeopled, and with such amazing promise to those who face its difficulties. Edmonton was their nearest city, seventy-six miles distant; the district was without railway or good road, and for supplies the settlers were dependent on a store which stocked groceries, flour, meal, and hardware. Early rising is the order of the day in summer in order to cope with the work, so that all harvesting be finished before the early frost. Breakfast, from seven to eight, may consist of porridge and milk, tea or coffee, bread, butter, bacon, and eggs; the twelve o'clock dinner of bacon, potatoes, vegetables, pies, and puddings. Afternoon tea is served at five o'clock; supper at seven, consisting of tea, bread, jam, stewed fruit, fried potatoes, and bacon.

The duties of the farmer's wife, when she has no hired help, are manifold, and include baking of bread and cakes, and cooking in all its branches. Then there come attention to poultry, butter-making, and housework in general, such as washing, mending, and making clothes. Besides the care of the children and her husband's comfort, she must carefully look after the storeroom, and keep a six months' supply of goods for winter use.

Hundreds of ladies live this life, and are happy and content; and when winter snow covers the ground, and amusement offers, are ready for dance, musical evening, or small social; and often drive fifteen miles and take the children with them, as they could not be left at home. This life is a test of the splendid courage and endurance of many tenderly reared women who find their happiness in helping husbands and brothers in bearing the stress and hardships of a strenuous life, where all are heroes. 'They look well to the ways of their households; and their price is above rubies.'

ON A MANITOBA FARM.

Having kept house, not unsuccessfully, for twenty years on a Manitoba farm, I may say that the chief feature is work: outdoors for a man, indoors for a woman. Her duties are those of a general servant, with the washing done at home, and no washerwoman or charwoman attainable. Bread-making and butter-making are done at home, and the dairy, poultry, often the garden, are usually part of her province.

Modern conveniences do not exist at first. There is no drainage; drinking and cooking water is supplied from a well; and for washing purposes one depends on the rainfall, the well-water generally being too hard.

There is no daily postman. Your letters, and all necessaries and luxuries which cannot be 'grown on the farm,' must be obtained from the nearest little railway 'town,' which may be any distance from two to twelve miles. In these 'towns,' however, one can generally obtain a choice of goods much more varied and much superior to anything one can get in a village of corresponding size at home.

Amusements you must provide for yourselves; there are no libraries, theatres, or picture-galleries on the prairie.

The greatest drawback to farm-life here is its loneliness; every one is too busy for frequent visiting, often too tired with the day's work to walk even half a mile; the roads, also, to unaccustomed feet, are rather rough.

This is not meant to discourage any one. There are many compensations; but in the space allotted it seemed more practical to mention points that, to judge from the remarks one frequently hears from new-comers, are not generally dwelt upon by emigration agencies. J. N. R. T.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

In this province, which is now coming to the front as a fruit-raising country, and where farmlands are easy to obtain and cheap, there are, I think, as few drawbacks and difficulties as are to be met with in any of the maritime provinces of the Dominion, in each of which there are some advantages over the West. These include railway and steamboat communication, good land, an abundance of good water, and a country where there is never a total failure of the crops, and where there are churches and schools everywhere throughout the settled portions of the province within easy reach of all.

But here, as in all new countries, there are drawbacks and difficulties. Those in this province are incidental to those of the other maritime provinces more or less, and arise out of the fact that labour is scarce and dear, owing largely to the call of the West. A settler here —with a wife and, we will suppose, a young family—when he has purchased his farm, will soon discover that pretty nearly all the labour upon it will have to be done by himself. His

farm will probably be one left by a former occupant who has gone west, and he will begin at once, most likely, to discover that much work must be done upon it that was left undone by the former owner. Then he will find that the seasons of seed-time, haying, and harvest, and the ridding his crops of insect pests, are all too short for his purpose without the help he ought to have. The winter, which is long and cold, will follow, when, if he has no timber-land, he will have to live in comparative idleness, or hire out with some lumber-operator. The latter alternative would mean an absence of days, perhaps weeks, from his home, during which time, if a neighbour's boy could not be hired, all the winter work of the farm, such as shovelling paths through the snow to the barn, the milking of the cows, and the care of the stock, besides that of the house and the children, would fall to the lot of the wife. It is not difficult to see from this what the daily life of the woman would be, and it is not exaggerated at all in this paper. Nevertheless, this work has been accomplished frequently in the history of the province, and there are those who have come through it, and are now in comfortable circumstances.

Our immigration agents in the Old Country sometimes present the claims of the Colonies as a home for the settler in too glowing colours. They do not mean, perhaps, to misrepresent, but they are anxious to do all they can of the work for which they are paid, and for the settlement of their particular province, and maybe they do not realise that they are speaking to people to whom colonial ways and business methods are foreign.

H. T.

IN AUSTRALIA.

In Australia it is not difficult for a strong man who is handy, and can drive, and milk cows, to get a position on a farm; his wife too will be welcome provided she can cook and will cheerfully soil her hands with domestic duties in an environment entirely new.

But when she arrives on a farm for the first time she will not see a grand old farmhouse, beautified by age and ivy climbing over its walls, and gravel walks and green lawns spreading before the doorway; just a plain wooden bungalow with a wide veranda and a roof of corrugated iron. To get there she will not go by a spacious, well-made road, but will be driven in a buggy over a more or less rough track, which may include driving through a creek or two. She will meet with hospitality, will be treated with respect, and find plenty to eat, though salted meat may play a leading part on the menu. The furniture will be plain, and there will be no more of it than is necessary; and in the summer flies and mosquitoes may be more plentiful than water.

If she arrives in the summer, probably the grass and trees will look dried up from the heat of the sun, and in the best weather for growth she will seldom see nature attain to more than a tarnished green. For society she will find herself more or less dependent on those living on the farm, since other inhabitants may be some distance away; those with whom she will live will be rough in ways and appearance, but nevertheless jolly and good-hearted.

In the event of a man arriving in Australia with intent to get employment on the land, not only with his wife but with young children, then he will find that the fewer young children he has the quicker he will be in making a start.

The salary will depend greatly on the capabilities of the individuals. Putting it concisely, a man who, though strong, yet has not lived on a farm in England, but desires to do so in Australia, should learn to drive and milk before he leaves this country; and his wife should know how to cook and do the usual domestic duties, while if she happens to have had any experience in teaching, she will find it an advantage if the farmer to whom she goes has a young family.

S. W. C.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

I, myself, went out to Western Australia a few years ago, and have spent the most part of my time in the bush there, and have become very familiar with bush-life. In my opinion, it is a grand life either for man or woman, provided one has a natural liking for the country. I was brought up in Edinburgh, and therefore can well understand the difficulties of any one well educated and accustomed to comforts going out to 'settle' in the bush.

Firstly, I may say that it is absolutely necessary that a man should gain some experience in bush-farming—say nine months' experience—before taking his wife and family to live there. Then he will feel sure of himself, and things will go more smoothly in the end. During this period he should have his arrangements made with the Government regarding the selection of land he is to 'take up.' Let us agree that this is done.

The next thing he must see to is his house. Quite a number of immigrants who settle on the land live in tents until things advance somewhat; but for any one who has been accustomed to comforts at home it is advisable to build a house, however tiny. A wooden house of three rooms, with a veranda around, bungalow style, can be put up for about fifty pounds. Once the home is really started the difficulties of a settler's wife are by no means insurmountable, and the compensations for the lack of home-comforts are very many. The house would naturally be an easily kept one. There are no carpets on the floor, no stairs in the house, and not very often fires in the house, except for cooking.

I shall try to tell you as simply as possible the domestic conditions of bush-life, as I know this is an important item.

Food.—Supplies—in the way of flour, meal, sugar, salt, tinned meats, vegetables, fish, and dried fruit—must be bought for two or three months' time, as of course there is no daily marketing in the bush. Plenty of fruit is *essential* in a hot climate. After a time the settler will grow his own fruit and vegetables. Fresh meat, mutton, and an occasional joint of beef can often be procured from any of the neighbouring farmers. Poultry will be found on the premises, as of course every settler keeps fowls for the sake of the eggs and for killing for the household's use. Sometimes, too, if the husband is a good shot, he may bring down a kangaroo, and I can vouch for it myself, however much you may smile, my reader, that stewed kangaroo or kangaroo-tail soup is very tasty indeed. The bread must be made in the house. At first tinned milk may have to be used; but I may say that, after a time, if a cow is kept it will not only be a luxury, but prove a paying venture. These are the principal food items to be thought of.

Fire and Light.—Wood-fires are always used in the bush. After one becomes accustomed to cooking on these one will find them preferable to coal-fires. They are much cleaner, and, beyond the chopping of the wood, cost nothing. Oil-lamps would have to be used.

Laundry.—This, I think, is the most difficult affair to cope with. It is a necessary evil. I may comfort the would-be settler's wife, however, by reminding her that a washing in a climate like West Australia is a very different matter from one at home. The strong sunshine bleaches the linen in no time, and is a splendid purifier. It is not even necessary to use *hot* water for washing; cold may be used instead—an unheard-of thing in the home country.

Education.—A man with a young family going 'outback' will no doubt wonder how the children are to be educated away in this wild bush. In this matter the Government is very good. All school children are allowed to travel free on the railways to school, and if there is not a railway for many miles from their homes a school will be started in the district, provided there are at least fourteen children to attend. This is by no means a bad method of education for a year or two, until a man is making money by his land and can afford to send his children to better schools in the big towns.

I think I have related the biggest troubles and difficulties of bush-life; but now, opposed to these, listen, my reader, to the delights of it. The climate—especially where my home is, in the southern part of West Australia—is glorious. We have day after day of sunshine and blue skies, which make one feel sunny and that it is good to be alive. We forget about all the gloomy, dull days of the home winter. The life is a free and *very* healthy one. Although one lives nicely and dresses nicely—these matters generally depending on the mother—still many of the petty conventionalities of a home city life are dispensed with. Then there are the hours of recreation, when there is plenty of fun, frolic, and laughter. The riding-picnics, for instance, are delightful. We make up a party, each mounted on a horse (every one learns to ride out here), and ride to a creek or the sea, perhaps twenty or thirty miles distant. There we camp for the day, have a swim perhaps, then boil the 'billy' of tea, and have our 'tucker' under the shade of the silver wattle or the eucalyptus gum-trees. We loaf in the heat of the day, and then ride home in the cool of the evening. The dances and concerts are not wanting either. Ah, we are not too serious or dull out in the bush! The spirit of comradeship prevails, and any new-comer is welcomed with open arms. I really think, indeed, that the Australians teach the home-people a lesson in hospitality. Soon, when the settler has begun to make the golden guineas by his land, he and his family will take trips to the cities from time to time to see the shops and theatres. He will enlarge his house and improve matters all round. Again, the owner of a 'station,' as his selection will become through time, has not to worry about the future of his wife and family if he leaves this world before they do, for he knows that every bit of hard work he puts into his land makes it more valuable, and so is insurance-money for them. As the years roll on he will become more prosperous. As he looks from his veranda and sees the smiling wheat-fields all round him, and the forest-land beyond, with which he is still to do much, he will sigh with satisfaction, and peace and contentment will reign over his home.

E. H. T.

THE DONGA'S DREAM.

THE brave old donga, with sides so serried,
And breast laid bare to the brazen skies,
Is dreaming of days when her wounds were buried
'Neath the moederkappjes' quiet eyes.

And spring has hearkened the donga's dreaming,
And dusted her wand of its cobweb sheen;
And softly her shining eyes are gleaming—
Oh sweet Samaritan! Nature's queen!

You will clothe her nakedness with a glory,
And add a touch to her faded tress;
And write on the veld your old-time story
Of Dawn's all-daring deathlessness.

And despairing aloes, forlornly leaning
Their stunted stems to the frowning earth,
Will laugh up their sleeves at the stunted meaning
They caught from the seasons' song of dearth.

And east and west to the far horizon
The green and the gold will glint and gleam.

. . . . . .

What spot in the north will I fix my eyes on
To tell me the tale of the donga's dream?

MARY ADAMSON.

CAPETOWN.

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SEVENTH SERIES

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

By the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

MARIE ANNE CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMONT was born at St Saturnin near Sées (Orne) on the 27th of July 1768, in a cottage in the parish of Ligneries, situated near the town of Argentan. She was of noble birth, but her family was reduced to great poverty, and lived almost in a state of misery.

Charlotte, who occupied the position of servant in the house of an old aunt, spent her leisure moments in reading and thinking. Her mind was deeply imbued with the new ideas fed by journals and works of philosophy of that period. She read with avidity Jean Jacques Rousseau, Raynal, and Plutarch. She was an enthusiast of true liberty; but she held in abhorrence those tyrants who dishonoured its name and traditions by their excesses. Marat was to her the personification of every crime against humanity and of outrage against liberty.

A foreboding of terror existed in France. The scaffold was already erected in Paris, and very soon was to find its place in all parts of the country. Also it was rumoured that Marat had already drawn up his lists of proscribed persons—two thousand five hundred intended victims at Lyons, three thousand at Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand in Paris, three hundred thousand in Brittany and the Calvados.

In the hope of putting an end to this terrible state of affairs, Charlotte resolved to come to Paris and to rid the world of this cruel tyrant. On the 11th of July 1793 she arrived in Paris, and took a room at the Hôtel de la Providence, 17 Rue des Augustins.

We know of the many difficulties she had to encounter before she succeeded in forcing her way into the presence of Marat, and how finally she accomplished her purpose, and stabbed the tyrant to death in his bath; after which crime she was conducted to the prison of the Abbaye, not without difficulty, as the mob wished to tear her in pieces.

During the several cross-examinations to which Charlotte was subjected she displayed great firmness and courage. She showed no desire to evade the responsibility of the act with which she was charged.

A folded paper was found, pinned to the bodice of her dress, on which was written an exhortation to the French people, which was as follows:

'For how long, most unhappy people of France, are you going to find pleasure in controversy and in trouble? For too long already have scoundrels and agitators been allowed to place their own ambitions and their own interests before the interests of the general public. Why do you, victims of their fury, allow yourselves to be annihilated, so that they may establish their tyranny on the ruins of France? Tumults are breaking out in all parts of the country. The Party of the Mountain are triumphing in crime and oppression. Inhuman monsters, drenched with our blood, direct these detestable plots. We are working for our own destruction with more zeal and energy than we have ever used in the conquest of liberty. People of France, a short time longer, and nothing will remain but the memory of your existence. Already the indignant provincials are marching upon Paris; already the flame of discord and civil war is devastating this vast empire. It is still possible to extinguish it, but you must be prompt! Already that vilest of scoundrels, Marat, whose very name is held in execration for his crimes, has fallen by the avenging steel. Crush the Mountain and make Danton and Robespierre tremble—those other tyrants who have established their supremacy by blood and oppression over the people they have deceived. Frenchmen, you know your enemies! Rouse yourselves! Act! Destroy the power of the Mountain. I know not whether it is our destiny in the future to be ruled by a Republican Government; but, except in vengeance, Providence surely could not inflict upon us a "Mountaineer" as our master. France, our future depends upon the maintenance of law and order! I have not broken the law in killing Marat. Condemned by the world, he is beyond the law. What tribunal will judge me? If I am guilty, then Hercules was guilty when he destroyed monsters. Oh my dear country, your misfortunes wring my heart! I can but offer you my life, and I thank God that I am at liberty to dispose of that. No one will suffer by my death. I shall not imitate Paris (the murderer of Lepelletier de Saint Fargeau) by taking my own life. I wish that my last breath may be of service to my countrymen, and that my head, borne through the streets of Paris, may act as a rallying signal for all friends of law and order, that the tottering power of the Mountain should see the history of

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their downfall written in my blood. May I be their last victim, and may the world admit that I have done well for the cause of humanity! If, however, they regard my conduct in another light, it matters little to me. My relations and friends need have no anxiety. No one knew of my intention. I enclose my certificate of baptism and my address, to prove what even the feeblest can accomplish when actuated by a sentiment of absolute self-sacrifice. If I fail in my endeavours, Frenchmen, I have pointed out to you your duty! You know your enemies! Arise, march forward, and strike.'

A letter from Fouquier-Tinville to the Committee of General Safety of the Convention bears witness to the authenticity of this document:

'CITIZENS,—I herewith send you the report of the cross-examination to which the girl Charlotte Corday was subjected, also two letters written by her in the House of Detention, one of which was intended for Barbaroux. As a distorted version of these letters is in everybody's mouth, it may perhaps be advisable to have them printed in full. Therefore, citizens, when you have read them, I shall be much obliged if you will let me know whether you see any objection to this being done. I wish to draw your attention to the fact, of which I have just been informed, that this female assassin was the friend of Colonel Belzunce, who was killed in an insurrection at Caen, and since that time she has conceived a violent hatred to Marat, which was revived by Marat having given information against Biron, who is a relation of Belzunce. Barbaroux appears to have taken advantage of the girl's criminal intentions towards Marat to induce her to commit this horrible assassination. FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.'

Charlotte Corday was confined in a cell and guarded by two gendarmes, who never lost sight of her night or day. From her prison she heard newsvenders in the streets calling out details of her crime and the howls of the mob demanding her head. These cries did not alarm her. She had made the sacrifice of her life, and she had even wished to be killed, unrecognised by the mob, after she had committed the deed. As this was not the case, she foresaw that in the future she would be deified, counting with reason upon the changes which take place in the mind of the populace as in the individual.

She writes, therefore, to the General Committee of Public Safety:

'As I have still a few moments before I die, may I hope, citizens, that you will allow me to have my portrait painted? I wish to leave this souvenir to my friends. Moreover, as the representation of a good citizen is cherished, so also, from a sentiment of curiosity, is that of a criminal sometimes eagerly sought for, to perpetuate the horror of the crime. If, therefore, you will grant my request, I beg of you to send to me to-morrow a miniature-painter. Again I entreat you to allow me to be alone whilst I sleep. I hear incessantly called out in the streets the news of the arrest of Fauchet, my "accomplice." I have never seen Fauchet, with the exception of once from my window. I neither like him nor esteem him, and he is the last man in the world whom I would have taken into my confidence with regard to my intentions. If this declaration is of any use to you, I can testify to its truth.'

Montané, then President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, went the next day to question her. He was extremely kind to her; so much so that, had she allowed him to do so, he would have certified her to be of unsound mind. She was transferred to the Conciergerie, where Madame Richard, the wife of the doorkeeper, treated her with the greatest consideration, and she was allowed to have writing materials. She wrote to Barbaroux all the details of her residence in Paris. She wrote also to her father, reminding him of this line written by Thomas Corneille: '*La crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.*'

The day after her arrival at the Conciergerie, at eight o'clock in the morning, she was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. She arranged with great care her hair and her dress before facing her judges. Richard was present, and she said to him, 'Monsieur Richard, be kind enough to see that my breakfast is ready when I come down again. No doubt my judges are in haste, and I wish to partake of my last meal with Madame Richard and yourself.'

An immense crowd, actuated by diverse sentiments, attended the tribunal of her whom they named later 'The Angel of Assassination.' Her youth, her beauty, her courage, affected deeply those who saw her in the dock. She was not assisted in her defence by the man for whom she had asked—Doulcet Pontecoulant. Unaware that he had not been informed in time, she wrote to him as follows a few minutes before her death:

'Doulcet Pontecoulant is a coward for having refused to defend me when, after all, it was such a simple matter. He who did so acquitted himself with all possible dignity. I shall think of him with gratitude until my last moment on earth. (Signed) MARIE CORDAY.'

Charlotte Corday had begun to write this letter when the executioners entered her cell to conduct her to the scaffold. She asked to be allowed to finish and to seal it.

Doulcet wrote, a few days later, to the editor of the *Republicain Français:*

'CITIZEN,—I read in your journal (page 1015) that I had refused to conduct the official defence of Marie Corday. I beg of you, in the next number of your journal, to be good enough to insert the following letter, which states the fact

that it was not until four days after her execution that I was informed by the Revolutionary Tribunal that I had been chosen by Marie Corday to conduct her defence. GUSTAVE DOULCET.'

It was for this reason—unknown to Charlotte Corday—that when the question was put to her by the President of the Tribunal, 'Have you any one to defend you?' she replied, 'I had asked a friend to undertake this office; but, as I do not see him here, I presume that his courage failed him.'

They gave her, therefore, for her defence, a young counsel appointed by the Court, named Chauveau-Lagarde, well known already by his defence of the Queen and by the courage which he had displayed in several debates. Charlotte examined him with a critical and anxious eye, as if afraid that he might sacrifice his reputation in defending her. Marat's widow sobbed bitterly in giving her evidence against Charlotte Corday, who herself was moved, and, cutting short her deposition, exclaimed, 'Yes, yes! it was I who killed him.' She then proceeded to tell the story of her crime. Three months ago she had formed the project of assassinating Marat at the National Convention. Having failed in this attempt, the pretext she made use of in order to approach him was that she had some important revelations to disclose. 'With great humility, I admit,' she said, 'that the means I employed were unworthy of me; but to reach this man I was forced to appear to esteem him.'

'Who inspired you with this hatred to Marat?' they asked her. 'I had no need of the hatred of others,' she replied; 'I had quite sufficient of my own. Besides, one accomplishes badly any action one has not planned one's self.' 'What was it you hated in him?' 'His crimes.' 'In killing him what did you hope to accomplish?' 'To restore peace to my country.' 'Do you believe, then, that you have killed all the Marats?' 'He dead, the others may perhaps be afraid.'

When the knife with which she committed the deed was shown to her, she made a movement of disgust, saying, 'Yes, I recognise it.'

'With whom did you associate at Caen?' 'With very few people. I knew Larne the municipal officer, and the Curé of Saint Jean.' 'Was it to a priest who had taken the oaths, or to one who had not taken the oaths, that you made confession at Caen?' 'I confessed neither to one nor to the other.' 'When did you first conceive this idea?' 'On the 31st of May, the day on which they arrested here the deputies of the people. I have killed one man in order to save the lives of one hundred thousand. I was a Republican long before the Revolution took place.'

Fouquier-Tinville then resumed the case and demanded sentence of death.

Chauveau-Lagarde said, 'The accused confesses her crime. She admits also that it was premeditated. She admits the most overwhelming evidence. Citizens, that is all her defence. Her attitude of imperturbable calm, complete self-abnegation, and absence of remorse, in the face of death, although sublime in itself, is not natural, and can only be explained by the exaltation of political fanaticism which drove her to commit this crime. It is for you to judge how far the influence of this immovable fanaticism should weigh in her favour in the balance of justice. This I leave to your conscience to decide.'

She was unanimously condemned to death.

When asked whether she had any remarks to make as to the nature of the sentence passed upon her, she remained silent; then, turning to her counsel, she said, 'Sir, you have conducted my defence as I would have wished it to be done. I thank you. I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem. I offer you one which is worthy of you. These gentlemen'—pointing to her judges—'have just declared that everything which I possess is confiscated. I owe, in the prison, a small sum. I bequeath this debt to you, to discharge for me.'

A painter who was present at the trial made a rapid sketch of her head. She perceived this, and turned towards him with a smile.

A young man named Adam Lux, a German Republican who had come to Paris to endeavour to combine Revolutionary measures in Mayence with those in France—a great admirer of Charlotte Corday, with whom, however, he was not acquainted—was also present at the trial. His eyes never left her face, and he appeared profoundly impressed by every word which fell from her lips. He excited the attention of those who were present in the tribunal by his comments and exclamations, and he was remarked by Charlotte Corday.

When the sentence of death was pronounced, Adam Lux half-rose in his seat as if to protest against the decision of the judges. Charlotte, surrounded by enemies and absolutely alone, realised at once that she had one sympathetic friend amongst the audience, and she thanked him with a look of gratitude.

Brought back to the Conciergerie, she said to Richard, 'I hoped that we might have breakfasted together once more; but the judges have kept me so long that I must ask you to forgive me for not having kept my promise.'

The artist who had made the sketch of Charlotte Corday in the tribunal was M. Hauer, a painter, and also an officer of the National Guard in the section of the Théâtre Français. He was allowed to enter the cell to finish his work. Charlotte conversed with him about his art, his family, and her crime. She begged M. Hauer to send a portrait of her to her parents, and gave him a lock of her hair, which she cut herself with the scissors lent to her by the executioner.

A priest was introduced into her cell. She

said to him, 'I do not require your services. The blood which I have shed, and my blood which is about to be shed, are the sacrifices which I offer to God.'

When the executioner cut off her hair she picked it up and gave it to Madame Richard. Her hands were then bound and she was dressed in the red garment of the condemned. She remarked with a smile, 'My death-toilet has been made by somewhat rough hands, but it is my last before I appear in the presence of God.'

A violent storm broke out as the tumbril conducted her to the place of execution; but the torrents of rain and the lightning did not disperse the howling mob. Her wet dress, clinging closely to her form, revealed the beauty of its outline. Her erect head, lovely colouring and eyes, and her sweet and sublime smile excited involuntary murmurs of admiration, mingled with the howls and ribald execrations of the mob. Danton, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins were present to see her pass. Adam Lux waited for the tumbril at the entrance of the Rue St Honoré, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

On arriving at the place of execution, Charlotte descended from the tumbril without assistance, and mounted the steps of the scaffold. She crimsoned with shame and anger when the executioner rudely tore from her shoulders the muslin cape she wore, leaving exposed her beautiful white neck and bosom, but she quickly regained her self-control and placed her head under the axe.

An assistant of the executioner named Legros seized the severed head with one hand and struck it on the face with the other. The cheek was said to have blushed with the blow, as if her dignity still survived though life was extinct. Exclamations of horror and cries for vengeance for this outrage burst from the vile crowd surrounding the scaffold. Even these blood-thirsty, hardened monsters had been for once impressed by the beauty and splendid heroism of this young girl.

A few days after the execution, Adam Lux published the pamphlet which he entitled *The Apology of Charlotte Corday*. He was arrested, imprisoned in the Abbaye, condemned to death, and executed. As he passed out of the prison on his way to the place of execution he said, 'I rejoice that I am dying for her sake.'

André Chénier, Klopstock, and other poets dedicated poems to her memory; and Vergniaud, hearing in his prison the story of the crime, the judgment, and the death of Charlotte Corday, exclaimed, 'She is the cause of our deaths, but she has taught us how to die.'

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XIV.—FACE TO FACE.

A COMPLETE stillness had fallen upon the room. Cahusac walked forward. No one could tell how much he had heard, and his face gave no sign. He passed slowly through the room, amidst a hush of vivid and intense expectancy.

Many of those present hoped for some dramatic dénouement on the spot. It was quite possible that Puyfot had told his story in expectation of the Englishman's arrival at the significant moment. There was a look about Cahusac which promised well for a strong, even a tragic, development.

Puyfot had, with the true instinct of the reptile, obliterated himself amongst a group of the smaller fry of journalism. Cahusac's inscrutable eyes ran rapidly over one face and another until they fell upon De Sarsan's. He stopped opposite to him. He said nothing, but the sudden set of his figure and the tightening of the muscles about his jaw were suggestive. The coldness of the man had flashed suddenly into elemental passion, fierce though silent.

De Sarsan was in reality a little thrown off his balance at the totally unexpected entrance of Cahusac on the scene. He allowed this agitation to appear; it could be explained afterwards in so satisfactory a manner as an outbreak of friendly feeling, when the suggestive story set afloat by Puyfot should have gone out upon the great sea of the daily papers. He stood up, and bowing with deference to Cahusac, said, 'Good-evening, monsieur. I am proud to welcome you to Paris.'

Cahusac returned the salute coldly. 'It appears that Paris does me the honour to speak of me,' he answered with a slight glance round, then turned and moved with his companions to a vacant table.

The hubbub reigned again. De Sarsan began a discussion upon modern British art in his usual brilliant manner. The general talk swung on; the diners commenced to move about, and in the slight bustle Puyfot made opportunity to get Wilford out of the way. This accomplished, De Sarsan felt more at ease. Three men at least were racing off notes for the morrow; he had aimed at publicity and had hit the bull's-eye. In the morning the story of Malcolm Cahusac would be common property in Paris; the day after, of the world.

Cahusac, with Detching and Huson, were chatting together; but Detching could not avoid noticing that most of the men present were furtively watching himself and his two friends. He scowled irrepressibly. It was at this instant

that his red-bearded face caught Gorascon's roving eye.

'*Ma foi*, De Sarsan!' he said, 'Puyfot spoke of the devil, and behold him! But here are devils of both colours, red and black, equally difficult to exorcise, in my opinion. Regard the little one, I pray you!'

De Sarsan darted a glance at Detching. Yes, he had seen the man long ago; his keen memory told him as much; but the link which should have fixed the position in the past was still missing. This troubled De Sarsan the more since he rarely forgot. Then his attention passed on to Cahusac, who was smoking a cigarette over a glass of liqueur. The young man's aspect of cold passivity gave him a shock in spite of himself. It is expedient, even at times interesting, to destroy a man's reputation and soil his honour; but when one happens to deal with persons of cold-blooded resolution the issue of events cannot be forecast with any certainty. Composure under a severe mental strain was emphasised in Cahusac's case by his air of distinction, and this in turn hardened to an appearance of remorselessness which struck De Sarsan unpleasantly, until he reminded himself that Cahusac would presently be discredited in the face of the world, while he himself possessed the doubly valuable position of being a powerful yet an unknown enemy.

People were coming in and going out. The time of new laughter and more piquant stories was just passing, to be succeeded by the still later period of the still more pungent stories and the loudest laughter. Huson had pointed out one and another of the celebrities to his companions, adding characteristic anecdotes.

'A man's name is likely to be handsomely treated by some of this company!' remarked Detching grimly.

'You are thinking of Cahusac?' Huson shrugged his shoulders. 'We shall know more about that to-morrow.'

'Monsieur Cahusac, I should like a word with you in private. I may be able to render you a service.'

Cahusac looked round in surprise. De Sarsan was leaning on the back of Huson's chair and regarding him with a grave face.

'I am at your disposal,' Cahusac replied; and after a few words with Detching, he rose and followed De Sarsan from the room.

Outside it was bitterly cold and a little snow was falling. The Belgian walked on a few paces in silence before he spoke. 'You heard your name pronounced in there?' with a significant gesture over his shoulder.

A sudden premonition struck Cahusac. He foresaw evil. 'May I ask what was said?'

De Sarsan hesitated. 'Something of Park Lane and—and—an attempted suicide.'

Cahusac steadied his voice with an effort. 'Suicide?' he said. 'Who spoke of it?'

'Puyfot, a purveyor of garbage for *L'Œil*, a literary *chiffonnier* who lives on the filthy rags he gathers.'

'An old acquaintance of yours, monsieur!' Cahusac stated a fact rather than put a question, but in a manner entirely without offence.

De Sarsan replied with some bitterness, '*Mon Dieu*, yes! for many years when things went less favourably with me than they do now. His address is here.' He offered a card to Cahusac.

Cahusac drew up at once upon the pavement, and faced his companion.

'What is your object in—this?' he asked. The directness of the look and the words would have discomposed most men; but De Sarsan was ready.

'There are questions between us, monsieur, which do not bear open discussion. Because I am your rival in one direction I am not necessarily your enemy in another,' he answered with grave dignity. 'My motives for action to-night are no doubt as mixed and unworthy as most human motives are; perhaps the chief one which prompted me was the fact that you have already suspected me. Good-night.'

Cahusac walked away in the opposite direction, feeling like a man half-drunk, helpless, stupefied. He strode on for a considerable time before he remembered that the quarter of Paris named on the card lay at a distance. The check had the physical effect of rousing him thoroughly. The absorbed misery of the last half-hour fell from him; he became alert, keen, resolute, his normal self. There was something still left to be done, something still to hope for. He might be in time to delay the publication of this Puyfot's knowledge.

With a burning impatience he endured the drive in a *fiacre*. The old, ramshackle house, deep in its hidden street, was still alive and awake. The *concierge* was voluble; but Cahusac, not listening to more than the first directions, passed on up the stair. He mounted slowly, counting the stories until he paused at the indicated door. The landing was dark; something scurried across the floor—one could imagine the ancient boarding a lair of vermin; snores issued from an adjoining room; the clink of broken glass echoed oddly from below; windows rattled forlornly in the stormy wind; dominating all, not by its loudness but another quality as of keen suffering, a strange sound like a death-battle for breath grated on Cahusac's ears. He waited.

Inside Puyfot's room the panting was now intermixed with a thin voice which uttered sentences brokenly. It grew louder and more connected.

Cahusac knocked, but no answer came. He opened the door, and was met by the musty smell of a much-lived-in room. He paused, and the words, before indistinct, now became clear.

In the middle of the floor stood Puyfot, his eyes away from the door. To the unheeding

walls he was giving the speech of Astoreth's human lover. There was no goddess and no glory; but the man was lost in the passion of his dream. His voice rang on and on, bearing him with each sentence nearer to exultation. It was one of his dreams of the angels. A moment or two later he had fallen, gasping, against the table, wrestling for breath. 'France! France! will my voice ever reach your ears? No one aids me; none even hears me! They laugh at me, but they will not believe that I, Puyfot, have ever written lines such as these!'

Cahusac could not bear the sound of strained sobbing. He stepped forward. 'Pardon me,' he began by a happy inspiration; 'I have just heard some great lines.'

Puyfot looked up, still fighting for breath. 'Look at me!' he cried wildly. 'Genius is mine, and those rare gifts which make life worth living to other men. But I—I am dumb; poverty came upon me in my youth, and cut out my tongue! I have sinned against myself. Look at me—hopeless, feverish, starving, condemned to vice! Ulpien Puyfot has another reputation than the one he has yearned for—ay, and earned.' He stopped, shook back his head like a man after a plunge in water, and, staring at Cahusac, spoke more calmly. 'What do you wish of me, monsieur?'

Cahusac knew that the success of his errand depended much on diplomacy, though there was something loathsome to him about the puny, black-bearded poet.

'I think you know me. My name is Cahusac, and I have taken the liberty of coming here in the hope of securing your help.'

'I am at your service absolutely,' returned the other man. But in his heart he felt satisfaction that it was in his power—in his, Puyfot's, the poor, the degraded, the physically weak — to crush this tall Englishman, with his manifest strength of body and of mind.

Cahusac considered, put his foot abstractedly on a still burning cigarette-end, and broke straight into the heart of his subject. 'Some articles have been appearing of late in a paper called *L'Œil* about former and present officials of the British Foreign Office. Some of these cast aspersions on the memory of an honourable man. I understand you are connected with this paper. Can you help me to find out the writer, that I may prove to him the falseness of his information?'

'Bah!' returned Puyfot carelessly, 'what of that? After all, Truth is not the titular deity of Paris, and frequently, monsieur, a lie is infinitely more amusing than the truth.'

'But a lie that kills'—— began Cahusac.

Puyfot went on. 'Why not go direct to the editor? The office is open,' he suggested.

Cahusac smiled. 'I am in earnest,' he said.

'So?' Puyfot waited, as if expecting more light to be thrown on a difficult subject.

'In fact, I was led to believe that you could tell me who wrote the articles in question.'

'I cannot tell you.'

'Is that final? I am ready to buy the information.'

'You have done me the honour to come unasked to visit me,' replied the other. 'It is easy to see that I am poor. I prefer to remain so!'

'Understand me, monsieur,' replied Cahusac; 'many of the paragraphs are direct and ruinous attacks upon a dead man's honour. You spoke just now of helplessness, of injustice, of ruin; will you not give your help to another in the same straits? I am fully aware that these attacks are prompted by some influential person who has a purpose of his own to serve. Tell me, therefore, only the name of the man who is behind the man with the pen.'

'I cannot tell you,' Puyfot repeated; but Cahusac could see he was growing excited under the spur of talking. His eyes were ominously alight.

Cahusac took a rapid decision. He said, 'I have learned something since I came into this room.'

'In that case, as I can be of no service to you, you will be good enough to relieve me of your presence,' sneered Puyfot.

Cahusac pointed to the single table, on which lay a sheet of proofs in the print peculiar to *L'Œil*. 'I have long sight. I can read my name there. I am not bribing you, monsieur; I am paying, and am ready to pay, a heavy price.'

Puyfot met the appeal with a derisive lip. 'Your honour is doubtless dear to you, monsieur; but, unhappily, my honour is engaged elsewhere.'

'Surely your honour would lead you to sympathise with a man in my position. These lying statements concern my father, Malcolm Cahusac. I swear to you that you have been deceived. I swear they are false. You have already spread abroad many hints and innuendos. Have you no desire to give the whole matter a fair hearing before it is too late?'

Puyfot shrugged his shoulders and looked curiously at Cahusac, who continued, 'You are destroying my father's reputation, blasting the good name of a dead man. Do you not shrink from that? It counts far less that you are injuring me beyond hope of recovery.'

'Monsieur,' replied Puyfot in a high voice, 'your career is of absolutely no moment to me; and, since your father is dead, his reputation can be of absolutely no moment to him.'

Cahusac snatched up the proofs from the table. 'I can at least oblige you to cease these slanderous attacks.'

Puyfot seemed about to spring at him, but thought better of it. He leaned across the table, and his peaked face worked with passion.

'What do you *know* about your father's death?' he asked, then paused. 'Shall I tell you?' He

snapped his fingers in Cahusac's face. 'Nothing —nothing!'

Cahusac looked down at him. 'You are mistaken,' he said. 'I do know.'

'Bah! I repeat it—nothing, nothing! But what would you say if I told you that I, Ulpien Puyfot, know your father's affair as I know the palm of my own hand.'

'You! You are not forty, and he has been dead over twenty years.'

'True. Yet when you were a child I was a youth.'

Cahusac was about to speak, but Puyfot went on, 'So you will best serve your interests by leaving me in peace. You cannot force me to divulge to you more than I desire. You are helpless, Monsieur Malcolm Cahusac, son of Malcolm Cahusac!'

The malignant, blazing black eyes mocked the young man. He took a hasty step forward. 'I could kill you?' he exclaimed.

'Ha, ha, ha! Of what use would that be?' shrieked Puyfot. 'In a few hours the papers will be selling your story in the streets! It was I who used your name to-night, I who told your story in detail at "Les Corbeaux" to-night! You comprehend?'

The news struck Malcolm like a blow upon the heart. He knew himself baffled and defeated by Fate. He had appeared at 'Les Corbeaux' too late—only a few minutes too late—as once before he had been too late. Had he reached Park Lane one day earlier he must have secured the letters which would have saved him. There was no more to do now. He turned and groped his way down to the street, followed by the screams of Puyfot's discordant laughter.

(To be continued.)

MODERN WHALING BY NORWEGIANS.

By H. J. Bull.

Christiania, *December* 1911.

IT was in 1865 that Captain Svend Foyn commenced the first whale-fishery from Finmarken, in the north of Norway. Having previously acquired a considerable fortune through seal-fishing in the Arctic, he was enabled to wage his war against the large finned whales which at that period congregated in great numbers on the coasts of northern Norway. It took Captain Foyn, however, several years of hard and unsuccessful labour before, in 1868, he finally succeeded in bringing his harpoon-gun to such perfection that his many experiments at last turned his work into a large and profitable industrial trade, which very soon found followers amongst his countrymen, so that in 1886–87 no fewer than thirty-four steam-whalers belonging to different companies were engaged in whaling.

The small whaling-steamer introduced by Captain Foyn was provided with a so-called harpoon-gun fixed in the bow of the boat. A bombshell was attached to the outer end of the harpoon, which, by an ingenious mechanism, was caused to explode as soon as it entered the body of the whale. If hit in its vital parts the whale would be killed instantly; if only hit in the more fleshy parts it might take some time before the animal was finally killed by lances, or —as is usual at present—by winching in the whale and giving him a new shot. The size of the steam-whalers has gradually increased so as to enable them to tackle the stormy weather and high seas prevalent on the more distant whaling-fields, and the steam-whaler of to-day reaches a length of ninety to one hundred and ten feet, with a width of eighteen to twenty-one, and a draught of eleven to twelve feet, and speeds along at a rate of from ten to thirteen knots on a coal-consumption of five tons per day. The crew consists of the harpoon-gunner—who usually also acts as the captain—the mate, an engineer, firemen, and others—in all, ten or eleven men.

For the utilisation of the whale and its products large stations or establishments were built ashore. As soon as they were killed in the open sea the animals were tugged into these places and taken in hand by the shore-labourers, who 'flensed' off the blubber, that was tried-out by steam and turned into oil in large digesters specially constructed for the purpose. Afterwards the flesh—containing, of course, a considerable quantity of fatty substance—was cut off and boiled, the fat converted into oil of a somewhat inferior quality than that obtained from the blubber, and finally the boiled meat and the big bones were ground into guano; so that at a well-found establishment no particle of the whale's carcass went to waste.

The great destruction of the whales on the northern coasts of Norway, and the consequent decrease in their number, had gradually roused the animosity of the large body of fishermen in that part of the country. The fishermen held the opinion that the presence of the whales was necessary in order to chase the large shoals of cod-fish and herrings into the bays and fjords, and perhaps to make the fish approach the coast, so as to give the poor fishermen a chance of reaching them. If the whales were destroyed, the fish, in their opinion, would not come near enough to the land, and the fishermen would consequently be left to starve. Foolish, undoubtedly, as were these arguments, the complaints from fishermen, greatly supported by political agitators, were nevertheless received

with apparently good faith by our Storthing, and towards the end of the nineties one of the most remarkable laws of the century was passed, prohibiting Norwegian citizens from killing whales on the coasts of Norway.

In the early part of the eighties the attention of Norwegians was, however, drawn to the large number of whales in the waters around the Faroe Isles and Iceland. Whaling establishments similar to those in Norway were therefore erected in several parts of these islands, where for a number of years good profits have been made from the whale-fisheries. Some years later Norwegians were again extending the business to Spitzbergen, the Shetlands, the Hebrides, and the west coast of Ireland, and at all of these places whale-fishing is still going on with generally good results to the shareholders. The species of whales usually caught in these northern waters are the fin whale (*Balænoptera musculus*), the blue whale (*Balænoptera sibbaldii*), the fish whale (*Balænoptera borealis*), and the humpback (*Megaptera boops*). In Iceland, the Faroe Isles, the Shetlands, the Hebrides, and on the Irish coast a few 'right' whales, the so-called 'North Capes' (*Balæna biscayensis*), and also a few sperm whales (*Physeter macrocephalus*), have annually been caught.

The idea of fishing for whale in the southern waters originated in Norway in 1893, that year Captain Foyn fitting out the steam-whaler *Antarctic*, formerly engaged in the Arctic seal-fishery. The plan was to look for the 'right' whale of the South Seas, approaching the Greenland whale (*Balæna mysticetus*) in value on account of its precious whalebone, so well known in commercial circles. The *Antarctic* went as far south as the seventy-fourth degree, without, however, discovering a single 'right' whale, but meeting with large numbers of the finned whale species. For further information regarding this expedition, see my book, *The Cruise of the Antarctic* (London, 1896), treating the subject in detail.

About the same time Norwegian sealing-vessels were sent out to the Antarctic regions south of Cape Horn, and all reported on the immense number of finned whales, particularly the humpbacks, which had been seen in different parts of the Southern Hemisphere.

These reports ultimately led to the establishment of a whaling-station at South Georgia in 1904. The company owning this station consists of Buenos Aires financiers; but it is managed by a Norwegian whaling-captain, who was the originator and organiser of the whole concern. The brilliant success of the company, and the manager's reports of the thousands of whales to be seen at only a small distance from the shore, created quite a sensation amongst enterprising men in Norway, who were not slow to follow in the wake of their countryman, and whaling in southern waters is at present carried on by Norwegians, not only at South Georgia, but also at the Falklands, the South Shetlands, the South Orkneys, on the coast of Chili, south and west coasts of Africa, and Kerguelen Island.

The singularly rapid development of the whale-fisheries in the south will more readily be understood by comparing the output from the fields in the north for the last few years:

	World's Total Production.	Proportion from the North.
1906 . .	78,000 barrels.	73% or 57,000 barrels.
1907 . .	127,000 "	58% " 74,000 "
1908 . .	150,000 "	41% " 62,000 "
1909 . .	229,000 "	31% " 72,000 "
1910 . .	309,000 "	19% " 58,000 "

Of the 1910 production, 103,000 barrels came from South Georgia, 44,000 from South Shetland, and 40,000 from South Africa—187,000 barrels. The balance of some 120,000 barrels may be attributed to the whale-fisheries in the north and in South American waters. (One barrel equals 40 gallons, six barrels being roughly reckoned equal to one ton of 2240 pounds.)

In the foregoing statistics the Japanese whale-fisheries are not taken into account. It may be presumed, however, that the produce of whale-oil from that country is of small importance, as the greater part of the whale is used for food by the Japanese.

I have already mentioned that establishments ashore were built in Norway and other northern countries from the early days of the whale-fisheries. The difficulty of finding convenient harbours in some of the southern places, the necessity of bringing the cargoes home from the whaling-fields, and other circumstances made it all-important that a substitute for the shore-establishments should be found if the whaling industry so far from home was to be profitably carried on by the many companies. To overcome these difficulties the so-called 'floating factories' were introduced. A floating factory means an old steamer of three to four thousand tons, a size which has annually been increased, so that the new companies under formation are speaking of boats of eight to nine thousand tons dead-weight capacity. By using the larger size of steamers the owners are able to fit them with plant not only for trying out the blubber, as in the smaller-sized boats, but also with plant for turning the carcasses into oil and guano just in the same way as in a well-found establishment ashore, thereby utilising all parts of the valuable animal. It is of great economic interest that no products of the whale should go to waste.

If, for instance, you have plant on board for treating the fat carcass, after the blubber is removed you will obtain an extra output of what is called the meat-oil, amounting to from 30 to 35 per cent. more than is obtained when the blubber only is utilised; and then there is, in

addition, the guano. These different complete plants require, of course, a greater outlay of money, but the considerably larger returns make it evident that the extra money is a good and profitable investment. The price of the somewhat inferior meat-oil may be calculated to be about 20 per cent. less than the best oil from the blubber.

The present price of guano is about £7 per ton. If we suppose a whale will yield five tons of blubber-oil, the value of this oil alone would be (at £20 per ton) £100; but with plant for treating the carcass on board the extra output would be one and two-thirds tons of meat-oil (at £16), £26, 13s. 4d.; and four tons of guano (at £7), £28—in fact, an addition of more than 50 per cent. to the value obtained when the blubber alone is utilised and the remains thrown away.

It stands to reason, however, that if whales are somewhat plentiful all the year round, a shore-establishment is preferable to a floating factory, where there are always some difficulties to contend with in the treatment and utilisation of the huge animals which you do not have at a shore-establishment. The later years' experience in southern waters, and the knowledge that whales are seen during the greater part of the year in many places, have therefore had the result that several shore-establishments have lately been built at South Georgia, the Falklands, and on the coast of Chili.

[Since the above was written, the New York *Outlook* asks if, with the extension of new methods of whale-hunting by Americans, the whale may not be in danger of extinction. Within two years eight steel steamers armed with powerful machine-guns have begun to hunt the whales of the North Pacific, and five additional steam-whalers are now under construction. These vessels are primarily destroyers; they do not try out the oil as the old whalers did, but kill the whales with explosive shells, and then tow the carcasses to a central station, where the work of getting out the oil and whalebone is done on a large scale.]

M A'M S E L L E.

CHAPTER III.

MISS MORDANT had not been gardening with John Bungay as the young sub had mischievously suggested, but had gone in to Milton to see a friend, Mrs Smee, at the post-office. The friendship was not an old one, but was one of those spontaneous outbursts of open-heartedness characteristic of such an emotional young person as a properly constituted teacher of literature might be expected to be; and to an outsider, who marked the contrast between the snuffy, mumbling, bespectacled Mrs Smee and the alert, quick-talking, smartly dressed schoolmistress, it was at first sight unaccountable. But in truth it was a methodical friendship in more senses than one. It was methodical inasmuch as it was just now politic for Miss Mordant to be on friendly terms with Mrs Smee, and it was methodical because Miss Mordant's visits were invariably timed to within half-an-hour of the arrival of the principal London mail of the day.

So, at just about the time when the Pastoral Play was in full swing at Parthenon House, in came Miss Mordant to the half-shop, half-office which served as the local post-office. She came in hot and panting as if with hasty walking, and sank into a chair as she cheerily greeted Mrs Smee, who was sorting the letters just arrived by the London coach.

'Lor', miss!' exclaimed the post-mistress, 'if it wasn't takin' a liberty, I would say come in an' take a cup o' tea, for you look as if you was wore-out.'

'Well now, that is kind of you!' replied her visitor. 'I don't know but what I will accept your offer; but finish your business first. What a lot of letters to-day!'

'Yes. Folk seem to 'ave a lot o' spare time on their 'ands!' said Mrs Smee, and went on mumbling, according to habit, the names of each person to whom letters were addressed.

'Farmer Bumble—two; that's about 'is gell w'at's goin' to marry young Wattle. Parson—one, two, three; 'e gets a sight o' letters, surely. Bill Stakes, Mr Bungay, Mrs 'Opkins—an' she can't read! The "Bell"—one, two, three, four. Mr Bungay—one, two, 'eavy uns. The "Bell" again. Captain Heacham—one, two, three, four officials. Lieutenant Slingsby, Lieutenant Corker, the Doctor, Mr Bungay again—a 'eavy un. 'E do get a lot, to be sure; an' it must cost 'im a bit, for they ain't often paid. Feel it, miss!'

Miss Mordant took the letter. It had the Brighton, Sussex, stamp on it, but it was evidently from abroad by the characters of the address and the texture of the paper. 'Brighton!' she said off-handedly.

'Yes. 'Is in general come from Brighton, or Lynn, or Dover, or Cabotsbury, or some o' 'em seafarin' places,' replied the old woman. 'Business letters, I reckon, most on 'em, an' wi' money in 'em sometimes, when they 're paid afore'and. Now, Mr Bungay would be the man for a certain young lady as I knows on as shall be nameless. They do say as 'ow 'e could keep 'is carriage if 'e chose!'

Miss Mordant's already suffused face assumed

a deeper tinge, but she merely said, quite carelessly, 'Well, of course it 's no business of mine; but I suppose Mr Bungay generally sends for his letters?'

'Not 'e, miss! 'E don't trust everybody wi' 'is letters,' replied Mrs Smee. 'In general I sends my granddarter Susan wi' 'em, 'cos 'e knows she 's a sort o' post official like; but she 's away at Miss Wimple's a-'elpin' to wait an' wash-up, so I 'll just keep 'em till 'e comes 'isself, which won't be yet awhile, as 'e 's sure to be wi' all the grand folk; an' when you comes in 'ere I says to myself, I says, "Whathever is Miss Mordant adoin' away from the great goin's-on, an' Mr Bungay there?" but, la! my tongue do run away sometimes; but people will come in 'ere, bein' in a sort o' way a Government office, an' not once nor twice 'ave I 'eard it said what a pity—— Captain Heacham—one; Doctor O'Shattery—two'——

And so she mumbled on until she had disposed of the contents of the mail-bag, and invited Miss Mordant to step into the back-parlour for tea.

'They do say as 'ow that Marmselle is as good as mistress over there at the school,' said Mrs Smee as she poured out the refreshment. 'Well, she 's a tidy-lookin' wench for a furriner, which I can't say in general I takes to.'

'Yes, she 's a clever woman,' replied Miss Mordant dryly.

'And they say it 's wonnerful 'ow she deals wi' them prisiners,' continued Mrs Smee. 'You don't take a little drop o' something extry wi' your tea, miss? I 'm obliged to. Bein' in the Government sarvice makes it tryin' to the throat.'

Miss Mordant declined the something with which her hostess liberally 'laced' her tea, and observed, 'Yes, they 'll find out her cleverness one of those fine days.'

'Why, miss? You don't mean—ah! about 'er an' the captain!' said the old woman. 'Well, in general, I don't agree with hus marryin' furriners.'

'Oh, I don't mean that!' said Miss Mordant. 'Hark! That means another escape.'

This as the sound of the guns and alarm-bell broke the stillness of the afternoon world. Miss Mordant, evidently so pleased at an excuse for escaping from the company of her entertainer that she could not repress its expression on her face, jumped up and hurried out into the street, which, but a couple of minutes before silent and deserted, was now dotted with people either hurrying in the direction of the prison or gathering in groups to chatter.

Not ten yards from the post-office she met Mr John Bungay, evidently coming for his letters. He would have passed on with a formal salute, but she stopped and said, 'Oh Mr Bungay, that means another escape, doesn't it?'

'Yes, Miss Mordant, I 'm afraid it does,' he replied. 'Poor old Heacham! It 'll go hard with him this time.'

'Do you mean to say that you are sorry for him?' said Miss Mordant.

There was something in the young woman's tone as she made this remark which made him pause in his reply. Then, with a laugh which had no heartiness in it, he said, 'Please don't look at me! I know I 'm not fit to be seen; but I have had a hard afternoon in the garden, and I didn't expect to meet anybody I knew while all the world is at Parthenon House. But about poor old Heacham. I am sorry for him. I should think I was! He 's the best friend I have in the world. This will mean, I fear, that he will have to go. How is it you are not at the entertainment?'

'Like you, I have other things to do,' replied the lady coldly.

She passed on, and Mr Bungay went in for his letters.

The Transport Board held a court of inquiry upon the recent escapes from the war-prison. Captain Heacham's simple defence was that all that was possible was done to prevent escape, and that he could do no more. The commissioners spent a long afternoon in examining the prison and its surroundings. They found nothing in the defences or in the system of guard-mounting to find fault with, and the only conclusion they could arrive at—which was suggested by John Bungay, who had been called in by Captain Heacham as a witness on the strength of his having access to the prison in his capacity as a contractor—was that the escapes were planned and carried out from outside.

Then what Heacham had most dreaded came about. In reply to the question, 'Is anybody unconnected with the service of the prison allowed under any circumstances to pass within the gates?' he had to admit the daily presence of Ma'mselle. 'But,' he added, 'I am ready to pledge my honour as an officer and a gentleman that she knows nothing about the escapes.'

Then was elicited the fact that between him and the French girl there existed an attachment of the tenderest nature. Whereupon the old salts wagged their heads knowingly, and one of them murmured, '*Churchy le fumme.*'

Witnesses testified to the great good which Ma'mselle wrought among the prisoners, and quoted instances of mutiny and disturbance being checked by her influence; but it was agreed that for the future she should be excluded.

Asked his own opinion, Heacham said that the only occasions when it was remotely possible that a prisoner could escape was at the market held twice a week at the prison gate, when countrymen were allowed to buy and sell with the prisoners.

'Abolish them, then!' said the president of the court.

'It will produce mutiny,' said Heacham.

'Then double your guards, and don't hesitate to use steel and ball-cartridge,' was the rejoinder.

The commissioners retired to consider their decision. When they reassembled they announced that although Captain Heacham was responsible for what had occurred, there was no evidence that it was due to negligence on his part. That the prisoners who had escaped were invariably men of position and value seemed to confirm the suspicion that there was collusion with outside. They formally reprimanded Captain Heacham, but warned him that the next escape would mean very much more serious consequences to him.

That evening Heacham told Claudine of the court's decision that she was no longer to be admitted to the prison.

The blow was a terrible one for the poor girl; but she simply bowed her head and accepted her fate. 'Charlie,' she said, 'for your sake I must bear it. I cannot be surprised that the Board should look at my presence with suspicion. My chief sorrow is for the poor men. I was just getting them under perfect control; and now I fear things will be worse than before, especially as the market is to be abolished.'

'But you will not go away, Claudine?' said her lover pleadingly.

'No, not if Miss Wimple will allow me to remain,' she replied.

'That I am sure she will!' said the young man. 'If you left I would not stay.'

Very differently did the prisoners at Staple Cross receive the news that their *Sainte Demoiselle* was no more to come among them, and, further, that the only opportunity given them of improving their condition and of employing their enforced leisure was to be taken from them by the abolition of the markets. Indignation meetings were held in all the prison blocks, defiant speeches were made, and mutinous songs were sung. A sentry who lost his temper and wounded a man with his bayonet was half-killed. Captain Heacham, although personally popular, and known by the cooler-headed to have had no hand in the obnoxious ordinances, was openly reviled and insulted. It was necessary to send to Cabotsbury one night for an additional company of soldiers; a desperate attempt was made to fire the prison, and in the resulting confusion a score of prisoners escaped, and another score were killed and wounded. It was impossible that such a state of things could be allowed to continue; so, after a hurried council at headquarters, it was decided that it should be represented to the Transport Board that unless concessions were made the prison authorities could no longer hold themselves responsible for what six thousand desperate men would do.

The reply came that the market might be re-established, but under the most elaborate restrictions. This somewhat soothed the stirred passions; but the majority of the prisoners, for whom the market had no attractions, clamoured for the restoration of their *Sainte Demoiselle*.

Time passed on, 1813 gave way to 1814, and matters at Staple Cross seemed to have settled down. Claudine remained at Miss Wimple's, but the good little schoolmistress saw with concern that, except when she was in her lover's company, she was no longer the bright spirit of past days, for daily she heard that since her prohibition the condition of the prisoners was morally and physically drifting back to its old state. The only person who seemed to regard the state of affairs as satisfactory was Miss Mordant.

This lady, who, since it was evident that John Bungay cared nothing for her, had posed as an embittered being, seemed to revive and assume a new self as the clouds gathered darker around Captain Heacham and Claudine. She no longer withdrew herself from amusement and social intercourse; she no longer spent her leisure time in solitary mopings and wanderings beneath moon and stars, in confiding her sorrows to the nightingales which loved the belt of trees opposite the prison burial-field, but was alert and joyous, and seemed to aim at occupying a position in the estimation and affection of all similar to that filled by Ma'mselle.

Miss Wimple, who could not bear that anybody should be unhappy under her roof, rejoiced much in the change which had come over her English literature mistress, ascribed it to her good sense in reconciling herself to the inevitable, and congratulated her. She went further, and more than hinted that, as at no remote period she might give up the duties of schoolkeeping, it might be that Miss Mordant would be offered the vacancy.

But when Miss Mordant, with some acerbity, replied that the prospect of a life of maidenhood, even allied with the right of calling herself mistress of Parthenon House, had no charms for her, Miss Wimple came to the natural conclusion that affairs between Selene Mordant and John Bungay had been mended, and would have been shocked beyond expression had she known of what a very different nature was the reason for Miss Mordant's change of demeanour.

It may be imagined how utterly quiet and uneventful were the last months of 1813 and the first weeks of 1814, when a chief topic of conversation over the garden gates and at the firesides of Milton village during this period was the alteration which had taken place in Mrs Smee's personal appearance, how she had burst forth in a glory of raiment unknown to her before, and how she had actually gone to church three Sundays in succession — a performance she had never been guilty of when she was the

plainly attired, not to say slovenly, Mrs Smee of past years.

But, as usual, the calm was but the precursor of stirring events. Enough has been said to show how improbable it was that the relationship between Claudine and Miss Mordant at Parthenon House could be cordial. The fault had certainly not been with the former, for, like Miss Wimple, she was unhappy with any unhappiness around her, and she had done all in her power consistent with her dignity as a well-born young Frenchwoman to gain the heart of her soured fellow-teacher. Finding it useless, Claudine had simply left her alone.

Judge, then, her surprise when, late one afternoon in February, Miss Mordant approached her in Milton with a beaming face, and said, 'Mademoiselle, I have good news for you. You have a brother who is a captain in the French service, have you not?'

'Yes—yes!' replied Claudine impatiently. 'What of him?'

'You will see him shortly,' said Miss Mordant.

'I shall see him! See Gaston! Impossible!' exclaimed Claudine. 'What do you mean?'

'He is on his way here,' replied Miss Mordant.

'Then, has peace been made?' asked Claudine.

'Oh dear no! He has been taken prisoner.'

For a moment Claudine clenched her little fist, and only by the strongest of efforts did she restrain the impulse within her to strike the grinning, big-toothed mouth of the miserable little tormentor before her. But she did restrain it, and stammered, 'And you call that good news—that my Gaston, the pride of his service, he after whom your most famous captains have been panting all these years, and who is worth any two of them'——

'Including Captain Heacham?' sneered Miss Mordant, but in a second changed her tone, for there came an expression on the face of the French girl she had never seen before, which cowed her, and she added mildly, 'Listen. I mean what I say. It is good news; but you naturally cannot see why. I have no particular reason to love you, but I hate some one else ten times worse, and I tell you the capture of your brother will be a good thing for you—and for me, mind you—*and for me!*' With which she went on her way, actually humming a tune, and leaving Claudine standing like one petrified, murmuring, 'Gaston a prisoner! Gaston a prisoner! She means something when she says it is a good thing! What can it be?'

The bi-weekly market would ordinarily have been held at the prison gate the next day; but a notice, signed by the governor, which was posted up early in each of the blocks announced that it was postponed until the day after. The latest arrivals in the prison knew not the significance of this; but the old hands, who did, said nothing, immediately hurrying off to occupy the few points whence a view could be obtained of the main entrance and of the path leading thereto from the Cabotsbury road, so that roof-openings and walls were presently dotted with tangled heads surmounting fierce, eager faces; and the rest, who soon learned that an arrival of fresh prisoners was hourly expected, had to content themselves with animated speculations as to the chance of there being old messmates and comrades among the new-comers.

The outside public had heard the news, and, familiar as the scene was to it, was gathering by the roadside, and as near the prison as it was allowed, to witness the sad procession. In the crowd stood Claudine. She had not seen Charlie Heacham since Miss Mordant had told her the 'good news,' and when she spied him coming out from the gate in full uniform, evidently looking for her, she shrank behind a burly countryman.

Presently the clear notes of a bugle rang out in the still morning air. The sharp command, 'Guard, turn out!' was heard; the soldiers in full *tenue* fell in, fixed bayonets, and rapidly and silently lined each side of the pathway. All heads were turned in the direction of Cabotsbury, and soon, in a cloud of dust, the head of the procession appeared. Claudine, in her intense anxiety, strained forward, so that her human shield turned and courteously made way for her in the front.

The captives passed slowly by with their red-coated guardians—a few proud, erect veterans with the bronze of Spanish sun still on their cheeks, looking straight ahead of them; a few still wearing the jaunty sailor air; but the large majority poor, sad-faced wretches, many in rags and barefooted, many limping and in evident suffering; gray-haired men and mere striplings—all silent, until a roar of '*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!*' from the occupants of the prison roused the lustiest among them to some sort of response. And then—midway in the column, one whose appearance extorted from Claudine a frantic 'Gascon! Gascon!'—a tall, well-built young man in a worn and tattered naval uniform, his head bandaged, and his arm in a sling. He stopped short, and looked in the direction whence the cry came, saw Claudine, and would have left the ranks to embrace her, but his militiaman guard pushed him on, and he passed under the fatal portal.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOSTS OF A TRAMP.

By the Author of *Leaves from the Diary of a Tramp.*

MUCH has been written by amateur tramps who 'pad the hoof' warmly clad, with knapsack on back—and a cheque-book in the knapsack—of the joys of the open road. There was little of joy for me during my life on the road; for when I commenced it was not in obedience to the call of the wild, but in search of work. I have hungered often; I have slept out in haystacks, corn-fields, by the roadside; I have slept in casual-ward dormitories, in the outhouses of farms (when the dogs have been chained up), and in the shavings in a joiner's workshop. Tramp-life to me was prosaic indeed. I lacked the imagination that would tinge the ordinary happenings of the road with romance. The moments I can with pleasure live over again as I think of it all are the moments when the beauty of human sympathy lit up the dreary road for me, when kindly men and women acted as my hosts—and I a tramp!

On the first occasion I had been tramping two days without food, through Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester. The evening of the second day I began to wonder where I could spend the night, for I was too footsore and tired to walk much farther without rest, and I remembered that I had passed a haystack about two miles outside Gloucester. I tramped wearily back until I found it again, and soon I was over the fence and into the hay. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and hurriedly I sprang to the ground—right into the arms of a policeman!

He asked me first what I was doing there—rather an unnecessary question that—then proceeded to put me through a catechism: What my work was. How had I lost it? How long had I been on the road? Why didn't I sleep in a casual ward? And as I answered his questions straightforwardly, and produced testimonials, his manner became more kind. Then abruptly he asked me, 'How long is it since you had anything to eat?' I told him that also. Then, after a moment's thought, he said, 'I ought to take you to the station—sleeping in a haystack 's against the law—but I won't. You 're not that sort, I can see. I 'm off duty in half-an-hour. You walk along with me, and then we 'll have something to eat.' I left him a few minutes later while he met his sergeant, and then together we went to a neat little cottage, and very soon I was seated at a table with a pint of steaming coffee, bread-and-butter, and eggs before me. I was famishing, and my kindly host plied me with food until I grew ashamed of my appetite. Then, after a rest and an enjoyable whiff of the constable's tobacco, I took my leave, my pockets filled with food and my ears full of good wishes which were uttered with a heartiness and sincerity that brought tears to my eyes. As I shook hands with my host he said with a twinkle in his eyes, 'Next time you sleep in a haystack cover up your feet. I saw them as I passed, and was just going to fetch you off when you came off to me.'

I went back to Gloucester and spent the day trying to get a job, without success. Then I tramped on to Hereford. It was noon when I arrived there, and I went from shop to shop trying to get a job of any kind. Towards evening I went into a large shop opposite a very old-fashioned timbered house on an island site, and the man who came to me spoke very kindly, unlike the majority, who seem to act on the supposition that a man on tramp is necessarily a wrong un. But he couldn't find me work, not even the smallest odd job. And so I turned to go. I was just closing the door when he called me back. There were tears in his eyes.

'My boy,' he said, 'it makes my heart ache to see you. It must be awful tramping about. But I 've got the bailiffs in, and soon I may be like you. But if you 'll sit down I can give you something to eat at any rate.' And he brought me a big plate of bread and meat and vegetables.

'It 's all I can give you,' he said; 'but you are welcome to it. It will help to keep your strength up.'

And I thanked him not only for what he had done, but for his will to serve me had only the way been clear.

Whether he went down or won clear of his difficulties I know not, for I left Hereford that night. It was also in the west I met my next host. I had been tramping for hours on a beautiful day through a very beautiful country-side; but I had no eyes for its beauties, for I was consumed with thirst. Tramps usually are, I suppose the natural thought will be; but I opine I am an exception, for I have never tasted any intoxicating drink. My father's wish, for he persuaded me to pledge myself when very young. Anyhow, I was thirsty, and I could find no stream where I could get a drink.

At a bend in the lane along which I was tramping I came upon a dainty, fragile old lady, standing at the gate of a garden surrounding a pretty, creeper-clad house; and, plucking up courage, I asked for a glass of water—the only thing I begged the whole time I was on the road. 'Water!' she said. 'No, not water. I feel too sorry for all the poor men who are looking for work to offer you that. Will you come inside, and my maid will make you a cup of tea? I am sure you need it.'

She took me into the house—not, as I expected, into the kitchen, but into the quaint,

old-world dining-room; and, though the servant brought food into the room, she herself waited upon me—to the servant's evident disgust—treating me and talking to me not as a tramp, but as an honoured guest. I tried to thank her, but she would not allow me.

'I had a son, and had he lived, and his need were great as yours, I should have wished for some mother to have helped him, if I couldn't do it myself. I am old,' she added, 'and you won't mind my saying this. Remember always, if your mother is alive, her heart will be aching for her boy, and don't lose hope and so go down altogether.'

My last host was in the bleak Rhondda Valley, when I was tramping throughout the night, lacking the coppers that would have enabled me to hire a bed. Several times I tried to get to sleep by the roadside, but in vain, and at last I gave up the attempt. When I reached Porth the principal street was 'up,' and before a watchman's cabin there was a brazier heaped high with red-hot coke. I hurried towards it, and soon the grateful warmth was penetrating my chilled body. The watchman, a cheerful-looking old man with a chronic smile, welcomed me, making me a seat by placing a board across the upturned ends of two water-pipes. Then he boiled some water in a can and made about a quart of cocoa. When that was ready he pulled out a basket generously supplied with provisions, and invited me to join him. I refused, for I thought that by helping me he would have to go short himself. 'Take it, lad,' he said. 'If I tried to eat it all myself I'd choke—and I'd deserve to.'

These hosts—the hosts of a travel-stained tramp—were very different in externals, yet alike in the kindness of their hearts; and I shall always remember them with gratitude.

THE COURAGE OF AH FU.

IT is, I think, Baron de Marbot who tells us that the bravest man he ever knew was a certain French general who invariably rode into battle white and trembling, placed himself in the forefront of the fight, leading his troops with dash and prudence, and never for a moment permitted his almost overmastering terror to cloud the acuteness of his brain or to mar the brilliance of his combinations. This is, of course, the finest and truest form of courage, the mastery of will-power over a physical disability engendered by mental disquietude, and may be considered as a thing apart from the purely physical courage latent in most men, that periodically finds its outlet in isolated acts of splendid daring, compelling the admiration of all onlookers.

Careful examination induces the belief that courage is, on the whole, greatly a question of habitude and circumstance, with, as a concomitant, a knowledge more or less accurate of the existing danger. In other words, familiarity with a certain class of danger, if not exactly breeding the proverbial contempt of it, at least strips it of half its terrors, and permits of a boldness of action that to the uninitiated may sometimes seem to partake of undue rashness. But given a totally unaccustomed form of danger, and in nine cases out of ten the action will become timid or assuredly less vigorous than the circumstances might well warrant. Again, much more fortitude is required to face valiantly a danger unseen, and consequently but partially understood, than to face a danger of whose approach one is cognisant. Every soldier knows the difficulties of retreat; how, once the back is turned on pressing peril, even the steadiest nerves are liable to sudden panic, and how often only the bonds of a discipline previously so carefully inculcated as to have become almost mechanical can succeed in holding men in hand. This is especially noticeable in uncivilised races; once get a savage on the run and he will seldom stop till the immediate sense of danger is past. So it was with Ah Fu.

Ah Fu was a Hakka coolie, big, broad-shouldered, with the light-yellow skin and quaintly slanting eyes so characteristic of the southern Chinaman, and a lovely long pigtail at once his joy and his curse, so much of his spare time seemed to be of necessity employed in washing, oiling, and plaiting it, and on joss-days adding to its length and beauty by cunningly twisting into it strings of silk of varied colours as the observance of the religious occasion required. He belonged to a tribe inhabiting *pyloong* or pirate villages on the lower slopes of the Ta-Ma-Shan range, hardy fellows inured to work and privation, of no great character for common honesty, and ready to mix themselves up in any robbery, piracy, fight, broil, or turmoil that might be going, so long as they were in sufficient strength easily to outnumber their opponents and so make success certain. When not engaged in any of the foregoing pleasing amusements many of them employed their spare time in tiger-hunting, following their dangerous prey up the long cave-riddled valleys till they found his resting-place; then, lighting immense torches, they daringly crept in and with their spears despatched the beast in his own den. To the inexperienced this sounds mad folly, but in reality it is by no means so dangerous as it seems, because in most cases the tiger, blinded by the bright light, hides his head in the nearest hole and allows himself to be peacefully slaughtered. I have actually known some of these

plucky men, when sent out to find a tiger for a 'foreign devil' to shoot, follow one into its cave, build a stout bamboo cage round it, and then calmly return to tell their employer they had a safe shot for him.

In everyday life Ah Fu filled the humble though onerous position of leading man of my team of chair-coolies; but whenever a shooting expedition was arranged his sporting instincts made him beg to accompany it, and a right useful follower he many a time proved himself. On one of these occasions we got on the track of what is known as a wandering tiger—that is, one that frequents no fixed locality, but nightly moves to fresh quarters—and a very nice dance he led us. Right along the base of the hills for six days from village to village we followed him, finding where he had killed, lain up for a few hours, and then moved on again, till, after hard travelling, we arrived within a couple of miles of the coast. Here the trail turned away at right angles, leading up a long, narrow, rock-bound valley that ran apparently straight into the heart of the mountains. Wearily we toiled upwards, the rocks gradually closing in tightly on either hand till we could only progress by clambering along the bed of the central stream where the great footprints were still visible half in and half out of the water. A few hundred yards of this climbing brought us to the head of the gully and face to face with a small cave in the rocky cliff that barred farther advance. At the bottom of this was a rock-edged pool of water in which the tracks were lost; but, as no means of egress were possible, it looked as if we had literally run our quarry to earth.

Ready, rifle in hand, I backed away from the cave as far as space would permit, debating in my mind the best course now to pursue, when, to my surprise and alarm, I saw Ah Fu, with nothing in his hand but a short bamboo, calmly cross the pool, drop on his hands and knees, and crawl slowly into the hole. I shouted to him to come back, but in vain; he crept quietly in, while I, with beating heart, stood gazing at the place of his disappearance, momentarily expecting to hear the sounds of a fatal scuffle within. But no dreadful sounds issued, and soon the villain came creeping unconcernedly out, only grinning at the abuse I plentifully heaped upon him, and saying, 'Allee light, my no fear; inside nothing have got.' Whether anything 'had got' inside or not, I had no intention of making further personal inquiries at such close quarters; so, giving the tiger up as another 'bad job,' we retraced our steps toward the coast, making for a small village that lay about a mile from the place where we had turned into the mountains, and where we hoped to glean further information regarding the animal's doings.

Now, this part of the coastline is notorious for the constant smuggling that occurs on it; therefore, at certain points along it, especially where the entrance to a hill-pass gives means of access to the *pyloong* villages, the Chinese authorities have established small *lekin* or Customs posts, usually guarded by four or five men of the Imperial Customs service, and just outside the village we came on one of them. The 'station' was a small log-hut built about one hundred yards from the cliffs that barred all access except to the gully I had descended and to a larger one a little to the south, through which a path led to some of the *pyloong* villages—a path up which many a package of smuggled opium had at various times found its way. The immediate countryside was densely covered by scrub and brushwood; but from the hut to the cliff a space about sixty yards in width had been thoroughly cleared, and this space was completely commanded by a low crenellated wall a few feet from the hut, which served as a fort to the Customs men.

Of course I stopped to 'pass the time of day' with the officer in charge, and was listening to a long tale of men and pigs—with the callousness of a Chinaman, he made so little distinction between them that at times it was difficult to know to which he alluded—that had been killed and carried off from the various surrounding villages, when one of the Customs men came running up from the direction of the shore, shouting out something I did not understand, but which had immediate effect on his comrades, who instantly dashed into the hut, seized their rifles, and quickly threw themselves down behind the little mud-fort. At the same time the valiant Ah Fu plucked at my coat, calling, 'Master, come quick!' and, setting the example, bolted at his best pace.

My acquaintance with Chinese habits and language being at that time somewhat limited, I did not at first fully grasp the import of these happenings. But as some sort of shooting appeared imminent, I was not going to be left out of it; so, turning rapidly, I grasped Ah Fu by his most prominent point—his pet pigtail—and, checking him for an instant, wrenched the rifle from him. One sharp struggle and he was again free, leaving his prided silk embellishment in my hand. Doubtless the amount of hair that accompanied it caused the piercing scream with which he departed.

All this was the affair of a moment, but ere I could turn round events had moved. Out of the brushwood ran a company of armed men, of whom about a dozen had firearms of diverse kinds; the others, some twenty or so, carried in their right hands the common Chinese three-pronged spear, while on the left shoulder was balanced a bamboo pole from both ends of which depended a heavy package of opium. With astonishing accuracy and celerity the riflemen spread themselves out as a covering-party, hiding behind every little tuft and stone that was available, and rapidly bringing their weapons to

bear on our small party. There was no room for me behind the mud-wall, so I had to make the best of a slender tree for cover, which prominent position gave me the unsolicited honour of seeing every barrel turned in my direction. This was no pleasant sight; for, being the only 'foreign devil' present, it was obvious I dared not fire the first shot, and so must bear the brunt of the greater part of the imminent volley before sending a bullet in reply.

Meanwhile the opium-carriers were racing their booty across the clearing towards the hill-path, which, once gained, would place them in safety, and I continued shouting to the Customs officer to fire and stop them, without, however, eliciting more than a muttered reply till the path was almost reached, when, under the lash of my tongue, he gave the order, and there came the sharp click of four useless rifles. Not a cartridge had they between them! Forgetfulness, he said, but deliberate policy, I am inclined to believe, had left them all in the log-house. Then, with the same rapidity and precision they had shown in advance, the covering riflemen withdrew in the wake of their comrades, and in those few minutes many hundred pounds' worth of opium had been cleverly smuggled under our very noses. I was too disgusted to speak, so set off in search of my valiant follower, whom I eventually found, green and shivering with fear, lying in a wet ditch quite a mile from the scene of action. How could I blame him? I had funked the tiger's cave, he didn't; it was his *pidgin* (business). He funked the fight and left it to me; it was my *pidgin*. Nothing could be more simple to his mind. And, after all, who was to say which of us was the greater coward? But in future expeditions I took good care to keep Ah Fu within the groove of his experience.

It only remains to add that some weeks later the superintendent of Imperial Customs received a report of a desperate fight with smugglers that had taken place, on a date not mentioned, at that particular post, in which many had been killed and wounded, though unfortunately the opium had escaped capture. Possibly those four Customs men still pose as heroes of a bloody battle. I didn't give them away. Or perhaps it was another fight as serious as the last. With a Chinaman, who can tell?

THE GOLDEN TROUT.

THE British fisherman who would catch the golden trout must be possessed of a heavy purse and the patience born of travelling; good lungs and sturdy limbs he must also possess to reach the home of the golden fish.

There is only one stream in the world where they can be obtained. It flows in the heart of the high sierras in a remote and almost inaccessible region of Kern County, California. California, famous for her unique possessions, surely has none more unique than this. Volcano Creek, apt name for the home of this flaming fish, is a tributary of Kern River; rising from Cirque Peak, a few miles south of Mount Whitney, it flows in a series of rapids and cascades to the high falls of Aqua Bonita, and into Kern River. Through volcanic action the stream became inaccessible to the trout of the ordinary species in Kern River. The fish in Volcano Creek, preferring the cooler, clearer waters of their own stream, became segregated and in time formed a tribe by themselves, assimilating the colour of their habitat. They run from six to twelve inches in length, with small scales, a deep orange on the belly, golden yellow of singularly beautiful sheen on the back, and a wavy golden wash on the sides. Stewart Edward White, the well-known American hunter and author, aptly likens them to a twenty-dollar gold coin fresh from the Mint.

The stream is narrow, the banks lofty and steep, and in the high wind that prevails accurate casting is attended with considerable difficulty. The angler has to be careful to keep out of sight, as the fish are shy and easily alarmed, the crystal clearness of the water enabling them to detect the slightest movement on his part—a combination of circumstances that should appeal to the interest and sporting instincts of the fisherman. The fish take the fly readily, and if he keeps the above directions in mind he will make a very satisfactory catch in a few hours.

The angler who would make the trip has a choice of three or four routes, the most popular being from Visalia by stage to Three Rivers, thirty miles, and from thence to Mineral King, also by stage, which will occupy one day. Here he will have to engage a guide, with pack and saddle animals, to take him and his impedimenta over the mountain trails, which are devious and steep, to his destination. The scenery is unsurpassed, and alone will amply repay him, if he be a lover of nature, for the fatigue and expense of the trip.

INSPIRATION.

WHEN I have been by heavy cares oppressed,
With gloomy bodings of approaching ill,
When melancholy broods within my breast,
And failure thwarts the utmost of my will,
I turn to simple things—the woods, the flowers,
The voices of the children in their play,
To find that in this complex world of ours
Is yet enshrined the plenitude of May.
So, gathering courage from this glimpse of life,
I plunge anew into its ceaseless strife.

FRED. BROWNE JAMES.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

CHINA has begun her change, and the rest of the world may look on for a long number of years at an interesting process of vaster significance than anything of the kind that has ever before happened. That is certain; the change is now inevitable, since it has begun; and the overwhelming importance of the results to the whole world is just as inevitable. Here is a country which in its own self embraces nearly two millions of square miles, and with its outlying parts over four millions, with a population of over four hundred millions. These people, not of a considerable inferiority in race, have been sleeping, dozing, and lagging behind in their civilisation for hundreds and hundreds of years while the rest of the world has been marching forward; now they are awakening. Forces are brought to bear which rouse them to action. They realise that they are weary of their present form of existence, and are desirous to become equal with the best civilisation. Over four hundred millions of yellow men are about to be prepared for a great advance. They have much to do before they will be ready. Perhaps it may be difficult for Europeans to comprehend that in the far north of China at the present time there are millions of people dwelling in caves. They will come out, and slowly, gradually, but surely they will bring themselves into line with Western civilisation. It will take long, but by no means so long as it would have taken if the beginning had been made two or three centuries since, for this process of civilisation is one that, like everything else, is more quickly carried out in these days. There is the strange case of Japan; and China may even be quicker than Japan. This is an exceedingly serious business; it is a proper use of words to say that it is terribly serious. Before the end of last year Dr Sun Yat Sen was proclaimed provisional president of the Chinese Republic, that republic not being quite an entity; and what will come of that first movement remains to be seen. But the comedies and ironies of life and history are very strange, for this Chinese doctor, a keen-looking man of some forty-five years of age, born and living as a Christian, was some sixteen years ago shut up in the Chinese legation in London, a prisoner whose fate was uncertain, but not very hopeful. When he was released, virtually by the command of Lord Salisbury, a price of fifty thousand pounds was placed upon his head, for it was known that he had dreams of a new China, and was a dangerous revolutionary disturbing to the peace of the Manchu throne and of the sleeping millions. He had but a little while before organised a plot to seize Canton, but this was a plot that failed. Since then he has been in many parts of the world, organising the Chinese revolutionary forces, and collecting money for the great enterprise that was afoot. In the autumn of last year he was in the United States; later he was in England; afterwards he took ship from Marseilles to China. Always his movements were quiet and stealthy. His manner and demeanour are modest; he makes no speeches. He trusts to simple arguments and facts, and those who have had some relations with Sun Yat Sen say there is that about him which makes him a great leader of men.

* * *

I remember that when Sir Robert Hart, who died last year, came home from China some four years ago, having spent about fifty years in the country, he expressed some optimistic views upon the subject of the 'yellow peril,' as we have called it, and must continue to do so. He said that the Chinese were not aggressive, and that they regarded armies as objectionable; but the events of the last fifty or sixty years had made it necessary for them to take defensive measures. Sir Robert had concluded then that, in the sense of military aggression, there was no danger, no 'yellow peril.' Yet there were four hundred millions of people, and China was bound to become a powerful nation. The real 'yellow peril' would not be military but industrial, as the Chinese could live so much more cheaply than other people, and for that and other reasons their competition would be of a most dangerous kind. So he said. Here, in passing, I should like to repeat a little story of an odd experience that Sir Robert told at the annual dinner of the Savage Club three years since. He was telling us that there were some Chinese institutions which he admired immensely. Many years previously he had been bidden to a Chinese dinner-party, and on arrival at the house of the host he and his fellow-guests were conducted up the stairs to a room in which forty or fifty young

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ladies were seated on sofas, each guest being told to pick out two of these young ladies to pour out wine for him. This was done accordingly; whereupon the two little damsels he had chosen for his service trotted down and sat on each side of him and poured out the wine. He found them to be very lively companions; they played the guitar, and they sang most excellently. That particular entertainment began at twelve o'clock noon and ended at five the next morning, having lasted seventeen hours. There were a hundred and twenty-five courses, and Sir Robert, resolved to be the good guest, tasted all of them!

* * *

However, at this very serious moment in the affairs of the East, when we wonder and fear, and the 'yellow peril' is looking to be a more fearsome thing than such optimists as Sir Robert Hart made it out to be, one may find some most entertaining and enlightening statements and expressions of opinion in a book that has just been written by Professor E. A. Ross on *The Changing Chinese*. He has gathered all his facts himself from all over the Chinese Empire, and some strange word-pictures does he present to us. He contends that we do not understand the Chinese, but that they are not so difficult to understand as most of us seem to think. He shows us how hideously all but 1 per cent. of these 'celestials' live. The overpopulation of many parts is terrible, and the evils resulting from it are appalling. 'Here,' says Professor Ross, 'are people with standards unquestionably civilised—peaceable, industrious, filial, polite, faithful in their contracts, heedful of the rights of others; yet their lives are dreary and squalid, for most of their margins have been swept into the hopper for the production of population. Two coarse blue cotton garments clothe them. In summer the children go naked, and the men strip to the waist. Thatched mud hut, no chimney, smoke-blackened walls, unglazed windows, rude, unpainted stools, a grimy table, a dirt floor where the pig and the fowls dispute for scraps, for bed a mud *kang* with a frazzled mat on it. No woods, grass, or flowers; no wood floors, carpets, curtains, wall-paper, tablecloths, or ornaments; no books, pictures, newspapers, or musical instruments; no sports or amusements; few festivals or social gatherings. But everywhere children, naked, sprawling, squirming, crawling, tumbling in the dust—the one possession of which the poorest family has an abundance, and to which other possessions and interests are fanatically sacrificed.' All this is the state of affairs when the death-rate is between fifty and fifty-five per thousand. In a few years, when a good Government is well established and many reforms are carried out, that death-rate should be brought down to twenty, and probably the birth-rate will remain at forty. What then? Professor Ross declares that the Chinese must emigrate or starve, and it would seem to be obvious. They must cross the seas and climb over the mountains.

* * *

We turn with curiosity and anxiety to see what this careful, discriminating, and splendid authority has to say about the 'yellow peril.' He says that there are three possibilities which may be considered under that head. In the first place, there is the possibility of the swamping of the slow-multiplying, high-wage white societies with the overflow that is bound to come when China has applied Western knowledge to the saving of human life. This possibility is declared by Professor Ross to be real and imminent, and he says that nothing but a concerted policy of exclusion can avert it. Then he says that the second possibility is the overmatching of the white people by colossal armies of well-armed and well-drilled yellow men who, under the inspiring lead of some Oriental Bonaparte, will first expel the Powers from Eastern Asia, and later overrun Europe. Professor Ross has reasoned it out that this forecast is nothing better than 'dream-stuff.' The third of the possibilities of the 'yellow peril' is that there may be an industrial conquest of the West by the Orient. Professor Ross observes that, contemplating the diligence, sobriety, and cleverness of the Chinese, in connection with their immense numbers and their low standard of comfort, some foresee a manufacturing China driving us out of neutral markets, and obliging our working-men, after a long, disastrous strife with their employers, to take a Chinese wage or starve. Against such a calamity he thinks the great industrial nations will be able to protect themselves neither by immigration barriers nor by tariff walls. There, indeed, is a 'yellow peril'! I notice, by the way, that in Shanghai, where wages are supposed to be very high, the textile-workers earn fourpence-halfpenny for a day's work of eleven hours.

* * *

In such contemplation as the foregoing we are looking from the back to the front. Changing the subject, let us glance in a lighter mood from the front to the back. In an intensely rapid and materialistic age there must surely be a strong tendency towards the discouragement and abolition of red-tape methods such as flourished exceedingly in the happy days of the mid-Victorian era. What then seemed to be very regular, quite thorough, highly official and proper, and smacking of a fine conservatism of the best kind, looks in these very different times to be mere and foolish nonsense. The Government departments have been wound round and round with this red-tape; but in recent years much of it has been pulled away, and action in

simple matters made freer, easier, and more satisfactory to all concerned, even though the old officials do sigh when they find a splendid indirectness of method giving way to something that is plain and very quick. Hard things are said of the reigning Government, as of many others; but there is one thing certain, and it is that it has introduced a new thoroughness and efficiency in its departments, and has done much to abolish red-tape ways. Very likely that is not so much to the credit of the Government as to the times and the prevailing sentiment, and probably if any other Government of any political complexion whatsoever had been in power at the present time it would have done the same. Let it be so. But there is a story afloat that one time lately, when a national crisis of the most serious character was pending, and a conference between leaders was abundantly necessary, some considerations of red-tape were brought forward, and threatened a dangerous delay; whereupon a Cabinet Minister of great celebrity exclaimed that that was no time for nonsense, and, overruling all precedent, there and then set a new example of business-like directness, the good consequences of which were immediately apparent. But it will take a very long time to kill red-tape here and abroad, meaning particularly on the continent of Europe, where it flourishes exceedingly. One is reminded of the fact by the amazing thing that happened when the *Delhi* ran ashore at Cape Spartel and the lives of hundreds, including distinguished members of our Royal Family, were gravely imperilled. At this moment of terror and danger red-tape was produced and flourished to the utter aggravation of the people who were so seriously concerned. It was reported in this way: When the *Delhi* went ashore she could not gain wireless touch with the naval authorities at Gibraltar, as for the most obvious reasons she very much wished to do. In order to get a message to Gibraltar she had to communicate with Cadiz, and then Cadiz, it is said, sent the message on to Gibraltar. This slow and roundabout method of communication at a time of crisis was explained by the circumstance that the Admiralty wireless station at Gibraltar 'does not take in commercial messages.' There was the rule, and it had to be obeyed, though ships (commercial) were sinking, and men and women were drowning. But still, for all that, when they heard at Gibraltar—*viâ* Cadiz—that the King's sister was in danger on one of those 'commercial ships' with which they were to have no wireless communication, there was something in the nature of a panic, and battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and tug-boats were despatched with all possible hurry to the scene of the disaster. The good French have no such rule about ignoring 'commercial ships,' and so it fell out that the French cruiser *Friant* was the first to go to the aid of the *Delhi*.

It has been deduced from what happened on this occasion that no ordinary 'commercial ship' need ever look for naval aid from Gibraltar, whatever plight she may be in, and despite any amount that her owners may be paying towards the cost of the navy. This is not because the Admiralty is, though highly official, at all inhuman, or does not sympathise with British subjects who are drowning and the owners of British vessels that are sinking. Unofficially it sympathises exceedingly; but it bears very well in mind that the navy is one thing, and the mercantile marine quite another; and there are occasions and places, as down here in the neighbourhood of the Rock, where distinctions must be observed—for the sake of red-tape and all that it means. But perhaps after the affair of the *Delhi* there may be a change. This might have been a tragedy of red-tape; but happily the consequences of the employment of such methods are for the most part merely irritating or splendidly comic. Indeed, when our modern forwardness is complete, when we run our lives at the top-speed of which the machinery of the world and of the brain and the human system are jointly capable, and red-tape, therefore, dies the death finally and for ever, a book must be written about these comedies, that our successors may know of some of the pretty little ways in which our lives were coloured, and how some fancy embroidery of officialdom was bound to the plainest, simplest transactions. In Britain, in the dying days of red-tape, we have achieved some rare records in this respect; but still I think that in this matter we are, after all, excelled by some of our Continental fellows, hard as those who have suffered through War Office and Admiralty practices may find it to believe. I developed a suspicion in this matter some two or three years ago, and then for a little while made some effort to gain particulars of current cases, resulting in some interesting facts bearing upon the subject coming my way from France and Germany.

* * *

The first case, a strange one, concerns the French Colonial Department and the Governor of Martinique, who is responsible to that department. Some little while since this worthy Governor found that he was in need of a few pins and a corkscrew in his office, and so he rang the bell for his secretary and asked him if he would kindly see that they were duly provided. Then were all the playful demons of the system of red-tape loosened. The secretary found it necessary to point out to the Governor that any such expenditure must be sanctioned by the Minister of the Colonies, and so accordingly the Governor telegraphed to Paris in these words: 'Please send at once one and a half pound of pins and two corkscrews.' When the Minister of the Colonies received this urgent message from Martinique he did what was pre-

scribed for him by rule and by custom, and sent the telegram on to the accountants' department 'for approximate estimate of the outlay to be incurred.' The chief accountant made a note that in his view the expense would be excessive, and he took occasion to remark that his wife did not use so many pins even for her most elaborate costumes. He sent the telegram and these notes to the director of the political department, who made a lengthy report on the character and record of the Governor, which on the whole was of a favourable tone, and he concluded with an expression of the opinion that the request for the pins was not unreasonable if they were purchased at a fair price. As this turns out to be a remarkable story, I would emphasise that I do not pluck from imagination nor weave a tale of myths and fairies, but only quote from a printed statement of what happened at the time. The *dossier* went from the chief of the political department to the commission of purchases, where the officials were in disagreement as to whether it would be advisable to purchase those pins by private contract or otherwise. Eventually they determined upon the former plan; and, having done that, they sent the *dossier* back to the political department, who returned it in turn to the accountants, who delivered it to the Minister of the Colonies. The Minister gave his close attention to what had occurred, and, turning the matter over in his mind, came to the conclusion that the purchase ought not to be made by private contract. Therefore he sent the *dossier* back to the accountants, who transferred it to the political department, who delivered it to the commission of purchases, who now took the view of the Minister, and agreed that private contract was not the best way of effecting such a purchase, and sent the fast-expanding *dossier* back to the supreme official by way of the circuitous route that it had previously travelled by. Thereupon the Minister sanctioned the expenditure. The *dossier* was bandied about for some time longer, and it grew greater and greater; but at last it fell again into the hands of the commission of purchases, who were given a free hand to proceed in the matter. It was then fourteen months from the time that the Governor of Martinique had sent the telegram, and this original message was now buried among two thousand four hundred and twenty-seven documents that had been prepared in reference to it, while the pins that held these papers together were nearly as numerous as those which the Governor asked for. Whether the two corkscrews ever got from Paris to Martinique I cannot say, but have a fancy that officialdom did not jib so much at them.

* * *

And then I have a yarn of the red-tape way as it is practised in the Post-Office of Germany. Not long ago a little German boy, in a spirit of mischief, amused himself by tearing up some ten-pfennig stamps, which, as you know, are the equivalent of our penny stamps. In this state of tatters they were inconvenient, and perhaps useless, and so the father of the boy, after applying suitable chastisement to his offspring, proceeded to the Post-Office, and there inquired whether he could have them exchanged. He was passed on from official to official, investigations were made, solemn deliberations were held, and at last a personage decided that only stamps to the value of at least one mark, or a hundred pfennig, could be exchanged. This ruling seemed to present a dilemma, but it was thoughtfully suggested to the applicant that in time his little son might destroy some more stamps, and that he had better wait until then, when, having a full mark's worth, he might renew his application with every prospect of success. But the keen non-official German mind leaped to an idea that was better than this. 'Why,' said the applicant, 'I should be glad if you would now give me stamps to the value of sixty pfennig.' The official did so, whereupon the man gravely tore them up into small pieces in his presence. The magnate of the Post-Office smiled as he realised the deep ingenuity of this person, and he gravely exchanged all the fragments of the ten stamps for ten new ones that were as perfect as German machinery could make them. Of such is red-tape of the European kind. They have some of it in new America after all; but there it takes highly eccentric forms, and is not a product of age as it is in the Old World here.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XV.—A DREAM DIVORCED.

A FORTNIGHT had passed. Cahusac was back in London, baffled, hopeless, embittered more and more every day, half-maddened with his wounds, as the young must always be. Cahusac heard everything, every wretched variation that made capital either in the way of amusement or gain out of his story.

There are several different modes of taking a reverse of fortune, and most of them consist simply in running away; it may be done gracefully or awkwardly, but escape from the world's ungentle observation is generally felt to be the easiest thing to do in adverse circumstances. Cahusac stayed. His great, intangible foe, the octopus of rumour, assailed him hourly. It was said that he had sent in his resignation to the

Foreign Office. That was expected, as being the only course left open to him. Rumour springs from guesses; problematical opinion is the head-water of its flow.

But Cahusac had no intention of retreat. He endured the routine of his life, meeting many cold looks and changed faces. As was inevitable, a certain amount of suspicion made its way between him and some he had counted his friends in official life.

The enforced waiting had begun again, only under infinitely more trying conditions. To do nothing, to know that chance alone could ever make it possible for him to clear his father's honour, was as hard a lot as any man could be called upon to endure. He had gone again and again through the reports and sifted the evidence connected with the murder; but beyond the fact that the knife used was proved to be one stolen from an eating-house near Leicester Square, no light had ever been thrown upon the matter. Puyfot's claim to further knowledge must be taken at its probable worth — the passionate outbreak of an absinthe-drinker. Chance, and chance only, could befriend Cahusac; all his days he must be alert and awake to seize it, although he was pitifully aware chance might never come his way at all.

His dominant desire at this time was for forgetfulness, to escape somewhere away from the ever-present pain. He had the longing to eat of the lotus-flower and to forget—forget his whole past and his whole future, to be done with the battle for ever, to be able for the first time in many years to feel that things began and ended in the ample, gracious present. It was the longing for a mental holiday, such as all strugglers know, a longing the very thought of which sent him back with a rebound into the clash of real life. This dream was always at his elbow: that somewhere overseas, outside and beyond the turmoil, there was a peaceful silence and drowsiness where he might steep his tired brain in sleep.

Sometimes he would wish he had himself sinned some large, romantic sin. At least he could have had himself to blame, to curse. Remorse appeared to his mood of the moment easier than the burden he carried. Still, the exigencies of life demanded constant service. Often the social necessity to do this or that drove him to the borders of frenzy, a revulsion all the keener because he could never give voice to his wrath and wretchedness. One essential of his situation was silence. The single safe confidante he could have gained at this period he did not choose to seek. Through all these wild heart-burnings it was to Alice Lanceley that his mind turned longingly. What rest, what comfort could he not find with her had his fate been happier! He dared not enter for the race which forms a part of every other man's career. He was not only handicapped; it was more than that—he had been penalised by the misfortunes of those who went before him, and that heavily. He was as one born maimed, mutilated. Why had they not shut him out in his childhood from the light of the sun whose gladness he must never again enjoy?

Society continued to send cards to Cahusac, but they were rather less numerous than in the old days. So far he had not shown himself anywhere; he would allow the discussions and the gossipings time to blow over a little. Yet, on the other hand, although he could permit society to forget him, he must not permit it to drop him. To maintain his social and official position was a part of his plan.

Therefore, on a certain night late in May, he made up his mind to appear at a reception where he was sure to meet Alice, whose family took a prominent part in political and diplomatic affairs. Her uncle, the Earl of Fulham, a painstaking and upright person, deserved well of his country on the whole. He had not genius to place at her service, but he gave the entire energies of his manhood, and in a private capacity set his fellows an example of unaffected well-doing. Lord Fulham held the British opinion that a man should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty, and instructed his wife to be careful never to omit Cahusac when she sent out cards.

Now it need hardly be said that the one person whom Cahusac truly desired to meet in all London was Alice Lanceley. He did her the justice to believe that he would find her the same; worldliness had not smirched the fair whiteness of her nature. He owed it to her and to himself to tell her that he had gone down into the battle and met defeat.

Would life be better for him or worse, he wondered, after he had seen her and told her of his failure? He imagined their meeting in a hundred different ways; he comforted himself with illusory conversations, knowing them to be impossible; he pictured her—her attitude, her oval cheek perhaps paling a little, the droop of the red lips; but above all the look—the sad and tender and sympathetic look — she must raise to his when he told her. The noises of the city filled his ears, but below all they pulsed to the music of her name.

Some such thoughts revolving still in his mind, he stood near the head of the great staircase of Fulham House and kept a watch upon the slowly rising stream of heads that moved upward from the entrance-hall.

Backward and forward passed the thronging groups, the social rout for whose commendation many live, the circle among whom it is often small pleasure to be accepted, and much dishonour to be left out. De Sarsan arrived, and bowed to him with a marked courtesy; but Wilford, ghastly pale, chattered past with a nod.

It grew late. Alice had not come. He began

to wander through the rooms, when in a doorway a hand was timidly laid upon his arm.

It was Alice. She said nothing; merely offered her hand.

Taken at a disadvantage, for once Cahusac spoke from his heart. 'I thought you were not coming. Thank God!'

She flushed prettily, and drew him gently away from the crowd. There was very little self-consciousness about her. She acted as her feelings prompted, without much thought of consequences or of what the world would think about her. To be near those she loved, to show them kindness, were her ruling desires. 'You look so unhappy!' she said with a little glance into his face.

'I dare say you have heard?' He had not meant to say this; but for the moment he was as impulsive, as natural, as herself.

'Oh yes, and I have been so sorry! Let us go into the library. We can talk there in peace.'

His heart throbbed. He was not thinking of to-morrow, but of the present only, while her hand lay on his arm. She knew all the rumours, yet there was no change in her eyes. Pity was there, and surely something that is above and beyond pity. The sweetness of her sympathy intoxicated him. He plunged up to the neck in dangerous waters. He sat beside her on a couch, and, bending to watch her face, he said, 'So you have heard the rumours?'

She smiled. She had feared to find him different, feared to meet the old half-derisive Malcolm instead of the man with whom she had parted in Park Lane, the man whose voice echoed love, although his words only bordered upon that theme. 'What does anything like that matter? You are you just the same!'

That she should forsake in a second the conventional ideas in which she had been educated all her life almost startled him. Most men like to figure as gods in the eyes of the women who love them; at the least they would wish to bear the semblance of honest men. Thus Cahusac, when he slowly realised the full force of her words, felt almost dismayed. It was not because Alice believed in him through good report and evil report that he found her unchanged; his character apparently gave her no concern. She was the same merely because she liked him. It was the unreasoning liking of a girl, not of a woman, he told himself. Yet he was conscious of a certain shock at the discovery.

'But these reports touch my honour and my father's good name,' he said very slowly, as if wishing her to take in a new idea. 'That must always matter. You are so innocent that you cannot realise it.' He averted his face that she might not see the agony upon it.

'I am so sorry for you, Malcolm! I pity you so! It seems hard that I can do nothing to help you.'

Her voice created a turmoil in him. Her point of view was to his man's mind so inexplicable. Disgrace she treated as a trifle, but his unhappiness and her own inability to comfort him loomed large upon her. But once more he told himself that it was not the mind but the heart—the heart which was speaking through her words.

'Alice, have you heard the story? They are saying—all sorts of things,' he said.

'They?' Alice in her imagination saw them —*they*, the cruel, vague enemies of whom he spoke. Their dimness, their unknownness, added to them strange terrors in her simple mind. 'And you can do nothing? I am so sorry for you!' she repeated.

There are few things a man of Cahusac's calibre dislikes more than to feel a woman is giving him her pity. He is unconsciously in his own mind something of an idol, and he perhaps prefers a common form of adoration to the highest form of pity. He wanted to set her right with regard to himself.

But, while he waited to pick his terms, she went on in her sweet and plaintive manner, 'But it doesn't really matter what people say —that is, I do not mind.' She hesitated. She was making a weak effort to gain him and the happiness that she felt might even now elude her clinging hands. 'I know you; that is enough for me.'

The simple appeal wrung him. Her innocence, her very lack of capableness, touched him as nothing else could have done; he had never loved her so much as at that moment when she had proved her incapacity to reach the heights and depths. She could not understand; but she could love, and nature had made her defenceless.

Cahusac's face turned gray. A word, 'I love you. Let us go away together from this hated world—those hateful people—somewhere where you can be mine and be happy!' How he longed to say it, to take her in his arms and to shield her gentle lovingness from all the buffetings of life!

Perhaps she read how near her fate trembled to the balance. She made a little movement, and in her April-blue entreating eyes shone love.

He could not trust himself. He sprang to his feet and walked hurriedly up and down the room, and through his fading dream of what might have been showed the dolorous vista of his future. He must not say all that he longed to say; but yet he felt some word must pass from him to her, some landmark to be set up in the memories of both.

'Alice,' he said, 'I can never tell you how grateful I am to you. You have given me new strength. You have given me a wild-flower of romance. I can never gather it, but it will always remain my dearest remembrance.'

She rose. Her effort had been in vain. 'Why will men give up all their happiness for an idea?' she murmured. But he would not dare to listen. For her sake he must not hear.

'We may meet again, but never in the same

way. Alice, whatever you hear of me, whatever may happen, believe in me still a little.' He could not choke down this last appeal. 'I want you to remember that you have been more to me here to-night in your kindness and your sweetness than you can ever know. Do not look sad! I can never repay you; but I shall like to think that you are happy. I will wait to see your smile when we pass each other by.'

She clasped her hands together. 'Is this good-bye?'

'Yes, dear, it is the real good-bye between you and me.' He lingered a moment at her side, and was gone.

She sank back upon the couch. She was dry-eyed, hopeless, in a pathetic, submissive way. He had decided; she must submit. It was this very quality of soft submissiveness which had won upon Cahusac's strength.

'I cannot understand these things,' she said sadly to herself. 'I want to be happy; nothing else matters. But I don't know how to tell him so.'

(To be continued.)

THE NAPOLEON CULT.

By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER, F.R.Hist.S.

THE newspaper war recently waged on the question of Bonaparte's supposed visit to London, a lengthy leader on the subject in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the formation of an Order of Napoleon in the Metropolis are faint indications of the enormous growth of the Napoleon cult.

At St Helena the fallen Emperor averred that in a hundred years people would be asking for details of his meteoric career. The prophecy has been fulfilled, but in a shorter period than he anticipated. Indeed, a certain amount of sympathy, blended with curiosity, was aroused before his death in 1821 by the questions asked in the House of Lords by Lord Holland, whom Scott not inaptly calls 'Napoleon's compassionate and accomplished advocate.' With considerable skill and energy he championed the exile's cause so far as the Hudson Lowe epoch is concerned, stating that 'it would not be considered by posterity whether Bonaparte had been justly punished for his crimes, but whether Great Britain had acted in that generous manner which became a great country.' This is well said, and time has abundantly justified the noble peer's conclusions.

In 1894–95 there was a remarkable Napoleon boom in the United States, which put such popular favourites as Washington, Lincoln, and Grant entirely in the shade. Magazines and newspapers teemed with matter anent the man so long vilified by us as the Corsican Ogre. Archives and portfolios were ransacked for likely material, which, when found, was almost worth its weight in gold. Posters by Grasset and Métivet decorated the hoardings. America had 'discovered' another hero at whose feet to worship.

Britain, if slower in these matters, is more sure in lasting qualities, and new books on Napoleon are continually offered to an ever-appreciative public. It is an axiom with publishers that such works rarely have to be 'remaindered'—that is, sold at a reduced price to booksellers in order to dispose of them. Every side of Napoleon's complex career has been dealt with. He has been written up as administrator, soldier, bibliophile, dancer, lover, and lawgiver. Some biographers are vitriolic, others commendatory, a few just. You can always pay your money and have your choice.

For this strange revival of interest in the Emperor who threatened to invade these islands we have to thank Lord Rosebery to no little extent. His *Napoleon: the Last Phase*, is an *apologia* for our unhappy treatment of the central figure of his monograph. It makes a winsome appeal to the more refined instincts of those who live in an essentially humanitarian epoch. Many books dealing with the same period have been issued since the appearance of the first edition in 1900, until they now fill a lengthy shelf in the historian's bookcase. It is not surprising to find the *Saturday Review* saying that 'if the chances of Imperialism in France were to be estimated by the amount of literature which the career of Napoleon continues to evoke, they would surely be good.' There is at least one monthly magazine devoted to the Cause—namely, the *Revue Napoléonienne*, issued at Rome, and founded in 1901 by Baron Albert Lumbroso.

Reference to the founder of the First Empire is constantly made in the more serious journals and reviews, while any particular man of the moment is almost invariably referred to as the 'Napoleon of Surgery,' or whatever his profession or trade may be. Quite recently I read in an advertisement of somebody's indigestion cure that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo owing to over-indulgence in fried potatoes, a statement not borrowed from a text-book. The first thing I observed when boarding a Brussels tram-car the other day was a boy's tie-pin on which was emblazoned a portrait of Carlyle's 'last great man.' At Liège a fancy shop displayed a fine assortment of Napoleon busts from one franc seventy-five centimes, and almost every tobacconist in Brussels was eager for me to buy a meerschaum pipe on which was the carved presentment of the same set face. Blind hero-worship is perhaps allowable on the Continent;

but I discovered that those who purchased souvenirs of the Emperor of the French so artistically displayed in the arcades were usually Britishers!

The little man with the big brain has also invaded the realm of fiction. Who has not read Lever's *Charles O'Malley* and *Tom Burke*, Doyle's *Adventures of Brigadier Gerard*, or at least one of the many novels in which the Emperor figures? Even Mr Wells could not resist introducing the colossal figure in *Tono Bungay*. Napoleonic plays have not always made fortunes for their producers; but I remember seeing *A Royal Divorce*, and glorying in it, before I had reached my twenty-first birthday. It is still 'on tour,' and likely to remain so. Such efforts as *The Duchess of Danzig* and *L'Aiglon* require no further reference.

Quite an extensive list could be made of eminent living personages who are captivated by Napoleon. The present Lord Chancellor is never tired of reading about him, and his literary appetite is appeased by frequent visits to the library of the House of Lords, which contains a magnificent collection of works on the subject. Lord Rosebery has a fine collection of relics, the Earl of Crawford takes pride in thousands of volumes on 'Corporal Violet,' and three of our Field-Marshals—namely, Earl Roberts, Viscount Wolseley, and Sir Evelyn Wood—have contributed to our knowledge of the campaigns of the Great War. At the time of his death Sir William Butler was engaged in writing a life of the Master-Captain, the composition of which must have been facilitated by his vast hoard of Napoleonic pamphlets and books. When the Right Hon. Winston Churchill visited Uganda in 1907 several volumes on Bonaparte were included in his baggage. Edison, when asked whose voice of all the great men of the past he would rather hear on a phonograph, promptly replied, 'Napoleon's.' Madame Sarah Bernhardt's apartments at her own theatre in Paris are mainly decorated in the Empire style, and the initial 'N' is conspicuous. Perhaps the most blatant worshipper of Napoleon was President Francia of Paraguay; he got his idea of Napoleon's costume from a grotesque German caricature, which led him to wear a gray dressing-gown and a cocked hat in the streets of Asuncion.

Pictures in which the Emperor figures have been frequently hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, perhaps the most popular being Sant's 'The Last Phase.' It differs considerably from the death-cast taken at St Helena, and is rather an idealised presentment than an attempt to depict the fallen monarch as he really was. The mask resembles more the Napoleon of the Consulate, thin and emaciated, and Sant's 'portrait' surely makes the man appear considerably older than his fifty-one years.

No visitor to the Tate Gallery misses 'On Board H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, July 23, 1815, off Cape Ushant,' considered by many critics to be Orchardson's masterpiece. Crofts, dubbed by some 'the English Meissonier,' was never happier than when he had a Napoleon subject in hand. His first Waterloo picture, finished in 1876, now hangs in the Sheffield Art Gallery, together with 'Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo.' Two years later he showed at the Paris Exhibition his 'Napoleon seated Outside a Cottage.' 'On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo' was painted in 1879, and now finds a home in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. His 'Napoleon's Last Grand Attack, Waterloo,' was exhibited in 1895, the year before Crofts became an R.A. Eleven years later he showed 'Near La Belle Alliance.' This by no means exhausts the list of similar productions of his versatile brush.

It was Meissonier's ambition to paint a series of five pictures representing Napoleon in 1796, 1807, 1810, 1814, and 1815. He lived to complete but two—namely, 1807 and 1814. The former, which shows the battlefield of Friedland, took the artist fourteen years to finish, and was eventually sold by auction for thirteen thousand four hundred pounds. What a quaint comment on a certain schoolmaster's report anent a scholar named Meissonier, age eight! 'Ernest,' it runs, 'has a decided taste for drawing. The mere sight of an engraving is often sufficient to make him neglect his most essential duties.'

Verestchagin, the Russian artist, painted a series of fifteen Napoleon pictures. When the Kaiser visited the artist's studio he stood for a long time before the famous 'Retreat from Moscow.' 'And in spite of that,' the Emperor remarked, 'there will still be men who want to govern the world; but they will all end like this.'

The greatest living battle-painter is M. Édouard Detaille, who has given the world many pictures of the stormy period of the Consulate and the Empire. One of the best, although one of the smallest, of his works is entitled 'Napoleon in Egypt, 1798,' now in the possession of Sir George White, Bart., of Cotham House, Bristol.

Napoleon has rendered almost as much good service to modern caricaturists as he did to their ancestors Cruikshank and Gillray. Although the versatile 'Caran d'Ache' is no more, his successors keep up the tradition in the French Press, so much so that the shades of the modern Charlemagne seem to haunt the majority of their humorous military sketches. On the mantelpiece of the master's studio stood a beautiful bust of Napoleon, flanked by quaint groups of soldiers of the Grand Army cut out in wood after the artist's own designs. His grandfather served the founder of the First Empire well, and was decorated on the battlefield for his services. Caran d'Ache is Russian for lead-pencil. The real name of the famous caricaturist was Emmanuel Poiré. Some of my readers may remember his wonderful shadow-pantomime called *L'Épopée*, in which no

fewer than four thousand silhouette figures appeared in thirty tableaux of the Napoleonic drama.

The return of the Empire gowns may not be traceable to any enthusiasm on the part of the fair sex for Britain's greatest and most persistent antagonist; but Napoleon door-knockers, pipe-stoppers, and bottle-corks fill a useful purpose in man's existence.

The Order of Napoleon, a novel and exclusive society, held its first annual dinner in London on Waterloo Day 1910. A newspaper commented that 'it is seldom a foreigner has such a little band of worshippers in a land which at one time was strongly, and rightly, hostile to him. Time works many changes.' One of the rules of the Order is that each member shall wear a medal on which is stamped Napoleon's head and the French Eagle.

Why does this arch-type of super-man interest us? The answer is partly contained in the question. He who has achieved will always attract, and for an unknown lad to leave an obscure island, ascend the throne of a great country, and become practically Emperor of the West is so romantic that it must necessarily appeal to the imagination. No man ever accomplished so much in modern times; hence the interest which the magic name of Napoleon is likely to arouse for many generations to come. The most passive citizen is usually willing to admit that armed force is sometimes a necessity; he admires in a diffident fashion the man who is capable of wielding 'the big stick.' In the British army the strategy of Wellington's antagonist is studied with greater application than that of the Iron Duke, if only because circumstances enabled him to accomplish more.

But enough has been said to show that Napoleon has cast a spell on us, and I put down my pen to scan a French magazine which has just arrived. The first advertisement I glance at reminds me of the illustrious name, for it shows the Emperor in characteristic attitude guarding Somebody's Fountain Pen. And now for a pipe of '1812' Mixture.

M A'M S E L L E.

CHAPTER IV.

THE year 1813 passed; it was the beginning of April 1814; Captain Heacham had taken tea with Miss Wimple; and he and Claudine were wandering arm in arm in the pleasant garden of Parthenon House in the soft twilight, planning, discussing, and talking, as they often did, of what they would do when the much anticipated peace would be a fact. Gaston de Bussy was still in the prison. Not once since his arrival had he spoken to his sister, but her lover gave her daily news of him, and reported that his influence for good among his fellow-prisoners was very much what hers had been. He had given no sign of wishing to escape, although almost weekly reports came that most advantageous offers of exchange for him were made from France, and it was universally believed that the presence of his beloved sister so near at hand would keep him at Staple Cross.

Charlie Heacham was pointing out to Claudine sundry indications of a coming change of weather in the hitherto cloudless sky, when, at a spot in the garden where the bushes were highest and thickest, there sprang up, apparently from the very ground, a heavily cloaked figure—whether male or female it was hard to distinguish in the gathering darkness—with a suddenness which made Claudine utter a little cry of alarm, and caused even the young officer to step back a pace or two.

A paper was thrust into Charlie Heacham's hand, and the figure disappeared as suddenly and swiftly as it had come. As it was impossible to read the paper where they stood, Charlie and Claudine hurried back to the house. There they read a scrawl—evidently a purposely effected scrawl: 'West side of prison. Eleven this night. Under the trees opposite burial-ground. Armed, and take men with you. Do not fail.'

The young officer shook his head dubiously. 'An old game; get me there, and'——

'Go, Charlie—go!' entreated Claudine.

For a second the young man looked at her, as if some sort of doubt was within him. 'Why, Claudine, surely'—— he began.

'No, no!' she whispered. 'You know I would counsel you for the best. Remember, I am a true woman; but still, I am a woman. Go!'

The sweet April day had given way to a wild, tempestuous night. Shortly before eleven Charlie Heacham, with a couple of officers and half-a-dozen armed men, passed quietly out of the prison and went to the line of trees which bounded the northern side of the great west road, some fifty yards away from the southern wall of the prison. Opposite them, on the other side of the road, and divided from it by the usual hedge and ditch, were the gardens owned by Bungay (whence was obtained the vegetable-supply of the prison), open, treeless and flat, the line being broken only by a large potting-shed. A hedge bounded the gardens westward, and beyond the hedge sloped the long field, part of which was the prisoners' burial-ground.

The rain drove in sheets before a chilly south-west wind, and the little party, clad though they

were in greatcoats, were glad to keep behind the tree-trunks. The down London mail thundered past, then a solitary post-chaise going eastward; then the storm and the night had it all to themselves.

The minutes seemed hours. The great bell of the prison boomed eleven, and during a moment's lull of the storm the 'All's well!' of the nearest prison sentry was faintly heard. Every pair of eyes was fixed upon the faint blur which denoted the opposite hedge-line.

'Watch the shed!' said a voice in Heacham's ear. He started, for even his sea-trained and seasoned nerves were at high tension. He *felt* something pass quickly away, although he could neither see nor hear it.

Presently a light—or rather a thin streak of light—appeared on the blur which was the hedge.

'Across!—quickly!' said the voice again.

This time Charlie Heacham was not so startled. He darted out his hand. It caught a cloak—nothing more. Throwing the cloak over his arm, he passed the word along the trees for all to advance. With the quiet and swiftness of trained men the little party moved across the road, passed through a wicket-gate into the field, and advanced towards the now-darkened shed. Posting his men around the shed, which had a locked door, but was windowless, Charlie awaited events. Presently a thin streak of light appeared in the side of the shed near him. It came through a crack which was sufficiently large to enable him to see what was within.

Almost panting with excitement, he looked, and could hardly repress a cry of amazement when he saw standing, or rather stooping, his back to the door, and in his hand a lantern which was held steadily in front of a dark opening in the back—that is, the north side—of the shed, the floor of which was a couple of feet below the field-level, John Bungay! The storm raged wildly, so that Charlie could pass word of what he saw within. The officers drew their pistols; the men cocked their muskets; all waited in the most intense, suppressed excitement.

In a few minutes Bungay stooped lower, as if listening, and then waved his lantern gently and slowly. Then he raised himself, placed the lantern on the ground, pulled out his watch, looked at it, and paced up and down the small space in evident disquiet and impatience.

Suddenly he stopped short in a listening attitude, ran to the lantern, and again waved it in front of the opening. In another minute a dishevelled, mud-bedraggled figure, crawling on all-fours, appeared at the hole entrance.

It was Gaston de Bussy!

He would have sunk down with exhaustion had not Bungay lifted him bodily on to a rough seat, and made him take a pull from his spirit-flask. For a moment Heacham's heart was moved with pity for the sad spectacle presented by this erstwhile spruce and splendid young sailor, the brother of the girl he loved. But the tremendous significance of the discovery made, the solution of a mystery which had for so long baffled the keenest and cleverest of His Majesty's officers, and the exposure of the very last man of his acquaintance whom he would have suspected of such actions outweighed all merely sentimental considerations.

Bungay spoke eagerly and rapidly to the young Frenchman, at the same time that he held his watch in his hand, from which Heacham gathered—for of course he could not hear a word—that time for the conclusion of the enterprise was pressing.

De Bussy, revived by the liquor, then stripped himself, and in a few minutes was transformed by Bungay into a respectable-looking countryman, with clothes from what in the imperfect light seemed to be an extensive wardrobe. Then came the consultation of a map, a few words from Bungay, evidently of counsel, the counting out by that gentleman of money into the Frenchman's hand, and all was ready for the last scene.

At a sign from Heacham an officer and a man placed themselves on each side of the door.

John Bungay placed the lantern on the ground, opened the door, and peered out. 'Come on!' he said. 'All's clear. Remember, the London mail calls at the "Bell" half-an-hour after midnight. Be there just as it comes in—not before.'

The two men stepped out, were instantly seized, and before they could struggle, much less use any weapon of defence, were gagged and bound.

'And you of all men, John Bungay!' was all that his captor said.

'And now we'll have this rascal's secret,' said Charlie Heacham to the lieutenant after he had seen the prisoners start off for the prison with the other officer and the men.

Carefully locking the shed-door, he examined the passage by which Gaston de Bussy had come. It was well and neatly cut through the clay, and of just sufficient dimensions to enable a big man to crawl without much difficulty.

'If it is cut straight,' he said, 'it should come out at or near the hospital. Shall I lead?'

His junior assented, and having divested themselves of all clothing but boots and trousers, the two officers started, Heacham leading with the lantern. Half-an-hour's laborious progress, during which they rested themselves several times by lying flat down, brought them to the end of the tunnel proper, and into what seemed like a circular stone-built chamber in which, to their immense relief, they could stand upright. Holding the lantern above his head, Heacham saw that they were at the bottom of a well, of which the mouth seemed to be blocked. At intervals in the side stones projected, forming

evidently the means of descent, and therefore of ascent, and up this with infinite pains, and not without danger, the captain went, the lieutenant lighting him from below. Suddenly he banged his head against the cover of the well. It was of stone, and his first efforts to move it were in vain. 'I'm coming down,' he said. 'You come up, Corker, and try.'

He descended, and the lieutenant, a big man, famous for his athletic powers, went up. For some minutes Heacham heard him heaving and struggling, and then came the welcome, 'All right; it's giving. There's something on top of it. Come up with the light.'

Charlie Heacham obeyed. The lieutenant, with a mighty effort, moved the stone, and a stream of cold, evil-smelling air swept downwards.

'Good heavens, sir,' exclaimed the lieutenant, 'we're in the mortuary! And that was a full coffin on the stone!'

It was even so, and these two young men, each of whom had faced death in the open, shuddered with excusable horror as the faint rays of the lantern revealed to them a long, low chamber, on the floor of which stood half-a-dozen open coffins, from each of which peered a pale, ghastly face.

The two officers, as they had left the greater part of their apparel in John Bungay's pottingshed, had to return thither; so, carefully replacing the stone over the disused well-mouth, they proceeded back as they had come. Hastily dressing themselves, they locked up the shed, and went directly to Bungay's house in Milton. All was dark, and as no amount of knocking and ringing could procure them entrance, it was clear that John Bungay, for his own purposes, preferred that at nights he should have the house to himself.

It was past midnight when Charlie Heacham and his companion reached the prison-gate. Late as it was, and wild as was the weather, Claudine was there to meet him.

'What has happened? Tell me quickly!' she whispered.

So her lover told her. When he had finished, she took his hand and said, 'You believe that I knew nothing of this?'

'Of course I do,' he answered. 'All the same, there is a woman in it. Whose cloak is this?'

Claudine examined the garment under the entrance-lamp and said, 'Miss Mordant's. I see it all now. But, Charlie, what will become of Gaston—*imbécile* that he is?'

'I am obliged to place him in the *cachot*,' replied her lover. 'I fear he must take the usual consequences. I must do my duty, Claudine, even at the cost of your affection.'

'I know you must, dearest, and I would be the last to blame you. Poor Gaston! And yet *imbécile* Gaston!' said the girl.

'And now run back home,' said Charlie. 'Miss Wimple will be out of her mind about your being out in such weather at such an hour.'

'She knows why I am out,' said Claudine. 'I told her what I suspected; and it was because I suspected exactly what has happened that I said "Go!" when Miss Mordant handed you the paper in the garden.'

To cut a long story short, an examination of John Bungay's 'office' revealed the whole system of his rascality. It was clear that his gardening, his contractorship with the prison, and his proverbial John Bullishness were all part of his stock in trade; that he had been directly concerned with no less than a dozen escapes of valuable prisoners, and for each escape had received a large sum of money; and that a most exact system existed by which he kept in close touch with agents at the chief seaports on both sides of the Channel, and was furnished with lists of prisoners allotted to Staple Cross. How he had discovered the disused well in the dead-house was a mystery; but as in his capacity of contractor he had frequent occasion to go to the hospital close by, and was very friendly with the medical officers, it was possible that from them he might have learned about the water-supply and the well-system.

For some days Miss Mordant was not visible. Charlie Heacham called at Parthenon House, ostensibly to return her cloak, in reality to get her story, and to thank her for the great part she had played in the recent events; but she was suffering from cold, caught no doubt for lack of her cloak, and could see no one.

Milton village lived for and by the coaches. To-day Milton is a poor shadow, for no other reason than that there are no coaches; but at the date of our story Milton prospered exceedingly, for the coaching era was at its zenith, and Milton, as an important coaching change-place, was a central point of connection between the great world of London and the country around. And so, when, about a fortnight after the capture of John Bungay, the early down-mail arrived at the 'Bell,' bedecked with flags and hung with evergreens, the countryside became aware that there was great news.

It was great news—news that traversed the mile between the 'Bell' and the war-prison faster even than the coach itself could have taken it—news that set bells ringing and guns firing, and, above all, made the strong walls of the war-prison blocks rock with the tumultuous cheering, the frenzied shouting, and laughing, and crying, and singing which followed its announcement, for it was the news of the abdication of Bonaparte, and—Peace!

By the beginning of June 1814 not one man of the six thousand who but a few weeks previously had been crowded within the walls of Staple Cross war-prison remained there. One

late occupant, however, still lingered at Paxley, and this was Gaston de Bussy, whose double motive in so doing was to give evidence at the approaching trial of John Bungay for what (once merely a misdemeanour) was now accounted felony, and to accompany his sister and Charlie Heacham to Paris.

John Bungay was in due course brought from Cabotsbury jail for trial. Strange to say, it was with the greatest difficulty that the principal witness against him, Miss Mordant, was got to appear. 'I loved the man,' she said, 'and now that I have had my revenge on him I want to have nothing more to do in the matter.' However, she had to testify, and told how it was by the merest accident that on the afternoon of the entertainment at Parthenon House, at which all the local world was present, she happened to be sitting at a favourite spot under the trees opposite to John Bungay's potting-shed, and saw Captain Andrieux helped away. About her subsequent proceedings, which led to her being able to give warning of Gaston de Bussy's attempt, she remained obstinately silent; but it was generally understood that a chivalrous determination to shield Mrs Smee, the postmistress, prompted her to act thus. Gaston described his dealings with Bungay, which had opened with a communication concealed in a potato sold to him as head of his mess at one of the markets held at the prison gate, and been continued by similar methods, and the Dandy Squire received the sentence of a long term of imprisonment.

. . . . . .

Two years later a happy little party alighted at Parthenon House. It consisted of Captain and Mrs Heacham, Gaston de Bussy and a bride he had won from Normandy, and Miss Wimple. They presently came out with the addition of Miss Mordant, now 'Lady Principal of Parthenon House School for the Daughters of Gentlefolk,' and they drove along the road tramped by the captain of the *Soleil* three years before as a miserable captive to the site of the great war-prison—a vast open space already thickly grown with grass, and retaining above ground not a vestige of the buildings which had for so many years been the living tomb of thousands of brave men. Here they wandered about in the stillness and sunshine, picking out old familiar spots, visiting even the site of that dread chamber of the dead which even now the two men could not recall without a shudder, and issuing forth on to the great western road to tell again the story of that fateful April night, and to note that a brand-new inn had sprung up on the site of John Bungay's potting-shed.

Then they drove back to enjoy Miss Mordant's hospitality.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ARTIFICIAL WOOD.

FOR many years past inventors have displayed commendable endeavour in the perfection of a process for manufacturing artificial wood, using therefor certain materials for which otherwise there is a very limited market. Among these investigators is a Frenchman, Monsieur L. Carré, associated with the champagne industry. He attacked the problem several years ago, and for the last five years has devoted his energies to the perfection of a machine which he has evolved for making this product upon a large scale, and at such a price that for many commercial purposes it is cheaper than the material it is intended to supersede. The process is simple and ingenious, and the raw material employed is straw. The wisps are first split longitudinally into three sections to destroy the natural resiliency of the stalk, a special ripping-machine having been designed for this preliminary operation. The straw is then associated with certain chemical substances, and submitted to a cooking process simultaneously with the application of intense pressure. The result is that the straw becomes compressed into a homogeneous mass similar in appearance to whitewood cut the way of the grain. The product can be manufactured in any desired form, from thin sheets to wide planks and thick balks, and is produced in a continuous length to be cut in sections of the required dimensions. Examination reveals no evidence of the straw, as this substance has been driven into a solid mass, the fibres, as it were, being held together by the chemical ingredients. The success of the operation depends essentially upon the selection of the binding medium, and upon the cooking of the raw material, which must be carried out at a precise temperature and for a prescribed length of time; while the pressure must be sufficient to bring about perfect homogeneity, a pressure of about three tons per square inch being sufficient for the purpose. The inventor has produced sections of boarding and blocks by this process which can be manipulated by the usual wood-cutting tools, the saw leaving a clean cut. The material is somewhat denser than the whitewood which it resembles very closely in appearance, and accordingly in working slightly more effort is required. So far as balks, joists, and so forth are concerned, increased strength can be secured by building up the straw in transverse layers each about a quarter of an inch in thickness. Inasmuch as in many parts of the world straw

is a waste product, the cost of manufacture in such places comes out at a very low figure. The process should find a useful application in producing firewood from straw in those countries where timber and other fuels are costly, and the product is well adapted for heating purposes. It burns with a long flame, emits little smoke, and gives intense heat. The inventor has turned the process to novel account—the manufacture of matches. He has evolved an ingenious machine for this work, whereby the matches are turned out in batches of the desired length and thickness ready for being dipped. Such matches can be produced for less than the wooden articles made in Sweden, and should meet with popularity in those countries where wood suited for the purpose is expensive. He has also succeeded in discovering an efficient substitute for wax vestas, dispensing with the cotton fibre foundation. Another application of the process is the production of corrugated material, similar to ribbed strawboard, for packing purposes, the product being stronger and more resilient than ordinary strawboard, and particularly useful for packing bottles. The wood prepared in this manner is suited for packing-cases and similar articles, and will be found a very efficient and cheap substitute for a commodity that is rapidly rising in price.

THE VIBRAGRAPH.

An ingenious and simple machine for securing photographic records of the vibration produced by machinery, vessels, railways, and vehicles of all descriptions has recently appeared upon the market. By means of this apparatus not only is an incontrovertible indelible record of the vibration obtained, but a method is provided of actually measuring the extent of the disturbance. By its help vibration is recorded and measured in definite units with a high degree of accuracy, and the records of the movements are magnified at least one hundredfold. The apparatus is small and compact, and contains a cup holding mercury, and having a floating mirror pivoted so as to avoid lateral movement. The effect of vibration is to produce on the surface of the mercury ripples which bring about the angular movement of the mirror. The instrument is equipped with a small electric glow-lamp, and the beam of light therefrom, passing through a tube and reflected by the mirror, gives a record upon photographic paper of the movements of the mirror. The character of the photographic image differs according to the nature of the vibration, and ranges from a solid splash of light to a complex figure of lines waving in all directions. If desired, the photographic image can be dispensed with, and the vibrations followed by the eye looking through the tube. The apparatus has proved extremely useful in connection with litigation concerning nuisances arising from alleged vibration, and the results obtained therewith are certainly startling and convincing. The instrument can be made so sensitive that it will record the vibrations set up by a person writing upon a table. It certainly constitutes a distinct acquisition to any machine-room, and supplies the engineer with a powerful weapon to combat complaints against vibration.

IS OTTER-HUNTING A PITILESS PASTIME?

Against those who take delight in the systematic hunting of the otter, it must be admitted that they ignore the principle recognised by most sports—to leave their quarry at peace during the breeding season. Despite the fact that many otters are still breeding in the months of April, May, June, and July, the pursuit of this handsome and intelligent victim of the chase takes the place of the hunting of hares and foxes, which ceases earlier in the year. Otter-hunting extends over a period of five months, beginning in May and continuing in full swing until October, when, owing to the floods and the coldness of the water, it is necessarily suspended for about seven months in the year. With regard to the food of the otter, nine out of ten disciples of the gentle art will vehemently denounce him, and tell you that he is a mischievous, fish-poaching 'varmint,' without any redeeming traits whatever, to be hunted, poisoned, trapped, and shot at sight, which is, to say the least, an extremely unkind way of regarding the unhappy animal. That the otter feeds largely on fish must, of course, be admitted; but there seems to be reason for holding that he is not the utterly destructive animal he is commonly supposed to be. Reliable authorities can even be quoted who affirm that he is by no means so harmful even in trout and salmon streams as has been assumed. To some people all field-sports that involve the death of the prey seem cruel, at least if the prey is not edible. And many of those who have no objection to fox-hunting regard otter-hunting as distinctly cruel, since by the practice of the otter-hunt the poor beast has hardly a fair chance for its life, hardly even a sporting chance. An eye-witness contributes this graphic narrative to the *Manchester Guardian*: 'It is a pitiless hunt. Hounds are put on the stream, and they work up both banks. Soon they give tongue. In the language of the hunt, they have found a hot scent. They follow it to a hole in the bank. Here the otter lies high and dry, and the scratching and baying of the hounds move him not. A terrier—the gamest creature in the world for its size—is put in, and comes out badly marked. So spades are brought, and an hour is spent in digging. Then more terriers are put in, and finally the otter bolts. The chase now begins in earnest. He dives, but the bubbles mark his course. He makes to the opposite bank and disappears. Another bolt! This time he comes out the moment the terrier enters, and the couple, oddly mixed, splash into the water together. To save his life the terrier has to let go, and the

hunt begins again. This may go on for hours. One hunt I witnessed lasted four hours. The otter was chased from bank to bank, from hole to hole. He came to the side several times and lifted up his head for breath. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, his mouth quivered, and one could see that his sides heaved with heavy breathing. But there was no respite. Hounds were on him again, and he dived once more. The "field" were in the water as well as the hounds, and twice men took hold of him by the tail and tried to throw him on the bank, where, out of his own element, the hounds would have him more under command; but each time the throw failed and the otter rolled back into the water. He was dead-beat. He came up for breath oftener. He swam slowly, and the air-bubbles were larger. Then one of the hounds was lucky enough to get a grip. Instantly all the other hounds were on him too, and it was only at personal risk that somebody got hold of the otter by the tail and threw him on the bank, where he was worried to death in a second or two.' To worry a cat or other domestic animal with hounds, if only for ten minutes, is a criminal offence for which a sentence of imprisonment may be inflicted; but to worry a highly sensitive creature like the otter for eight hours or more is only considered 'good sport' and something to brag about. The longest recorded hunt with one otter took place with the Carlisle otter-hounds in October 1907. This poor tormented creature was hunted for eleven hours, and given up at 7 P.M. in the dark. A feature of this sport is that its followers include all sorts and conditions of people, who, like the huntsmen, are worked up to the wildest pitch of excitement, and join in the final worry and the performance of the obsequies, when the spoils of the chase (pelt and pads of the victim) are distributed.

THE WAVE-SUBDUING PROPERTIES OF OIL.

Although the fact is well known that stormy seas may be rendered less dangerous to a vessel by the discharge of oil upon the troubled surface, the practice does not appear to have come into very extensive vogue in shipping circles. At the same time, however, there is on the market an ingenious and highly efficient automatic device for achieving this end, invented by Captain C. C. Couves, which has demonstrated its capabilities in no uncertain manner on several occasions. The 'wave-subduer' comprises a small cast-iron reservoir containing the oil, placed above a vertical cylinder. There is a heavy piston working in this cylinder, attached to a tubular rod, which, acting partly by the aid of a spring and partly by its own weight, serves to eject a thin stream of oil on the water. The apparatus is placed as near the bows of the vessel as possible, and the discharge-jets are carried through the plating on both sides. Each jet is fitted with a tap near the tank, so that the oil can be sprayed from either side according to the conditions, or from both sides simultaneously. The apparatus is of a capacity to carry sufficient oil for a four hours' continuous discharge from both nozzles, and as it is automatic in its action, no attention is required beyond the periodical replenishment of the oil-tank. The effect of the oil is to spread a thin skin over the surface of the wave, suppressing the broken crest and making it smooth. The result is that the crestless wave rolls under the vessel instead of breaking upon her. The apparatus is cheap to install, while the cost of operation is confined to the consumption of oil. Certainly many vessels, if fitted with this apparatus, would suffer less deck-damage during gales than they do at present, or even none at all. Moreover, the need to 'heave-to' is eliminated, as experience has proved conclusively. Captains of vessels fitted with this apparatus speak highly of its efficiency. It may be mentioned that Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht *Erin* carries one of these wave-subduers, and the captain is warm in his praises of its value. Other vessels, from tramps to pilot-boats, fitted therewith have equally demonstrated its efficiency in rough weather.

ELECTROPLATING GLASS, WOOD, CHINA, AND SIMILAR ARTICLES.

An ingenious invention which is illimitable in its applications has been perfected by two Italian chemists, Messrs P. and Q. Marino. Briefly described, it comprises a means of depositing metals of any character upon any insoluble surface by electric agency. For over twenty years they have pursued this difficult and apparently hopeless task, but at last they have brought the process within the bounds of commercial practicability, and it may be stated that the results so far achieved promise to revolutionise the whole art of electroplating and decoration, as well as many other branches of industry. China, wood, glass, celluloid, paper, and other substances which hitherto have been regarded as beyond the electroplater's craft are coated as easily as the metals generally associated with this process. What is more, the plating is everlasting. It enters into the fabric treated, so that it becomes an integral part of the article. Thus, for instance, if an attempt is made to chip the plating from a glass vase, the glass will come away with its metallic coating. There is a Wedgwood tea-service on exhibition which shines with the true lustre of polished silver. The outer surface is so well covered with this metallic armour that the whole resembles a silver set. It is only when the interior is examined, and the pottery beneath is observed, that one realises that the silver has been deposited upon the external surface. What is more, the outer sheathing is not a thin film, no thicker than gold-leaf, but a solid sheet of metal which can be made of any thickness, and capable of

being worked by the engraver. Indeed, the authorities have expressed their willingness to apply the hall-mark to articles so mounted. The process is likely to supersede the present process of silver-mounting cut glass and other articles. Instead of the metallic adornment being attached by means of plaster of Paris, which is simply a makeshift, the metal deposited upon the glass becomes part and parcel of the article. At the same time, the process has extended the electro-plater's art to an incalculable degree. Any metal and its alloys can be electrically deposited upon some other metal as a base. Zinc, tin, and lead can be deposited as easily as silver or nickel. This fact is of vital interest to a host of industries, as is borne out by the action of one of the largest builders of naval vessels, who has adopted the process for the zinc and tin plating or galvanising of the steel parts of boats. The deposit is not so thin, as in ordinary galvanising, that a pin-scratch will penetrate the protective skin, but is a solid sheathing of metal, associated with the other metal beneath. The possibility of being able to plate wooden articles seems so remote as to be fantastic. Yet it is as efficiently accomplished by the Marino process as if copper were being plated. So far as china plating is concerned, the article must be in the unglazed or biscuit condition, and is first coated with a chemical agent. In the same manner, glass which is to be treated must be roughened first by sand-blasting to remove the polish and to enable the metal to secure a grip. Another point is that the deposit, no matter what the character of the base is, may be subsequently oxidised, lacquered, or what not, in just the same way as ordinary electro-ware. To the housewife the process is of far-reaching value. It will strengthen the articles in common use, and make them more hygienic, as they can be scoured and cleaned to greater advantage. She will be able to use aluminium more extensively than heretofore. By the Marino process the interior of an aluminium saucepan or coffee-pot can be given a coating of tin, which permits the use of soda and acid cleansing mediums with impunity, whereas such methods upon the pure aluminium bring about its early destruction. The possibility of being able to deposit a protective coating upon aluminium, and thus save it from oxidation, will popularise the use of this metal in many industries where, although it is urgently required by reason of its lightness, it is viewed with disfavour owing to its rapid corroding.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES.

Although Great Britain has lagged behind the United States and Canada in the adoption of automatic telephones, by means of which one is spared the trouble of ringing up the exchange in order to obtain a desired number, the General Post-Office is putting in at least one exchange of this character at Epsom, in Surrey. The system has been described at length in these pages (1908, page 60), so there is no need to describe once more in detail 'how it works.' The conversion of the present system into the automatic system, however, would be somewhat costly, as, in addition to the scrapping of the existing plant at the exchanges, every subscriber's instrument would have to be changed. Under the automatic system, instead of calling up the exchange-girl, as at present, the subscriber simply depresses a series of push-buttons mounted on a circular disc, numbered from 0 to 9 consecutively. Thus, for instance, to call up 19,628, he takes the receiver off its rest and then presses in succession the buttons corresponding to the figures. The effect is to set selective mechanism in action at the exchange, which brings the line of the number desired into communication with the person ringing. If the line is engaged a buzzer announces the fact at the calling-end, while if it is disengaged a buzzer sets the bells ringing at the receiver's end. The operation is instantaneous, and one can get into telephonic communication with the least delay. The system has proved strikingly successful in America, where several large and busy exchanges are working upon this principle. Its application to such an exchange as the Post-Office in London, which is the largest in the world, would dispense with the services of a large number of 'hello-girls;' but the time it would save in the course of the year would represent a colossal sum. The exchange installation requires very little attention, one man sufficing for night duty in many of the American exchanges, while the liability to breakdown has been found to be so slight as to be a negligible quantity.

AEROMETAL.

A new method for purifying and alloying metals has been perfected by Mr W. S. Simpson, the outcome of which has been the production of an alloy of extreme lightness, great tensile strength, ductility, and non-corrosive qualities. The characteristic feature of this invention is the evolution of a manufacturing apparatus working upon the vacuum system, whereby the aerometal is produced, and by means of which the several metals entering into the composition of the alloy in varying proportions are purified and so combined as to yield a product of uniform quality. It is considered that the new alloy will become a great rival to aluminium, inasmuch as it possesses the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight, while at the same time the numerous defective qualities of aluminium, which restrict its application, are eliminated. It can be used for tinplate in all cases where carbonic acid attacks bottled liquids, or where fruit, or acids or other chemicals used for preservative or other purposes, are brought into contact with metal, as in canned comestibles. As the metal is not affected by sea-water, it

possesses many possibilities in regard to marine work where lightness and strength are demanded. It should prove an excellent constructive material for aeroplanes and airships. So far as the decorative side is concerned, it should be useful in this field owing to its silvery brilliance and untarnishable character.

WALKING AS AN EXERCISE.

In these days of artificial locomotion many people overlook and miss the excellent results of walking as a health-giving exercise. Mr W. J. Cromie, the instructor in gymnastics in the University of Pennsylvania, has been telling an American audience, through the New York *Outlook*, of his own experiences in walking, how best to walk, and the benefits derivable from that exercise. He will not have it that walking is *one* of the best forms of exercise, but goes further, and claims it as *the best* exercise, all things considered, in which all the muscles of the body are brought into greater or less action. By walking for a day we can reach the highest total of labour of which the body is capable, and this without strain and with good results. Some of these results are that the lean man gains in weight and has a brighter eye and clearer countenance; while the stout man, whose system is overcharged with fat, loses weight, and is reduced to a more normal condition. Mr Cromie agrees with Weston, the veteran walker—who in his last trip, at the age of seventy-two, averaged forty-five miles daily—that walking properly will not only develop and maintain the health of young men, but will in addition rejuvenate middle-aged men, and give old men a new lease of life. Mr Cromie informs the tramper of the rules to follow, and the gradual initiation necessary before the body is in trim for big efforts. His method is to walk with the foot almost flat, so that the weight of the body at each step is distributed over the entire sole of the advanced foot. The heel should touch the ground first, not the ball of the foot, the feet should point nearly straight forward, the arms swing naturally, and the chest be expanded. The shoes should fit properly and be ample across the toes, and the stockings fit snugly to the feet, with no wrinkles. Mr Cromie finds a long walk an excellent tonic wherewith to begin work in winter, and a good way to get into shape again after a long winter; for a walk is to the system what house-cleaning is to the dwellings we live in.

A POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET FOR OCULISTS.

Employés in steelworks often meet with sad accidents from a splinter of steel flying into the eye, and becoming so firmly embedded as to defy removal without recourse to a surgical operation. The organ of sight being so extremely delicate, this task is one of supreme difficulty, more especially as the sight of the eye is often lost in the process. Dr Haab, director of the eye clinic at Zurich, has recently perfected a powerful electro-magnet for this peculiar work. The idea of utilising the magnet for such an operation is by no means new; but it has not met with popular favour among oculists, owing to errors in technical design or to the liability of failure at the critical moment through the magnet not being sufficiently powerful to complete its work, in which event dangerous complications set in. Dr Haab's instrument, however, is of peculiar and simple design. The magnet is mounted upon a pedestal having a rest upon which the patient can lean in a sitting position, while the base of the pillar carries a foot pedal whereby the electric circuit can be made and broken as desired. The advantage of this arrangement is that both hands of the surgeon are left free to move the head of the patient in any way that may be required. The magnet is swivelled upon the top of the pillar, so that it may be turned to the right or left upon its fixed axis to command every part of the eye. The magnet is fitted with one of four different-shaped points, varying from a flat cone to a long, sharp needle, according to the situation of the splinter in the eye and the nature of the operation needed. Any one of these points can be fitted or removed as desired by a screwing movement. The magnet is exceptionally powerful, and its utility is not confined to oculists, but it may be employed by surgeons for the removal of metal splinters from wounds in any part of the body.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

SHIPWRECK.

We talked of shipwreck in the gathering gloom,
Awed by the gale and cold insistent rain;
Pitying the travellers on the lonely main,
Then drew together in our sheltered room.
Outside, the last rose hung, a fragile bloom,
The ivy battered on the window-pane,
Till some wild impulse made us kiss again,
Striving to silence those grim thoughts of doom.

But, if so chanced, love's gallant ship at last
Broke on the rocks, lost in the ravening sea,
With torn, drenched sails, and helpless, shattered mast,
How should we meet the storm of destiny?
With wide, brave eyes, no fear could overcast?
Ah, my belov'd! lean close and answer me.

C. FARMAR.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE WRATH OF ISHMAEL GOUDIE.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Clipped Wings*, *The Story of Anster*, *The Fortunate Isles*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—A DIFFICULT SELECTION.

AS she stood in the small boys' classroom of the city poorhouse, the centre of scores of inquisitorial eyes, Mrs Goudie endured a tumult of confusion. Her face, which had been blanched with apprehension when she entered the gates of the institution, was painfully flushed now, as she looked helplessly over the rows of pauper children who confronted her. In turn, they—the waifs and strays of the community—regarded her either with an indifference born of mental torpor or with the avid curiosity of those in whose turgid lives the sight of a strange face makes a welcome break.

Though the children were all under eight years old, the consciousness of being the focus of their concentrated interest fired Mrs Goudie's cheeks as she paused in an agony of indecision. The long-sustained opposition of her farmer-husband to her project at last overcome, she had left her home in Fife early that morning, glowing with the spirit of charitable adventure. For her mission to the poorhouse had been the laudable one of choosing an orphan boy whom she might rear in place of the child that fifteen years of married life had failed to bring her. But while in theory the selection of a child for adoption had seemed a simple matter, in practice it was threatening to prove the hardest task of her industrious life. Now that the preliminary negotiations had been gone through, and the conclusion of the matter rested solely with herself, the good soul found it impossible to make up her mind.

Half-amused, half-contemptuous, the teacher glanced at the comely countrywoman who stood fidgeting uneasily in her Sunday clothes. The teacher's sympathy was tinctured with scorn. 'Why should a person who was evidently in comfortable circumstances saddle herself with the care of one of these brats?' she wondered, the stultifying theory of heredity aswim in her brain. Why not adopt a boy whose parents she knew something of? The schoolmistress did not realise that Mrs Goudie's generous heart craved a child who had known no other mother, one who would come to regard her as the protecting influence of his life.

Meanwhile the pupils, little guessing that the fate of one of their number hung in the balance, stared frankly at the lady in the rose-tinted bonnet and plush dolman, whose entrance into the schoolroom had so pleasantly delayed the progress of their spelling-lesson.

The teacher cleared her throat as a modest hint that time was passing.

'It 's real perplexin'—there are that many of them; but if you would just bear with me a wee while. I never thought it would be so difficult to choose—oh, no' near so difficult!' Mrs Goudie said helplessly. 'If you would just have patience with me a minute, miss. You see, it 's no' a light matter pickin' out a bairn to adopt; it 's for always, ye see.'

'Certainly, certainly. By all means take your time,' agreed the teacher, something of compassion in her tone. Had the selection been left to her, she could easily have named the boy most likely to do credit to a good home; but when her advice was not asked it was decidedly not her place to offer it.

'It 's that difficult,' Mrs Goudie murmured again, passing her handkerchief over her heated brow; 'an' it isn't that I havena sought guidance, for I have that. But when I look at the bairns, they all look sae much alike that I 'm feared I may take the wrang ane!'

'Perhaps you would like to see the babies?' the teacher suggested, taking pity on her indecision.

Mrs Goudie gratefully accepted the suggestion. 'Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble to you, miss.'

'Get your slates, boys; go on with your writing, and copy what I have written on the blackboard. I 'll not be a minute away.—Now, ma'am, if you 'll come this way.'

In a ward that smelt of soured milk and half-dried washing, four toothless old crones were nursing the infants. A cursory scrutiny served to convince Mrs Goudie that she did not feel specially attracted to any of their charges. And this fresh disappointment made her wonder if it was any lack of the true motherly instinct in herself that made her so hard to please.

She had fondly believed that, her husband's permission once gained, the difficulties of her

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scheme were ended. It had taken half-a-dozen years of gentle suasion, mingled with tearful entreaty, before that arbiter of her actions—that captious critic of her innocent desires—had condescended to give a tardy and grudging consent to her satisfying the craving of her empty heart. One would have thought Nature had fashioned Elizabeth Goudie for a mother. All the little living things at the farm were a joy to her, though her pleasure in their being was shadowed by the knowledge that early death necessarily awaited them. What her hungry soul demanded was a little child that she could love and care for—a human entity all her own, that she could comfort and cherish and *mother*. In the breast that now rose and fell tumultuously with the beating of her perturbed heart a vast fund of tenderness lay fallow.

The old wives, having learned her errand, were crowding round, each eager to exhibit her special bantling. The pallid faces and puny forms thus revealed bore little resemblance to the ideal babe Mrs Goudie's mind had formed during the sleepless nights when she had hugged the thought of possession close in her empty arms. Still, one refined little being, who slumbered as peacefully on the hard pillow as if it had been a cushion of down, attracted her as might some fragile flower seen blooming in the confines of a dark courtyard.

'That yin's a rale bonny wee lassie, ma'am. I'll bring her,' volunteered an old woman who had intercepted her glance of interest. She was hobbling off, when, touched by a sudden recollection, Mrs Goudie stopped her.

'My guidman couldna bide a lassie. He telt me I must bring hame a laddie or naething. An' I'm just mindin',' she said, turning to the teacher, 'that he was terrible particular that the bairn would be auld enough to run about his lane. He said he wouldna be fashed wi' bairns greetin' about the doors.'

'Suppose we go back to the schoolroom, then?' suggested the teacher. 'You'll maybe judge better on a second look. And I'm afraid the boys may be getting unruly in my absence.'

Her conjecture proved to be correct. They re-entered the classroom to find it a scene of confusion. On the floor lay a slate shattered to atoms, and in the front row a sleek, fair-haired urchin, actuated by a desire to call attention to his grievance, was blubbering loudly.

'Stop that noise!' the teacher ordered sharply. 'Who broke that slate?'

'Please, teacher, Ishmael threw his slate at me, an' hit me on the brow, so he did. An' I wasna doin' naething to him—so I wasna,' he bleated, ending with a wail that attested to his deep sense of injured innocence.

Casting a stern glance at a boy who sat erect in his place, his cheeks aflame, his dark eyes aglow with futile rage, the teacher, addressing herself to the class, asked for an impartial account of the preliminaries that had led to the outrage.

'What happened while I was out of the room, boys? Why did Ishmael throw the slate at Richard? What had Richard done to him? No—stop—don't all speak at once.—Peter Munro, you tell me.'

'Please, teacher, Richard Bird said Ishmael was to get another leatherin' after the woman went away. And Ishmael up an' frows his slate at Richard an' bashed him in the face, an' near put his eye out.'

'Stand out here, Ishmael. What have you got to say for yourself?'

The boy named Ishmael, moving with mingled reluctance and defiance, left his corner of the hard wooden bench, and stood before them—a pitiful culprit, straight of limb, but painfully thin, and with his dark hair cropped till it showed the white skin beneath.

As he stood speechless, confronted by accusing eyes, Mrs Goudie felt a thrill of sympathetic misery.

'Well, Ishmael, so you've taken advantage of my absence from the room to have another fit of temper. You threw a slate at a boy and narrowly escaped killing him. Is there any reason why you should not be well punished?' demanded the teacher.

'He said—he said'——

'Who said?'

'Richard Bird; an' he said you had bought new taws, for the old one wasna nippin' enough. An' it was me that ye were goin' to try them on,' the boy called Ishmael stammered out at last, speaking in a husky, panting voice. When he stopped, the injured Richard, who had ceased wailing to listen to his reply, broke into a fresh howl.

'Stop that noise, Richard. You're not killed. —Ishmael, go and stand with your face to the wall. I'll attend to you later, sir.'

As she looked at the offender standing apart, Mrs Goudie's heart melted in pity. Scanning the rows of callous young faces whose owners seemed to anticipate his promised punishment as an entertainment that would break the monotony of their eventless day, she had a feeling almost amounting to repulsion.

Between her unruly charges and the visitor's indecision, the teacher's stock of patience was almost exhausted. 'Now, ma'am'—her sharp voice recalled Mrs Goudie's attention to the matter in hand—'if you please, we'll get back to your business. That boy's temper is the plague of my life. I've tried all ways with him. But there's nothing for it but to flog the savage out of him.'

'But if the other bairns had been teasin' him?' Mrs Goudie hazarded tentatively.

'Oh, it's a poor disposition that can't stand a flout! Now, I don't want to single out boys, for I think you're better to choose for yourself;

but the boy, Richard Bird, that Ishmael attacked, is a boy that would pay for rearing. He is my best scholar. He is an orphan, too; his folks were respectable but unfortunate. He's a boy that would do credit to a good home.—Richard, bring up your slate to show to this lady.—See how neat the writing is, and how clean Bird keeps his slate!' she said appreciatively when the victim of the outrage stood, smug and self-righteous, before them, the rising bump on his temple bearing evidence of his wrong. 'If Bird goes on as he is doing he'll be in long division soon,' she added, as Bird went back to his seat. 'Yes, that's a boy whom it would pay you to train.'

But Mrs Goudie's eyes had strayed from the complacent Richard to where the untamable outcast stood, a forlorn little figure, his face turned to the wall, his vivid imagination picturing the punishment awaiting him. Something about the isolation of the child—the thought of his loveless existence—tugged cruelly at her heart-strings. To take the immaculate Bird by the hand and lead him away to a comfortable home, leaving the pariah to his judgment, was impossible to her. Yet surely one ought to choose a good boy!

Sore harassed by an energetic and domineering conscience, and torn by half-a-dozen conflicting emotions, Mrs Goudie paused, tongue-tied.

An impatient gesture on the part of the much-tried schoolmistress, her glance at the clock that marked the racing of the pregnant moments, passed unnoticed. Then, acting from sheer force of habit, the teacher rapped smartly on the desk with her ruler, and the sound recalled Mrs Goudie from her reverie.

'Well, ma'am, do you think Richard Bird will suit?'

'No. I've decided. I'll take the bad boy—Ishmael you ca'ed him.'

The shrewd gray eyes of the schoolmistress scanned her visitor with undisguised astonishment. Was ever mortal woman bent upon so suicidal a project? 'You surely don't mean'——

'Yes, I do. It's the laddie with his face turned to the wa' that I'm gaun to take, the one ye were goin' to gi'e the taws.'

'Well, it's not for me to attempt to guide your choice, and I must say it's a good Christian act you're doing in taking a poor friendless wean out of the poorhouse and giving him a real home; but I must warn you that you'll find the boy you've settled on a heavy handful.' Actuated by a sincere desire for the good of the generous-hearted woman before her, the teacher spoke bluntly. 'I've had Ishmael in my hands all his days, and, as I told you, I've tried humouring him and I've tried punishing him; and yet, in spite of that, when his temper gets the better of him he's like a mad wean.'

'Maybe if he was away from here—the laddies were teasin' him, ye ken,' Mrs Goudie demurred. 'And there wouldna be ony other bairns to ruffle his temper at the Hainings.'

'Well, if your mind's made up, you'd better see the governor and the inspector, and get their consent. What?' She smiled as she answered a whispered request from Mrs Goudie. 'Oh no! I promise not to lay a finger on Ishmael. He's yours now, you know.'

CHAPTER II.—A BLACK LAMB.

WHEN Mrs Goudie had journeyed to the poorhouse, on receipt of an official letter from the Parochial Board sanctioning her adoption of a child from those in its care, she had first seen the governor, who had passed her on to the inspector of poor. He, in turn, had introduced her to the schoolmistress; and, being a man of quite unusual discernment, had then departed on his other business, leaving her free to make an unbiassed selection.

What she offered was a home such as rarely fell to the lot of a pauper child, and the inspector would have been more than human had he not yearned, out of his skilled knowledge of the children under his supervision, to direct her judgment. But, besides being discreet, he was sportsman enough to stand aside and allow the selection to rest entirely with her.

Now that Mrs Goudie had rushed upon a conclusion, the inspector was waiting in his office to see her again, and to give his official consent to her taking away the boy she had chosen.

'You fully realise that in removing an orphan out of the care of the parish to which it is chargeable you assume full responsibility for its future guidance?' he asked. 'I know you have an excellent home to offer, and that any child you adopt will have great advantages and a splendid start in life. Still, in justice to yourself, I cannot allow you to consider the matter closed without warning you that we have found the boy on whom your choice has fallen unusually difficult to manage.'

'I ken Ishmael's a wee bit unruly, an' ower apt to flare up when the bigger boys take their fun off him. But, sir, he's just a wee, young laddie yet—not more than seven years old,' Mrs Goudie pleaded, feeling already a protective interest in the child. 'When him and me are by our lane, with naebody to anger him, he'll surely come to his senses.'

Tears of earnestness dimmed her sincere brown eyes; and the inspector, knowing there is no limit to what a loving heart may accomplish, offered no further protest.

'Can you tell me anything about the bairn,' she asked, a little nervously, when he told her that she might take the boy back to Pittendrevie with her, and that the matter would be fully

minuted in the transactions of the Board—'where his folk came from, an' that?'

The inspector shook his head. 'Very little, I'm afraid. He was born here—that much I know. It was before my day; but Dr Forbes will be able to tell you all there is to tell. He's in his room now. I'll take you in to see him.'

In the consulting-room, that smelt like the amalgamated essence of all the drugs in the *British Pharmacopœia*, the old doctor was bending over a fire, stirring a skillet in which simmered an ointment whose staple ingredient was evidently lard.

Dr Forbes had already heard of Mrs Goudie's expected visit to the poorhouse, so the inspector diplomatically withdrew, leaving her to falter out the decision at which she had arrived.

'Tut, tut, tut! to think of that, now! You came here once-errand to single out a laddie, and your election has fallen on our Ishmael! Truly the workings of Providence are unfathomable! Well, the Lord send that he may prove a worthy son to a good mother! I presume, mistress, that you'll be bringing him up in the fear of God and the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures? Ay, you naturally want to ken about his forebears. Well, I'll soon tell ye all there is to tell. Just about six—or will it be seven?—years ago, one black winter's night, a young woman was brought in here in sair extremity. She was worn-out, and after her wean was born we could do nothing for her; she just slipped away. I asked her her name, and where she came from; but she wouldna tell. All she would say was that the world had dealt hardly with her. Then I speired at her what she'd like the wean called. And she said, "Call him Ishmael, for every man's hand will be against him!"'

He sat silent a moment.

'Is that a' ye ken, doctor?' Mrs Goudie asked timidly.

'Ay, that's a' I ken, mistress, and I wish it had been mair heartenin'-like, for your sake. But here's the grip of good-fellowship, and may God speed your enterprise!'

Half-an-hour later Mrs Goudie, holding the little black lamb—he was scarcely big enough to be called a sheep—tightly by the hand, passed out of the poorhouse gates, and took a tramcar bound for the centre of the city.

As she looked at the child, whose sole worldly possessions were comprised in the coarse charity clothes he wore, a lump rose in the good woman's throat, and her whole heart went forth to him in pity. Putting out an arm, she sought—a little shyly, for 'mothering' was still strange to her—to draw him closer. To her dismay, she felt the little body stiffen with the involuntary shrinking of one who is unaccustomed to caresses, and who does not understand their meaning.

On reaching one of the principal thoroughfares, Mrs Goudie's first act was to take her adopted son into a restaurant and give him a good dinner. Though she carefully ordered the dishes she thought most likely to tempt a child's taste, it distressed her to see that Ishmael ate sparingly, as though he were suspicious of foods whose appearance and flavour were alike new to him.

The meal over, she went into one of the ready-made clothing shops, and, aided by the advice of an obliging salesman, bought Ishmael a complete outfit suited to the station she intended him to occupy. There were two knock-about suits for wearing at the farm, and a smart suit for use on Sundays, when they would go to church and sit together in the Hainings pew.

When the boy was clad from head to foot in brand-new raiment he seemed more unyielding than ever. Probably the unaccustomed garments added to his sense of strangeness, for there is something intimate and friendly about even the meanest of familiar and well-worn garb, compared to the harsh, uncompromising touch of stark, unhandseled vesture.

The buying of hosiery, linen, footgear, caps, had taken long. When the purchases were complete there was little more than time to drive to the station to get the last train for Fife.

Just as they were leaving the warehouse, the salesman would have handed Mrs Goudie Ishmael's cast-off clothes, which had been made into a neat parcel; but she resolutely waved it aside.

'No, no, we dinna want these. Ye can gi'e them to ony poor bairn ye see. This wee laddie 'll no' need them ony mair. He's comin' to stop wi' me.'

But Ishmael, who had already seized the bundle, revealed a disconcerting determination not to relinquish these relics of his past life. Grasping the brown-paper parcel with both hands, he clung desperately to it, and no amount of coaxing could persuade him to let go.

It was Ishmael's first railway journey, and Mrs Goudie tried to arouse his interest in what could be seen from the carriage windows. To her gradually increasing disappointment, her well-intentioned efforts found him outwardly irresponsive. Her most persuasive speeches met only monosyllabic replies; and already she was haunted by a faint doubt as to whether she had acted wisely in choosing Ishmael in the face of deterrent advice.

When they changed trains at Thornton Junction, Mrs Goudie, acting with a duplicity foreign to her guileless nature, contrived to leave Ishmael's bundle, with its tell-tale contents, behind. She had no wish to carry such irrefutable evidence of his past into the life before him. But when Ishmael woke up sufficiently to realise that his sole possession was gone, he revealed so strong a resolve not to proceed a step until it had been recovered that Mrs Goudie was obliged to return to the railway carriage they had left,

and draw the bundle out from under the seat where she had hidden it.

It was almost dark when the pair, travel-stained and weary, alighted at Braeside station. The day had been crammed full of emotions; and in spite of her country physique and training, Mrs Goudie felt exhausted, and unequal to the ordeal of the encounter with her husband that awaited her.

When she left the platform, holding Ishmael by the hand, John Goudie—who was sitting in his high dogcart in the station-yard—cast a coldly appraising eye over the child, as though he were some young animal of whose appearance the farmer had already formed a low opinion, and grunted.

'This is the wee laddie, John.'

There was a catch in Mrs Goudie's voice, a quiver of apprehension that might have softened a less callous heart. John Goudie ignored his wife's wordless appeal for sympathy.

'So that's the wee laddie, is it? Weel, mistress, dinna blame me if ye live to rue your bargain.'

'He's just a wee, wee bairn, John. And a'thing's strange to him, an' he's real wearied,' she said, looking down compassionately at the dazed white face beside her. 'He'll look a different laddie the morn.'

Again the farmer grunted contemptuously.

Stretching down a sinewy hand, he jerked the child, who still clutched his bundle, on to the footboard. Mrs Goudie climbed up without aid. The parcels containing Ishmael's new outfit were packed in behind, and the trap set off along the quiet country road. It was, perhaps, eloquent of Goudie's attitude towards the child that, in place of setting Ishmael between them, Mrs Goudie squeezed him in beyond herself, on the side farthest from her husband.

Supper was waiting when they reached the Hainings, the substantial meal of a prosperous farmer's house; but Ishmael seemed disinclined to eat. Perhaps the sugar-biscuits and oranges with which, on the journey, Mrs Goudie had stuffed his unaccustomed stomach had much to do with his abstinence.

When the farmer had gone down to the village to play his accustomed game of draughts with the innkeeper, his wife made the servant-lass get out the big wooden tub, and, having placed it in front of the parlour fire, fill it with soft warm water.

At the sight of what infantile prejudice made him esteem preparations for torture the waif uttered a protest. 'It's no' bath-night,' he said, and refused to submit. But Mrs Goudie wooed him with all her powers of persuasion, asking him to feel the water, and to see how warm it was, and to smell the scented soap she had provided specially for him, and to notice that the towels were already warming, with his new nightshirt, by the fire.

Then, tempted by some natural inclination towards cleanliness, the boy submitted, though he still preserved his attitude of gloomy antagonism.

Throughout his reception of her attentions Ishmael had been perplexingly mute. He had broken his silence only to protest when she tried to relieve him of the parcel containing his pauper clothes and at sight of the preparations for his bath. When she left him in bed, with the assurance that she would be sure to hear him if he called, for she would just be in the room beneath, he answered never a word.

Mrs Goudie had gone to bed feeling sorely perturbed. It was only after the house was still that she felt free to let loose the tears that, for the last hour, had been pricking her eyelids.

What she had done she had done for the best, she told herself. How could she have guessed that trying to bring sunshine into the life of one little child would prove so difficult an undertaking? Suppose she failed utterly? Had she done wrong to reject the boy who had been so highly recommended? Had she not acted rashly in bringing a child of such avowedly ungovernable temper into her home? But as she tortured herself by useless questions, with the recollection of the forlorn figure of the orphan child as he stood with his face to the wall awaiting the threatened punishment came the conviction that, had she the selection to make again, her choice would be the same.

She was just on the point of falling asleep when a faint sound from the attic caught her alert ears.

Stealing noiselessly from the side of her sleeping husband, she crept upstairs, to find that the end of candle had burned out and the attic was dark and silent.

'Ishmael!' she said softly—'Ishmael!'

There was no reply, but she knew that the boy was awake. Passing her hand gently across the pillow, she found that the child had drawn the blankets over his head, and that with a corner of the sheet stuffed into his mouth he was trying to stifle his sobs.

Sitting down on the bed and drawing the little body into her arms, she wrapped a blanket around it, and, resting the cropped head on her motherly bosom, held it close until the painful sobbing had ceased and she felt the rigid form gradually relax in sleep. But still she sat tenderly nursing her adopted son until the gray dawn began to glimmer through the attic window.

Then, gently laying him back on the pillow and covering him up, she stole away to her own bed, stiff with cold, but happy, to fall into a beatific slumber wherein a rosy, smiling Ishmael and she were wandering down by the burn gathering marsh-marigolds.

(To be continued.)

TITLES OF HONOUR.

By W. P. W. Phillimore.

THAT the Englishman loves a lord is a very ancient gibe, though it may be doubted whether in his regard for great men he differs aught from his cousins across the Atlantic or from his neighbours on the Continent. Here English lords receive more respect and consideration than do French or Italian counts abroad, doubtless because they are fewer in number and the status of a lord is correspondingly higher. After all, this so-called foible of the Englishman is not mere snobbery, as might too hastily be inferred. In truth, the root-basis of it is the same idea as the old copybook line: 'Keep good company.' The presumption in Britain is that a lord is almost invariably a synonym for a man of repute and position, whatever may be the case in foreign parts with regard to papal counts and Russian princes.

A title, then, is nothing more than an outward mark or sign roughly indicating the standing in the world of the man by whom it is borne, and naturally it is held in higher esteem the closer it approximates to his actual worth and position. Thus we may realise that titles are the legitimate outcome of that natural emulation which, fortunately, the most part of mankind possesses, and without which, indeed, we should be still living the lives of primeval savages.

Titles may be divided into two great classes: those which are professional or official in their character, being based, in a word, upon a man's occupation; and those which are of a purely complimentary character, arising from the natural desire we have to give honour where honour is due, and to compliment those of whom we think well. To the first class belong such titles as King George, President Taft, Colonel Jones, Professor Smith, and the like. In the other class are such styles as his Majesty, his Excellency, his Honour, the Worshipful, the Honourable, the Reverend, Sir, and Mr and Mrs. Most titles in both classes are purely personal; but, as we all know, certain of them are inherited, and descend from father to son. Some titles which were originally professional in their character, as Knight and Esquire, have become purely honorary in their application.

To attain any real and definite value, titles must necessarily come under the purview of the law, and be subjected to various regulations as to the manner of conferring and using them. In Britain it is a received maxim that the king is the sole fountain of honour. To the king, then, we have to look for the creation of the recognised titles of honour such as peerages, the various orders of knighthood, and the minor decorations which generally result in the use of certain mystic initials after one's name, with the concomitant possession of a medal or badge to fasten upon one's coat. All the same, the royal prerogative has not precluded the growth of 'courtesy' titles—that is, the use of titles for which, though sometimes permitted by general usage, there is no legal authority, or titles adopted for their own members by various semi-public associations.

For Jack is as good as his master, and often every bit as fond of styles and dignities. There may be no chance of gaining a knighthood or even the humble C.B.; but he can satisfy his desire for distinction in the ranks of various benefit societies and convivial clubs. Freemasons, Oddfellows, the Antediluvian Buffaloes, Druids, and Ancient Orders of Foresters minister to this harmless vanity with their varying ranks of Grand Masters, Worshipful Masters, Chief Foresters, and other principal offices created for this purpose. Even literary people have succumbed to this amiable weakness, and some London booksellers years ago formed a convivial club, the Society of Odd Volumes, the members or 'volumes' of which assume for themselves various offices or titles, and are ruled by a dignitary known as 'his Oddship.'

Hereditary titles of nobility in Britain maintain their value because they do not descend to all the sons of the family, as in other lands, but pass to the eldest representative. Our hereditary titles are six in number, and the questions relating to their styles and precedence and the children's rank and designation are so numerous that it would require a whole volume to deal with them. The baronets, who last year celebrated their three hundredth anniversary, have no privileges beyond their precedence and the prefix of Sir which they share with knights, and the addition of their rank as Bart. or Bt.

But the love of title is best exemplified in the peerage. Beginning with the baron, who is styled 'Right Honourable,' and with children who are 'Honourable,' we pass through various grades to the duke, who has the title of 'your Grace' or 'my Lord Duke,' and is given the sonorous, mouth-filling style of 'most high, potent, and noble prince.' Barons and earls are our most ancient titles of nobility; the dukes, marquises, and viscounts were not introduced into England until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To the children of the higher grades of the peerage are given the courtesy titles of lords and ladies, though in formal documents a duke's or marquis's son will be quaintly styled 'John Butler, Esquire, commonly called Lord John Butler;' and in debates we are accustomed to hear of the 'noble lord' or 'my noble friend,' just as in the House of Commons they talk of the 'honourable member.' This style of 'honourable' appears to be the only dignity officially recognised in the United States.

There it is applied to ambassadors and members of the legislatures; but the title-loving democrat of the Stars and Stripes is equal to the occasion, and dubs his neighbour or himself 'judge' or 'colonel' as occasion offers—an excusable foible inherited, it may be, from his lord-loving British ancestors.

What is of most interest to the average citizen is the old and by no means extinct controversy as to the proper use of the title 'esquire,' and punctilious people often have much trouble of soul in deciding when to award it and when to withhold it in addressing their envelopes. The number of those who are legally esquires is really very limited; but the use of the title as a matter of courtesy, at any rate as far as the Post-Office is concerned, has become very greatly extended, until in practice it is customary to apply it to almost everybody above the rank of the labourer or the mechanic. Yet though the order of envelope-esquires embraces a constantly widening range, in legal and official circles the old rules are still pretty well adhered to, and only broken in upon in the case of men of more than average wealth and note. County justices, barristers, certain high officials, such as mayors, with the sons of peers, baronets, and knights, are lawful esquires, and are always so styled in legal documents; but by long usage, which it would be pedantic to ignore, the title is also given to graduates of the universities and to members of the higher professions, although as such they are technically outside that rank, and are simply gentlemen. Thus in legal documents it is usual to describe a solicitor, not holding other rank, as gentleman, though a curiously inconsistent usage has sprung up, chiefly in London, of styling him as 'esquire' in the endorsement of a deed. Outside the peerage and the other titled classes of knights and baronets, the ordinary British citizen, with two or three exceptions, has to rest content with the simple title of 'mister' in ordinary conversation, and the complimentary designation of esquire upon his correspondence if he happens to belong to any but the humbler ranks of society. It is remarkable that we never now write out in full the style Mr ——, which in the pronunciation 'mister,' customary in polite society, is merely a variant of the ancient Master, now by some strange freak reserved for schoolboys, certain high officials of the Royal Courts of Justice, and the heirs of Scottish viscounts and barons.

Members of the universities, if they have graduated in the higher faculties, are styled 'doctors,' a title which has been somewhat misused by its indiscriminate application in popular parlance to the whole of the medical profession, for which, indeed, it has become almost a synonym. In its origin and etymology it merely signifies a teacher, which style is obviously a most inappropriate one for the ordinary general medical practitioner. Still, in our use of words we are seldom logical, and we recklessly set the rules of grammar and etymology quite at naught, wholly disregarding the woes of purists and pedants. The modern university title of 'professor' is merely the equivalent of the medieval 'doctor,' and the identity of the two is illustrated in the occasional use of the initials S.T.P. (Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor) in lieu of the more familiar D.D. (Doctor in Divinity). In the older universities, too, is found an interesting survival of the older use of Sir. In the Middle Ages and down to the time of the Reformation, or later, Sir, the translation of *dominus*, was the usual style of addressing those priests who were not also graduates; Sir John, indeed, was almost the equivalent of an ordinary country priest. At the universities *dominus* (Ds.) is the official style of the Bachelors of Arts, which distinguishes them from those who have proceeded to the full degree of Master of Arts, the Magister or Mr, and indeed in some colleges it is still translated as Sir.

But for nice distinctions of title we must go to the Church and to the army and navy. There, indeed, fancy runs riot, and the various styles and complimentary distinctions form many a pitfall for the incautious civilian. In the matter of titles, indeed, the ecclesiastic easily takes the first place. They are arranged in a carefully graduated and ascending scale. In official documents John Smith, a clergyman, is described as 'clerk in holy orders;' but popular respect for his calling now prefixes to his name Reverend, and we know and style him the Rev. John Smith, though in eighteenth-century usage he was the Rev. Mr John Smith. But Mr Smith obtains promotion, and as dean of a cathedral is the Very Rev. John Smith; consecrated to a bishopric he becomes the Right Reverend Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of ——; as archbishop he becomes 'Most Reverend.' Moreover, by ancient custom, bishops and archbishops, even though not peers of Parliament, in their signature use, usually in a Latinised form, the title of their see instead of their surname. The archdeacon, who is the official *oculus episcopi*, has a special title, and we greet the Venerable John Smith, a style which is quite independent of all questions as to the archidiaconal age. Only the rural dean is left out of this delicately poised system of spiritual titles, and to the present time he remains Reverend, without any higher qualifying adjective, a hardship which led to the *bon mot* ascribed to Sydney Smith, that to the rural dean might very fairly be given the title of Rather Reverend. The latter-day democratic craze for increasing the number of complimentary personal titles has led to the practice of using merely official posts as complimentary designations, and thus we now are familiar with the Rev. Canon Brown and the Rev. Prebendary Jones. But this vanity is really of quite modern origin. The famous High Church leader of the middle of the last century was always known to his contemporaries as simply Dr Pusey, despite that he was one of the canons of Christ Church. 'Canon Pusey' would

have been quite unthinkable. The new invention of the dignity of the honorary canon altered all that, and perhaps rendered it inevitable that the name of this office should be commandeered for the purpose of creating a new dignity and style that the simple parish priest might aspire to. Society, lay and cleric, of late years seems to have been much exercised over the momentous question how to describe a peer's son who happens to be in holy orders. Years ago, when the Hon. Vere de Vere aspired to the family living, it was natural enough to address him after his ordination as 'the Hon. and Rev. Vere de Vere.' Now it is usual to write on his envelopes 'The Rev. the Hon. Vere de Vere,' a grotesque and ungrammatical form which converts the article into a conjunction, probably the invention of the penny-a-liner seeking variety of style when enumerating the notables present at some local junketing.

In the army the various gradations of rank afford an almost endless range of titles. Beginning with the humble ranker Private Smith, and the non-commissioned officers Corporal Brown and Sergeant Jones, we mount up until we reach the illustrious dignity of 'the Right Hon. Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, O.M.' It is customary, following legal and clerical analogy, to apply to soldiers, at any rate in debate, the complimentary adjective 'gallant,' though we are saved the trouble which would attempt to measure out the amount of gallantry we may ascribe to the individual. We talk of 'the gallant captain,' but fortunately custom does not demand from us that we speak of 'the very gallant colonel,' 'the right gallant general,' or 'the most gallant Field-Marshal.' It would be a nice question for military casuists to decide at what rank we may begin with the title 'gallant.' May we begin with Tommy Atkins, and speak in barrack debates of 'the gallant Private Atkins'? At the officers' mess such a suggestion would doubtless be scouted, and it might even be questioned whether the budding sub-lieutenant could claim the quality of gallantry.

There exists a custom of promoting an officer on retirement to the next higher rank by way of compliment; thus a lieutenant in the navy retired under the age-limit obtains the brevet rank of commander by the sea. Forthwith his friends go one better, and dub him with the superior but more familiar higher grade, and he is soon known generally as captain by the sea. The wish to recognise long and faithful service led, a few years ago, to the creation for the benefit of the 'services' of V.D. and D.S.O., the first-named being for long service in the Volunteers, the other being the Distinguished Service Order. Doubtless they have their use, as also the untitled divisions of the various knightly orders, such as C.B. and C.M.G., which, with an accompanying badge to pin on to Court dress, are given as a reward for long years spent in the Civil Service.

The status of the regimental surgeons was long a sore point with the medical profession, as witness the pages of the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*. The difficulty at length was surmounted by giving them the same titles as the officers themselves, and now we are familiar with surgeon-captains and surgeon-colonels, an innovation which not infrequently puzzles the ordinary citizen when introduced to Captain This or Colonel That.

If we look at the legal profession, though the ritual of dress is preserved in an elaborate form in the higher grades, yet it became rather otherwise in the matter of styles, for since the famous Judicature Act of 1873 the tendency has been to lessen their numbers. At the present time the three main ranks of the profession are solicitors, barristers, and judges; but before 1873 we had attorneys-at-law and proctors, as well as solicitors. Amongst the barristers we had, besides the K.C.'s, with whom we are now familiar, the Serjeants—members of the now extinct order of the coif, whom the judges addressed as 'brothers;' and with the passing away of the Court of Exchequer we lost those mysterious members of the junior bar, the 'tubman' and the 'postman,' the latter owning no allegiance to His Majesty's Postmaster-General. Greater variety of style also distinguished the judges. Then we had the Barons of the Exchequer, with their Lord Chief Baron, as well as in the Court of Chancery the Vice-Chancellors, who, however, were but a short-lived order, dating only from 1813, and being ended some sixty years later.

The judges of the higher court are usually knighted after their appointment, and are styled the 'Hon. Mr Justice So-and-so,' and when sitting on the bench are deferentially addressed as 'my Lord.' All judges, as well as the counsel or barristers, are accounted 'learned,' and by custom are spoken of as 'the learned judge' or 'the learned counsel,' in the same way as we have seen that officers are 'gallant' and clergymen are 'reverend,' an adjective in Coke's time commonly applied rather to the judges than to the clergy. The County Court judge, a creation of the Victorian era, is now styled 'his Honour Judge ——,' and is addressed in court as 'your Honour;' while the minor judges, the mayors and the magistrates, are 'worshipful,' and are spoken to in court as 'your Worship.'

Scottish lawyers are perhaps more logical in the matter of titles, for the superior judge is not merely a lord on the Bench, but on his appointment assumes a lordly title based on the family name of his estate, and is styled 'Lord So-and-so,' just as if he were a peer of the realm. He is not, like his English brethren, plain Mr Justice So-and-so.

Albeit the variety of titles of honour in use for men is bewildering even for the expert, yet, strange to say, in this respect, for women simplicity reigns. Outside those higher ranks of society in which ladies, countesses, marchionesses, and

duchesses do abound, the advanced woman may discover another feminine grievance in that she has the choice of but two titles, Mrs and Miss, save in the exceptional cases of lady mayoress and ladies who have become Doctors of Medicine. The title of Mrs (still pronounced by old-fashioned Scotch folk at length as 'mistress,' though the younger people follow English usage, and contract it briefly as 'missis'), was once reserved to women of fair social position. The humbler ranks were known as simply Mary Jones or 'Goody' Jones, an abbreviation of 'goodwife.' All such social distinctions have now disappeared, and even the servant-maid will deem herself slighted if on her letter she be not styled 'Miss' like the daughter of the house. This last term has a somewhat curious history. Apparently in its origin an obvious contraction of 'mistress,' it was at first chiefly used in a disparaging and derogatory manner rather suggesting that a lady to whom it was applied was no better than she should be. But 'miss' has fared better than many other words, for it has become highly respectable, and is now the recognised style for all single women except the limited few belonging to royalty or the higher ranks of the peerage. But there are signs that in this matter of titles women may be coming to that equality with men which they claim in other ways. For of late years we have become familiarised with the Ladies of Grace of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, and the needs of a political party have given us the Dames of the Primrose League. Whether in the future every masculine title will have its feminine analogue time only will show.

It would be easy to enlarge upon this subject; but one point, it will be seen, stands out clearly, and that is that there is a solid basis of reason for this well-nigh universal use of titles: the desire to render honour where honour is due.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard, Authors of *Roving Hearts*, *Don Q*, *Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—A REVELATION.

AFTERNOON. Outside, the thunderstorm had just ceased, but its low mutterings could still be heard in the distance. The drenched streets and gleaming pavements impressed the senses pleasantly with their unwonted freshness. The smell of wet earth and grass greeted Lorrie Madesson as she crossed the broad street into Kensington Gardens.

She was fond of her own company at all times, and of late the taste seemed growing upon her. There was a quiet walk she frequented a good deal in those days, a straight walk on the verge of the Gardens terminating near Kensington Palace. Her past life was very present with her on this evening—her happy girlhood, her mother's death, and her almost immediate marriage to a man whom she genuinely liked but could never have loved, a marriage which was the outcome of a passionate horror of her new loneliness. She had given devotion and loving service to her mother, a delicate and brilliant woman, of the true American type; and afterwards she was the more ready to devote herself afresh to the clever, morbid man who became her husband.

Later she understood her mistake. With Madesson the yoke of loving-service galled, and she reproached herself always that his death was less lamented than it should have been. But her experience had developed her nobly into a full and rounded life, self-dependent, wise, too, when she chose to be so; but she had learnt to regard the narrow conventionalities at their real value. She meant to live according to her own theories, and the high tide of life within her bade her live to secure some tangible good and satisfaction for herself. And society resented this independence, after its own fashion, with innuendo and sneer, but not with neglect. Lady Madesson was too beautiful, and with a certain section too popular, to be omitted from its functions.

The keen scents following the rain had awakened these old thoughts of the past; but it soon slipped away into its own place behind her, and the eager, pulsing present rose instead.

The figure of Malcolm Cahusac had for some time past come more and more prominently into her foreground. A chance association of ideas led her mind away to Lancelot and Tristram as Tennyson paints them in their equal sin and in their immeasurable differences—remorseful Lancelot, who never changed, who was loyal even in his guilt; and Tristram the hunter, debonair and lightly passionate, with his creed of 'we love but while we may'—Tristram, who could not glorify even his sin by constancy.

Malcolm Cahusac was no Tristram; who won his love must keep it. Alice Lanceley was surely too slight a thing to fill his heart. Lorrie knew him to be great because of the hidden battle of his life. In his youth he had chosen the harder part—to face trouble, not to leave it behind; to wait with a patient fortitude that seemed almost impossible even to her, a woman. Out of a strong comprehension of all that his quiet gallantry must have cost him, she had been moved to offer him her help. She put him upon his guard, and he had gone out trusting to himself, only to find his foe. Proud and self-contained, he asked no aid; nor did he come to her, as other men as self-con-

tained might have done, to claim her promise, but also as a cover for pleasant companionship and increased intimacy with a beautiful woman. Adversity had welded his qualities into a rare amalgam, harder indeed, and perhaps not so pure, but in her estimation more precious than gold.

The point, of course, to which all her reasonings led her was the inevitable one—he was worth loving. Lorrie Madesson knew her world, and knew, therefore, how rare such men are. But, alas! the outcome of the matter lay not with her, but with him. Was he one of those who look for something beyond unreasoning love; who, in fact, would have their wives love them with their hearts indeed, but also with their intelligence? The thought troubled her. She knew him well enough by instinct in one way, but very little by intimate association in another. She had little to guide her. The question was vital, but she must wait for the reply.

She had met him constantly, and their acquaintance had much advanced since his return from Paris; but he had not referred in any way to the errand which took him there. She knew that he had been worse than unsuccessful, for the story of Park Lane had been revived and amplified and commented upon indefinitely since that time. He suffered in silence and alone. At times she longed to give the aid and companionship he must need, and yet she liked him all the more for the fine reticence that held him solitary.

The trees had ceased to drip; and Lady Madesson, finding a couple of chairs, took one, for her thoughts weighed upon her. She wished to see her way more clearly through the mists of conjecture and feeling.

As it chanced, Cahusac, after hesitating for a moment at the Broad Walk, turned into the same path. To his relief, he saw no one along its length, for the rain had driven away the usual loungers. He walked slowly, his eyes upon the ground, his whole figure unstrung. To the most careless passer-by he must have suggested a man acquainted with grief.

Lorrie saw him afar off, but did not at first recognise the listless hang of his shoulders and his changed bearing. He came nearer, and would have passed without seeing her, but since fate had flung him so near she was not going to allow him to drift by.

'It is getting late. I rather want some one to see me home, Mr Cahusac,' she said, rising.

Cahusac started. Then, most unwillingly, it must be owned, he raised his hat and approached her. 'I did not expect to meet you here.'

'Pray don't try to lower my poor vanity. I know that perfectly! All the same, I see you are tired; sit down and rest for a moment.'

There was nothing for it but to accept her invitation; but, once seated, he felt glad of the respite from movement, for he was singularly weary. A recollection of their last meeting before he went to Paris oppressed him. He felt he must allude to it, yet shrank from doing so.

'I found out a little in Paris,' he began at last. 'I dare say you know the *Gas-Lamp* relies for its information on *L'Œil*.'

Lorrie nodded. 'Well?'

'There is nothing more to tell, only that I found a man in a garret crying for the moon.'

'What do you mean?'

'He was a man who has written a play—a wonderful play, I really believe, though he said no one appreciated it. I heard him declaim the lover's appeal to Astoreth.'

'But'—— She stopped. Cahusac provoked and baffled her. He remained silent, but there was an air of exhaustion in his attitude which disarmed her.

Then Lorrie Madesson talked to him softly, while he leant back, pleasantly soothed, and listened with a growing sense of relief from mental pain.

By-and-by he found himself looking at her. She was dressed all in white, and her outline shone out against the dark-green background of branches. Her beauty had stirred him before to-day, and now she seemed more lovely, and even more interesting, than ever. As she talked she smiled occasionally, and her smile flashed in the shadow. Yes, he reflected lazily, Detching was right! What a good comrade, what a companion, this woman could be!

Lady Madesson saw the slow revival of his spent strength, and afterwards of his interest in herself. She gave him time to recover completely.

'Surely you do not agree with that,' he said carelessly, in answer to some laughing talk of hers. 'You do not think marriage spoils a young man's career?'

'Very often it does.'

'Why?'

'Partly because woman's love—the love of the average woman—is horribly selfish.'

'You will forgive my saying that I, as a man, think so; but I am surprised to hear a woman acknowledge it. Why is it so selfish? A mere man could never come upon the answer to a problem even so common as this one. The old hackneyed phrase is true. Women are a mystery we fail to fathom through all the ages.'

'Is that why you are so apt to prefer the shallow women?' she asked rather quickly.

He felt the prick of the question; it roused remembrance. 'I suppose we prefer what we can understand most of,' he replied.

'And you do not care to be understood in return? Are men so ineradicably vain that they prefer to be worshipped blindly?'

The subject was encroaching too near to reality. He laughed. 'I suppose we enjoy worship. It is one of our most contemptible weaknesses. But you promised to explain the other problem to me. Men don't interest me. I know so much about them, you see.'

Cahusac had thrown off his depression; he felt cheered; his companion always had the power to stimulate him. Besides, he admired her very particularly. He felt the influence of her strong, intensely human, and imaginative nature; his mind responded to the worldly-wise and world-loving side of her character. He often caught himself wondering how a woman of her slenderness could be so commanding. Her face, in spite of its full, firm lines, might have been the face of a girl but for her eyes. Her eyes held a history. They made manifest her powers, and perhaps her limitations. She was strong, too, with the sympathetic strength a man can trust to and lean upon without losing self-respect. And, above all, she understood.

And what had Alice Lanceley to pit against this widowed girl-woman's qualities, her knowledge of life, her glowing beauty? Alice had beauty too, and ideals yet undimmed in their innocence and singleness of thought; the bloom was on the fruit. She compelled a loving pity where the other compelled adoration. For Lorrie, her weakness was in her strength; for Alice, her strength lay in her weakness.

It was some time before Lorrie answered, and even then Cahusac, wrapped in his own thoughts, hardly heeded. The first words he heard were: 'It is the conventional idea which is all wrong. We are very much what the prevailing set of opinions amongst our intimates makes us. A girl from the moment she is engaged leads about in public the man who has chosen her. The average woman's instinct is to love selfishly. "He is mine," she says, and spends her life in proving it before the world. He does good work, let us suppose. The average wife allows it, delights in it, but her thought is, "My husband is great."'

'But look at the reverse picture,' he argued; 'very few men are big-souled enough to endure that their wives should be greater than themselves.'

Lady Madesson's eyes gleamed. 'I don't blame them for that,' she said. 'Besides, it always works out wrong in the end.'

'Things go crookedly if a woman is captain—is that what you mean?'

'Yes. No woman who really believes herself greater than her husband can go on loving him.'

'Is not that heresy at the present day?'

'I suppose so. But I am not talking of women as they talk of themselves on platforms. I am taking them as I find them in the mass.'

'But we are getting away from our subject—the selfishness of love.'

'So we are!' She smiled and considered a moment. 'The generally received idea as to what constitutes love is wrong. That is half the mischief. Take two instances. A wife who makes her husband send in his papers on the eve of active service is called loving. It is said she loves him too much to let him go into danger; while another who will not hold him back from his duty, who makes no fuss, but who waits and prays and hopes, who cheers and strengthens him with talk of future meeting and promotion and glory—she is considered cold-hearted, to say the least. A selfish affection parades itself; it clings and forbids and weeps; and it is magnified by public opinion, which is always in a hurry and judges by the eye only, while it condemns the true love which refuses to indulge itself at so heavy a cost to its beloved.'

Cahusac was thinking of Alice again, but with a lenient tenderness. She could love, dear little girl! even if she could not discriminate between the false love and the true. Faulty reasoning, perhaps, but such as serves with most men.

'And what is the result as far as the man is concerned?' he asked presently.

'If he is easy-going it destroys his moral fibre. If he is not—Heaven knows! The common idea of woman's love turns it into a vice, nothing less. How often do you hear women say, "There are plenty of single men; let them go and be killed!" We have ceased to say, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more." Women marry men nowadays to enfeeble them, it seems to me.'

Cahusac took off his hat and ran his hand over his hair as he answered with a smile, 'And men like it sometimes, you know. It is restful to be let down easily.'

Lorrie looked at him. 'You are thinking of somebody in particular, and speaking from his—or rather her—point of view,' she said.

Cahusac's guilt appeared in his eyes. 'How could you guess that?'

'Because you yourself are quite otherwise. I should hate you if'——

'Don't hate me,' he said lightly. 'I am young still, you know. Let me enjoy as much of life as I may!'

The tone fell cold upon her warm mood and checked her. 'Do you wish to live to be old?' she asked suddenly.

'Good heavens, no! What an awful idea!' He was in bitter earnest now.

'Nor I,' she said. 'I have often thought I should like to die when I am in the full flower of my life, before I fade. Do you remember what Tristram says?—the saddest lines on earth, I think:

May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire.

You, at that age, will still have your work and your career and your ambitions. What shall I have, for example? Only my eyes, my face, my hair, fading—surely fading—while every year a new wave of beauty rises.' Her tone held regret, but no echo of feebleness asking for pity.

'There remains the beauty of the mind,' Cahusac answered with a keen consciousness of the antiquated inanity of the remark.

'The mind!' laughed Lorrie. 'And what

does a man care for the beauty of a woman's mind? What will you give for the beauty of the mind?'

'Respect at least.'

'Yes, respect and pity, much as the Roman gave respect and pity to his sculptor or his painter slave. The mind! But what is the good of talking about it? We all know that it is most frequently just its own reward, no more, no less.'

'But a woman cannot be beautiful without a soul.'

'Nor can a woman be soulful in a man's eyes without beauty!' she retorted. 'If she is, the quality is called by other names—cant or affectation; any epithet is good enough to give it.'

'Well, it seems to me I can account for that. The greatest soul rarely gives a glimpse of itself to the multitude,' said Cahusac.

'Is it not a species of immodesty to bare the soul?' she retorted, falling in swiftly, as usual, with his thought. 'Physical beauty is on the outside; the beauty of the soul is sacred to one. You know, as Holmes says,' she went on more lightly, '"We are different persons to each of our friends." The Lady Madesson Monsieur de Sarsan knows is not Wilford's Lady Madesson, nor is Wilford's Lady Madesson the woman you think I am.'

'But you—why will you make yourself so different?' The words were out before he was aware.

She ignored his direct meaning, which might have been translated into a reproach.

'Self-screening is a species of soul-modesty,' she replied. 'Not two women in a generation lay bare their souls, thank Heaven!'

He had always known that she was the incarnation of something—something whose name was hidden from him, but which dwelt behind the laughter and the brilliancy, the endless varying changes of her eyes. As she spoke the unseen veil between them seemed to drop. His look plunged deep into her real thought for a second. It was a revelation. But she would not suffer more. With a swift movement she turned her head away.

'Why?' The question which sprang rather from the interchanged look than her last words meant much to him at the moment.

'The body perishes,' she answered, 'but the memory never perishes. Who would reveal herself to one unworthy? But between two equal souls who loved equally self-revelation would be the beginning of eternity! See? How late it is! I must go.' She rose hurriedly and walked away.

(To be continued.)

CALIFORNIA'S DESERT.

THE desert is not officially listed as one of California's attractions. You would look quite in vain for a description of it in the parti-coloured and voluminous literature of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railway lines or trans-continental lines either. The section—which, as a geography would say, is bounded on the north by Nevada, on the east by the Colorado River, on the south by the San Jacinto (Wacinto) range of mountains, and on the west by the Sierra Nevadas—looks on the map much like the rest of California, unless you happen to notice such names as Death Valley, Pilot Butte, Funeral Mountains, Furnace Creek, Dead Man's Point, Bitter Springs, and other appellations of a similarly suggestive ill-omen.

The eastern man on his vacation boards the train, laden, in addition to his maps, guides, and folders, with a vague but roseate preconception of what California will be like. It is one in which figure largely orange-groves and sun-kissed meadows, vine-clad hills and rolling wheat-fields, giant rose-trees and a riotous profusion of semi-tropical verdure. He knows these things are so, because his enthusiastic friends newly returned from the land of sunshine have vividly described them to him. California is California, and no sooner has the big 'double-header'—a train driven by two engines—poked its snorting nose across the border of the Golden State than he is peering anxiously from the car-window. Is he perhaps awed by that vast expanse of yucca-trees, Joshua sage-brush, and greasewood or creosote-trees? Not at all; he is looking for a palm-tree. From the Needles to Cajou (Cahoou) the thirsty and expectant traveller is made keenly aware of hours and hours of waterless wastes. He may refuse to heed them, and to that end bury himself bodily in the latest magazines; but the desert will not be denied. An all-penetrating cloud of gritty, sneezy dust sifts freely through airtight double windows, and settles familiarly on him and his. The sun peers curiously through the panes, and finding only a close-drawn curtain, beats furiously upon those excellent heat-conductors with torrid and wilting effect. The observation platform affords, through a whirling dust-fog, glimpses of life limited to a few scuttling lizards, a multitude of jack-rabbits, and an occasional coyote sitting on his haunches and watching the clattering intruder with an indescribable air of boredom. Now and again the train pulls to a reluctant stop, panting thirstily beside one of the infrequent water-tanks.

The towns that cluster about these desert 'water-stops' have an individuality not entirely due to their picturesque population. Generally in the little crowd about the station there are a

few who await the train as passengers. These are of all sorts, and the transient population of the desert is an oddly mixed one. Among them is the prospector, one not to be readily mistaken even by the eye unaccustomed to these nomads of the mountains and foothills. From his grizzled face, leathered by long acquaintance with the sun and sand, to his high-laced 'surveyors' or mountain-boots, he looks the part. His right shoulder sags even without its accustomed burden of a pack, his corduroys are streaked and grimed with pot-black, his hands are eloquent of single jack and pick, and to remove all doubt his pockets bulge with rock-samples. Denude a prospector of his tools, remove him forcibly from his natural environment, invest him—if you can—in pocketless evening-clothes, and he will chip samples from the stone coping with your best opera-glass, and secrete them in his top-hat. He has the habit. Contrary perhaps to the general impression, the 'white Arab' is seldom morose or taciturn. Nine-tenths of his life is spent in silence and solitude, with no other companion than a pack-mule or burro (donkey), whose speech is limited to two startling syllables; but the fluency and freedom of his own speech are in no wise impaired by long disuse, and it is not difficult at all to engage him in conversation. He will probably try to sell you an El Dorado of his own locating, and he will frequently need diverting or switching from the tiresome jargon of lead, ledge, and strike; but in his own way will tell many things that are worth listening to. They lose nothing by the crude directness of the telling. Don't make the mistake of supposing him to be the victim of circumstances, or venture to commiserate him upon a life condemned to hardship and desolation. He would tell you, though in more forcible idiom, that those to be pitied are those whose bread and butter require that they live inside of fences. He has small use for cities or civilisation. Seen at close range or heard at first hand, the life of the average prospector hardly seems to justify his choice or to reflect credit upon his judgment.

The quest of the nimble pay-streak is a picturesque one, but more picturesque between the covers of a magazine than elsewhere. The annals of mining districts are full of tales of lucky strikes, of wealth uncovered by a single blow of a casual pick, of mines worth millions stumbled upon by the merest chance. The other side of the shield is less attractive. For every man that has achieved wealth or even a competency in the toiling search there are a hundred who have not even the price of a fresh grub-stake to show for years of hard work. Out of the thousands of claims in a single district a ridiculously small percentage have even paid the recording-fee. Of those whose ventures are built on the great American principle of taking a chance, the prospector is the biggest gambler of all. On the elusive possibility of some day making a big strike he is risking more than his time and labour, or the bacon, beans, and flour that constitute his grub-stake. Even for the hardiest and most experienced, the desert harbours a multitude of pitfalls. Any one of a score of accidents away in the wilds—a way mistaken, a distance miscalculated, a trifling sun-sickness, a leaking canteen, a misstep on the rocks, a lurking reptile—may make a heap of bones the grisly monument that marks his last claim.

A case in point was that of Superintendent Perry, of the Dagget Borax Works, a man thoroughly acquainted with the desert. He started on horseback from Leach's Point, carrying an ample supply of food and water, and travelling a plain and perfectly familiar trail. Some hours out his horse showed signs of sickness, struggled a short distance, and finally fell under him. Perry did everything possible to restore the animal, but it died within an hour. The trip was imperative, and he determined to complete it on foot. His canteen still contained water enough to get him easily to Hidden Springs, where he could get a fresh supply. Late in the afternoon, as he was trudging along through a rough piece of trail, his alert ear caught the warning whir of a rattlesnake close to him. He leaped to one side, stumbled against a projecting point, and fell, bursting the canteen against a sharp rock. Its contents were instantly sucked up by the thirsty sand, less than a mouthful being left. Holding this in his own shadow to lessen its evaporation, and moistening his lips with stingy drops at intervals, Perry pushed on toward the Springs, now about forty miles away. By nightfall his tongue was so badly swollen by thirst as to protrude from his mouth; at eight o'clock, completely exhausted, he lay down in the trail, where an hour later he was picked up in a semi-delirious condition by the driver of a borax-team. The coming of this team, without which Perry would undoubtedly have died where he lay, was a mere chance. It had been delayed earlier in the trip, and on the trail was twenty-four hours behind its usual time. In commenting upon the experience, Perry remarked that he sat up until twelve o'clock that night drinking water.

To one whose thirst is quenched from a nickel-plated tap the bare facts of what lack of water means in the desert's kiln-dried and blistering heat sounds like fanciful exaggeration. In the sink of Death Valley, two hundred and fifty feet below sea-level, where the mercury rises to one hundred and thirty degrees in the shade—without any shade—and the humidity falls to less than 1 per cent., men have gone insane with canteens less than an hour dry. They have fallen and died a scant quarter of a mile from a flowing spring. Dementia is, in such cases, an almost invariable precursor of the end; it manifests

itself strangely and seldom twice alike. Near the head of the grimly named Paradise Valley, stretching from the north to the Calico Range, is a large yucca-tree under which is a great heap of boulders, and nailed to a stake beside it is a pine board bearing the pencilled scrawl, 'Grave of John C. O'Brien.' They found him there, his arm still outstretched in a great hole he had made with no other tools than his hands, torn and stripped fleshless in his frenzied digging for water. In that strange well they buried him, and piled stones above to guard against the prowling coyotes.

Desert lore is replete with legends of great finds made by men in the hour of extremity and never rediscovered. There is a family similarity about these tales suggesting that, if not wholly mythical, they are at least patterned after a common model. The great Peg Leg Mine is such a one; another the famous Breyfogle Butte, which, as the story goes, is a huge mass of quartz in which nestle lumps of virgin gold like raisins in a pudding. More famous than either is the outworn tradition of the lost Gunsight Lead, in search of which particular wild-goose scores of men have gone and not a few have lost their lives. The man who originated the remark that there are 'grafters' in every business under the sun might have reasonably expected to find an exception in that of prospecting. Its fruits, barren enough when legitimately attained, would scarcely seem to offer any temptations to the easy-going person who toils not nor spins as long as there is credulity to be imposed upon. But the grub-stake eater is a 'grafter' pure and simple. To some likely tenderfoot, unsophisticated in the ways of the desert, in the character of 'guide, philosopher, and friend' he unfolds, in strictest confidence, an alluring proposition. Prefacing it with some such legend as the Gunsight Lead appropriately adorned, he sets forth that he alone is possessed of knowledge whereby with but little search he can relocate the lost bonanza. He proves it by a minute description of a territory he has happened to come across, with a host of convincing details which naturally tally to the smallest particular with those of the original story. He adds, with proper indignation, that up to that time he has found no one he can trust with the great secret. If his new friend, whom he can see to be a man of judgment and discretion, will back and grub-stake him, he will guarantee to make both of them millionaires. If the new friend catches on, as with skilful handling he is apt to do, the pseudo-prospector presently sets forth with a complete outfit of tools, burros, blankets, and rations for sixty or ninety days. He disappears into the hills, and thence unostentatiously retires to some obscure haven of rest, where he proceeds to justify his name by consuming the grub-stake in peace and comfort. Needless to add, he wastes no time in futile searching for the lost treasure. The rations gone, he returns, taking with him a number of appropriately rich ore-samples which he has thoughtfully provided beforehand. These he submits to his backer with as vivid a tale of hardship and suffering as his fat and sleek condition will not too obviously belie. The samples are secretly assayed; and the tenderfoot, overjoyed at the result, needs little persuasion to provide another and more expensive outfit, together generally with a little hard cash for the opening and development of the new claim. The second trip is essentially a repetition of the first, with the minor exception that this time the grub-stake eater never reappears. One advantage of the device, from the latter's point of view, is that not for months, and frequently never, does the victim awaken to the fact that he has supported an imaginary benefactor in idle luxury—desert luxury—for anywhere from three months to a year.

Although the prospector of accepted fiction is invariably associated with the search for precious metal, his attention is by no means confined to this. The modern knight of the short pick depends on more than mere haphazard luck and rule-of-thumb. Endurance and tenacity, indispensable as they are, do not weigh in the balance against a practical and working knowledge of mineralogy, petrography, and geology. A group of the most valuable claims in the entire Silver Mountain mining district are those which include Black Mountain, an enormous mass of impure limestone thrown up by some geological freak in the midst of hills of shale. It was long considered worthless until a more up-to-date prospector recognised it as 'cement rock,' the principal ingredient from which Portland cement is made. The value of such a deposit may be realised from the fact that Southern California alone uses a million and a half barrels of Portland cement yearly in buildings, paving, and irrigation-ditches. Another example is furnished by the story of the discovery of borax in Death Valley, one of the most valuable strikes ever made in California. The discoverer, Aaron Winters, was at the time living in a little lonely shack on the Amargoza Flats at the south end of the valley. Thither, attracted by the light, came one night a vagrant prospector from Nevada. He had with him a sample of borax brought from a small deposit across the border. This Winters instantly recognised as being the same kind of curious stuff he had seen lying in great beds in Death Valley, but of which he had never known the name. Adroitly questioned, the garrulous wanderer presently explained to Winters the simple but little-known test for borax. No sooner was their visitor safely gone than Winters and his wife, carrying a little food and water, a pick, a saucer, and a bottle of alcohol, set out on foot northward into the valley. At nightfall the next day they arrived at the first of the strange beds. Without waiting even

to moisten his parched throat, Winters fell upon it with pick and bare hands till a little of the surface crust was removed. He scraped up a handful of the loose stuff, piled it in the saucer, moistened it with alcohol, and struck a match. An instant later he hurled his hat in one direction, his pick in another, and seizing his wife, waltzed that astonished woman around the strange flickering flame, whooping, 'She burns green, Rosie! She burns green, Rosie!' Winters realised a comfortable fortune from his discovery, though it was small compared to others made from Death Valley borax. Even to-day the man of the valley lighting upon something new heralds his find with the classic yell, 'She burns green, Rosie!'

Much of the desert's interest, at least for those at a distance, centres about its peculiar and characteristic fauna. Of these original natives the festive jack-rabbit is far and away the most numerous and familiar; of his characteristics the far-awayness is most noticeable. In this connection it may be mentioned, in a hoarse whisper, that during the Belgian hare craze of a few years ago many a young and succulent jack from the Mojave and other deserts masqueraded on Angeleno tables under the name of his patrician cousin. The rabbit is subject during the summer months to a peculiar ailment which, together with the tick, kills him off by thousands; but, like the house-fly, he never gets any fewer. Second place goes easily to the coyote, who, by the way, pronounces his name *ki-ote* in the desert. Those who have not heard the weird psalm of this desert songster, wrung from his heart on some distant butte in the full of the moon, have still much to learn of the sad and lugubrious. His cunning is notorious, and it is even asserted that when the San Bernardino Company offered two dollars fifty cents each for his several scalps, the coyote read the notices and moved to Nevada. Even his circumspection is, however, not proof against the toothsome allurement of an auger-hole filled with lard and strychnine, and it is thus that the coyote is mostly despatched. Most dangerous in the list is the rattlesnake, excepting only his half-brother the side-winder. The side-winder is a vicious cross between rattlesnake and viper, betraying his kinship to the latter by his size, which rarely exceeds eighteen inches, and by the horns he wears above his eyes. Instead of crawling, he travels by a peculiar side-flopping movement, from which he gets his name. He strikes without coiling, and his rattles are so faint as to be nearly inaudible. Both snakes travel in the cool of the night, and both have a disconcerting fondness for snuggling into the blankets of outdoor sleepers. Lizards are very plentiful, mostly of a small and extremely agile variety. The gila monster—the only venomous member of a large family—is less frequently met with. The chuckawallah is a very large lizard, sometimes attaining a weight of several pounds; he is vastly ugly, even for a lizard, but his flesh is edible, and, roasted whole between hot stones, the Pinte and Yuma Indians eat him with infinite relish. Desert terrapins are often found up to the size of a dinner-plate moving along with dignity and deliberation, but apparently never getting anywhere. Among that particularly hideous trinity, the tarantula, centipede, and scorpion, there is little to choose either in numbers or undesirability. Unless from a very large one, the bite or sting is seldom fatal, though the popular impression is otherwise, as an incident will show. There was at one time a tenderfoot named Willett working a claim in the Calico range of mountains. On his way to work one morning he found a huge tarantula hiding in a crevice. He captured it with a pair of tongs, and killed it, as he thought, with alcohol, intending to keep it as a souvenir. He put it in a light pasteboard box, and, tossing this on a shelf in his little shack, left it. During his absence the creature, extraordinarily tenacious of life, revived sufficiently to push away the light and loosely fitting cover of its prison and escaped. On his return Willett discovered this, and, being unacquainted with the ways of tarantulas, at once concluded that the horrible thing was lurking somewhere in the cabin, waiting an opportunity to leap on him unawares. He nearly tore the shack to pieces in a frantic effort to find and crush his enemy, but without success. After struggling for two days with an ever-growing fear, bred partly of the silence and solitude about him, he set fire to the cabin; and later, his nerve completely shaken, he abandoned the claim. Anything like a complete account of the curious denizens of rocks and sand would take up several more pages: the hydrophobia skunk, whose bite is credibly asserted to produce rabies; the little gray fox, whose reputed nocturnal habits disturb the rest of the imaginative tenderfoot; the kangaroo-rat, a comical beast whose swift progress depends on the skilled use of a stout and muscular tail; and the horned toad, which can defy the attack of any rattlesnake.

Any description of the desert, however inadequate, must include a word about the 'dry rancher.' He is without any exception the most optimistic man in existence. His fortitude and hopefulness under hopeless conditions would make Job look like a cry-baby. He is the man who perennially scratches the surface of the desert flats, and plants seed where, as a storekeeper remarked, 'a man's hair would stop growing without he sat up nights to water it.' From an agricultural point of view he is 'up against it,' as his provisions, his water, even his horse-feed, must be bought and hauled for weary miles from the nearest town; and of all the mysteries the desert holds, not the least is what sort of hope for the future keeps him on his little patch of sun-baked earth or sand.

THE SANITARY ASPECT OF THE MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMAGE.

AS a possible disseminator of disease, the Mohammedan pilgrimage at all times demands grave attention; especially is this so with regard to the pilgrimage of 1910–11, when cholera was so prevalent in South-Eastern Europe.

The pilgrims are an extremely heterogeneous gathering — Caucasians, Arabs, Syrians, and Indians mingling with Javanese and Mograbins of Morocco. Many are extremely dirty, their garments appear to be family heirlooms, and their personal habits are distinctly open to objection on more scores than one. In most cases the pilgrims are disinfected before boarding the steamers carrying them to Yambo or Jiddah (for Medina or Mecca as the case may be), and on disembarkation there they are again disinfected and undergo medical examination. The journey from the coast by camel to Medina (where Mohammed 'el Raisool' is buried), and thence to Mecca the Holy, is an arduous one, the water-supply being a great source of difficulty. At Mecca itself there is only one well, and grave fears of its drying up were entertained last season.

The conditions prevalent at the height of the season—at the gathering in the valley of Muna and later—when there are over one hundred thousand people in a very confined space, are such as would favour an appallingly rapid spread of any epidemic which caught hold. It must be borne in mind that Europeans are not permitted near the Holy Places of the Yemen if they are not followers of the Prophet, and European medical supervision is therefore conspicuously absent.

After their return to the coast, the 'Hadjis,' as they are termed after making the journey, are conveyed by steamer to Tor in the case of those going north, and those going south to Camaran. Both are quarantine stations in the Red Sea; the former one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Suez, and the latter north of Hodeidah, near Aden. The steamers are subject to special regulations; doctors, hospitals, and attendants must be carried, water-tanks covered up from possibility of contamination, and a certain specified amount of deck-space allowed for each pilgrim as accommodation, and again half that space extra as exercise-ground. In addition, stringently enforced rules regarding the purely sanitary arrangements are in force.

On arrival at the quarantine camp, the pilgrims and ships have to undergo three days' quarantine if the pilgrimage has been declared clean, or either seven or ten days if it be declared *brut de peste*. Those undergoing ten days have no further quarantine to undergo; but those for Morocco and other comparatively distant countries undergo their seven days, and a further three days at their destination. This with regard to Tor, which is under the Egyptian Quarantine Board.

On disembarkation, all food and possibly contaminated luggage—that is, germ-concealing—are destroyed; the remainder is fumigated and returned to the owners when the period of surveillance is over. Each shipload of Hadjis is then placed in a separate camp, and kept from mingling with other lots. At one time over ten thousand pilgrims were in Tor camp, and the staff—consisting of European (including British) doctors, and of British nursing-sisters—had as much work as could possibly be contended with. It is a testimony to the efficiency of the regulations and the way in which they are carried out that only twoscore odd cases of cholera occurred.

The difficulties encountered in dealing with the Hadjis are various and often acute. Many regard the interference of the authorities as altogether unwarranted and an interposition between themselves and Providence, and their numbers render concerted action on their part a force to be contended with. It not infrequently happens that, on account of a mutiny among the fanatics, a shipload of Hadjis has to be sent off before the period of quarantine is up. Their disposition also renders the necessary isolation of relatives or friends a matter requiring diplomacy of no mean order, the ignorant fellahin in particular giving up all hope of seeing again those who are separated from them. For this reason, also, each shipload has to be sent off complete as it arrived at the camp. The Chinese are fractious patients, some of them labouring under the idea that medicine given them is poison to speed the departing, as is the case sometimes in the more benighted parts in their own country. Others, again, murmur 'Kismet;' they are usually old men who have spent most of their lives in gathering the necessary money for the pilgrimage; and if it is the will of Allah that they should depart to the Elysian Fields, why, is it not fate?

Although the work at the camps is hard, there are a few distractions to enliven things, and of course humorous incidents are by no means uncommon. There is, however, a general sigh of relief when the last load of happy Hadjis departs, the passengers certain of their future translation into the Gardens of Bliss where the almond-eyed houris await them, and that while in this world they are certain of veneration and respect.

THE SEA-SHELL.

I HOLD a sea-shell to my ear—
What is this murmur that I hear?
Sound of the far sea's softened din,
Or pulse-beats of my heart within?

And when I feel, the still night through,
Sense of thy presence—ah, is 't true?
Comes thy sweet soul, or can it be
The love my own heart bears to thee?

LILIAN RAWLINGS.

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SEVENTH SERIES

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE.

By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

'IF I were a millionaire'——

'Was it a publisher who invited you to imagine that?' asked Cynthia. 'If so, the man must want to add insult to injury.'

When Cynthia interrupts me in the throes of composition I sometimes miss the point and answer inattentively. 'I don't see where the insult comes in,' said I. 'A story-teller has at times to imagine himself all sorts of unpleasant characters—a pirate, for instance, or an anarchist. Why not a millionaire as well as any other enemy of society? If I were a millionaire'——

'Ah!' Cynthia drew a long breath, laid down her knitting, and leaned forward with her hands spread to the fire and a soft rapture in her eyes. 'You should put away pen and paper and never trouble to write another book in your life!' she murmured.

'I—I had hoped that one or two masterpieces yet remained to be written,' was my faint protest. She ignored it.

'And you could have that six months in Rome, and the long tour in Greece, with the cruise to the Ionian Islands, and that other cruise up the Nile—all the journeys, in fact, that you have always been planning but could never afford.'

'Alas! no.'

'And that winter in Italy, with all those pictures to see. You have told me often enough, when in a bad temper, lamenting your fate, that Italy was necessary to every Englishman who tried to be an artist, and that, except for the shortest of visits, you had missed it.'

'Alas! yes. But if I am to write no more books it would scarcely seem to matter.'

'And Japan and Quebec — not to mention Seville and Salamanca, and the pilgrimage to Madrid to see Velazquez' "Surrender of Breda." We could contrive them all.'

'Contrive!' I echoed. 'You don't seem to realise your luck. With a million of money we can buy a steam-yacht, and order it to take us whithersoever we list. It would be worth while to contrast it with our old voyages in the little *Vida*, when I cooked breakfast in the cockpit whilst you tidied the cabin—do you remember?'

She smiled at this. As if either of us could ever forget! 'I detest steam,' she answered.

'We would start with a comfortable schooner—a safe, roomy one, with high bulwarks.'

'Already,' said I, 'you begin to evince the creeping cautiousness of affluence. There were no bulwarks on the little *Vida;* and when we were young, and it really mattered if we drowned, a sea on board used to be rather good fun. Anyhow, we might start in your comfortable schooner; assuredly in the time left to us we should never arrive at all the ports we desire to visit.'

'I don't see why you need make us out older than we are,' objected Cynthia, and the rebuke will ever be convincing while she can pout so becomingly.

'You forget,' I replied, 'I have just come into a million of money, and am feeling the strain.'

'Anyhow,' she said, 'we could enlarge the library—as you planned, two years ago.'

'That is true,' I agreed, looking around the narrow workshop in which we sit after dinner, preferring it to the drawing-room. The books stand two-deep on its shelves, and Heaven alone knows how much loss of time and temper this has cost me at one time and another. 'At this moment I am wondering where to dig for my volume of Clough, to turn up the poem that begins:

> How pleasant it is to have money—heigho!
> How pleasant it is to have money!

and resumes the strain (as I seem to recollect) *da capo.* I don't see what else could be done with so absolute a thought.'

'It is the absurdest room for a library,' Cynthia announced with the air of one making a discovery. 'It ought to be at least twice as large again.'

'But if I am to have done with books it scarcely seems necessary'——

'And then,' she pursued, 'we could have a floor above, which would just take that other guest-chamber we have been wanting so long, with a dressing-room, extra bathroom, and perhaps a new heating-cupboard'——

At this point I arose and took the hearth firmly, standing above her with my hands deep in my pockets. 'I must beg you to listen,' said I, 'as one millionaire to another.'

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'But I thought it was only one million between us.'

'Don't trifle, please—as one joint owner in a million to another, if you prefer it.' Cynthia murmured that she didn't, but I went on unheeding. 'You don't seem to know what a million of money means. You talk about enlarging this box of a house when a moment's reflection should tell you that people in our position cannot possibly be content with less than a country seat, with the sort of garden you see illustrated in *Country Life*, and at least a couple of thousand acres of rough shooting, not to mention a home-farm, a deer-park, and such trifles.'

'I have always wanted that,' agreed Cynthia sweetly; 'with a house (or at least a flat) in London. But I began with this house because we must have this too; the children think there's no such home in the world.'

'God bless them for that! But how many days in the year are we already leaving them to enjoy it? For I know that, while you can help it, you will never let them out of your care. Well, *imprimis*, we tour the world in a fine schooner yacht, wherein I listen for their footsteps on deck, myself seated in my cabin signing cheques—the most abhorrent occupation in the world. You, meanwhile, are not only engaged in wondering what deterioration our absence will work in our own domestics—and I should say that no living woman had ever been luckier in her servants, if I didn't know that with you it's no luck at all, but just a combination of steady government with steady liking—I repeat you are not only worrying about them, but fretting yourself about servants to be engaged for London: how to engage them, and then how to trust them—untried creatures, exposed (in our frequent absences) to a hundred temptations of which our tried ones know nothing. While our yacht explored—say the South Sea Islands—you would be worrying over servants. On top of that you would want me to stand for Parliament.'

'Women are ambitious,' said Cynthia, musing.

'So are some men in their way. I once had an ambition to write books. But as yet we have faced only the inconvenience of living up to our income. We have still to consider the far more difficult problem of getting rid of the capital before we die.'

'I don't understand you at all,' said Cynthia.

'A racing-stable would bore me to death. When we visited Monte Carlo some years ago, we agreed in disliking the smell around the tables. To distribute the money among the deserving poor would take all the time we have already set aside for foreign travel. Yet something must be done, for the necessity is urgent. You remember the American millionaire we met at Basle? To be precise, it was I who encountered him after his womenfolk had driven me to escape from the compartment in which for forty minutes their talk had been torture. I abandoned you to them; yes, I confess my cowardice. I plunged into the nearest refuge, a second-class smoker, and there I stumbled over the Steel-King. He sat picking at a paper-bag stained with the juices of decayed cherries. They had handed out this refuse to him at the station before last, when he looked in to see "how they were getting on." Having finished his meal of offal, he lit an unsavoury cheap cigar, and asked (for he recognised me) what I thought of his Show—that was the word; and actually I conceived then and there a respect for this man (ostensibly the meanest of human products), and could understand his pride in escorting such a wife and such daughters on the mission of making Europe sit up. I found something great in this showman who could so cheerfully accept the charity of his exhibits and take its orts, with his dignity, off to a second-class smoking-carriage. But I felt no desire to emulate his greatness. My dear,' I exclaimed upon a sudden happy thought, 'I have it! We can make over the bulk of this silly wealth to the Bodleian, retaining enough only to pay our passages handsomely around the world and keep us, on our return, in comfort all the rest of our days.'

'The Bodleian!' said Cynthia. 'Doesn't that already get a copy of every one of your books for nothing? I never could see why.'

'Nor I. But since you condemn me to write no more, I suggest that we owe it some recompense.'

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XVII.—AT HONOUR'S ALTAR.

MRS WESTAWAY was very grateful. She had never specially liked M. de Sarsan; but if by some ingenious arrangement of the Lanceley money matters he could save disgrace to the family at large, and relieve them of expense in the minor particular of providing for Wilford's debts and maintenance, why, there was every reason to be nice to the man. He had been talking to her for half-an-hour; and, though she could not understand his chain of reasoning, she hoped she had got hold of the main fact.

'I'm sure it is very good of you to take so much trouble on my nephew's behalf,' she was saying. 'We all consider it most clever of you to have saved anything for him. Will he be able to live decently?'

De Sarsan caressed the points of his moustache.

He saw through his hostess's bland civilities, and despised her rather more than he despised most British matrons. But he replied suavely, 'I promise you he will be able to live as he has lived heretofore, with the exercise of a little economy. That is all.'

Mrs Westaway sighed in a manner that betokened relief. 'That is delightful for him, and quite charming of you to be so resourceful,' she said. 'But I still wish that Alice had been less wrong-headed and obstinate.'

'Is it not your family sense of honour? We cannot condemn her,' De Sarsan rejoined innocently; but he had the pleasure of seeing Mrs Westaway colour and wince.

'Slightly exaggerated in her case,' corrected the lady.

'Exaggeration is the fault of youth. We all enthuse while we are young,' he said tolerantly.

'It is unfortunate that enthusiasm so rarely provides for its disciples.'

De Sarsan was silent for a long moment. It was an eloquent silence, and Mrs Westaway actually squirmed in secret under its reprobation. She felt mean.

'We must mark our sense of her folly,' she said, as if in reply to an accusation. 'She opposed those who were in a position to judge better than herself. You may call her conduct by any euphemism you please, but the fact remains that she chose to play the heroine at other people's cost.'

It was some days after the reception at Lord Fulham's, and De Sarsan had had time since his return from Paris to put Wilford's affairs in order. This proved to be a somewhat expensive matter; but Alice's fortune, which was in his hands, more than repaid the outlay. Moreover, he felt he might without much risk undertake to finance that young man in the future, for Puyfot's verdict on his health had been conclusive. 'His grave is already dug; he may tumble into it to-day or to-morrow—who can tell?—but probably before the year is out.' De Sarsan had come to Park Lane to-day to learn Miss Lanceley's exact position under the altered aspect of her fortunes.

'I will not ask any indiscreet questions as to what you have decided upon with regard to her future; but I must deal with frankness as regards my own relation to it,' he began with a new earnestness of manner. 'I have a very sincere feeling of friendship for your nephew, Mrs Westaway; but I am not so entirely disinterested as you seem to suppose. I have long admired Miss Lanceley; will you pardon my saying that I now admire her more than ever? I am somewhat older than she is, and I have hesitated to express my wishes; but, since she is helpless and practically alone in the world, it is the moment to try my fate.'

Mrs Westaway's blonde and pretty countenance took on a deeper tinge. All her insular and class prejudices rose against the Belgian who aspired to ally himself so closely with her family. On the other hand, there was Alice's position. It might be quite as well for her to marry De Sarsan as to become a governess or something dreadful of that kind. He read her thoughts easily in her changing expression.

'I conclude that my niece knows nothing of your feelings?'

'No; and I venture to suggest that no step should be taken,' he said meaningly, 'until she has had time to consider my request, and make up her mind as to the answer she will give me. Pray speak to her hopefully of her future; do not allow her to be influenced in her decision by any fears for the uncertainties or difficulties which may lie before her should she choose the destiny to which you and her other relations have—forgive me once more—condemned her. I would have her accept me of her own free will, unbiassed and uninfluenced.'

'As you wish; although I think a girl who has already shown herself so blind to common-sense should be guided.'

De Sarsan smiled, but not agreeably. 'I am ambitious, I fear, madam. I have a desire that my wife should accept me from absolutely any other point of view than that of common-sense.'

This independence established him in Mrs Westaway's respect. She succumbed at once. 'Alice is in the house. Would you like to see her?'

'There is no time more happy than the present for a man in my position,' he replied.

While he waited alone he thought over the coming interview. It must be important in its results, and he had little to guide him in the conduct of it. The side of life with which he was familiar would not aid him on this occasion. Alice, in her innocence and aloofness, stood outside his experiences. These qualities tantalised and allured, but they also perplexed. Whether she really lived in the cool altitude of Puritanism or in the lower kingdom of bread and butter he did not know. He smiled to himself. Alice was docile and young enough to be moulded, and he looked forward to bringing her to his own reasonable level. For the present, however, he must avoid wounding her susceptibilities; he would handle them delicately. Yet the marriage must not be too long delayed; expediency urged haste.

At that moment she came in. She had just returned from walking, a tall, slight figure in gray, with a coil of soft golden hair, and blue eyes shining. The wind outside had ruffled the plumes in her hat, but brought no colour to her cheeks. She looked tired and heavy-hearted. The man's callous feelings grew pitiful at the sight of her.

'Dear mademoiselle, you are fatigued!' he said with concern.

'One always is at this stage of the season,' she answered with a forced smile. 'I know something of it; this is my second season.'

'You were not at the Fetterings' last night?'

'No. My aunt did not feel inclined to go. Who was there?' It was a question of the barest civility, but it led directly to the first point De Sarsan wished to make.

'I did not stay long. As soon as I found you were not likely to come I left.' He watched her as he spoke, and was pleased to see a faint flush light her pallor for a moment. 'I saw Lady Madesson and Mr Cahusac of course.'

She was paler than ever now. 'I have not met either of them for some time.'

'But you have heard? It will be a very good thing for him,' he ended as if by an afterthought.

'What will be a good thing for him?' There was no change in the gentle tone; but De Sarsan was far too experienced an observer not to detect the effort the words cost her.

'For the moment I had forgotten Wil's infatuation,' he said apologetically. 'For him, however, the marriage would be less desirable.'

'Would it be desirable for any one?' she asked coldly.

'Yes, certainly—for Mr Cahusac. Her money will mean a career to him. To marry without it spells ruin for a man in his position. And I fancy he knows it.'

There was a pause. Cahusac's words flashed back upon her with a new meaning: 'Whatever you may hear, whatever may happen, believe in me still a little.' And he had been thinking of this—this hateful marriage!

'After all, we must not blame him. She is a very beautiful woman,' De Sarsan added.

'It saves Wil at least,' she said rather faintly.

'I came to talk to you about Wil. He is very penitent and heart-broken. He has ruined you and himself.'

Her white brow took on an anxious frown. 'I have tried to do right, but everything has gone against us. I try and try to puzzle some way out, but life is such a muddle.'

'Have you thought of your future plans?' He suppressed a smile. He could not imagine Alice taking a practical course of any kind.

'Yes; I must be a governess or companion. But I don't know how Wil will live on small means.'

'I fear he will have to live on no means at all.'

The girl clasped her hands tightly. 'Don't say that! I will give him all I can earn. I shall want nothing for myself.'

A very real tenderness rose in De Sarsan. He shook his head sadly. 'My dear child, you don't know what you are saying. Wil could not live for a week on all that you would earn in a year.'

'Then what am I to do?' She was so crushed that he ventured to take her hand in his own.

'I can see a way out—if—if only you will consent to it,' he said with hesitation.

She raised her tearful eyes.

'I gave Mrs Westaway to understand that I had been able to save some remnant of your fortune for Wil. I cannot deceive you in the same way. There is nothing left—actually nothing. Wil's health is not good; if it were I should not dare to make the proposal I have in my mind. As it is, I—we—have no option. Break off his old habits of life, give him poverty, and he will die.'

'Yes!' A single word, but De Sarsan felt he had touched the very centre of the question, the dread of the girl's life.

'You would not sacrifice your honour for his sake, but would you sacrifice your pride?'

She started. 'My pride!' she repeated breathlessly. She appeared half-afraid to hear him speak again.

'We—you and I—are the only two people in the world who care for him,' he resumed. 'Will you let me provide for him? He shall live on in the old way'—— He ceased; the next point was the scoring one.

She looked at the hand he held; she loathed his touch, yet had not the courage, the coolness, at such a juncture, to draw it away. The man's kindness held her imprisoned. Her brain was in a whirl. On one side the relief was so unexpected; on the other a new tension had been created that held hideous possibilities. De Sarsan, watching her, followed her thoughts fairly well. He was prepared for her next words.

'Of course I consent, for his sake. I can't say anything else. But—I can never thank you'—— she faltered.

De Sarsan put his left hand over the tremulous fingers he held in his right. His face was red, his bold eyes abashed, as he said in a sibilant whisper, 'I am willing to do all one man may do for another for Wilford, but I have dared to hope'——

'Ah!' she breathed, sick at the fulfilment of her fear.

'I have hardly allowed myself to imagine—— Alice, may I hope?' His voice trembled.

'You cannot care for me!' she cried, quivering under his gaze. 'I am only a girl, not witty, not interesting at all, not even clever.'

'Yes, I do love you,' he answered. 'I have adored you always, from the day I saw you first. See, you will make Wil happy, and me also. You are so gentle, so unfit for the rough usage of the world; how could you struggle amongst strangers, alone?'

She shuddered. The thought had been horrible; it had haunted her for weeks. Yet to be with De Sarsan always—to become his

wife! She glanced at him. He was middle-aged, and though carefully dressed as ever, with that extra glossiness of apparel and aspect which is so foreign to the English gentleman, his figure betrayed him. She contrasted him with Malcolm. Her pitiful strait mirrored itself in her face.

De Sarsan dropped her hand, and rose with a telling air of respectful sadness.

'I will not urge you, mademoiselle. I believed that you did not hate me.' He paused.

Her love for Wil and a tragic force of terror with which she regarded the cruel unknown world into which she must otherwise be cast drove her on. A dim thought strayed across her mind at this last moment; it ended her wavering. Malcolm had bidden her good-bye, and De Sarsan unconsciously supplied the reason when he mentioned the rumoured engagement to Lady Madesson. In her desire to do right, Alice realised she had thrown away not only her fortune, but with it, alas! her chance of happiness. What had she left to hope for, to expect? Lorrie Madesson's estimate of her character was not faulty. In that high-strung mood she almost gloried in her martyrdom. De Sarsan, middle-aged, unromantic, incredibly dapper, beeswaxed at all points, with his worn smile and hateful flash of shining teeth, remained her only refuge.

'I will do as you wish,' she said tearfully. 'I promise it. But you will let me go now. I must be alone.'

(To be continued.)

STATE INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

By Richard Thirsk, Author of *Berlin*, &c.

[The subject of State insurance is necessarily a highly controversial one, here even more than in Germany. And this article on German State insurance is given as a contribution by a writer in Germany well qualified to judge of German conditions, and not as committing us to his view of the probable consequences of State insurance in Britain.]

WITH the industrial awakening of Germany began the almost unprecedented migration towards manufacturing centres. The smoke-clouds rising from chemical-retorts and the clang of forge-hammers exercised a magnetic influence on the population. Industry meant better wages and—it was taken for granted—more pleasurable existence. Consequently the call of the factory was irresistible. Success in the war against France filled the nation with an overpowering sense of its importance. In order to impress this upon their fellows, and at the same time to tempt fortune, men ventured upon madcap undertakings as incredible as the South Sea Bubble. Under such circumstances the idea naturally spread throughout the land that the dream of its philosophers was about to be realised; that the new Germany, soaring out of the ruin and devastation of ceaseless warfare, had at last come into its inheritance. Its smelting-furnaces and forges were to amass untold wealth. Hence the guiding of the plough was left to the care of foreigners from Russia and Poland; they were good enough to do menial service, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, while the natives, in their imagination raised to a higher plane of civilisation, crowded into the towns in search of more refined employment and more glorious life. All preconceived economic notions were to receive a shock. The future belonged wholly to industrialism.

Unfortunately large numbers of those who went forth full of great expectations in search of El Dorado were soon to discover that the struggle for existence in cities is often fiercer than life in the country. Industrial success did not mean for the masses unlimited theatres, concerts, and balls. On the contrary, it meant harder and less congenial toil, in some instances verging on slavery. Nor did the wealth filter down to those who considered they had earned it by their labours. Their enjoyment of it was limited to glimpses of the vulgar show of the suddenly rich. Then dissatisfaction followed disappointment, aggravated by the constant increase in the cost of living. Malcontents sought refuge in Social Democracy, which took up the struggle against those whom it avowed were robbing the working-man. The Government, contemned by most Germans so long as they are prosperous, was bitterly attacked. This venerable institution has always proved ready to appear generous when by doing so it stood to gain rather than to lose. In response to pressure brought to bear upon it, and to silence the mob, it undertook the reform of those social evils arising out of the new conditions of life in towns. It preached with all the vigour of new discovery what economists have taught for generations: that the well-being of the people is the first essential to the prosperity and the strength of a state. Specialists were sent out to study how social problems were solved abroad. Their reports were Germanised to suit German requirements, and, where possible, to swell the Treasury. This was the beginning of the social reform craze which has foisted so many intricate schemes upon the people, some of them good in themselves, others merely vagaries, and all of them demanding the most careful consideration before they can be uprooted and transplanted in other

countries. It is safe to say that under representative government, instead of bureaucratic officialdom, one-half of the so-called reforms would never have been tolerated.

Among the earlier schemes was the State Insurance Act, intended to relieve the distress caused by sickness, accident, and old age among the labouring classes. Though this measure has been sufficiently long in operation to have survived the initial stages, opinions are at variance regarding its merits or demerits. Those who have sought to introduce what is practically the same measure into Britain have lauded it as though it were the panacea for all social evils; while others, probably more intimately acquainted with its administration in Germany, condemn it. The pros and cons may be summed up in a sentence. Officially, State insurance in Germany is a success; popularly, it is a failure. It is a success because it has proved an invaluable source of income; it is a failure because it has tightened the grip of bureaucracy and placed burdens upon all classes of the community without giving them proportionate benefits. It has superseded the friendly societies, whose funds were formerly distributed among members on much more generous terms than the Insurance Act offers. It compels the workman and his master to hand over to the State part of their weekly earnings, irrespective of circumstances or requirements. It is, in short, a coercive measure; and, like most coercive Acts, the good it does is not always proportionate to the evil it causes. While reaping the advantages, the State enjoys a cheap reputation for generosity.

It may frankly be admitted that the insurance system is so complicated, and has so frequently been amended, that even the officials who administer it cannot, without applying to volumes written on the subject, give a clear interpretation of its working. All that the majority of the people for whom it was passed into law know is that they have to pay, and they grumble. Employers of labour grumble still more, maintaining that it is they who have in the end to bear the whole cost of subscription to the fund. According to the Act, masters are forced to contribute what is nominally one-half, deducting the remaining half from the wages paid by them; that is to say, masters and mistresses are not only contributors, but are forced to be the collectors of this State tax. This has led to considerable friction between employer and employed. As wages are paid minus insurance-money, workers cannot be brought to look upon this in any other light than as a reduction of the pay they have earned. This, they contend, is an unwarranted trespass upon their rights. Furthermore, they argue, with justice on their side, that so long as the present upward tendency of prices for household necessities continues wages ought to increase and not decrease. The employer, being at the same time the collector, is usually the culprit on whom the indignation is vented, and remarkable instances of deadlock resulting from disputes are not uncommon. This phase of the subject was brought prominently to the fore by the enforcement of the latest amendment to the Insurance Act, which came into force on the 1st of January of this year, whereby subscriptions have risen as much as 20 per cent. The outcry against this is so general that trouble is anticipated. Even the most docile of German newspapers have joined in the propaganda, echoing the conviction of employers that the increase must lead to an increase of wages. In fact, in many instances the rise has already been granted.

This burden falls heaviest on the proprietors of large undertakings where hundreds of workers are employed. It means an enormous addition to the cost of production, and though this must in the end be borne by the consumers, it nevertheless hampers the producers without offering them any equivalent compensation. It is tantamount to a tax upon production, and its effect is most felt in foreign markets, where Germans must compete against countries which have no such tax. The steady increase of tariffs can only protect the home markets; but this usually means a corresponding effect in the foreign markets of countries which have such a fiscal policy as enables them to retaliate. Hence the numerous deputations from the various Chambers of Commerce, from Masters' Guilds, and other societies representing employers, petitioning the Government to remove this burden from national industries. Government hopes to remove it by inducing Germany's commercial rivals to adopt a similar scheme of State insurance, hampering their manufactures for its maintenance after the fashion of the German model. It is no secret that to this end official propaganda has for many years been systematically conducted in England, America, and France. So far, Britain is the only one of the three that has fallen or seems likely to fall into the snare. America and France, after going to the expense of thoroughly investigating the scheme, definitely refuse to give it further consideration. That British legislators should have sought to transplant it to their country, with all its defects and shortcomings, perplexes no one more than dissatisfied Germans, who would gladly make a present of their scheme if by so doing they could have done with it.

Were the advantages derived from German State insurance in anything like proportion to the disadvantages, those whom it is intended to benefit would have little cause to complain. In cases of illness insured people are limited to the services of such doctors as the Insurance Commissioners may appoint. As the remuneration is small, it goes without saying that the insur-

ance does not attract either the best or most skilful class of medical practitioners. In spite of all that has been done to give these doctors some show of official standing, they continue to be looked upon as the men who have failed in their profession. Doctors showing ability to cultivate a lucrative private practice refuse to have anything to do with insured patients. Apart altogether from the question of fees, they must observe this rule in order to protect themselves, since private patients are shy of insurance doctors. With the medical profession the scheme has never been popular, and though in the course of years the difficulties have been partly solved by the choice for the insurance posts of young doctors working up a practice, or doctors without ambition or ability, the situation is still far from satisfactory. There are numerous intricate and irritating problems to be solved before practitioners can be reconciled to work in harmony with the Insurance Act. Whether this Act is to blame, or other causes have necessitated it, the average German medical man looks upon his profession as a purely money-making business. There is no sentiment about him where there are no fees, and one seldom hears of gratuitous devotion to the suffering poor arising out of a high sense of duty and the love of doing good for its own sake. Unfortunately the medical profession in Germany does not enjoy a particularly high social standing, and has few inducements to offer to the stamp of man who might prove most useful to it.

Insured patients are made to pay the penalty for this friction between officialdom and the doctors. They are looked upon as pauper patients, very often being treated as such. True, they have the right to complain; but when they make use of this right, their only consolation is the trouble and annoyance of attending lengthy official inquiries at inconvenient hours. In anticipation of disputes, nearly one-half of the Act is taken up with clauses and restrictions, making it impossible for any one who feels he is unjustly dealt with to attack it. The Act is a conglomerate of nearly two thousand hard-and-fast paragraphs, in which human feeling is almost entirely ignored. No allowance is made for the whims of the sick. If they dislike the doctor sent to them, they cannot have another from the fund; and if they fail to keep to the letter of instructions they forfeit all claim to receive treatment. Rather than submit to the iron rules and run the risk of being insulted, large numbers of those who are entitled to call him in renounce their claim on the services of the insurance doctor, preferring to consult a private practitioner and pay him his ordinary fees. This example is followed by those who have no confidence in the doctor appointed to their district, and by those who have neither the time nor inclination to waste half the day in the waiting-rooms of doctors who seem to care little whether they see patients or not, and who foster the notion that a long wait impresses upon one the importance of the doctor.

While admitting the importance of consulting specialists when complications arise, the Insurance Commissioners have not made adequate provision for their services. The securing of these is subject to the consent of the district doctor, who in his own estimation may be a better man than the specialist. When such advice is deemed necessary, patients usually find that the safest way to get it is to pay for it out of their own pockets. This also applies to a certain extent where cases must be treated in hospitals. It may be well to explain that German hospitals do not depend upon voluntary subscriptions for their maintenance; they are supported by those treated in them. Patients are divided into three classes according as they can afford to pay, those in the highest class enjoying extra comforts and better attention than the lower classes. Insurance patients are housed in wards set apart for their reception, which for some reason do not correspond to the highest class. Most of them object to being herded together with all sorts of people, requesting to be treated in the less crowded upper-class wards; but they are told that they must first produce the extra money to pay for this, as the State allowance only covers part of the cost. How this phase of the subject is to be treated under the British Insurance Act is left too vague to be understood. The likelihood is that it will lead to a deadlock, ending in the upheaval of our hospital institutions. It cannot be expected that people who have hitherto voluntarily supported these organisations will continue their donations, and at the same time pay the compulsory State insurance-tax. Logically, the latter does away with the necessity for the former. For the State to step into the breach means that the Insurance Act will prove a costly experiment resulting in increased taxation to meet the deficit on the estimated cost.

In Germany insurance against accidents has long since been dismissed as a delusion. It does not come into force until six weeks after the accident has happened; that is to say, if a man has the misfortune to break his leg he is dependent upon his master for maintenance until the expiry of six weeks. Generally speaking, most fractures mend within this period, and the man is able to follow his employment again before he can receive a farthing of benefit. This is what happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Supposing the hundredth case to be so serious as to last for more than six weeks, it does not seem altogether fair to make the others pay for this. As for the pension granted in cases where accidents cause permanent injuries, the sum is so

paltry as to be scarcely worth mentioning. This official valuation of limbs and sense-organs is an insult. Neither the disablement pension, ranging from two pounds to ten pounds, nor the old-age pension, kept practically within the same limits, is sufficient to keep body and soul together. Neither of them suggests comfort or independence, and recipients are compelled either to work, to fall back upon their families, or to seek relief from the poor fund.

These are some of the features that have made State insurance a bugbear in Germany. The British Insurance Act so closely resembles its German parent that it has not omitted even the shortcomings. Instead of benefiting by German experience and avoiding these pitfalls, many of the paragraphs have merely been translated into unintelligible English. It is difficult to grasp how a measure that has caused so much contention in a bureaucratic country can be a success in the boasted land of freedom; and it is still more difficult to conceive how masters and men can afford to contribute their share. The contributions are in reality a help to our competitors in the industrial race, as the expenses of the Act must be added to the cost of producing manufactures, thereby making it easier for foreigners to cut prices even in British markets. Cut prices mean cut wages and dearer living. Submission to the Act means the surrender of so much individual liberty and submission to official control, with all its warping and irksome influences; it means that all members of the community, besides being handicapped in sundry directions, will be compelled to pay the State for doing indifferently what has hitherto been well done by public subscription.

THE WRATH OF ISHMAEL GOUDIE.

CHAPTER III.—THE GROWING BOY.

ISHMAEL'S sullen reserve had become a habit, and a bad habit is not easily broken. Next morning, when Mrs Goudie went up to the attic to arouse her adopted son and to help him to dress, he received her with a gloomy taciturnity that would have disheartened her but for the recollection of the grief-stricken little form that in the night-watches had sobbed itself to sleep on her breast.

In very truth, during those early days Ishmael's attitude towards life was that of one whose hand was against every man, and who suspected every man's hand of being against him. He accepted Mrs Goudie's unwearied consideration in surly silence, remained coldly impassive when she tried to awaken his interest in the life of the farm, and seemed secretly determined to derive pleasure from nothing. As the slow days passed, the poor woman found the child's dogged apathy hard of endurance—harder even than the open derision of her husband, who extracted a species of coarse satisfaction from the apparent failure of his wife's long-cherished scheme.

'I 'm thinkin' ye 'd better send that ane back whaur he cam' fra, my woman,' he said one day, 'or, I warn ye, ye 'll be for regrettin' that ye ever took him oot o' the poorhouse.'

'Oh, the bairn 's no' that bad! He 's maybe a wee bit thrawn; but if we have patience a wee whilie he 'll come roond. He 's real sensitive, an' a' thing 's strange to him yet, ye ken. But ye mustna let him fret ye, John.'

'Weel, mistress, if ye 're pleased I dinna mind,' Goudie said carelessly, reaching for his pipe. 'But, mind ye, ye mauna blame me if ye find ye 've bitten off mair than ye care to chow.'

Nearly a week had passed, and still the bearing of the child remained as obdurate and repellent as at first. Mrs Goudie was almost in despair. She had a vague recollection of having somewhere read of 'changelings,' and sometimes in these trying days she was driven to think that some malevolent fairy must have exchanged the child of her dreams—the blue-eyed boy, with hair the colour of ripe corn and a ready smile—for this black-a-vised brat who appeared to regard all her efforts on his behalf with dumb hostility.

It was with something of a forlorn hope in her heart that, one afternoon, Mrs Goudie walked down the slope to Pittendrevie, the little red-roofed village that nestled in the hollow by the loch. Her mission was to the general shop, whose owner, Mrs Kellock, usually stocked a few toys.

In this instance the stock had sunk to its lowest. As Mrs Kellock explained, the 'traveller hadna been roond she didna ken when,' so the selection was limited.

After turning over the assortment of mildewed penny and halfpenny toys, Mrs Goudie expended twopence on the one choice item of the collection. It was a little purse of bright-brown leather, with a forget-me-not stamped in gold in one corner. A broad elastic band encircled the middle, and inside were cunning pockets in which to accumulate much wealth.

Slipping the purse into her bag with her other purchases, Mrs Goudie returned to the farm. When she got there she filled its empty pockets with coins—a silver sixpence and sundry pennies that she had rubbed bright with whiting. That done, she asked Ishmael to speak with her in the apartment that was known as the

dining-room—so called, perhaps, because only on the rarest of occasions was food ever eaten there.

Pulling up one of the carefully drawn blinds, she waited for Ishmael, who followed, wearing a hang-dog, defiant aspect as he dragged his feet reluctantly towards what, to his limited experience, threatened to prove a new variety of punishment-chamber.

'Come awa' ben,' Mrs Goudie said encouragingly when his apprehensive face appeared at the door. 'Oh, dinna be so frightened at me, laddie!'

Thus urged, Ishmael advanced a step or two nearer to where she sat by the big centre table, on which rested, under a cumbrous glass vase, the sugar bouquet that, many years before, had decorated her wedding-cake.

'Ishmael, I wanted to speak to ye—just you an' me, our two selves.' Mrs Goudie's heart was beating quickly; outwardly she was more agitated than the child who listened to her. 'Ye see, I'm real sorry ye're no' happy at the farm. For I want ye to be happy; an', oh wee boy! I dinna want ye to do onything to anger the maister or to vex me. I ken fine that, if ye just like, ye could be a real nice, kind wee boy. Oh Ishmael, will ye no' try, just to please me, Ishmael?'

Ishmael stood before her mute. His hands were clenched, his lips compressed, his eyes sullenly downcast. The words that had come right from the depths of her yearning heart appeared to have made no impression on the soul that had been starved for lack of parental love and seared by single-handed conflict with a narrow and callous world. Apparently unmoved by her appeal, Ishmael maintained his mulish silence, and for a moment Mrs Goudie was plunged in despair.

Then she remembered the little purse that, still wrapped in a scrap of whity-brown paper, she held in her hand.

'See,' she said, resolutely choking down the lump that had risen in her throat, 'I bought this purse as a little present to ye, an' because I wanted ye to be happy at the Hainings. An' look what's inside it!' Opening the purse, she showed the gleaming coins. 'That money is for ye, Ishmael. An' if ye're a good boy I'll gi'e ye a penny every Saturday.'

Perhaps under his frigid exterior Ishmael's icy heart had gradually been melting. Probably it only required this tangible token of affection to convince his immature mind that no covert menace lay behind the evidences of good-will by which he was surrounded. For on the instant the stone wall of reserve, behind which Ishmael had entrenched himself, crumbled away; and, though he made no protestation of regard, from that moment his attitude towards his protector entirely changed. He became tractable, docile, even affectionate.

Mrs Goudie's dream came true, and when the first marsh-marigolds bloomed in the damp ground down by the burn, they got wet shoes together gathering a bunch to put in the big brown bowl that stood on the kitchen dresser.

Throughout the long, sweet summer days Ishmael delighted to help in tending the young life of the farm—to feed the fluffy ducklings, the downy chicks; to nurse the woolly lambs. With his new clothes, protected by a cotton pinafore, he trotted so persistently at Mrs Goudie's heels that old Bauldy Stewart the ploughman christened him her shadow. Together they picked the green gooseberries for jam or the red currants for jelly from the bushes in the untidy garden behind the farmyard, or rose at dawn to wander over the dewy meadows gathering mushrooms for ketchup.

Sometimes, when there was a lull in the work at the farm, Mrs Goudie would pack a basket with a bottle of milk and well-buttered scones, and, hand-in-hand, the two would trudge the long two miles that lay between the Hainings and the Firth to spend the day on the shore.

One cloud only darkened Ishmael's life—his dislike of the farmer. Now that the boy's limbs had rounded and his cheeks showed colour, and his abundant black hair was no longer clipped to the skin, he was a personable—even a good-looking—child, though after a dark, sombre fashion. And though John Goudie still flung a coarse gibe at him, he never treated him with actual unkindness. Still, for some inexplicable reason, the boy dreaded him from the first, and shrank from his rough pleasantries as though he had been offered physical violence.

On one point the will of the child was curiously fixed. For various appreciable reasons Mrs Goudie objected to the name of Ishmael. After much consideration she decided to name her adopted son after her father, for whose memory she cherished a sincere respect.

When Ishmael was told that in future he was to be called Walter he made no comment whatever; but, to the amazement of his benefactress, he resolutely declined to answer to the name.

'Walter, come here an' see what I've got for ye,' she would say. 'Here, Walter, my mannie, come an' get this fine poke o' sweeties.' But no amount of coaxing or wheedling prevailed. Ishmael, standing not ten yards distant, would remain obstinately silent and immovable, resolutely deaf to the voice of enticement. So, after many futile efforts, Mrs Goudie was obliged to revert to the use of his original name; though she did so with an uneasy feeling that there were depths she had not yet fathomed in the nature of the child who, in the face of changed circumstances, clung desperately to the possession of his parcel of pauper raiment and to the name of an outcast that had been bestowed on him by his dying outcast mother.

As the village school was half a mile distant from the farm, during Ishmael's first winter at the Hainings Mrs Goudie taught him herself. And though Ishmael was not a specially apt pupil, and his instructress's system of teaching was the cumbrous method of thirty years earlier, the hours that they spent in the parlour, when she knitted a stocking while Ishmael laboriously formed pot-hooks or slowly spelt out words of three letters, ranked amongst the most serenely happy of Elizabeth Goudie's existence.

For several years things moved placidly on. Ishmael was a boy of ten, attending the Pittendrevie school, when matters changed.

For a time Mrs Goudie had been ailing, feeling languid, easily fatigued, not her old robust self; when suddenly an air of satisfaction, of pleasant anticipation, pervaded the farm. Mrs Goudie assumed the bearing of an interesting invalid. Matronly friends arrived in dogcarts to take tea and hold long and intimate conferences, from which Ishmael was excluded.

The farmer moved with an added sense of importance. His speech became waggishly figurative. He rarely encountered Ishmael without indulging in raillery whose tenor the boy quite failed to comprehend.

Once, when he was 'market-merry,' Goudie remarked jocosely, 'Ay, an' how'll ye like to have yer e'e put out, my mannie? Ye'll no' be likin' that, I'm thinkin', my bonny man.'

The enigmatic saying gave the boy a vague sense of uneasiness. The farm-servants, who had been within hearing, had laughed at the pleasantry. And Ishmael experienced a sense of brooding discomfiture, and an increase of the repulsion that his childish mind had early conceived against the man whose bread he ate.

Mrs Goudie was kinder to her adopted son than ever, yet it puzzled him to see her fall into reveries in which her thoughts must have been pleasant ones, for when she again awoke to the common interests of life it was with shining eyes and smile-curved lips. And though she sewed constantly, Ishmael secretly wondered why the garments she made were no longer calculated to fit himself.

Then came a day when he awoke to find an unusual bustle prevailing in the house. Mrs Goudie was not well. One of the lads had been sent hot-foot to Braeside to summon Dr Mickle, and old Jean Girney, hastily fetched from the village, had suddenly assumed a position of importance in the household.

Ishmael adored his foster-mother. The idea that she was ill disquieted him. He had been warned not to disturb her, and, feeling miserable and apprehensive, he knew not of what, he was sitting forlornly on the stair outside her bedroom when Jean opened the door and beckoned him in.

Mrs Goudie was resting in the big four-post bed. The expression of uneasiness on her flushed face turned to a smile as she saw the wistful anxiety of Ishmael's look. Raising herself up a little, she put her arms around him and whispered that he must be a good laddie and pay attention to his master, and that if he took a piece to the school with him, she'd be all right when he came home in the afternoon. Then, before he had time to say anything of what he felt—words never came easily to Ishmael—Jean Girney had packed him off in a summary fashion that left him with an ignominious sense of eviction.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SUPPLANTER.

ISHMAEL had eaten his scone and cheese at lunch-time with his eyes fixed on the farmhouse that topped the long slope of the brae to the east, but he kept his promise of not going home. When the afternoon hours had droned by and the longed-for moment of freedom came, he snatched up his bag and cap and ran headlong out of the school-gates, to find Bauldy Stewart the Highland ploughman and his collie-dog waiting for him.

'Ay, my lad, an' it's you,' the old man said. 'Ye'll no' be for goin' home the noo, but ye'll just be for comin' to my hoose to have a bite o' supper wi' me an' the wife.'

'I canna come the nicht. I want to see how my mother is. She wasna weel this mornin'. Dinna keep a grip o' me, Bauldy,' Ishmael protested impatiently, wriggling eel-like in Stewart's detaining grasp.

'Listen to me a meenit, laddie. What's aal yer hurry whatever? It was the mistress hersel' that said ye was to come. An' she'll be doin' brawly. Ou ay, fine an' brawly.'

So, instead of hastening home, Ishmael accompanied Bauldy to the little cottar-house, down by the 'laigh field,' where the ploughman and his wife lived. He had always enjoyed going to tea there. Agnes Stewart baked better dropped scones than anybody in the parish, and to-night there was a special meal in honour of his expected visit—a regular supper, with a stewed rabbit and a big three-legged pot of mashed potatoes.

After supper had been cleared away, Ishmael, in deference to the old folks' special request, read out the stories in his lesson-book, a recital that was received with flattering expressions of admiration for his learning. When Ishmael wearied of his task, and would fain have gone home, his host and hostess offered plausible, but to his mind vexatious, pretexts for delaying him. And it had grown quite dark, and he was sleeping with his head sunk on the table, when Stewart, who had slipped out, returned, and, wakening his guest, led him through the starlit night towards the farmhouse.

'It's yersel' that'll be gettin' the great sur-

prise,' the old man said. 'There 'll maybe be somebody that ye 'll no' be expectin' up-bye.'

'Is it auld Jean Girney? I saw her this mornin',' the boy answered with drowsy indifference.

'No, no, laddie. It wouldna be auld Jean. No, nor nobody like her, I 'm thinkin'. But the mistress 'll be for tellin' ye hersel'.'

Ishmael had never been out so late before, and the strangeness of it all—the silence, the immensity of starlit sky—gave him a weird sense of adventure.

When they approached the house, Ishmael was surprised to notice that the windows were brightly lighted, and as they passed through the stable-yard towards the back-door he saw that Kirsten, the sturdy servant-lass, was standing on the step evidently watching for their arrival.

'Come awa'; we 're wearyin' for ye,' she said in a loud whisper. 'The mistress is speirin' for Ishmael. She winna gang to sleep till she sees him.—Tak' aff thae muckle boots, laddie, an' creep like a mousie up the stair, an' chap rale canny-like at the bedroom-door, an' Jean Girney 'll let ye in. ' But ye 're no' to bide a meenit, mind ye.'

Moving as delicately as possible on his stockinged feet, Ishmael mounted the stair, wondering as he went why he had never before realised what a noise he made. Outside the closed door of the best bedroom he paused, his heart thumping uncomfortably; then, summoning up his courage, he knocked very softly—in a whisper, as it were.

When Jean opened the door he had a glimpse of an interior rendered unfamiliar by the fire that flickered in the hobbed grate and the tall candles that burnt in the old brass candlesticks.

'Is that my big laddie?' a voice murmured faintly from the bed; and, turning, he saw on the pillows the face of his foster-mother, pale but triumphant, the face of a victor after a hard-fought battle.

'Come here, my dearie.'

Ishmael went over and stood by the bed. He wanted to say he was glad she was better, but some indefinable change in her held him dumb.

'See, dearie—see what I 've got to show ye.' With a weak hand Mrs Goudie turned back a corner of the coverlet and revealed the face of a sleeping babe.

'He 's yer ain wee brother, Ishmael. Isna he a bonny wee bairn? Ye 'll—like him, will ye no'?'

Ishmael stood silent, looking down at the tiny wrinkled face. A tumult of emotions—feelings he could not analyse—surged in his breast.

Under his intent gaze the slumber of the unconscious infant seemed disturbed, the face twisted, the mouth opened in a feeble cry.

'Hoosh! awa' doon the stair wi' ye,' Jean Girney said, bustling up, 'an' no' bother yer mither, for she 's sair needin' a rest.'

So Ishmael went downstairs, his puzzled young brain wondering why everybody had taken to speaking so obscurely.

In the dining-room the master of the house was receiving the congratulations of two cronies, and through the half-open door came the mingled odours of whisky and tobacco and the sound of hilarious voices.

Ishmael, who always tried to avoid an encounter with the farmer, would fain have slipped by unnoticed.

But Goudie caught sight of him as he slunk past the door. 'Hi, Ishmael! come awa' ben an' gi'e us yer crack,' he cried boisterously. 'Have ye seen what the guidwife 's got up the stair? Yon 's something like a laddie, I 'm thinkin'.'

'Ay, a grand laddie!' agreed Cope, who farmed the adjoining land.

'There 's no' a finer in the hale o' the East Neuk,' Mactaggart the innkeeper chimed in, speaking with an air of firm conviction that was gratifying to the proud father.

The three pairs of eyes were focussed on Ishmael, who in turn stared blankly at the table, where a big decanter of whisky jostled the time-honoured bridecake-bouquet. A cut-glass rummer full of the pungent, steaming liquid stood at each man's elbow.

'Ay, freends, this young cock 'll no' craw near sae croose noo, I 'm thinkin',' the farmer said with heavy jocularity.

'Ay, man, Ishmael, yer e'e 's put oot noo, my birkie,' added Cope, a bull-necked man with a soft voice and an ingratiating manner. 'The guidwife 'll no' be makin' sic a wark wi' ye when she 's got a braw wean o' her ain.'

'Here, mannie!' cried the innkeeper, shoving a rummer of steaming toddy into Ishmael's hand. 'Tak' that an' drink the health o' yer young maister.—Come on, mates, a'thegither: "Here 's to young Goudie o' the Hainings. Lang may he live an' sing."'

For a long instant Ishmael stood speechless, gazing fascinated at the drink-flushed, jeering faces of the men who were taunting him. Then, as the three rose unsteadily to their feet, and raised their glasses to drink to the health of one whom they seemed determined to regard as his successful rival, a sudden fury dominated the boy, and, dropping his glass and its contents on the ground, he stumbled blindly from the room.

Under the shelving roof of his attic room he lay huddled up on the bed, his hands pressed close over his ears to shut out the ironical laughter that had followed his headlong flight. A long-forgotten depth of misery seemed again to engulf him. Never since his poorhouse days had he known the fierce, helpless rage, the sense

of consuming, impotent wrath, that now obsessed him. A burning jealousy tortured his soul, a furious unreasoning hatred of the unconscious babe that lay close to the bosom of his sleeping mother in the room beneath. Once *he* had been her dear laddie, her bonny bairn. Now and henceforward he would be nothing. The new son of the house had come to usurp the place that had been promised him, had come to be a master to him. Mactaggart had said it.

Then gentler thoughts came to him, the recollection of Mrs Goudie's anxiety to see him, of her tender words, and of the helpless little babe that she had called his brother; and under their soothing influence his spirit gradually quieted down, and he fell asleep.

When Mrs Goudie was up and about again matters at the Hainings showed the conciliatory power of a wise and kindly woman. She tried in every way to prove to Ishmael that her affection for him was unchanged, and she succeeded in awakening and nurturing his love for the little interloper. It was only when the farmer cast a coarse jeer at Ishmael, or when one of his boon-companions twitted the boy on the subordinate position he now occupied in the house, that the lurking sense of antagonism sprang up afresh.

The years slipped on. Ishmael lost his childish good looks and developed into a tall, slackly built lad, taciturn of manner and reserved of speech. His one passion was a dog-like devotion to his benefactress—a chivalrous adoration that detained him at the Hainings, filling a position little better than that of a ploughman, when substantial wages and a situation of trust awaited him elsewhere.

And young Walter Goudie grew apace, from a plump, fair infant becoming a chubby, rosy-cheeked boy; from a boy springing into a sturdy, handsome lad.

When the child of her old age was in his early teens Mrs Goudie's health began to decline. She had always been a robust woman, and for a time Goudie was disposed to make light of her illness. At length Ishmael, acting entirely on his own responsibility, went for Dr Mickle. The doctor's report was so grave that John Goudie, who had been a worse than indifferent spouse, began at once to make well-intentioned efforts to make up for past neglect. But no amount of tardy solicitude can aid a mortal illness; and during four weary months the invalid gradually lost strength.

One night Ishmael was sitting up with her alone. For two days she had lain almost speechless; but just in the darkest hour before dawn she broke the silence of hours, and spoke almost in the tongue of prophecy, telling Ishmael that strange times were coming to the Hainings, and asking him to promise not to desert the farm when she was gone.

'Ye have nae cause to love John Goudie, weel I ken that, Ishmael; but he didna grudge ye bread when ye were ower young to earn yer ain, an' maybe ye owe him something for that. An', oh Ishmael! there's my Wattie; dinna leave him, laddie. Ye ken what John Goudie is, an' I'm feared—sair feared—that ill may happen to Wattie when I'm no' here, for he's real fond o' company, an' easy led. But if ye were to stop here I'd ken that things were a' richt. They aye say we dinna heed onything that gangs on at hame after we're dead; but I think I'd be happier whaur I'm gaun if I kent there was somebody lookin' after things doon here.'

It was the first time that the loyal wife had ever allowed a word of disparagement regarding her husband to cross her lips.

Ishmael gave her the pledge she desired. Then no word was spoken until the dying woman said suddenly, 'I'm awfu' hungry.'

'What'll I bring ye? There's milk an' soda-water, or a wee thing chicken-jelly.'

'No, no, a scone an' butter—or maybe a bit shortbread. Yes, bring me some shortbread, Ishmael. Ye'll find it in a tin in the dining-room press.'

But when Ishmael returned with the shortbread, which he had brought with grave doubts as to the wisdom of the proceeding, for Mrs Goudie had taken nothing but liquid nourishment for many days, the sick craving had gone, and she feebly motioned the rich food away.

Then she signed to Ishmael to lay his toil-hardened hand on hers, that had grown so pitifully white and delicate through forced inaction.

'I think I could rest now. I'm real comfortable,' she murmured with a long, quivering sigh of relief. 'It'll be mornin' soon.'

As he sat thus, while the night-light flickered out and the pale dawn stole in at the edges of the lowered blinds, Ishmael's thoughts were full of the many things he wished to say to her who had been more than a mother to him. Eloquent, living words that his natural reticence had kept locked in his heart rushed to his lips, and he waited for the closed eyelids to part that he might unburden his mind and tell her how deeply he loved her.

But Elizabeth Goudie's eyes never opened in this world again, and Ishmael's words of affection remained unspoken.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAIN TOXICANTS.

IT is upon its grain-supply that the health and stamina of a nation in great part depend. The quality of grain may be rich or poor as regards its nutritive value; but, besides this, recent investigations have shown that in the selection of grain another factor has also to be considered—it must be ascertained whether the grain is free from certain toxins or poisons which are capable of giving rise to disease among the consumers.

It has for many years been known that certain fungoid diseases to which rye is subject generate toxins therein, which, when used in the manufacture of bread, give rise to a disease known as ergotism among those who consume it over a long period of time. A peculiar chronic constriction of the arterioles of the limbs, especially of the fingers and toes, is brought about, and this eventually leads to gangrene and to loss of the affected digits. This curious complaint, though at one time by no means uncommon, is now, since the improvement of processes in the preparation of rye, practically unknown, though cases occasionally come under the notice of medical men. Some centuries ago, however, great epidemics of ergotism prevailed, especially among the poorer classes, whose diet mainly consisted of rye-bread of inferior quality.

There are two diseases largely met with in the tropics, and also in some subtropical and European countries, which have been held also to be brought about by toxins which occur in grains. These are beri-beri and pellagra. Beri-beri is thought to be produced by toxins which are present in rice, while pellagra has been attributed to toxins generated in maize. Great interest has lately been displayed in these two remarkable diseases, and at the present time several expeditions are actively investigating their causation.

Beri-beri has for many centuries been known in the East, reference being found to it as far back in Chinese literature as the second century; while it has been surmised that the disease from which the Roman soldiery suffered while serving in Arabia in 24 B.C. was beri-beri. It was not, however, until the latter half of the nineteenth century that any exact study of this disease was made, the first investigations being carried out in Brazil and in Japan.

Beri-beri is a disease evidencing itself as a multiple neuritis, and it is endemic in many parts of the tropics. The malady is a particularly fatal one, death being very suddenly brought about in most cases by paralysis of the heart. It is common throughout Japan, the Malay States, and Brazil, and occurs in many other parts of the world, the chief centres being the coasts of Africa, Hong-kong, Central America, districts of India, and the West and East India Islands. In epidemic form it occurs in asylums and jails, and has even appeared in Great Britain, notably during 1894 and the following five years, when five hundred and forty-seven cases were reported from an asylum in Dublin.

The symptoms of beri-beri are peculiar. The patient is first attacked with weakness of the legs, and experiences considerable difficulty in walking, often having to be helped along, and moving with a characteristic gait so that the toes are dragged along on the ground. The disease progresses in various ways. In some cases the patient becomes rapidly paralysed, and the limbs waste away until hardly any flesh remains, and in this condition the sufferer may linger for months or even years. In other cases, however, the victim becomes markedly dropsical, the body swells to enormous proportions, there is severe palpitation and terrible cardiac pain, and the sufferer is finally freed from his agonies by death. The former of these conditions is known as 'dry' beri-beri, and the latter has been termed 'wet' beri-beri.

A great number of theories have been advanced to account for the strange symptoms of beri-beri. The disease has been at various times attributed to infected fish, to oxalate and arsenical poisoning, to various germs, and even to exhalations occurring in the air. Dr Braddon suggested that the symptoms might be brought about by an organism which flourished on mouldy rice; and, in order to test this hypothesis, a number of experiments were carried out, all of which tended to show that in some way not definitely understood rice was the cause of beri-beri. A very complete series of observations in connection with rice-diets has recently been conducted in the Malay States, and it is now almost established that the disease is caused by toxins which normally occur in certain parts of the rice-grain.

To enter into details of the voluminous researches undertaken would occupy too great space, so I shall merely draw attention to the more important facts which have been elicited.

A number of experiments were made by feeding fowls on various kinds of prepared rice, and in some cases a disease called *polyneuritis gallinarum* was produced, which is identical with the beri-beri of man. It was found that fowls which had been fed on rice which, by the process known as 'milling,' had had the outer husk removed contracted *polyneuritis;* while if the birds were fed on the milled rice mixed with the outer husks or 'polishings' which had been removed, the disease did not manifest itself. Again, parboiled rice, in which the husk is retained whole, never produced symptoms of *polyneuritis.* From these and other similar observations it was assumed that there exists in the inner part of the rice-grain a toxin which is able to give rise

to beri-beri; while in the pericarp, or outer husk, there exists a chemical principle which is able to counteract the toxic effects produced by the inner part of the seed. From this it is supposed that if milled or husked rice is used as a diet beri-beri results; whereas if the rice is untouched or the husks are mixed in suitable proportion with the milled or cleaned rice, no evil effects are produced. Rice cleaned by primitive methods of pounding is found to be innocuous, since the outer layers are not entirely removed, as by milling. These remarkable discoveries in connection with rice as a cause of disease have opened up a wide field of fresh research, and it is quite possible that similar discoveries may be made with other kinds of grain.

Pellagra has been thought, like beri-beri and ergotism, to be a grain toxicant, possibly induced by the use of unsound maize. Pellagra was first reported in Europe from Spain as an endemic disease in 1735, and from there apparently spread over the south of France and the north of Italy. In Africa at the present time immense areas are infected, particularly Egypt, Zululand, and Basutoland. In India, in Mexico, and in some parts of the United States the disease is alarmingly on the increase.

Pellagra produces a peculiar rash on the face, chest, and arms of its victim; but the complaint is one which is of long duration, and once established is practically always fatal after months or years of suffering. The initial stage passed, paralysis sets in, insanity may manifest itself, the unhappy victim becomes emaciated and covered with sores, and is finally released by death.

Pellagra accounts for many thousands of lives throughout the world, and its ravages are seen not only in tropical lands, but even in countries as near home as France, Italy, Spain, and Roumania. Owing to its incidence in countries where the staple article of diet is maize, it has been held to be due to certain toxins which are produced in the maize by micro-organisms infecting the grain, which are themselves innocuous. Lombroso, afterwards so famous as a criminologist, first made a name for himself by his arguments to prove that pellagra was due to eating unwholesome maize. But the disease is common where—as in France—maize forms no part of the usual food of the sufferers; and since 1905 Sambon's view that pellagra is a protozoan disease, communicated probably by sand-flies, has found increasing acceptance.

THE AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE.

By Day Allen Willey.

WHEN the President of the United States gives an official reception it is something like a Court function in Great Britain, where His Majesty receives the greeting of his nobility, the diplomats from foreign countries, and men and women noted in art, science, and other professions. One sees the same class of guests at the American White House. The army and diplomatic circle must wear the uniforms of their rank, but the thousand others are attired in the 'full dress' common to the people of the United States. When a man is in full dress nothing in his appearance distinguishes him from another, and the ordinary visitor moving in the throng cannot tell who or what his neighbour may be there for.

There is much freedom about these receptions apparently, but the President is not unguarded. As he stands at the head of the receiving line with the 'Lady of the White House,' he is opposite a so-called guard of military officers resplendent in their glittering uniform; but they are there only to add to the pomp of the occasion. Behind them, and at the back of the President, may be men in evening-dress not so immaculate or so well-fitting as that of the guests, and they are usually clean-shaven. As the visitors, one by one, step up to 'The Presence,' these watchful men glance from face to face and carefully scan the appearance of the guests' clothing. If the back-pocket of a coat bulges suspiciously the wearer's shoulder may be touched, and as he turns he is beckoned out of line—and he always goes. A pistol in that pocket means that he is a prisoner. Then the uniformed policemen at the White House take the place of the men in evening-dress, who resume their study elsewhere. Some of the men are looking over the shoulders of the ushers who stand at each entrance.

In the Blue Room, to which the people pass after greeting the hosts, some of the supposed guests linger beside the doors, others stand against the walls, and every one is searching, searching amid the gay throng, his eyes going from face to face to note any one who might be an unbidden guest. These receptions include all members of Congress and many residents of Washington. There is nothing on the entrance-ticket but the name of the person who first received it. He may have given it to some one else. Sometimes it is lost. So men and women may get into the White House who are dangerous—anarchists and 'cranks,' as the Americans say. That is why every one is looked at by these keen-eyed observers.

Such is one duty of the Government detectives of the United States officially called the Secret Service. Their headquarters are naturally at Washington; but no one except a few officials

knows where they are at any time, for the men about the President form but a little group compared with the full force. At Washington there are a couple of rooms in the Treasury Building, with 'Secret Service Division' emblazoned over the door, set aside for the service. In one of these sits Chief John E. Wilkie and his assistant, W. H. Moran; the other is occupied by a dozen clerks. The doors are always open, and any casual stranger may wander at leisure through them. Other than the fact that the man in charge of these offices and the chief and his assistant at Washington belong to it, there is no knowledge as to who are the men in the Secret Service.

Here is one mystery: nobody knows who are the men who actually carry on the work. The Blue Book of the Government departments does not contain their names, and members of Congress have placed none of their constituents on the list. The men themselves, scattered from Maine to California, never mention the fact that they are in the Secret Service, and they are often changed from one place to another. The number of men in the service is known only to those who are directly in charge of it. There are probably four or five to each office, or perhaps a force of not more than two hundred men altogether.

The Secret Service is utilised to investigate the case of any employé of the United States who may be charged with crime, such as theft or anything that would unfit him for the position. Men who board ships and collect Customs duties may be tempted to take bribes from passengers, or goods that pay duty by weight may be passed through the Custom-Houses as being of a lighter weight than they really are because the weighing-scales have been tampered with. Washington, the centre of so many Government departments and bureaus, is another field of work for these mysterious agents of justice, who may never have been seen or heard of by the person they secure evidence against, and he is tried and sentenced on the evidence of an unknown accuser; and when a case is brought to the attention of the Secret Service chief, he selects one of the force who is best qualified to work it up.

The history of the service contains many interesting instances of the achievement of unknown searchers who ferret out criminals. One of the Government bureaus of engraving and printing not long ago suspected that something was wrong in its ink contracts. It was paying forty-five cents a pound for its ink elements, and there was a suspicion that the material was not the best that could be bought. An investigation showed that one individual had the power to place the contract where he chose by giving judgment in favour of a certain ink. A Baltimore ink-factory had long had the contract. The Secret Service men found that the ink expert had been giving the contract to this concern and getting a commission of ten cents a pound, while the company made an enormous profit, for better ink was afterwards contracted for at fifteen cents a pound, one-third of the price previously charged.

In another instance an officer in the American Navy was off on leave and had failed to keep the department posted as to his whereabouts. The Secret Service was asked to find him, and did so, reporting to the department. It happened that this midshipman had committed the irregularity of eloping with somebody's wife in the meantime, and the efforts of the Secret Service were construed as being directed toward making out divorce cases for Government officials. This was the criticism of some enemies of the service; but it found the man, and he became a convict.

After evidence of an offence has been secured and recorded, other officers arrest the man who has been discovered by the service agent and proved guilty; but the final task is to put him through a rigid investigation which is called 'sweating.' For hours he is subjected to questioning. This is on the theory that when a man has committed a crime the knowledge of it is always with him. His mind dwells constantly upon it, and hungers for an opportunity to talk of it. He knows that he has committed the crime, and usually he is aware that the detective knows it. The advantage is all on the part of the detective, and if the man is led the right way he is sure to tell all about it.

A case in point occurred during the exposition in St Louis. An engraver named Crahan was arrested at the race-track for passing counterfeit money. On him were found twenty-nine one hundred dollar bills that were imitations of lawful currency, and a large amount of good money. He explained that he had found the bad money in an envelope, and as a proof of his contention said he had advertised for its owner. This proved to be correct. He said that he had seen no reason why he should not use money out of this envelope in making his race-bets, as he had plenty of his own with which to replace it. He was locked up and his case investigated. A fatal error in the man's story was found in the fact that the advertisement had been inserted two hours before the time he claimed to have found the money. At the end of a week Chief Wilkie took the prisoner in hand. He started by asking the man to keep perfectly quiet until he had finished his talk. Then he outlined the story of the manner in which Crahan had become a counterfeiter. The chief told him that he had been an engraver in Washington, and an artist at his work. He had been studious and intelligent, but above all an artist; and the excellent examples of the engraver's art as shown on the Government money had appealed to him. He had finally traced these designs, and had been interested in developing their perfections. He had printed the money in black, and it had

looked well. He had fallen to wondering how it would look if put into the colours that are used by the Government. He had tried it, and the results had been pleasing to his artistic sense and gratifying to him as a workman. He had wondered if the bills would pass for real money. This would be the test of his workmanship. He had tried to pass them, and their acceptance had proved the merit of his work. He had not started out with the idea of being a counterfeiter, but had drifted into it. As the story advanced the accused man assumed an attitude of acquiescence. The explanation of how he had drifted into crime had never occurred to him, but he in the end told the whole story. Later he used Chief Wilkie's story of his fall as a plea for commutation of his prison sentence, and had it reduced from fifteen years to eight.

The Secret Service never forgets and never stops work on a case that it has once taken up. It is said always to 'get its man' sooner or later. An estimate has been obtained from banking institutions all over the country, and upon it is based the percentage of the amount of counterfeit money in circulation. In paper money it is estimated that there is but one counterfeit for every hundred thousand dollars in currency. In coin it is figured that there are probably three dollars of bad money to every hundred thousand dollars. This is regarded as being as near an approach to an absence of counterfeit money as can be reached. Hunting down the counterfeiter, however, is one of the most important duties of the Secret Service. The bank managers familiar with the various issues of currency used for money are usually the first to detect a suspicious note. If the manager cannot determine who passed it, he posts it to the Secret Service immediately. Here the money is carefully examined with a microscope, and a note made of its defects and its differences from the genuine dollar, five-dollar, or whatever bill it may stand for. Then steps are taken to get the maker. Counterfeiting is mostly done by printers, and often it is necessary to employ the method known as 'roping,' which means learning the facts of a man's manner of life and habits by getting a job, working with him, and forming a personal acquaintance with him.

'Shadows,' as they are called, are like poets —they are born, not made. The 'shadow' must have just those qualifications that make him the least conspicuous man in the street. He must be a man who is absolutely regular and uninteresting, and who would never catch your eye if you met him in the street forty times a day. The man he is shadowing is likely to see him many times, so he must have the ability to appear to be always about his own business and oblivious of his victim. Yet he must have prompt judgment and quick action, and be able to extricate himself from all sorts of difficulties, and not betray himself. Work of all kinds has to be done, and the motto of the Secret Service man is to push it to the earliest possible completion. There was at one time much illegal fencing of Government land for farms in the state of Nebraska, for instance. In order to determine who were the offenders it was necessary to resurvey great tracts of country. Technical men were employed, and these service agents and detectives investigated the illegal routes by resurveying them. As a result many thousands of acres belonging to the Government were found in the possession of private individuals. But the agents also go underground and work as miners or into financial institutions as clerks. All types of men are needed, and whatever emergency is met with, there is just the man for the work. Thus the person suspected often lets out his secret.

As already stated, the man with eyes everywhere is on duty at the White House gatherings; but that is only one place where the 'shadow' performs his part. In the force of the Secret Service a large variety of vocations are represented by those who are to look out for offences against the United States. Political 'pull,' as the American says, can get no one a position. The man must be one upon whom there is no string that could pull him aside from the performance of his duty. The men are picked up here and there whenever one is found with particular capabilities. It is necessary that they have more or less knowledge of law, and they are often recruited from clerks of courts and lawyers. A few, but very few, are graduate detectives from the police force. There are experts in all sorts of trades and qualifications, as many rôles must be played in this true drama of American life.

THE PRIMROSE.

Now since the night of the winter hath passed—
Since, like a dream, it hath vanished at last—
The primrose, that all through the darkness lay
In slumber deep till the dawn of the day,
Awakens and gladly comes into view,
Looking as fresh and as pure as the dew.

Many a flower will ere long appear,
Blossoms enhancing the noon of the year,
Arrayed with tints that are known to be rare,
Or such as the proud and gay choose to wear;
Their bloom excelling, beholders will say,
That which by then shall have faded away.

Yet grace how these will the midsummer-time,
They 'll lack the sweet charm of life in its prime,
And fail to impart so keen a delight
As the joy which Nature feels at the sight
Of the flow'r that, astir on the vernal morn,
Comes in her beauty the earth to adorn.

JOHN OLIVER, M.A.

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STEVENSON AND MONTEREY THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

By J. SMEATON CHASE.

THE Far West is not yet much furnished with literary shrines. Far Westerners say that it will be—there has not yet been time for that; which is true. At least a good beginning was made when Stevenson came to sojourn at Monterey, just after the trials of *The Amateur Emigrant* and before the days of *The Silverado Squatters*. It was a true instinct, too, that led him here, for it is the very place for shrines and pilgrims. There is a temperament about the old, straggling town, elusive but explicit, a shadowiness in the sunshine, a faint, desperate air of doubloons and shabby velvet, six inches of sword-point below a vanishing cloak—a something, I know not what, that is in some indefinite way literary and highly Stevensonian.

The few days I passed there were divided among three rôles—pilgrim, fisherman, and student. I desired to compare the old Pacific capital as Stevenson described it with the Monterey of the tourist age; I wished to cast my fly on the Rio Carmelo (surely the pleasantest-named of rivers); and I had an object in studying in its native region the habits of *Pinus radiata*, that 'Monterey pine' which, naturally so restricted in its range, nurserymen have radiated on wider travels.

As I wandered leisurely and solitarily about the winding streets of the lower town, discerning what I could of the Monterey of 1879 and 1880, I found myself soon on the southern outskirts and near the Mission of San Carlos. It was Saturday; and, as I approached, a grave Spanish woman, her handsome gray hair shining through her netted *rebozo*, was gathering from a bush that grew before the convent door armfuls of guelder-roses for to-morrow's altar. Opposite, a group of children played about the yard of the school, calling to one another in musical singsong from time to time, 'Ysabel-í-ta,' 'Pasqual-í-ta,' and once (beautiful enough it sounded to my ears), 'Encarnaci-ón,' with long emphasis and rise of pitch on the detached vowels. They played quietly, and their voices were almost overborne by the clamour of the sparrows that shouted and sparred like newsboys in the great ivy-bushes by the Mission gates.

I entered the courtyard and found myself standing on a pavement of round discs like, and yet unlike, stone, that led up to the church door. They had an odd look, and my curiosity led me to discover later that they were whales' vertebræ set on end in the earth. Monterey has been in its time a whaling station of some fame. While I cogitated this phenomenon a person emerged from a door of the cloisters and walked briskly past me. He was habited in cassock and et ceteras, and was of a serious and conformable countenance; but he had innocently wrecked the gravity of his appearance with a 'derby' or 'bowler' hat. This secular headgear gave him a highly comic air, and I could not refrain from following him with my eyes until he had crossed the road and entered the schoolhouse. He was no doubt the schoolmaster, and I hoped that his scholars might be as artless as himself.

Eastward from the Mission the country opens to a landscape of hill and meadow dotted alike with occasional trees—a very Scottish or English prospect, on which, I thought, Stevenson must often have pondered with the exile's troubled pleasure. I turned away to search for his house, and passing down a street of cottages with gardens bursting with flowers, I came with unexpected suddenness before it. But for a board on its front bearing the words 'R. Stevenson House,' I should have passed it by. What a place! It is the most forlorn, uninhabited, and uninhabitable house in all Monterey; a large, square, flat-roofed box of two stories, with a barn-like door, and windows broken to a quite novel degree. I am sure there were not ten whole panes of glass remaining of the hundred or more whose duty it had been to admit the light while they excluded wind and weather. There is no garden in front, and the sagging wooden sidewalk upon which the doors open threatens the unwary pedestrian with broken ankles. Great patches of plaster have fallen from the outer walls, but an ironical announcement states that the place is 'For Rent' by the Monterey Investment Company.

I tried to fancy in which of the dismal rooms the genial Stevenson might have dwelt, but the imagination found it an impossible exercise. There was not a corner in that dreary, echoing shell to which one could attach a shred of kindly sentiment. If any house in Monterey be haunted, without doubt that is the one.

Crossing the little bridge that carries the road

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over a gully with a trickle of water and a thicket of weeds, I turned toward the centre of the town. The names of the streets reflect the mixture of the races: six of the presidents of the United States are commemorated, but there are also Alvarado, and Figueroa, and San Carlos, and other names savouring of Castile and Leon. Velvet-eyed señoritas with complexions of dusky peach mingle with smart tourists from New York, London, and the ends of the earth. On store-fronts appear the names of Arguellos and Duartes, and the legend 'Tamales y Enchiladas' has not lost its appeal. I preferred a small but cleanly restaurant kept by an Italian, where I was served with excellent rissoles and undeniable coffee, while the *padrone* romped genially with the *bambini* in the rear. Issuing, I walked to the water-front, where Japanese fishermen were busy with the sundries of their calling, and others of the same trade but of inscrutable nationality were baptising their nets in boiling vats of some amber liquid. Walking on to the wharf, I passed two Chinese women with hair of that supernatural sleekness which these people achieve by some sleight of Oriental craft. They were accompanied by a boy carrying a baby carmine-cheeked and marvellously becapped, and were animated beyond the wont of their race. As they shuffled past I found myself for a moment enveloped in a torrent of gutturals.

The Custom House—which has seen three régimes, Spain having begun it, Mexico completed and used it, and the United States now operating it (I fear to little profit)—is the Forum or Rialto of the town. Here the ancients of Monterey do congregate, and all day under the wide veranda polyglot conversation eddies amid the smoke of everlasting *cigarritos*. A great ragged cypress feathers out over the building at one end, and I will warrant that if by some more-than-Edisonian magic the sounds and sights that have passed into the subconsciousness of the old tree could be realised and reproduced, it would be a vivid and bizarre draft of history that would be presented. Now the place stands wedged between the railway and the street-car lines; but man himself changes little, he is the great conservative, and I doubt whether the ultimate gist of Monterey's talk to-day would be distinguishable, on an analysis, from that of 1814.

Four miles away over the neck of the peninsula lies the little town of Carmel—for fear of offence I will not call it village. Monterey is old, for the West; but Carmel is of yesterday. It is scattered through the forest, perhaps a hundred houses in all, a modest hotel or two, and a dozen stores. Pines and sand, and the age-long roar of breakers, give the place its setting and character. Scenically, and apart from the handiwork of man, it struck me as curiously un-American; Mediterranean, or English rather, such a place as what is now Bournemouth might have been a thousand years ago. Imagine it thus: a curving bay, shore clasped north and south by long headlands; backing the shore, dunes of sand rather strangely white, and rough sea-herbage growing thereon; beyond that again, the ground still rising, a belt of wood of pines and small live-oaks, with flowering underbrush between; and this verging off into warrantable forest of denser and heavier timber. Towards the southern horn of the crescent the Rio Carmelo comes down from a short course of a score or so of miles, flowing in a pleasant valley of meadow-land decorated, park-like, with slumberous umber oaks. Beside the river where it nears the sea stands the old Mission of Carmel, ripened early into antiquity by less than a century and a half of the fervent California climate.

It was the river and the Mission equally that had attracted me to Carmel, and with rod and lunch I made towards them, taking the longer way by the shore.

Leaving the shore just before reaching the river-mouth, I turned inland. The road ran for half a mile between walls of flowering lavender lupine of a man's height, and so dense as to be hardly penetrable. On the right lay a reedy lagoon, populous with water-fowl, severed from the bay only by a tongue of sand that ran to the river. I could see the white leap of the waves on the bar, like the flash of artillery, as they sprang and clawed incessantly at the barrier.

Half a mile more brought me to the Mission. It stands amid broken ground just above the river, with larger hills rising to a horizon whose tranquil lines are interrupted here and there by timber; a most sightly situation, the embodiment of quiet, an elysium for eremites. A multitude of swallows were weaving all about the place, their sweet trilling voices even adding to the solitude of the wide air, and sunshine, and the cool blowing of the sea-wind. A field of waist-high barley waved close around it, and a group of cattle on the hither side of the fence, already reduced to recumbency, eyed me abstractedly as they chewed and pondered the possibility of eating again. Fifty yards beyond the church was a neat cottage with garden and orchard; and this, being the only house near, I rightly conjectured to be the residence of the caretaker, sacristan, or however his humble ecclesiastical office should be called. An old Mexican was tinkering about the well, and glanced up, but economised his breath in reply to my '*Buenos dias.*' After a moment of doubt I essayed him again with a compliment upon his thrifty orchard, and an inquiry of what kind the trees were, and received my quietus, if I would have had it so, in one word, '*Paihrs!*' which he flung at me with the testiness of an English sexton. But the sight of silver and a coinciding request to be shown the church assuaged him wonderfully, and fetching a large,

fiddle-like key, he accompanied me and threw open the door. To my relief, he remained without, busying himself with weeding the path, and I entered alone.

It is not a large edifice, perhaps a hundred feet long, and one-third as wide. The ceiling is domed, and a choir-loft reached by a much-worn spiral stairway occupies the eastern end of the upper space. At the western end is the altar, of marble, and decorated as usual with candles and artificial flowers. Over the altar are two small windows of stained glass, one representing the Virgin and Child, the other St Joseph. Against them, outside, swallows had built, and the light was all a-flutter with wings.

The seats for worshippers occupied only about a third of the space intended for them, but I fancy they more than suffice for the present congregations of Carmel Mission. A score of cushioned pews, ticketed with the names of Machados and D'Amarols interspersed among others more common to our ears, were supplemented by a few rough benches for our brethren of the commoner clay. Opposite the pulpit, which is niched in the north wall, is a small chapel entered by a doorway of rather handsome design. The remains of an inscription on the wall caught my eye, and I made out a few broken words: 'O Corazon . . . ardes y respl . . . e ilumina el mio . . . Amo Divino . . . angeles . . . alabamos'—— I wondered whether I saw in the ill-shaped lettering a trace of the old Indian neophytes of Carmel, the last survivors of whom Stevenson heard chanting here thirty years ago. '"*In secula seculo-ho-horum*" they went, with a vigorous aspirate to every additional syllable;' and he continues: 'I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers.' If it be to the purpose, I can add a personal testimony that the faces of our California Indians are not too often nor too easily illuminated from that cause.

Before I left the church my old custodian, reappearing in better humour, exhibited in a little vaulted alcove his treasured store of relics —broken tiling of the original floor, tools supposed to have been used by the native artisans of the building, and two precarious timbers showing traces of rude carving, all that remain of the tie-beams of the roof. There was also a font of alabaster, which, contrary to its appearance, my guide declared to be *muy antiguo*.

I stayed for an hour about the place after he had returned to his cottage, pleased with the humane solitude of the old church, so different from that uncompanionable isolation of mountain, shore, or desert places. I mounted to the campanile, where now a bell hangs only in the largest embrasure; the others have fallen to the vandals. On the top of the cross that surmounts the mossed and lichened cupola a meadow-lark was sitting, bubbling over with the greenness of things. The remains of a few *adobe* houses abut on the road, mere shards of houses, roofless, and inhabited only by a thicket of weeds. In one of them, hardly bigger than a stall, a rotund gray horse was quietly grazing, and ceased for a moment to gaze wisely upon me. I always feel a shock in finding animals thus making free in our abandoned places; it is as though they had somehow outwitted us, and turned us out.

It was late afternoon when I walked homeward along the white winding road. The shining waves of the wild oats went by, broke with a soft whisper at the fence, then fled away and away beyond the low green hill. A covey of quail streamed in Indian file across the road to shelter in the brushwood with timid, crooning cries. Snake-tracks crossed the road, too, evil of omen for the quail. The doves were already flying down to the river. All around was the lonely singing of unseen birds, that familiar companionship of long walks in country places.

As I again passed the Mission, warm and crumbling in the evening sun, the swallows were gone somewhither, but the meadow-lark was still repeating over and over his cheerful canticle. While I lingered, a yellow trap drove past containing a young sombreroed Mexican and a girl of light complexion with a mass of short tawny hair. Her arm was thrown over his shoulder, and they were laughing and chatting in a wholehearted, comradely style that was pleasant to see. There seemed nothing offensive or of ill-breeding in their behaviour, nor in their general manner. Simply, it is California; so, *porqué no?*

My good Mexican must have been to town. He was stabling the old gray horse, and gave me a courteous '*Adios*' as I passed. A wreath of sea-fog crept in, and hung like cold smoke on the summit of the southern hill. The wind blew freshly, and brought more loudly to my ears the grave, inexorable voice of the Pacific.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ANOTHER TIME.

LADY MADESSON walked home from the Gardens slowly and soft-footed along the quiet streets to the quiet square where she lived. She was just a little sad, a little glad, more than a little inclined to mock at herself for the feeling of elation which struggled to rise against the warnings of her wiser judgment. She had stirred Cahusac, it was true, more than she had ever stirred him before, crept in behind the shield of his indifference a little farther.

He had paid her an unwonted homage of eyes and brain; but these things could avail her nothing unless they brought her in the end into vital touch with his love.

She was aware that every time she met him he left her with the sense of her beauty more deeply impressed upon him; but he was one of those men to whom there is but one woman in the world, and so far she was not that one. On the other hand, he was beginning to desire her companionship; she could work upon him through his moods, make him gayer or sadder as she pleased, and that was a step. Hope allured her, although she was too clear-sighted to allow it to deceive her. As she grew to understand Cahusac better she realised that she could not judge him by the standard of the ordinary man. His temperament, no less than his life, had set him outside the common run.

When she arrived at home she countermanded her carriage, and resolved to spend the evening in facing the situation which hourly engrossed her more. Never had life been so interesting. She dwelt upon Cahusac, his words and looks, and that swift encounter of glances which had, she knew, been as involuntary on his side as on hers. Yet one good remained. Nevermore could they be ignorant of that which lay beneath the ordinary aspect each faced the world with. She no longer blinded herself as to the nature of her feelings toward him. Their chance meeting in the Gardens set the seal upon all that had gone before. She smiled rather bitterly at herself upon this conclusion. For the third time in her life she undertook loving service; but her attitude toward Cahusac placed this last self-consecration on an entirely different plane, a higher, and for the time a more impersonal, one.

She cast about in her mind what she must do for him. That was simple enough in theory: help him to refute the calumnies that had been spread against him. But in practice it looked far more difficult. If she could mark down his enemy release must follow; he would be free, and — who knows? — happy. How this issue might affect his relations with herself had no part in her thoughts at that time.

Her chief difficulty lay in the fact that she knew so little of his story; she could only guess at what had taken place in Park Lane, and she despaired of winning any confidence on that point from Cahusac. No; she must trust to herself to discover the originator of the newspaper paragraphs. Cahusac's visit to Paris had ended in failure, that was plain; but then things impossible to a man come easy to a woman.

In the first place, she would be forced to renew her acquaintance with Wilford. She shrank from this, but it seemed the straightest road to the object she had in view, since Wilford had been De Sarsan's companion in Paris. She still held strongly to her first opinion that De Sarsan was the man who pulled the wires, if only they could prove the fact of his complicity.

Wilford came at her summons, aglow with expectation. He had never ceased to believe that Lorrie must prefer him. He believed also in his power to fulfil any promise he might make her. If she were beside him to help him, all would then be well.

Her rooms were full when he arrived, which gave him a shock of disappointment. He had deluded himself into the fancy that she was as eager for a meeting as himself.

'I am glad to see you,' she smiled in passing.

'Thanks,' he replied sullenly with a significant glance round the room.

'Cross?' Her eyes bewildered him. 'They will all be gone presently.'

'You do mean it?' he whispered anxiously. 'Good Lord, Lorrie, the sight of all these people made me sick!'

She shook her head warningly and left him, but he was more than content to wait and savour the bliss that was coming.

He was in the inner drawing-room alone, staring abstractedly at his finger-nails, when she stood suddenly before him. Wilford did not admire charming simplicity; he liked women when armed at all points for conquest with every art that civilisation can furnish. One of Lady Madesson's strongest claims upon his heart was her masterly manipulation of clothes. The fabrics she preferred were soft and rich, and the fashion of them a dream. She comprehended the bewitchment that lies in lace and filmy accessories. The art which seems to hide and yet reveals was not unknown to her, but she used it delicately, with a subtle and sure effect. The results were never obvious; the gratified eye took her in as a whole, radiant, indescribable.

'Is it not time for you to go away?' she asked softly. 'Every one else has gone.'

Wilford was smiling fatuously. 'I have always said, Lorrie, that you were the only woman in London who knew how to dress!' he exclaimed with ardour. 'The very sight of you and that alluring, flowery, gossamer gown is like cool waters to a thirsty soul!' He looked up with his boyish, confident smile.

'When you have quite done admiring my gown, may I remind you of the time?' But her lips were not inflexible.

He tried to take her hand. 'Dear Lorrie, you promised me that I might stay.'

'Promised?'

'Well, as good'—emboldened by her face—'and now that I am here I'm hanged if I don't find out why you have used me so badly!'

Lady Madesson retreated to the mantelshelf. 'If we are going to carry on an old quarrel'—— she began in a chill tone.

Wilford was quiet for a moment, contemplating her from head to foot; then he sprang up, and, kneeling at her feet, made as if to throw his

arms round her. 'Lorrie, why would you not see me? My eyes have ached for the sight of you!'

Lorrie had not been averse at any time from using her beauty to subdue men for her amusement, partly also with a desire—which seems buried in the hearts of most women—to witness the struggles of her victims. She believed in herself thoroughly, both in her power to fascinate and in her power to take good care of herself. Wilford, in his own way, was dangerous, as she had cause to know; but she had courted danger for the sake of excitement once, and she would face it again for Cahusac's sake now.

'Get up, Wilford, and remember that I have not forgiven the evening in Park Lane,' she said still more coldly, stepping beyond his reach.

He stood up with some awkwardness. 'It was your own fault. You had worked to make me jealous of that fellow Cahusac. By Jove, Lorrie, you have been cruel to me!'

'I think that you will allow that by your own conduct you forfeited any claim to my kindness.'

'Can't you understand that I was sore and angry? Surely I have been punished enough! Will you not forgive me even now, after all this banishment, after all you have made me suffer?' His handsome face was haggard. 'I swear to you I have been miserable! Miserable? I have been ready to shoot myself!'

She looked keenly at him. 'Therefore you tried to drown your misery?'

'Yes,' he answered defiantly; 'I had no other comfort.' Then, as she did not respond, he went on: 'Forgive me; be kind to me! I tell you I have thought over what a beast I was to you that evening until I could have shot myself. Upon my soul, Lorrie, if I could make up my mind to leave you behind in this condemned old world, I'd take my life to-morrow!'

Lady Madesson shook her head with a half-smile. 'Oh no, Wil, you wouldn't; I know you far too well to believe that.'

He lit up at the change in her tone. 'Then I am forgiven?'

'We will say no more about it, unless'——

'Dearest!' He took her hand, and with a sudden movement drew her down on the couch beside him. 'Lorrie, you have thought about me sometimes; you have relented a little?'

'Relented! About what should I relent?' Then, seeing the flash of strong emotion on his face, she hastily continued: 'You say I have banished you, but you banished yourself. I have seen you nowhere.'

'Didn't you know? I've been to Paris with De Sarsan. I was sent over by Alice to be out of the way of the family court to be held on my delinquencies. She always thinks I am safe with De Sarsan. What fools girls are! Paris at any time, you know, has its little snares for sinners like me, but this time'—— He laughed. 'Lorrie, you are lovely, but you have a great deal to answer for!'

He leant nearer, but she opened her fan and laid it between them. For the very first time in her life flattery and admiration gave her no pleasure. With an odd sense of having made a mistake, she felt that disgust had replaced the amused excitement which Wilford and his kind had been wont to awaken.

'Pray do not imagine you have made your peace. I don't think I like you to-day, Wil.' She turned away petulantly. 'Tell me about yourself.'

'The more I tell you about Paris the less you will like me, I'm afraid. But they were De Sarsan's friends mostly. One little fiend, called Ulpien Puyfot—oh Lord, to hear him! Ha, ha, ha!' He threw himself back and laughed.

'Puyfot. What was he?'

'A newspaper johnny. A rat to look at, but a genius by his own showing.'

A journalist, who was also a hanger-on of De Sarsan's! This sounded promising, so she asked, 'A genius! In what way? What did he talk about?'

'He says he has written a wonderful play which nobody appears to appreciate. As for his yarns, they are not repeatable—at least here. Once when he was hazy he mentioned Malcolm. Fancy Cahusac the hero of one of these stories!' He glanced at her with a grin. 'But let us talk of ourselves, Lorrie. Am I never to have an answer to the old, old question? Darling, I love you!'

'I wonder if you would love me so much if I were poor?' She put her arm on the back of the couch and her head upon her arm.

A whimsical expression crossed Lanceley's face. 'My dear girl, I should love you just as much and be as hot to marry you; but I don't know what the deuce we should have to live on!'

'What you are living on now, I suppose.'

His features assumed an odd grimness. 'I wonder how you'd like it! Do you know what I am living on now?' he asked, as though he had suddenly made up his mind to speak out.

'I haven't a notion.'

'On De Sarsan's charity,' he sneered. 'And beastly inadequate I find it by way of an income.'

Lady Madesson's astonishment was genuine.

'Oh, he's got his own little game to win,' resumed Wil. 'He won't be the loser. My family refused to have anything more to say to me, and so I was stranded, you see.'

'But your sister?'

'Her money's gone too, unluckily.'

Something in his aspect enlightened her.

'Wilford, you don't mean to say you'——

'Lord, Lorrie, shut up! I'm worn raw on that. Oh yes, I have had something to do with it, but it was partly her own folly. I refuse to talk about it. The only point I want you to consider is this—whether you care to have

your future husband hanging on to De Sarsan's pocket.'

Lady Madesson sat up straight and grave. 'Does your sister know of this'——

'Stop; don't give it a name! Matters are not so bad as you think. Nobody knows that De Sarsan's running me except Alice.'

'Poor girl!' The involuntary exclamation escaped her.

'Not a bit of it; she'll come out all right. Never you fear. I should be worse than I am if I had not provided for that.'

Lorrie was about to speak incisively, but checked herself. 'I have no right to ask any questions about her,' she said.

'No, perhaps it's better not. But this brings me back to the same place. Will you marry me, Lorrie?'

She stood up and moved away. 'Why should I? I feel no definite need of you. I am very happy as it is.'

'With me you would be very much happier. I am a beggar, and a bit of a rake. I don't pretend anything before you. I tell you the worst of myself, and you'—a real feeling broke his voice—'you know the best of me. You *make* the best of me! Have pity on me! Lorrie, I adore you; I could be anything you wished me to be! I used to think you cared for me a little once.' He had followed her, and stood with clouded eyes watching the effect of his appeal.

'Perhaps I did a little—once,' she said with a curious inflection in her tone which meant self-contempt, though he could not interpret it. Looking back, she remembered that his eager, boyish wooing had interested her at first, until she knew him. But now she hated him for it as she hated herself, and turned away that he might not see the hardening of her face.

'Sing to me,' she said after a pause. 'We will talk of all this another time.'

He gazed at the lacy folds which clung about her full throat; then his eye strayed to the curve of her cheek, the temple under its waving fall of dark hair. 'Lorrie,' he said with passion, 'I think I could die happy if I had but kissed you once!'

(To be continued.)

AS THE CHINESE SEE US.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Sometime Chaplain to the Forces at Hong-kong, Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, &c.

WE have been reading a great deal lately about the Chinese and what Europeans think of them, so perhaps it may interest our readers to tell them what the Chinese think of Europeans.

A missionary travelling in a boat was amused at overhearing a conversation of two simple countrymen. 'How much whiter his skin is than ours!' said one of them, looking at the missionary. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'foreign devils are very singular. They are born entirely white or entirely black.' The man's impression was that colour was as uncertain as in a litter of puppies, and that Sikh, negro, and Englishman all came from the same stock.

The Chinese call themselves the black-haired race, and all foreigners red-headed devils. A Chinaman, who had not the smallest idea of being deficient in politeness, confided to the writer that when he first saw foreigners he thought it extraordinary that they should have beards all round their faces, just like monkeys; but, he added reassuringly, 'I am quite used to it now.' This reminds us of what the people in another place said of a missionary: 'He speaks our language; if his whiskers were shaven off he would be nearly as good-looking as we are.' Chinese children often scream with fright when they see a European for the first time, especially if he has a red beard like the bogey-man depicted in their picture-books. The children thought that these were mythical personages—but no! there is one of them in the flesh. In the 'new territory' opposite Hong-kong I heard a boy, when asked whose was a certain house, reply, 'That's the devil's house.' He meant nothing more than that the only European in the neighbourhood lived there.

In the interior of China a foreigner is always suspected. He is supposed to be able to see into the earth and discover precious metals. If he is a missionary he is a political agent come to get himself killed, so that his death may be an excuse for land-grabbing on the part of some European Power. Should he offer any food or drink to visitors they think that it is poisoned. Many Chinese women are afraid to enter a foreigner's house lest they should be bewitched.

Chinese ladies dress, and do not undress, for evening parties, so they are shocked when they hear that Western women do the reverse—that when they go to Court they regard 'a bare skin as a mark of respect.' Chinese ladies are also concerned because their European sisters do not wear visible trousers, and have tight-fitting clothes that show their shape. Even upon a man tight clothes can only be explained if the poor fellow has not enough cloth to cover himself properly.

A Chinaman will feel the board-like shirt-front of a European with wonder, and ask if his collar does not cut his throat. 'What,' he asks, 'can

be worse for the health than to have the waistcoat of evening-dress open in front, thus exposing the chest, a most vulnerable part?'

A friend told the writer that the first time he gave a swallow-tail coat to a new Chinese servant to brush, he saw the 'boy' round the corner holding the garment up to the light and shaking with mirth. 'Why was it cut so in front and at the tails? What were the buttons behind for? How did the thing go on?' The Chinese think it strange that we should wear hats out of doors in summer when it is warm, and take them off indoors however cold.

What Celestials call our European odour is quite as nauseous to them as their smell is to us. Think of that, ye well-tubbed Britishers! A missionary friend, who is a very clean man, told me that he has often been pained by seeing Chinese hold their noses when talking to him. They say we smell because we eat beef.

The Chinese think that Europeans have neither religion nor morals nor manners, and only worship force as represented by big armies and navies. They say that, while we profess Christianity, its spirit influences our actions far less than do economic considerations; that Christianity is even less to us than is Confucianism to them; and that it is like our impertinence to send missionaries to China.

The Chinese think that we ignore and neglect the five great relationships which they learn in their classics: the relationship of sovereign to subject, of father to son, of husband to wife, of younger brother to elder, and of friend to friend. Celestials observe that in Western countries when a son comes of age he goes where he likes, does what he chooses, and has no necessary connection with his parents nor they with him, and they think this the behaviour of a grown calf or colt to a cow or mare—proper for brutes, but not for human beings.

The Platonic intermingling of sexes in Western society the Chinese do not understand; they think that our treatment of women is a mixture of imbecility, ill-breeding, and buffoonery.

A Chinese opponent of railways lately wrote that they would be useless in China as far as women are concerned. 'The wives and daughters of Europeans take no pleasure in staying at home; but in the case of our womankind, gadding about is held in great disrepute.'

The author of a native work called *The Sights of Shanghai* complains that foreigners and their wives stroll about in the public gardens arm-in-arm and shoulder to shoulder without any bashfulness whatever. For men and women to talk together in public is, in the opinion of the Chinese, bad; but for them to shake hands or take each other's arm is barefaced immorality. Etiquette in the Flowery Land requires that men and women passing things to one another should lay them upon a table instead of handing them directly.

When the Chinese hear of the Christian precept that a man should leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife, they are, if good Confucianists, horror-stricken; for Confucianism requires a man to cleave to his father and mother, and to compel his wife to serve and honour his parents also. We say that the Chinese worship their ancestors, and they retort that Western nations worship their wives. They hear of men amongst us adoring and being devoted to their wives.

The Chinese think that our manners are those of barbarians, and that we are always acting contrary to their saying, 'Politeness is better than force.' Certainly, the foreigner who does not take the trouble to learn even the alphabet of Chinese politeness cannot avoid giving frequent offence unconsciously. For instance, if he wears spectacles, and does not remove them when a visitor comes into his room, he will be thought very rude. The Chinese strongly object to be looked at through glasses. When we show manners the Chinese are surprised. A lady told me that, on a recent occasion, when she went into a shop at Canton the door was soon blocked up by a crowd of idle gazers. My friend, who speaks Cantonese well, said to the crowd in that dialect, 'I beg your pardon, would you allow me to go out?' They at once made room for her, and she heard them remarking, 'She speaks our language, and she has manners too!'

Our idea of progress is to have many railways and other modes of motion, and to be always 'on the go.' To the Chinese this seems to be morbid unrest. They say that we do not live, so intent are we in increasing the means of living, and that in consequence we are always discontented. The Chinese approve of the tramway-cars, lavatories, and fire-engines of the West, but many of our contrivances are, in the opinion of the educated, curious rather than useful, and in that of the ignorant connected with magic. Whatever he may pretend for the sake of advantage, the most unprogressive yellow man despises the most inventive white man. The inventiveness of the latter is, in the eyes of the former, no more worthy of respect than is the cunning of a fox or the strength of an elephant.

When we object to the smells in Chinese cities the inhabitants say, 'They are surface smells; they will evaporate;' and think that their system of drainage, or rather of no drainage, is far less dangerous than is our underground drainage.

Few Chinese visitors to England think as much of us as we think of ourselves. Rather they are shocked at the foulness of our city slums, at the drunkenness and licentiousness upon our streets, at our murder and divorce reports, at the figures of the national drink-bill. In their opinion our prisons are absurdly comfortable, and put a premium upon crime. They

admire, however, the school system by which we try to keep children from coming to prison.

The Chinese say that Europeans do not know how to make tea. To put milk and sugar into tea is as horrible, in their opinion, as it would be in ours to put them into champagne or into port-wine.

In China all the common acts of life are done not merely differently from our European way, but in an exactly opposite way. A man shakes his own hands and not those of his friend, and this he considers more sanitary than our method. Should he dine with his friend he will be placed on the left, for that is the place of honour, and not on the right, as with us. The dinner will begin, contrary to ours, with dessert, and end with soup and rice. A European takes off his hat to show respect to a friend; should you go into the office of a Chinaman, if his cap is off his head he will put it on. The mourning colour in China is white, and not black. A Chinaman wears a waistcoat over his coat, and not under, as we do. He mounts a horse from the off-side instead of the near, and holds the reins in his right hand and not in his left. The beginning of a Chinese book is where a Western one ends, and it is read from top to bottom in a series of horizontal lines arranged from right to left. The notes, if any, are placed on the top of the page. If a British boy is puzzled, say, in doing a sum, he scratches his head; but a Chinaman kicks off a shoe and scratches a foot. The fact that these and almost all other things are done in China in an opposite way from that in which we do them causes Chinese visitors to Europe to think that everything is upside-down. We seem to their eyes to be very absurd and little to be imitated. A good cure for self-complacency is to go to China and find out what the people really think of us.

THE WRATH OF ISHMAEL GOUDIE.

CHAPTER V.—RACK AND RUIN.

FOR some time after Mrs Goudie's death life at the Hainings proceeded on decorous lines. Her loss had a sobering effect on Goudie, who for a time forsook the companionship of his cronies, and, reforming his ways, acted the bereaved husband and the solicitous father to the admiration of his little world.

Then, as the novelty of the situation wore off, old habits gradually reasserted themselves, and matters slipped back into their former channels; with the difference that, the restraining influence of a good wife having been removed, they slipped yet farther back than before.

But John Goudie was not altogether regardless. Finding after a time that the women who were willing to take service at a farm where there was no mistress, and whose master had the reputation of tippling, were steadily deteriorating in character, and that the female domestics now employed at the Hainings were likely to prove bad associates for his young son, Goudie had the wit, in the third year of his widowerhood, to ask an unmarried relative of his, Mirren Dawson, to act as his housekeeper.

Miss Dawson was a 'purpose-like' woman of five-and-thirty. Under her conscientious rule the house once more assumed a homely aspect. Household waste was checked, meals were properly prepared, rooms regularly cleaned and aired, and the moths that had already taken insidious possession were banished from their strongholds.

While she kept order within, Ishmael toiled uncomplainingly outside to make the money that paid for Walter's needlessly expensive education, and enabled the farmer to return 'market-merry' from his weekly visits to the county town.

Walter Goudie had developed into a handsome lad, who was the pride of his father's heart. Unfortunately his nature lacked the moral fibre necessary to make him a fine man. His feelings had never been deep, and as time wore on he lost the affectionate regard for Ishmael that his mother had so carefully instilled. Seeing Ishmael's unwavering patience under his father's flouts, and the ungrudging service that he rendered for the wages of an unskilled labourer, Walter, who could not appreciate the beauty of self-sacrifice, came near to despising him.

John Goudie had the desire, so common with unlearned Scots fathers, to make his son a professional man. Unfortunately for his ambitions, study had no attraction for Walter, whose interest centred in horses. After some delay a compromise was arrived at by Walter deciding to become a veterinary surgeon. With the aid of careful coaching he succeeded in passing the matriculation examination that admitted him to the Edinburgh Veterinary College.

From the first young Goudie's progress gave little satisfaction to his professors, while the ever-increasing sums needed to defray his personal expenses made excessive demands on the rapidly diminishing funds of his father. The evidence of his unwarranted extravagance might have warned John Goudie that Walter found the distractions of city life more engrossing than study; but there are none so blind as those who refuse to see, and in the farmer's eyes the son of his old age could do no wrong.

Walter Goudie was in his twenty-first year

when, one winter day, he appeared unexpectedly at the Hainings, and, throwing down his bag with an oath, announced that he was home for good. The resolve had been forced upon him. A special exhibition of rowdyism in which he was chief actor had been justly signalised by his expulsion from the Veterinary College.

His bemused brain braced up by the failure of his cherished hopes, John Goudie made a praiseworthy attempt to initiate his son into the mysteries of farming. But the effort proved abortive. The only science in which Walter revealed the slightest interest was that of horse-racing; his one ambition was to attend race-meetings. Failing that expensive distraction, he loafed away the days, drinking a little at the village tavern, and having a good weekly blow-out when he accompanied his father to market.

It was at this juncture that Ishmael broke the silence of seven lean years by protest. His was the only brain clear enough to see that the existing conditions could not long continue. Between the farmer's slackness and his son's incessant demands for money, funds had gradually diminished until the banking-account was overdrawn. For two years Ishmael's nominal pay had not been forthcoming.

By dint of constant and arduous labour he had contrived to overtake the farm-work with the aid of only one man. Indoors, Mirren, too, worked hard; for the assistance of the servant lass was often required in the fields. She did her best, but one pair of hands cannot accomplish everything, and it grieved Ishmael to witness the gradual decay of the home in which Mrs Goudie had taken so much pride. The dining-room had degenerated into the meeting-place of soakers, who gathered to drink the whisky for which Goudie ran into debt, and to depart to prophesy with drunken solemnity the coming ruin of the host.

Once, when Ishmael entered the vacant room, the stale smell of spirits and tobacco drove him to throw open the window with a jerk that broke the rotten sash-rope. For the moment he was sickened by the recollection of the night when the farmer had called him into the room to taunt him with the birth of the son who was to be his master.

It was while his spirit was fired by the recurrent horror of the memory that Ishmael broke his resolute silence and uttered his warning—a warning that was met by jeering reminders of his own subordinate position, and supercilious demands to know what concern he had with the matter.

After that rebuff Ishmael went about his work with set lips and a hot and angry heart. His promise to the dying woman alone bound him to the farm.

At the close of a short spell of unusually sultry weather that occurred during the following July, John Goudie had a paralytic seizure. For a week he lay dumb and motionless. Then his faculties gradually returned; and, though he never again completely regained the use of his left side, his speech came back, and he was able to be wheeled about the house in a chair.

As the weeks wore on Walter usurped the province of master, treating Ishmael worse than a dog, cajoling the old man if he wanted to get anything from him, and when money was not forthcoming strolling about the farm with a gun.

After a short absence on a bout of dissipation, the funds for which were procured from the sale of his mother's little store of jewellery, he reappeared at the Hainings in worse case than ever. Matters had gone ill with him. He bore unmistakable sign of a debasement that was both physical and moral.

The ensuing days were wretched ones. Unable for lack of coin to leave the locality, he loafed about the steading, revenging his baffled cravings on any hapless creature that came in his way; while the old man, sitting half-imbecile in the wheeled chair by the kitchen fire, applauded his every utterance as the essence of humour.

Through it all Ishmael went about his work with his usual dogged persistence, keeping his pledge, and labouring as faithfully as he had done through so many thankless years. Though Ishmael did not know it, he was working beyond the limits of his endurance; for during the past winter signs—their grave nature unrecognised as yet—of incipient heart-trouble had harassed him.

It was while he was resolutely setting himself to avoid open war by keeping as much away from the house as possible that a crippling accident befell him.

Walter had taken out a young horse—one that Ishmael had reared with special pride and with a secret hope that he might help to restore the falling fortunes of the family—and had brought him home badly lamed.

Discovering the injury, Ishmael was in the stable trying to alleviate the pain, when the animal, maddened by suffering, kicked him on the knee.

It was the most disastrous thing that could have happened. Owing to the hard winter and their lack of hands, much of the crop was yet unsown. To be rendered impotent at such a time was an incredible misfortune. Ishmael would fain have regarded the injury as trivial; but the excruciating pain caused by every movement gave incontestable warning of the folly of such a proceeding.

Kindly Dr Mickle from Braeside, who chanced in passing to call on the farmer, insisted on examining the knee, and plunged Ishmael into the depths of despair by prescribing complete rest, and promising him permanent lameness

if he attempted to use the limb for several weeks.

Beaten at all points, Ishmael set his teeth and grimly endured. For two endless days he lay in his attic room. Then, unable longer to lie still, and eager to see how the horse was progressing, and to give some necessary instructions about the farm-work, he dressed and hobbled downstairs, only to sink down, faint and sick with pain, on the worn horsehair sofa in the kitchen.

By the side of the fire the farmer sat dozing away his days. The only thing that now had power to arouse him was the presence of his son. When Walter entered the room, were he drunk or sober, the old man never failed to awake. His features assumed an air of expectant interest, and his flaccid lips curved in a smile.

It was still early in the afternoon. The dinner of thick barley broth and hough, and potatoes boiled in their skins, had been cleared away, though the atmosphere was still heavy with its odours. In the scullery Mirren Dawson was washing up the dishes, for the servant lass was out in the 'laigh field' helping Dan Forgan, the ploughman who had succeeded Bauldy Stewart.

Ishmael was half-sitting, half-lying on the couch, trying to endure the pain his walking had induced, when Walter Goudie swaggered into the room.

'See here, Ish, I want some money,' he said. 'I 'm going to Edinburgh in the morning, and I must have it.'

Ishmael gave no sign that he heard.

'D' ye hear me speaking?' Walter demanded. 'I want money.'

'Then want must be your master,' Ishmael, goaded on to speech, made reply; 'for ye 'll get nane here.'

Walter had already been drinking. His lips were tremulous, his eyes bloodshot. He attempted to domineer. 'And who are you to say what I 'm to have, or what I 'm not? That 's what I 'd like to know. Who gave you authority here?'—'Mirren!' he shouted when Ishmael refused to bandy words with him—'Mirren, give me what money you have.'

Appearing at the door of the scullery, a steaming dishcloth in one hand, the plate she had been washing in the other, Mirren protested. ''Deed, man, I havena a penny in the house forbye the twa-three ha'pennies the weans brought for the milk this mornin'. An' when he left the bread yesterday the baker was speirin' if it would be convenient to pay him the day, for he had a heavy bill to meet.'

Baffled, Walter sought the feeble mind's refuge, and tried to relieve his ill-temper by cursing. 'I 'm for Edinburgh the morn, an' money I must have,' he blustered.

'There 's the butter that was churned this mornin',' Mirren said hesitatingly. 'I dinna usually deliver it till nicht.'

'Away wi' ye! Take the butter to the folk this minute, an' mind ye get the money in yer hand, an' bring it straight back here.'

'An' if she gives ye the butter-money, what 's to keep the hoose, an' get the auld man what he needs, Walter Goudie?' cried Ishmael, starting up on the sofa with flaming eyes. 'Ye were born into a warm, weel-lined nest, an' now ye 've rooked it wi' yer wanton prodigality.'

Sitting down heavily on the edge of the solid kitchen table, Walter stared defiance at him, his red-rimmed eyes gleaming from a pallid face that was already lined by indulgence in evil passions. 'Oh, ho! so I was born into a warm, weel-lined nest, was I?' His tone was ponderously sarcastic. 'An' if I was, what did I find there? A cuckoo in the nest; that 's what I found there. A d—d silly cuckoo.'

'Tee-hee, tee-hee!' sniggered the old man delightedly, as though applauding a rare witticism. 'That 's a good one, Wattie. A cuckoo —tee-hee-hee!'

Within earshot in the milk-house, Mirren was hurriedly wrapping the rolls of firm yellow butter in cabbage-blades, and packing them into a basket. She was a peace-loving woman, whose one desire was to avoid getting mixed up in family feuds, and she longed to be out of the house before the threatening storm broke.

'Ye found a weel-plenished hoose, an' guid siller in the bank,' Ishmael went on, 'an' though ye 're no' twenty-two yet, ye 've squandered it so that if it hadna been for me there wouldna be a roof ower yer heid this day. An' if ye persist in yer wicked wastrel way, do what I can to prevent it, there 'll no' be a roof ower yer heid come the back-end o' the year. Mind ye, I 'm warnin' ye!'

Taking her hat from the peg on the back of the kitchen-door, Mirren seized the basket and set off on her errand, thankful to escape from an air so surcharged with hostility.

For a time Walter continued to bluster; but Ishmael, who had said his say, taciturnly refused to be drawn into further controversy.

Irritated by his persistent silence, Walter at length started unsteadily to his feet, and, with the avowed intention of finding money somewhere, went upstairs. The listener in the kitchen could hear him walking about the bedroom overhead—the room in which he had been born, and where Ishmael had first seen him—pulling out drawers and shoving them roughly in again. Then his steps, moving stealthily now, went higher, and for a time there was no further sound.

Lulled by the warmth of the fire, the old man was nodding in his chair, and a brief cessation of the intense pain had just enabled Ishmael to fall into a light doze, when Walter's steps again echoed on the stair, and he burst into the kitchen.

In his hand he carried something loosely wrapped in brown paper. Throwing it down on the table, he contemptuously shook out the pauper raiment—the sole possession that Ishmael had carried into his new life.

'See, faither,' Walter cried hilariously, holding up a little pair of trousers. 'Them that seeks finds. See what I've gotten. These are the grand claes our fine gentleman there wore afore he left the poorhouse to gaffer us a' at the Hainings!'

'Ay, I mind fine. A puir object he was,' chuckled the old man. 'A dour, wee cowed beastie.'

Ishmael had been growing paler and paler. In a black, surging flood the anger that all through these hapless years he had kept under was rising within him. Stounds of agony throbbed through his injured knee; his enfeebled heart jerked painfully. But still he strove desperately to keep control of himself.

Standing by the table, Walter Goudie, who was enraged at his search having been unproductive of money, was tossing over the little garments, addressing them derisively the while.

'He wasna fit to bring into a decent, God-fearing hoose; I aye telt yer mither that, Wattie,' whimpered old Goudie. 'She shouldna ha'e ta'en him. I aye said that. If she'd listened to me she'd never ha'e done siccan a thing.'

The pot of water with which Ishmael had meant to bathe the horse's hock was boiling furiously on the fire, but no one noticed it. A gentle tap at the open door drew their attention to Jocky Forgan, the half-witted child of the ploughman, who had come to fetch a can of butter-milk.

Seeing him, Walter smote the table with his fist, and burst into a loud laugh. At the sound of his mirthless amusement a smile chased the distressed look from the old man's face. His son was his weather-glass.

'Come awa' in, Jocky, my clever man,' Walter cried, welcoming him with affected heartiness. 'Come in, laddie, an' see how ye would like to try on some braw new claes. There now'—he put the glengarry bonnet on the touselled head. 'That sets ye fine. Yer ain mither wouldna ken ye, Jocky, wi' that bonnet on yer heid, an' this fine cravat round yer neck. An' see.' He held out the little breeches enticingly.

Ishmael had risen to his feet; his eyes were blazing like torches in a livid face. 'Gang awa' hame, Jocky,' he said quietly. 'This is no' a place for you. Run hame to yer mither.' His voice was little more than a whisper, but his tone was one that even the half-witted boy knew must be obeyed.

Limping painfully across the floor, Ishmael gently thrust the child out, and closed the door on him. Then turning to his tormentor, with the insults of many ignominious years to avenge, he said quietly, 'I've a long score to settle wi' you, Walter Goudie, an' I'll settle it noo.'

(To be continued.)

OLD ABERDEEN NAMES AND GAMES.

IT is always a fascinating work to trace the history of a town, to survey its growth from its foundation, to follow it through its youth and middle life, and to survey it in its old age and full development. Perhaps the best way to do this is to make a study of the names of its streets, find out why they were originally made, in what way they were named, and why they received the names they bear now. Aberdeen is fortunate in having a topographer, a savant learned in the past, who has written an admirable little book* upon the street-names of his own town; and this book will give entertainment to many who, like the present writer, are not Aberdonians, but are yet interested in that 'silver city by the sea.'

The earliest record the author can find of a 'street-name' in Aberdeen goes as far back as 1212, and occurs in a charter granted by the Abbot of Arbroath to a burgess of Aberdeen. The street is called in the Latin original *Vicus Fraxini* (the Road of the Ash-tree), and he identifies it with the Netherkirkgate. He points out that in Scottish towns the principal street-names were originally not names at all in our sense of the word, but natural descriptions of the chief ways. Thus we find in most of the older burghs names like Castlegate, High Street, Gallowgate, and Cowgate, for the simple reason that they are descriptions of the position or uses of each 'gate,' which was the old Scottish word for street.

The centres of the old town were the castle and the 'forum' or market-place. The former dated back to 'the beginning,' and was the scene of many historic deeds; and the latter had adjacent to it the *hostilagium* or king's warehouse, which can be traced back to 1219. As in most old Scottish towns, and as specially might be expected in a town whose ancient motto, 'Bon-Accord,' shows its connection with France, many of the Aberdeen town-names were derived from French forms. The Vennel is the French *venelle*, a narrow lane; the wharves are not wharves, but 'quays' (*quai*); there are many

* *Aberdeen Street Names.* By G. M. Fraser. Aberdeen: Wm. Smith & Sons, The Bon-Accord Press.

'places' (*place*); and there were gates called 'ports' (*porte*). There were six ports or gateways, all of which have now disappeared, in old Aberdeen—the Justice Port, the Futty Port, the Shiprow Port, the Nether and Upper Kirkgate Ports, and the Gallowgate Port, most of which existed before 1434. The Justice Port rightly bore that ominous name, for not only did it lead to the Heading Hill, but on it the dismembered limbs of malefactors were 'spiked' to encourage the others. The Futty Port and Futty Wynd give a good instance of a distorted place-name. Futty is now often written Footdee, from an imagined derivation from the river Dee, but its origin is *tout autre;* it was originally named from the old chapel of St Fotinus, popularly St Foty; hence through the ages came the changing forms Futty, Footie, and finally the barbarous Footdee. Another interesting change of form is found in the last of the names of the four older streets—Castlegate, Shiprow, Gallowgate, Guestrow, whose names make a metrical line. The name Guestrow was much more interesting originally than it is now. From its proximity to the graveyard of St Nicholas, the street was at first happily named Ghaistraw or Ghost's Road (it is translated *Vicus Lemurum* in a Latin charter), an impressive evidence of its relation to the uncanny neighbourhood it stood in.

The author has much to tell us about the Aberdeen Tron and the Mint; and Rotten Row, he points out, has, here at least, more connection with 'rottons' (rats) than the similarly named place in London. Poynernook Road derived its quaint name from the old burghal 'pynours' or shore-porters who had their headquarters there. Huxter Row and 'Buth Rawe' (Booth Row) explain themselves; Mounthooly seems to mean the Holy Mount, and Kittybrewster to be derived from the brewing (browster) land attached to the Bishopric of Aberdeen, and not from any mythical heroine called Kitty Brewster. Spital as a street-name commemorates the old hospital founded in the twelfth century by Bishop Matthew de Kininmond, and Exchequer Row is the easier representative of the old name 'Skakkarium' (Scaccarium), or King's Custom-House of Aberdeen.

So much for the older names. We are also told much, however, about the names of the streets called after local associations or their original builders, and those called after the 'weel-kent folk.' Marischal Street represents the site of the town house of the noble Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland, from the walls of which Queen Mary unwillingly witnessed the execution of a Catholic Gordon, and which was the scene of the Jacobite lords' disappointment after 1715. Burnett's Close was so called from the Burnetts of Elrick, worthy burgesses, but not too proud to smuggle. Peacock's Close was named after Francis Peacock, appointed—and this refutes the charge against Aberdeen of being a grim, relentless town—in 1747 'sole dancing-master of the burgh of Aberdeen'! Cruden's Court is reminiscent of the pious compiler of the *Concordance*. Shoe Lane was laid out by the Shoemakers' Guild; while the odd names Luxembourg Close and Patagonian Close seem to owe their being to 'the taste and fancy' of their former owners. Virginia Street represents the abortive sugar industry, and Constitution Street the unrighteous zeal Aberdeen showed in resisting Catholic emancipation. A new class of names—borrowed from London—arose in the eighteenth century. We find Long Acre, followed by importations from Mile End to Whitehall, names one could have done without—in Aberdeen. Then there are the myriad modern names, the Frederick Streets, Charlotte Streets, Queen Streets, &c., common to every town; but one notices that even in 1807 a grumbler objected to one of them, saying that 'Princes Street is most unhappily named, unless it be in compliment to the Prince of Darkness.'

There is one name which may cause us to digress before we finish—that is, 'the Bowl Road.' This was the road which led to the public bowling-green at the Links, and the latter are described in 1661 thus: 'The Lynkis extend themselves almost betwixt the two rivers of Done and Dee. Heer the inhabitants recreat themselves with several kynds of exercises, such as football, goffe, bowling, and archerie.' If any one desires to know how the inhabitants of Aberdeen amused themselves at 'goffe,' a recent book* will be instructive. In the first place, that game was included among the 'unlawful amusements' in 1565, which was in itself enough to make it popular. It became so. Golfers played (in 1613) even in the churchyard, and (1637–41) even on Sundays! They continued to play in spite of many rebuffs—but on week-days, and quietly—till 1780. Then they founded a 'Society of Golfers in Aberdeen,' and in 1815 the Aberdeen Golf Club was formed. This took in the remnants of its predecessors, and has now published a handsome volume of its records, which we recommend to all golfers and lovers of Aberdeen.

* *The Aberdeen Golfers: Records and Reminiscences.* By Charles Smith. London: Published privately, 1910.

HOW SEYMOUR CAME OF AGE.

By W. Victor Cook, Author of *Odin's Treasury*, *Anton of the Alps*, &c.

CROUCHED in the lee of the Bank, amid the flying sand and the long, coarse grasses that hissed in the gale, Mark Seymour lay and listened. The tumult was frightful. The wind screamed in his ears; the salt spray, mixed with grit and pebbles, cut his face and nearly blinded him as it was swept across the Bank. Every few moments the whole shore shook as at the discharge of heavy artillery, and the deep roar of the shattered rollers sounded along the beach. Then came the long grind as the backwash dragged at the shingle, and again followed the thunder of breaking water. It was still three hours before the tide would be high.

Young Seymour trembled as he lay against the Bank. People said he was a coward, and he had fought hard against the timidity of his disposition; but the fear that was on him now seemed to convict him. Slowly he dragged himself a few inches above the top of the Bank, and, with his hands up to protect his eyes, peered out over the sea. A waste of foam-whitened waters writhed before him, streaked by the lashing of the gale. The autumn dusk was falling, and soon it would be dark.

With his eyes streaming from the wind, Mark turned to look behind him. There stood the strong stone house which his father, the keeper of the Bank, had built twenty years ago, when the wide Tessler estuary was reclaimed from the sea. The little seaward windows were closely shuttered, and from the squat chimney the smoke was driving horizontally out across the flats. Somehow the house reminded Mark of his father, sturdy and plain, inured to wind and weather, alone yet unafraid. Who but his father would have undertaken the lonely responsibility of keeper of the Bank, to maintain the Vale of Tessler against that ravening sea from which man, greatly daring, had snatched it? Not only his own and his family's lives had Mark's father taken in his hands, but the lives of all the dwellers in the scattered homesteads that had grown up in the basin of the old-time estuary.

Mark looked from the house to a higher structure beside it, raised on a great mound that his father had faced with stone and cement. On the top was a small, rounded erection of stone, shaped like a beehive, with the opening facing landwards. They called it the Tower of Refuge. Inside there were cork-jackets and life-belts, and a small, strong boat that would hold half-a-dozen people. Neither the tower nor the boat had ever been needed yet; but Mark's father had been a sailor, and he kept them always in repair. 'You can never trust the sea,' he said. And it was four miles to the nearest rising ground.

A tug at his arm made Mark look round suddenly. It was his little brother, whom they called Gipsy because of his thick, brown curling hair and laughing, mischievous eyes.

'Hallo, Gip!' said Mark. 'You'd better go in. You'll be blown away.'

'I *don't* think!' cried the little, shrill voice in his ear. 'I say, Mark, look at my river. Ain't it fine? I'm going to play battleships.' He held up a toy boat, and, with the glee of eight years old, pointed to a narrow rivulet of water that was dribbling away landwards from the foot of the Bank.

At the sight of that small, meandering trickle Mark sprang down the Bank and stood staring. For the moment panic gripped him. The Bank was giving way! And the tide would not be at the full for three hours yet!

Boom! boom! The deep thunder of the sea was like the guns of a triumphant enemy.

Little Gip pulled his elder brother impatiently by the hand. 'Come on! You be the Germans, Mark!'

Gip had never been afraid of anything. Mark would have given a fortune—if he had had one—to be brave and careless-hearted like his little brother. Instead, he had always had the reputation of timidity. Even in the midst of his present fear he recalled how, at a dance the week before, at the Tessler schoolhouse, they had spoken of his approaching coming of age—he would be twenty-one to-morrow—and he had overheard the schoolmaster's daughter Maisie, an imp of seventeen, say he ought to have been born ten years earlier, 'because twenty-one years was not enough to make a man out of such poor material.'

'Come on, Mark; what 's the matter with you?' cried little Gip.

The runnel of water was a little wider now where it came under the Bank.

Suddenly Mark gripped his brother's arm so hard that the little fellow started. 'Gip,' cried he, 'you 're brave, aren't you?'

'I ain't as brave as father,' said the boy. 'I say, Mark, just listen to the horses!'

There was a confused noise from the low stable close at hand.

'Gipsy,' said Mark, speaking in the boy's ear because of the roar of the storm, 'you 've got to be very brave, and look after mother. Father can't be home to-day. Run up into the Tower of Refuge, and light the fire, and loose the oars in the boat, and untie her. I'm going to bring mother to you there.'

Gip's round face grew preternaturally solemn. 'Oh Mark!' was all his comment.

'The Bank is going to burst, Gipsy,' said

Mark. 'It won't last long, boy. That water is the big sea coming through.'

'Shall we be drowned, Mark?' The child looked up with a scared yet trustful face.

'No, no!' cried Mark, with a lump in his throat. The sight of the small, grave face so full of childish trust sent a sudden fire through his blood. 'You won't be drowned, Gipsy, if you do as I say. Run along and light the fire.'

The boy ran off, without a word, and went up the steps to the tower.

Mark entered the house, where his sick mother lay. People said it was from her that he inherited his timid spirit; yet her fears were never for herself. He took her hand. 'Mother, it's a wild storm, and the Bank is giving way,' he said. 'I'm going to take you up into the tower, and leave you with Gipsy for a while.'

'Ah!' The sick woman instantly understood all the peril that was implied. 'And where are you going, Mark?'

'I must warn the Vale of Tessler,' he answered. 'The folk will be drowned like rats if they have no warning.'

'Take Gipsy with you,' said his mother.

'I can't,' he said. Looking out of the window, he saw his fears confirmed. The water was coming under the Bank in a broad stream. 'Mother, I must ride the Black Duke; the pony could never do it in time. It will be a wild ride, mother. Come!'

'You—ride the Black Duke!' she exclaimed incredulously. Mark had never ventured to mount the great, fiery black horse that his father kept.

He nodded his head. 'Come,' he repeated, 'there's no time to lose, mother.' He wrapped her up, and, half-leading, half-carrying her, got her up the steps to the tower. His little brother had lit the fire in the grate. Mark ran and fetched some food and water, and made a bed for his mother on the floor of the tower.

Then Mark took Gip by the hand, and led him to the door that faced landwards. 'Gipsy,' said he, 'if the sea wets the top step there before the tide turns, get mother into the boat, wrap her up as warm as you can, and then get in yourself too. The vale will all be covered with the sea, Gip, and you must let the boat drift as far as she will inland; but as soon as the tide turns you must let the anchor go. See, I have hung it ready in the bows.'

'Yes, Mark,' said Gipsy. 'I wish father were home, Mark!'

'Wishing's no good,' answered Mark. 'Gip, you're a brave boy. You and I have got to save mother and all the people in the Vale of Tessler, so, whatever happens, you must not get frightened.'

'No, Mark,' said the boy, staring with big eyes at the water spreading out below.

'The sea will wash down the Bank, but you must not be frightened,' said Mark. 'And it will cover up our house, but you and mother will be safe. Don't get into the boat unless the waves come up to the top step, Gip. And, remember, I'll come back as soon as I can. I'll bring the coastguard from Garton Point. Goodbye, Gip.' He stooped and kissed his brother, and then ran down the steps. Already the water was up to his ankles as he waded to the stable. At any moment the mass of the shingle Bank might give way with a roar and a rush of the engulfing sea.

In the stable the pony and the big black horse were nearly wild with panic—the instinctive terror of dumb beasts that feel death is near. Mark flung open the door, and untied the pony's halter. With a splash and a mad clatter of hoofs the pony rushed out, nearly knocking Mark over in his bolt.

Now to saddle the Black Duke! The terrified beast was in a lather of sweat, rolling his eyes, and tugging wildly at the halter that held him to the stall. Before this day of stress Mark had fought shy of him. But to-day, for the first time in his life, he had met death face to face, and the vision, like a strong and bitter tonic, had steeled his heart and brain to a kind of unconscious, mechanical courage. For once his way in the world was clear. There was only one thing for him to do. There was no longer the cost to be counted, no more bargains to be struck with Destiny.

There is something in the mere absence of fear which exerts a steadying influence upon such—man or beast—as are under the spell of terrors. With no thought of possible consequences, Mark walked straight into the stall where the great horse was straining at the halter, and took down the saddle-gear from its hook upon the wall. Then he proceeded to fasten it on, speaking to the frightened beast with soothing, ordinary words. Once or twice the Black Duke plunged violently, sending up a smother of spray from the water that was now up to his fetlocks; and once Mark was flung with force against the wooden partition of the stalls. But after that the horse stood still, though his body trembled all over and his sensitive ears twitched and lay back, and his eyes rolled round fearfully at the young man. Mark tightened up the saddle-girth, and the Black Duke allowed himself to be bridled.

Mark got at once into the saddle. He dared not lead the terrified horse outside, lest, driven to frenzy by the sight of the rising flood, he should bolt away riderless. Lying along the animal's quivering neck, Mark guided him out of the stable without mishap.

The salt, wind-flecked water, all discoloured with sand and mud, was now over the horse's fetlocks, and stretched away landward in a long, shallow lake.

There was no need for Mark to strike his heels into the Black Duke's heaving ribs. With a bound that nearly unseated his rider, the great

horse sprang forward towards the Vale of Tessler. With staring eyes and dilated nostrils he galloped along, leaving a whity-brown streak of wind-driven foam in his wake.

For some minutes Mark's whole energies were devoted to keeping his seat on that bounding black back. But though he had been a timid rider he was not a bad one, and by-and-by the exhilaration of this wild flight began to lay hold of him. They were clear of the water now; but well Mark knew that as soon as the Bank caved in, as it must, the sea would pour through the flatness of the vale like milk spilt over a tray. And the night was upon them. He had no need to urge his horse; the Black Duke seemed to know. The white foam dripped from his bridle, but there was no slackening of the head-long flight. The clatter of his iron shoes struck with machine-like regularity along the ill-made road that led through the vale. Suddenly, in the deepening darkness, the clatter became muffled. The flying hoofs splashed instead of hammering. A tremor went through the racing horse. The water again!

Mark Seymour set his teeth, and stooping lower over the Black Duke's neck, patted him, and spoke encouraging words.

The Bank was down at last!

On a little, raised piece of ground just ahead a light twinkled—the first farmhouse of the vale. Mark galloped up the rise, and for a moment reined in under the window. He raised his riding-whip, and next moment there was a crash of shattered glass. An angry face appeared at the window.

'The Tessler Bank is down, and the sea is coming in!' shouted Mark. 'Loose your cattle, and save yourselves quickly!'

'God help us!' cried the man at the window, and he disappeared.

Down again galloped the Black Duke into the night.

One by one the scattered farmsteads along the Tessler road were warned. In some the folk were already alive to their peril. In others men and women awoke in panic to the startling cry, 'The Bank has burst! Save yourselves from the sea!'

The sweat rolled off Mark as he rode. Even the enormous strength of the Black Duke was wearing out, though terror still spurred him to speed. Again, though now they were miles distant from the sea-breach, the swiftly rising water was over his fetlocks. And still, Mark knew, the salt flood must be roaring and eddying through the breach, and it wanted yet two hours to the full spring-tide.

There remained but one house to warn—the schoolhouse. It lay a little off the road, in a solitary position, about half-way between Tessler Church and Garton Point. Towards the schoolhouse the land rose very slightly, and it was the remembrance of this fact, as well as the house's isolated position, that had induced Mark to leave it to the last. But now, with a sudden pang, it came to his recollection that though the ground rose a trifle in that direction—a matter of a few feet at most—the schoolhouse itself stood in a well-defined depression of the surface. Moreover, it was a long, low building of a single floor, and the schoolmaster's private quarters consisted of a small bungalow adjoining.

The water through which the Black Duke forced his way was knee-deep now. There was another mile to go to the schoolhouse. The water deepened a little as they forged along, showing that the flood was still making, but on the slight rise towards the school it shoaled to the horse's feet, and the going was by so much the easier. Yet the ground was never quite uncovered. The whole Vale of Tessler was now like one vast lake in the darkness. Here and there trees stood up out of the dark surface, and against the blackness of the stormy sky extended the deeper black of their spreading branches. Only those who knew the vale like the palm of their hand could have ventured to seek their way from one point to another of this great, gale-swept, black lagoon, over whose surface the lashing wind drove foamy waves like a flock of frightened sheep.

By-and-by the water deepened again quickly as Mark rode. The Black Duke, all weary as he was, grew restive, snorting and holding back as the splashing wavelets reached his saddle-girths. Straight in front of him Mark made out the dim line of the schoolhouse roof. The house itself lay in darkness, half-submerged by the flood. Where were the inmates?

Making a trumpet of his hands, Mark sent a hail through the blustering of the storm.

A girl's clear voice replied. 'I'm on the roof!' she cried.

'And the others?'

'Gone to Garton Point.'

'They can't get back!' cried Mark. 'The Bank is down, and the sea is rising.'

With hand and heel he strove to urge the Black Duke forward. But already the exhausted animal was nearly carried off his feet by the flood. He would go no deeper towards the house. Mark knew that if he left the saddle the horse would run off and leave him and the girl to their fate.

'My horse won't come closer, and if I swim to you he will leave us!' he cried.

'Wait a minute,' came the answer.

Mark waited. The darkly outlined figure vanished from the line on the roof. He saw something light against the darkness of the house. Then from the water beside him the girl's voice hailed him. She had swum to him from the house.

Mark got her on the horse, and himself slipped into the water. 'Now,' said he, 'ride for your life, Maisie. I will hold on alongside.'

Slowly the black horse struggled up out of the deepening hollow around the schoolhouse. At first Mark was towed along through the flood, but by-and-by he could touch the ground. Gradually the water shoaled to the higher ground towards Garton Point. Wet through as they were, and cold with the driving wind, they knew then they would win clear of the flood.

'I say, Mark,' said the girl after a time, her teeth chattering a little, 'I'm sorry I said that about you at the party.'

'Never mind,' gasped Mark. 'Go on—hurry!' He struck the Black Duke with his hand.

But, instead of going on, she stopped dead, pulling up the horse. 'Where are your people?'

'God knows!' said Mark. 'Go on, or we won't save them in time!' He almost shouted at her.

They were clear of the water at last. A light twinkled faintly ahead.

'There's the coastguard cottages,' said Mark. 'Get off; you're safe now, Maisie.'

He helped her off. 'You must walk to the point,' he said not unkindly. Next minute he was on the horse again, urging the outwearied beast by voice and hand and heel toward that dim, glimmering light.

At the door of the first low stone cottage Mark rolled off, trembling with exhaustion and eagerness. He struck fiercely on the door. 'Tessler Bank is down!' he shouted in the face of the man who came. 'Get the galley out, quick!'

The thick-necked, great-chested sailor needed no second bidding. Pushing Mark to a chair, and setting a glass of liquor in front of him, he ran to call his comrades.

In five minutes the galley was being run down the shingle on the lee side of the point. With a shout like men charging an enemy, the coastguard, breast-deep, rushed her into the sea, then tumbled aboard together with the precision of a machine, and the next minute the big boat was forging through the waves, urged by the strength of a dozen brawny arms.

Across the water the distance was short. But the murk was thick, and fear was in Mark's soul for the sick woman and the little boy left alone in the midst of the storm. And then, suddenly, his fear was turned to triumph. A blurred light came from the sea ahead. His father's tower had stood the strain! The great shingle Bank was down; the hungry sea was swirling and eddying about the tower's knees; the wind was screaming about the stone shelter on its summit; but the stronghold that his father had built so carefully against the waves had served him well at need, and saved his wife and child. A great pride in his father filled Mark's heart.

'Steady, lads! Steady there!' cried the coxswain, as the galley writhed among the eddies that foamed through the breach. 'Give way now!'

Like a canoe shooting rapids, the great boat slid through.

'Easy all!'

Just in the lee of the tower there was a patch of calm, though the sea swirled powerfully about the stone base. The galley ran close in, and a couple of coastguards sprang with Mark upon the steps.

The tide had nearly reached the top. Mark saw a small figure bending over his father's boat. Then a boyish shout went up, as he was seen, 'Hurrah, mother, it's Mark!'

Mark met his mother in the doorway, and the coastguards carried her to the rescuing galley.

'Jump in, Gipsy!' said Mark to his brother, and presently they were all making for the land across the flooded vale. Mark told the story of the flood, and they rowed where Tessler village had been, in case any should have failed to make their escape in time.

'You've had a close shave, all of you,' said the coxswain. 'Your father knew something, Seymour, when he built that tower.'

'Yes,' said Mark. He was dead-beat, now that the struggle was over.

'Let's see,' continued the coxswain; 'it's high-water at midnight. Must be close on midnight now.'

'Then it's nearly to-morrow!' said little Gipsy.

'Ay, so it is,' said the coxswain.

'Why,' cried the boy, as one stumbling upon a great discovery, 'then you'll be twenty-one. You'll be a man, Mark!'

The coxswain chuckled. 'If he ain't a man to-night, then I'm a Dutchman, sonny,' said he.

And that was how Mark Seymour came of age.

INCHCOLM ABBEY.

GRAY house of rest on that sweet isle reposing,
Against whose walls the waves beat evermore,
I come to thee, for day is at the closing,
And worship kneeling on this rock-bound shore.

Like unspent tears the waters soft are falling
Around my feet, and from the island there
I seem to hear the bells at vesper calling
The silent brothers to the hour of prayer.

Along the Forth, where silv'ry sands are gleaming,
Great beech-trees wave their messages to thee;
And westward, where the twilight glow is streaming,
Heaven's glory gilds the old church by the sea.*

On yonder shore the evening lights are burning
Like jewels laid upon the city's breast;†
And through these isles the laden ships returning,
Pass slowly home to anchorage and rest.

Gray house of peace, the sea-gulls round thee sweeping
Fold their soft wings and bid my soul farewell;
While o'er the deep, where phantom mists are creeping,
There comes the tolling of the abbey bell.

GILBERT RAE.

* Dalgety old church. † Edinburgh.

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THE GENEROSITY OF THE RICH.

By Mrs ROBERTSON-GLASGOW.

IT is very often the habit to speak as if quantity were the sole measure of value, as if it were impossible for the rich, merely because they *are* rich, to miss what they give away, and therefore to deny them most emphatically the virtue of generosity. Who has not heard it said of some rich person, 'What is a hundred pounds to him? He will not miss it;' with always the little tag, expressed or understood, 'but *we* have our farthings very much to our credit'? There is even the same underlying suggestion in speaking of other kinds of riches. 'The So-and-sos have a large family; they will not miss one as they would if it were an only one!' But this is a false argument, and very often the exact opposite is the case; for the more one has the more one is able to appreciate the mere joy of possession. Money may be plentiful, but it never comes and goes unnoticed; it adds so largely to the usefulness as well as to the pleasure of life, it brings such uncounted benefits in its train, that its possessor would be ungrateful indeed if he let it slip through his fingers like water. Certainly, in the other case, of which I can speak with a more certain knowledge, it is not a fact that the love which would be concentrated on one is divided by the number who have to share it; it only means that the love is so many times multiplied.

A man clings almost instinctively to what he finds the greatest material good; and to one who has felt the joy of possession it is a real effort to 'go without,' for to him the luxuries of life have become necessities, and he often appreciates them more than one who has never enjoyed them. There is a manner of speaking that implies that it is always virtue and poverty on one side, with money on the other. But I cannot see that the poor have the monopoly of the virtues; and, even if they imagine they have, I think we may fairly suppose that they would be willing to change places, and see the other side for themselves.

Life is not presented to us as a whole. We are never called upon to make a choice between riches and virtue or riches and love. Many poor people are unloving; many rich ones are blessed. Because a man is poor it does not necessarily follow that he is a good husband—though he often *is!*—or has virtuous surroundings, or immunity from disease and death; indeed, the want of money is a persistent and narrowing factor in life, which tells adversely on many characters, and it is often only the generosity of the rich that makes such lives bearable.

So, to the unprejudiced onlooker, it sometimes seems as if the rich were often unjustly criticised and generally maligned; and, if they will find it hard to enter the kingdom of heaven, I sometimes think, and even hope, that their spiteful and envious detractors will not find the needle's eye quite as accessible as they imagine. For, after all, there is no more particular merit in being poor than in being rich, and most of us would be very pleased to accept a far larger store in this world, if we could get it by hook or by crook, for money is always very pleasant to handle and very useful, and the wheels of life go much more easily for being oiled.

If it is true, as we are so fond of quoting, that it is the giver and not the gift that counts, it seems only reasonable to suppose that it does not really detract from the value of a present if the giver happens to be rich. The same love and care may have gone to its purchase as to the smaller offerings of poorer men, and it seems rather ungenerous to accept it with a sniff—even if it is a secret sniff—or with the disparaging thought, 'He can afford it.'

It is, I think, a mistaken idea, but quite a common one, that there is no real generosity in a gift for which the giver has himself no further use, no matter what it may be; but things old in themselves, or out of date, or even damaged have often a long life in another circle, not necessarily a lower one; and if the selection is made with a real understanding of the need of those to be helped—if the right thing is given at the right moment, with real kindness—it is difficult to see why the recipient should not be grateful and gracious too. But, alas! rich or poor, I think we all find it more difficult to receive graciously than to give.

People of small means do not, as a rule, give away what they really need themselves, even in their most generous moods, and it seems rather absurd that they should expect their richer friends to do so. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and, in *all* cases, it is, or it ought to be, the giver who counts, and not the gift.

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So the poor rich seem to be always more or less between the devil and the deep sea. If they carry generosity to what is, in their case, quite legitimate excess they are spoken of as spendthrifts; if they display the most ordinary prudence or forethought they are accused of being mean. The case of the young man who had great possessions is a very real comfort to some otherwise quite kind-hearted people, though it is possible that it was the 'Follow Me' that was the stumbling-block, and not the selling all and giving to the poor.

There is one very certain thing in an uncertain world, and that is that whatever may be the intrinsic value of a gift, it is the love which lies behind the giving that marks its real price. What *always* counts is the giver, and it is a small mind that makes any distinction in such cases between wealth and poverty. At the bar of a justice more clear-sighted than ours, rich and poor will be judged alike. All that will go into the scales will be love and consideration, generous hopes and eager desires; and perhaps we shall be surprised to find how nearly the generosity of the rich will equal the generosity of the poor.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XIX.—'ASTORETH.'

PUYFOT felt that he had been groping about for an eternity in some dank, dark, underground passage, and had at last broken free into a radiance of sunshine that exalted, blinded, glorified.

Those wonderful days began with the rare element of a surprise which included both good news and hope, and this after a period of profound dejection. But it did not stop there. He crossed to London on the summons—which included a generous cheque for travelling expenses—of the unknown patroness who had heard of his *Astoreth*, to find that city of dismal memories and gloom and rain transfigured. Puyfot was a man who knew his own special London well, that part which comprises the purlieus of Leicester Square. But now London was no longer the region of hunger and suspicion and dreariness; it met him with a summer-time of alternate sunshine and shadow such as his strenuous life had never known, sunshine in the warm glare of its parks, sunshine along the streets which led him on many days to a still square where a sharp line of shade upon the pavement marked his passing into cool shadows—or, to use sober words, Lady Madesson's house stood on the north side — through which, as through a vestibule, he entered into a dim, flower-scented room of which he never gathered any definite idea, for to his perception it had nothing earthly about it, nothing he had felt or known before. It was the haven of his dreams.

Vile as he was, in spite of his misapplication of his powers he remained the poet whose soul yearned for the stars. Intoxicated with a wild love, he yet looked upon Lorrie through purged eyes. She appealed to all that was highest and purest in him. Even ambition in its individual sense dropped away from him in those days of exultation. He was strengthened, cleansed, uplifted; he brought this wondrous mood to bear upon his *Astoreth*, and in scattered last touches made it what it is to-day—supreme.

This man, whose lacerated ambitions had in turn possessed and maddened him, their clamour always in his ears, eating into his brain and burning in his heart, beheld at the end of years of unhallowed drudgery the horned, deceptive, all-transfiguring moon of hope climb out of the wrack and murk of his squalid obscurity.

Lorrie was not to him what she was to Cahusac. Puyfot was a poet, and loved as one; he endowed her with a thousand poignant qualities, a thousand attributes for worship. He took her money, hoping one day to aspire to herself. He felt no sense of unworthiness, for was not his work to be her glorification? He dedicated to her his *Astoreth*, that lurid and elemental transcript of humanity loaded equally with art and truth. By so doing he felt he was giving her immortality!

She, on her side, had shown him a new side of life. She followed him in his highest dreams easily, fully, comprehendingly. There was no star in the dark of unsoared heights whose sparkle she could not discern.

Yet the man's condition of mind was pitiable. He did not deceive himself in thinking that his reputation was unknown to her; he only deceived himself as to the motive that led her to interest herself in him. He believed that she saw him not as a collector of garbage for the Paris press. Ah no! she could see through and beyond that; to her he was the genius, the man of thought and boundless potentialities. He was not a fool, but essentially a genius of a well-recognised variety; his vanity, hardened by a colossal impertinence, was ingrown.

He reviewed his capabilities, and was pleased with the result. He knew himself to be far above the common herd. But for chance and the devil he might long ago have reached a pinnacle of fame to which De Sarsan, with his all-infernal luck, could never attain.

It was an evening at dusk, the room cool, summery the air, flower-laden and thrilling with that suggestion of ease and culture which was the atmosphere Puyfot loved to breathe. On his

way thither, as he strolled along the streets, he had been telling himself a tale of hope; now in Lady Madesson's presence he was almost too agitated to do himself justice.

Suddenly she began to speak of his struggles, his ambitions so long baffled, the unworthy work thrust upon him by his needs, of his many disappointments.

The creature of spurts and visions took fire. 'Madame,' he cried, 'I have known all this, I have suffered all this, I have stooped to all this! I have been through Hades! But when the Fates cast my destiny they ordained for me those years of misery. Had your noble kindness found me earlier in my life, to what heights should I already have risen!'

Lady Madesson's voice murmured sympathetically.

His thoughts amplified and intensified her words; a sudden hope choked him; his strange eyes blazed across the dimness of the room. It may be that Lady Madesson understood at that moment the manner of spirit she was raising.

'Yet I would not order my lot otherwise if I could!' he pursued in rising excitement. 'I have known a prolonged anguish; but the fact that I owe my present happiness and hopes to your hand repays me for all the past.'

But Lorrie never lost control of the situation; she faced it with a composure that could calm storms. Turn a man to talk of himself, and most difficult moments can be smoothed over. 'Tell me more of your sufferings, your struggles. What were they? How did you endure them for so long?'

He succumbed to the temptation. It is the red rag which a man will nearly always follow, forsaking his real aim and object for its delusive flutter. 'I have been in the mire. I offer no excuses. I had genius. It was necessary that I should live. You comprehend all when you comprehend this. You can sympathise; your eyes are unclouded; you can see! Had I had talent only I should have stood high enough by this time. Look at De Sarsan—great, rich, endowed with the power of keeping others down! Yet he has no spark of the true fire.'

'And your tragedy? How did you write your tragedy?'

'By living one!'

'If you had been well-to-do and happy would your *Astoreth* ever have been written?' she asked quickly.

'But yes, of a surety! It is beautiful to talk of a garret; but more good work has died in garrets than ever came out of them. Had I had money a hundred actors would have been crying out for my tragedy. If the world can see no reason why one should write save that one is driven by the force and prompting of genius, it despises the work. It assesses a man at his purse's valuation, and at no other. See you'—— He stood up in his excitement and raised his hands and shook them. 'Imagine, madame, if before you sent for me, before my *Astoreth* had become known, I had died!'—he almost sobbed as he confronted this sinister thought—'imagine what the world would have lost, irrecoverably lost! Imagine it, madame!'

'A loss indeed!'

'Had I written *feuilletons*,' he resumed more calmly, 'I should now have been prosperous, popular. But all these things I threw aside for Art. And how has Art repaid me? What have I been until to-day? A hawker of despised wares! My great drama thrust back upon me by men who would sift the dust in the streets for scraps of offal!' His voice rose again.

'But that day is past,' she said. '*Astoreth* will give you fame.'

'Madame, I have outraged every noble instinct to hold my soul still within my body until my child—the agonised offspring of my soul—should be breathed upon and live! You, lady, are the goddess whose breath has infused vitality into those dead limbs. Imagine the future! Figure to yourself *Astoreth* when she moves and speaks and enthrals the world! At once I shall rise to the serenity which lies beyond the reach of critics. I am already writing the story of my struggles. The papers will repeat much, and unborn biographers write of Ulpien Puyfot—and of you, madame! Our names shall be handed down together—the man who created, the woman who discovered!'

'No,' she said in an even tone, 'I did not discover you. You have never asked me that question. I should never have known of you had not some one who heard you declaim *Astoreth* told me of you!' She smiled. Here was her first move towards the end she desired to attain.

Puyfot stared at her. The thought that some human being intervened between the two whom he had just designated as creator and discoverer jarred upon his frenzy. 'I have not given it a thought, madame. What does it matter?'

'The connecting-link should not be forgotten in so illustrious a chain,' she replied gravely. 'You owe more to him than to me.'

'Does he want my gratitude?' snarled Puyfot with a quick change of tone. 'He could have won it years ago had he desired. He has kept me down from my youth. Madame, I cannot tell you how dark a shadow he has thrown upon my life. Gratitude! No; to you alone I am grateful! Let him be; he is full of success and wealth and selfish enjoyments. I have no gratitude for him!'

'But you speak of knowing him well, of owing him many of your disappointments. Whom are you thinking of?'

'Of De Sarsan!' He almost spat out the name.

She bent forward, shaking her head, with one of her rarest smiles, her face lit with the pleasure of speaking of the man she loved. 'Oh

no, not Monsieur de Sarsan! You have seen your real friend but once in your life. And he owes you no kindness—far from it—for you have deeply wronged him; you have injured him more than De Sarsan has injured you!'

Puyfot was utterly taken aback. 'Madame, it is impossible!' he exclaimed.

'You have called yourself unfortunate,' she went on in a tone that arrested him; 'but your friend, the best you have ever known, is even more so. You have assailed him with slanders and calumny; you have called upon the world to aid you in hunting him down. Yet he is blameless; his whole life has been blameless! His father was murdered years ago—he died for his country as truly as if he had fallen in battle—yet you drew an inference of infamy from that death with which to hurt the son. Oh, you have indeed been pitiless!'

Puyfot's wizened face shrank together under her reproaches uttered in the voice of velvet that he adored. 'I, madame—I?'

'Do not deny it to me, monsieur, for I know,' rejoined Lorrie sadly. She had drawn her bow at a venture, but the shot told.

'Is it, then, Monsieur Malcolm Cahusac of whom you speak?' Puyfot asked. He admitted her accusation without shame. 'Was it he who told you of me—of *Astoreth?* Why, yes, I can remember! I was pronouncing the human lover's appeal to Astoreth when he entered my room. He praised them as great lines! Yet, madame, the next moment his mouth was full of threats!'

'But naturally!' she retorted, borrowing his own French mode of expression. 'You have also been injured. Is your mouth full of blessings?' She was working upon his mood with every word she spoke.

He began eagerly in self-defence. 'Madame, I personally had no malicious intentions towards him! I injured him, perhaps; yes, but we who live as I have lived think little of rumours of this kind!' He snapped his fingers.

'That may be so, but you know that it is far otherwise in England. You are well aware that such accusations are not lightly regarded here,' she said with some indignation.

'I do not deny it. Yet, in truth, I gave no thought to that view of the matter. I have already explained to you that I considered myself bound to live by all means in my power for the sake of *Astoreth.* He appealed to me—I recall it now—yet I could do no other than refuse him. You will admit that?' he argued.

She looked at him with blue, unfathomable eyes. She pictured that interview, Malcolm's suffering pride and his despair, and she had no room for pity left towards Puyfot, although by nature she was very pitiful. But the most pitiful women are also women of the strongest natures, and they have in them a counter-strain of inexorable pitilessness. With those who are happiest this may never awake, its existence be never known even to themselves. Lorrie's life had been of the kind that develops the whole gamut of feeling, and at this moment she resolved to use her influence over Puyfot to the last remorseless limit. She would spare him in nothing. She realised the man's depravity, his rancour, his evil-mindedness, and her revulsion of feeling rose almost beyond her power to disguise—this dreamer in whose tainted blood genius and scurrility ran allied. She failed to see that the man carried in himself his assigned punishment.

'It may once have been necessary for you to submit to De Sarsan,' she said at last, trying to keep a failing hold upon her patience; 'but is it so any longer? Would it not be possible to set M. Cahusac right in the eyes of the world even now?'

'It is not my affair, madame; it is the affair of M. de Sarsan. Without him I can do nothing. I should not have told you so much, but I trust you as myself.'

'M. de Sarsan has no more power over you,' she urged. 'Use your independence, and do justice.'

Puyfot rose. 'Alas! I have not yet escaped the reach of his arm,' he replied despondently. 'I cannot explain, but'——

'You must tell me.'

'Some day, madame, perhaps some day, when *Astoreth* has claimed the hearing of the universe, and my thoughts are free, I would wish to tell you more of my history. It is a record of courage. At that time I will speak of De Sarsan and of this Cahusac. I shall then be of the great ones of the world myself. I have waited for many years. To-day the power is mine to make another man wait—M. Cahusac. Let him also learn what it means to wait—wait!'

(To be continued.)

THE WIZARD OF MODERN INVENTION: THOMAS A. EDISON.

By his Assistant, W. H. MEADOWCROFT.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON was born at Milan, Ohio, U.S.A., on 11th February 1847. His father came of Dutch stock, the ancestral Edisons in America having been descendants of millers on the Zuyder Zee, who emigrated to the United States about 1730, and settled in New Jersey. The family seems to have enjoyed a remarkable degree of longevity, for Mr Edison's father lived to the age of ninety-four, while his grandfather and great-grandfather lived until they attained one hundred and two and one hundred and four years of age respec-

tively. On the maternal side Mr Edison is of Scotch descent, his mother, before her marriage, having been Miss Nancy Elliott, daughter of the Rev. John Elliott, a Baptist minister, of an old Scotch family.

Even as a child of five or six years old, Edison showed a tendency to much originality of thought and an inclination to take interest in mechanics. On account of the assumed delicacy of his health he was not sent to school at so early an age as usual, and even then he attended only a short time. His teacher reported to the inspector that the boy was 'addled;' whereupon Mrs Edison indignantly removed him from school and undertook to educate him herself, she having formerly been a teacher in the High School. Under his mother's teaching and influence young Edison made good progress, and, besides receiving a sound education, acquired a taste for good reading.

At about ten or eleven years of age Edison became greatly interested in chemistry, and, having got some books on the subject, he persuaded his mother to allow him a space in her cellar for a laboratory. Here he experimented with such chemicals as he could procure with his limited pocket-money. He had gathered together about two hundred bottles of various sizes and shapes to contain his chemicals, and labelled them all with the word 'Poison,' so that they would not be disturbed.

Edison continued his chemical studies at home until he was between twelve and thirteen years old; and then, finding that his pocket-money was inadequate to purchase all the apparatus and chemicals he wanted, he persuaded his father and mother to allow him to become a railroad newsboy in order that he might earn money for his experiments. He received the necessary permission, and thus came to sell newspapers, magazines, candy, &c. on one of the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway running between Port Huron and Detroit. Part of a baggage-car was allowed him for his stock of goods, and into this space he moved his laboratory from home, and continued to experiment there, but on an enlarged scale. He also bought a printing-press and type, and published on the train a weekly newspaper which he called the *Weekly Herald*, of which he was proprietor, publisher, editor, compositor, pressman, and distributor. The paper contained local, market, and railway news, and had as many as four hundred subscribers at one time. As far as known, this was the first newspaper ever printed on a moving train, and by, probably, the youngest editor in the world.

Edison continued along these lines between two and three years, until one day a bottle containing phosphorus fell off a shelf and broke upon the floor. The phosphorus set fire to the car, which was with some difficulty rescued from burning; then the conductor put the boy and his belongings off the train, and boxed his ears so soundly as to cause the beginning of the deafness with which he has ever since been afflicted.

Some little time before this Edison had saved from death the child of a station-agent on the railway line, and the father, in gratitude, offered to teach the boy telegraphy. This offer was eagerly accepted, and since that time Edison has assiduously studied the art, besides continuing his chemical and other studies. He plunged into telegraphy with great enthusiasm, and worked as an operator in various telegraph-offices in different parts of the United States. Being able to do with but a very few hours of sleep, he worked nearly twenty hours per day, and not only continued his chemical studies, but also applied himself very closely to the study of electricity and the art of telegraphy.

After a little more than five years of this kind of life, during which time he was constantly studying and devising minor improvements, he invented a duplex system of telegraphy, which he tried to sell; but, through inefficiency and lack of honesty in his associates, failed to realise. Following some further adventures and hard work in Boston, he determined to try his fortunes in New York City.

Edison arrived in New York one morning in 1869, and on leaving the boat was entirely without money. In his extremity he walked the streets for part of the day, his only food being a little tea obtained from a tea-taster who was exercising his profession as Edison passed by. Later in the day he found a telegraph-operator, who lent him a dollar, with part of which more substantial food was purchased. He then made application for work to the Western Union Telegraph Company, and got permission to sleep in a battery-room of the Gold Indicator Company until he could get a position.

While waiting for a favourable reply to his application he spent his days in the operating-room of the Gold Indicator Company. About the third day after his arrival there was an accident to the central transmitting machine, which stopped all operations on about three hundred outside machines in customers' offices. Everything and everybody were in confusion instantly. Nobody knew what was the matter except Edison, who informed the president of the company that he could fix it. He was told to do so, and in about an hour or two everything was operating satisfactorily. Edison was asked if he would accept a position as superintendent at three hundred dollars a month.

This was the beginning of Edison's real inventive and commercial career. He stayed with the company for some time, made a great many improvements and inventions relating to stock-printers, and finally received forty thousand dollars for his inventions. Edison at this time was only twenty-two, and this large sum, which placed him in a position of pecuniary inde-

pendence, was the first money received from his inventions. With the money he opened a factory in Newark, New Jersey, equipped it with first-class machinery, and became a manufacturer of stock-tickers and other telegraph apparatus, employing over one hundred and fifty men. He continued this business for several years, during which time he perfected several other important inventions, such, for instance, as the automatic telegraph, by which over three thousand words per minute were sent between distant cities. This invention was worked successfully and commercially for upwards of two years, but was bought by Jay Gould for purposes of stock manipulation, and was put on the shelf.

It was during this period that Edison also invented the duplex and quadruplex telegraphs and the electromotograph. His well-known quadruplex made it possible for the first time to send commercially four messages, two in each direction, over one wire at the same moment, saving millions of dollars in line construction. The electromotograph was an invention made to order. An inventor named Page had obtained a patent covering the use of a relay and sounder, operated electro-mechanically through a rectractile spring. Such a patent at that time would have controlled the telegraph business. The Western Union Telegraph Company did not control the patent, and would have been obliged to close; but they laid the matter before Edison, who, availing himself of a previous discovery, invented a relay which operated entirely by electro-chemical decomposition, and thus opened a new and unsuspected line in the art entirely independent of the Page patent. For this invention Edison received one hundred thousand dollars.

During these busy years in Newark came the invention of the telephone by Bell. At that time Edison was working on harmonic telegraphs, and after Bell's telephone was announced and its limitations understood, Edison commenced to work on a separate and more commercially useful transmitter, and eventually invented the carbon transmitter, which has made the art of telephony commercially practicable, and has ever since been in universal use. He sold this invention also to the Western Union Company for one hundred thousand dollars.

In 1876 he moved from Newark to Menlo Park, New Jersey, giving up the manufacturing business, and making invention his life profession. Here for nearly two years he continued to invent telegraph and telephone apparatus and other devices. In the autumn of 1877 Edison startled the world by his invention of the phonograph. During that year he had also made his first attack on the electric light problem; but, beyond ascertaining some very important facts after a searching investigation, he had not advanced very far on that line.

The furor caused by the invention of the phonograph kept him very busy until the summer of 1878, when he was tired and took a trip to the Western States, remaining away two months. On returning home he again resumed his investigation of the electric light problem, and with a corps of faithful assistants worked with unremitting ardour and fierce energy day and night, reluctantly snatching a few minutes for meals and a very few hours for sleep, until, on 21st October 1879, he perfected the first incandescent lamp, with its fragile carbon filament *in vacuo*.

During all these months of work Edison had been developing not only a lamp but also an entire system of electric lighting, and now proceeded to perfect it. He had conceived a complete system of generating, distributing, regulating, and measuring electric current for light and power; but the whole scheme was so entirely novel that he was obliged to invent an enormous number of devices and details necessary to make the system effective. Not only was the perfection of these details requisite, but as the dynamo machine of those early days was very crude and unsuitable for a system of incandescent lighting, Edison was obliged to develop a new type having an efficiency at that time quite unknown. Edison's successful development of the electric railway in 1880–82 was largely based on his efficient dynamo. The principles of this type of dynamo have ever since remained in the system.

Then came the commercial and engineering exploitation of Edison's lighting system, to which he gave several years of time and effort day and night in the organisation, equipment, and operation of manufacturing shops, the construction and operation of the first and other early central stations, the inception and development of the isolated lighting-plant, and the perfecting of an innumerable host of technical details of a rapidly growing system.

This was one of the most intensely active periods of Edison's life. In the few years during which his energies were concentrated on commercial electric lighting problems—1880–87—he applied for and obtained more than four hundred United States patents.

In 1887 Edison moved to the new laboratory he had built at Orange, New Jersey. It had been a consuming desire in his mind for many years to build and equip a laboratory that should be the most complete of its kind in the world. His Menlo Park plant had been sufficiently equipped to serve for previous work; but now he had also an ambition to establish and operate a large industry in connection with which a completely equipped laboratory would be a central source of inspiration. Hence, after careful investigation, he had decided upon the Orange Valley as the place where he could put his ideas into execution.

Soon after settling in the new laboratory Edison took up the phonograph, which had lain practically dormant for ten years, and proceeded to make it commercially practicable. In a short time shops were equipped with machinery, and the commercial exploitation of the phonograph was begun. In about three years he had applied for eighty-two patents on the improved phonograph and its parts. During this time its commercial exploitation had gone on apace and created an extensive market. This subsequently increased so greatly in magnitude as to require the construction of five large concrete buildings and the employment of several thousand people.

In 1891 Edison's versatile mind was busied in many directions. He invented new types of generators and motors, also a number of improvements relating to electric lighting and to electric railways. In this year he also commenced work on an undertaking that was monumental in character, involving the magnetic separation of lean iron ores, of which further mention will be made below.

The year 1891, however, witnessed an invention whose influence has been profound and world-wide. We refer to Edison's basic patent covering apparatus for the taking of motion pictures. The application was signed by him on 31st July 1891, and the patent was issued some time afterwards. This invention has been adjudged to be fundamental in the art, and its principles are now in extended use all over the world in the production of motion pictures, affording interest, amusement, and instruction to millions of people.

The succeeding nine years of Edison's life were mostly devoted to the prosecution of the gigantic undertaking above referred to. To supplement the scarcity of iron ore in the eastern part of the country he proposed to crush bodies of lean ore carrying magnetic iron, separate the iron magnetically from the gangue, and sell the concentrates to the furnaces. In order to accomplish this he planned to reduce mountains to dust, pass this finely divided material through sieves, dryers, and magnetic separators, and finally to press the concentrate into briquettes as a convenient form for the furnace.

This tremendous project called forth some of Edison's most brilliant inventive and engineering efforts. At every step there arose new and unprecedented difficulties, which were met and surmounted successfully one by one. In solving these problems many important inventions were made, and Edison took out over fifty patents covering them. Space is too limited to enumerate these inventions; but one is entitled to special mention—namely, the apparatus called the 'giant rolls,' by means of which masses of rock each weighing as much as ten tons were reduced to fragments in a few seconds.

Unfortunately the story does not end well, for after nine years of hard work, when Edison had succeeded in bringing his project to the point of financial and physical success, there came the discovery of the Mesaba range of iron ore, where phenomenally rich ore could be scooped up with a steam-shovel. This could be shipped and sold for little more than one-half the price at which Edison could sell his concentrated ore, of course rendering his enterprise commercially impossible, and he was reluctantly obliged to cease after spending nine years of his time and over two million dollars of his money.

Undaunted, however, Edison returned to his laboratory at Orange with the avowed intention of inventing a new type of storage battery which would employ neither lead nor sulphuric acid. Working for many months without any encouraging results, he at length obtained reactions that opened the way to ultimate success. Thus there commenced another period of inventive activity, which continued over many years. With a band of chosen associates, Edison brought to bear on this problem his fierce, concentrated energy that carried the work on through several years of unceasing toil. The ultimate outcome was the now well-known form of Edison storage battery, with nickel and iron elements, and an alkaline solution for electrolyte, all being enclosed in nickeled steel containers. Edison's great work on his storage battery was done in the first five years of the twentieth century, and it may here be remarked that his object was to produce a battery that should be suitable for automobiles and for trucking and hauling, and also to supersede the trolley as a means of propelling street-cars. By the summer of 1911 the battery was in use on thirteen street-cars and on more than one thousand two hundred trucks. The demand is increasing by leaps and bounds, and about a thousand men are employed in two shifts making the batteries.

Arising out of his great work in the separation of iron ore above mentioned is another Edison enterprise which has been enriched by his persistent efforts and inventive genius. We refer to his extensive plant for making Portland cement. When he was forced to abandon the concentrated iron ore business, he was of opinion that it would be a pity to lose the great experience gained in breaking and crushing rocks and the handling of vast quantities of finely divided materials. He therefore determined to utilise it by going into the Portland cement business.

The cement industry has been enriched by many of Edison's inventions, especially his 'long kiln,' used for 'burning' the mixture of cement material. His company is already the fifth largest producer of cement in the United States.

One of Edison's later inventions involves the use of cement in the construction of cheap and indestructible homes for working-men. His scheme is unique in that it contemplates the construction of a complete house in one operation, from cellar floor to tip of chimney, in a few hours.

The plan is to provide two sets of iron moulds, one set within the other, at a certain distance apart, and to pour into the space a continuous stream of a specially invented free-flowing concrete mixture. This fills all the space between the moulds. In a few days, after the concrete has hardened, the moulds are taken away, leaving a complete house, indestructible, fireproof, and vermin-proof, and needing only doors, windows, and lighting and heating fixtures to make it ready for habitation.

From 1869 to the present time he has filed more than one thousand four hundred applications for patents; and, in addition, over one thousand five hundred other inventions are embraced in one hundred and twenty caveats filed by him during these years. These and some other inventions are also covered by one thousand two hundred and thirty-nine patents issued to him by foreign Governments.

When one considers the practical value of Edison's inventions as a world asset the tremendous force of his personality is apparent, for it has been one of the most potent factors in bringing into existence many entirely new arts and industries, and in contributing very largely to others, all of which are now capitalised in America at seven thousand million dollars, earning annually over a thousand million dollars, and giving employment to an army of more than six hundred thousand people. Not that Edison has brought these arts and industries to their present magnificent proportions; but he is the father of a number of them; and as to some of the others, it was the magic of his touch that helped to make them practicable.

THE WRATH OF ISHMAEL GOUDIE.

CHAPTER VI.—FOUL MURDER.

WHEN the butter had been distributed among the regular customers Mirren Dawson did not hasten back to the Hainings. It was her pleasant habit, when she delivered the last of the butter—which was the half-pound taken weekly by Miss Peebles the dressmaker—to sit down and have a cup of tea and a little mild gossip with the recipient; and although this afternoon her visit was paid in advance of the usual time, Miss Peebles welcomed her friend warmly, and, insisting on her coming in, hurried to put on the kettle and to lay the cloth.

Mirren had been up early, so she felt glad to sit down in the comfortable high-backed armchair in the tidy kitchen, and enjoy a relaxation that she knew was well deserved.

Robina Peebles was the only one of the villagers with whom Mirren was intimate. She was a tall, fair woman of indefinite age. After serving an apprenticeship to dressmaking in Edinburgh she had returned to Pittendrevie, and settled down with her parents in the little red-tiled cottage that had been built by her thrifty father. There she practised her art, fashioning gowns for the village folk, and occasionally being entrusted with the remodelling of a dress for the minister's wife.

Since the death, two years before, of her last surviving parent, Miss Peebles had lived alone, holding herself a little aloof from the ordinary residents in Pittendrevie, and preserving both in deportment and appearance an impressive atmosphere of gentility.

Robina Peebles was discreet. She kept her own counsel. Her highly burnished reputation had never been tarnished by the slightest breath of scandal. Speaking confidentially to Mirren, she had once referred to her own character as being as unblemished as a clean sheet of notepaper. Of a certainty no man had written his name across that blank page. So in the tiny agricultural village, where the standard of morality did not by any means reach the highest level, Miss Peebles's good report was one to be envied. For the rest, she looked much as she had done at any time during the last ten years. The general effect she gave was of a drab uniformity of colouring. Her hair was drab, her complexion sallow from being so much indoors, and in selecting her garments she inclined to neutral shades. She was genteel, with the gentility that sits in the back pew in church, wears a black silk apron in the afternoons, and never goes out without first putting on gloves, though on week-days these gloves may be of the cheapest cotton.

Shrewd Mirren Dawson suspected her friend of cherishing a secret liking for Ishmael Goudie; but when she attempted to rally Ishmael on the subject, he was so sincerely astonished that Mirren saw that, whatever the spinster's hidden predilections might be, the thought of her as a possible sweetheart had assuredly never crossed Ishmael's mind. Apart from the disparity in their ages—he was thirty-one, Robina nearly forty—Ishmael was too engrossed by the involved affairs of the farm to have either inclination or leisure for dalliance.

'And how are they all at the Hainings?' Robina asked politely, as she refilled the teacups. 'I hope the old gentleman is a little better?'

'Oh, Robina woman, things at the farm are in an awfu' state!' A haunting sense of uneasiness, and the certainty of sympathy, urged Mirren to unusual confidence. 'I was thankfu' to get oot o' the hoose the day. Walter was in a terrible randan, goin' on at Ishmael, ca'in' him for every-

thing because he wouldna gi'e him mair money to squander. An' the doited old body sittin' by the fireside sniggerin' an' laughin'! 'Deed, I wondered how Ishmael stood it. But he 'll no aye stand it,' she added with fine prescience. 'Ishmael 's real forbearin', but even a worm 'll turn.'

'I 'm afraid Mr Walter does not do justice to his opportunities,' Robina said, shaking her head gravely. 'I saw him with his gun walking past the parlour window this forenoon. He seems to leave the burden of the work to Mr Ishmael.'

'Ay, it 's the willin' horse that gets the maist wark. If it wasna for Ishmael an' me things at the Hainings would go a' to pieces. An' him that lame wi' a hurt knee, too! But toil an' scrimp as we like—me inside the house, an' Ishmael outbye—the money we save jist runs like sand through Wattie's fingers. I 'm speakin' plainly, Robina, but I ken wi' you it 'll go nae farther.'

'You know your confidence is sacred with me, Mirren. But what was it you were saying about Mr Ishmael's knee? I never heard he had injured it.'

'It was a young horse kicked him. But I 'll tell ye a' aboot it as we gang up the road. I feel as if I shouldna be lingerin' here.'

Following her custom at the conclusion of these weekly visits, Miss Peebles put on her hat and gloves, and escorted her friend part of the way home.

The cottage was the last house in the village street. Beyond it the road sloped gradually eastwards to where the farm buildings topped the brae. There was no chance to-night of Ishmael's being at work within sight; but Miss Peebles was careful to follow her usual procedure exactly, so that Mirren might have no grounds for thinking that she only accompanied her when there was likely to be opportunity of seeing him.

By the stone dike half-way up the hill they paused to say good-bye. It was a sweet, mild evening in early spring. From the village came the happy clamour of children just released from school. The hedges were beginning to bud. By the roadside a few cowslips were blooming. Excited birds were busy house-building, and down by the 'laigh field' Forgan and Leezie the servant lass were hard at work, moving like automatons across the dark earth, just as Mirren had seen them two hours earlier when she left the house.

A faint thread of smoke still soared aloft from the kitchen chimney when Mirren, walking quickly to make up for lost time, neared the house. There was a cheerful clucking of poultry about the farmyard. But as Mirren got nearer an unpleasantly familiar odour assailed her nostrils, making her hasten her steps, her face wrinkled with anticipatory annoyance, for her educated sense of smell warned her that a pot was burning on the fire.

'Men folk 's a' alike,' she told herself impatiently. 'Ye may run yersel' aff yer feet for them, but they 'd sit an' see the bottom burn oot o' a pan before they 'd put forrit a hand to lift it to a side.'

Hastening on, she reached the back-door. To her surprise, it was shut. On the doorstep a child's coarse woollen stocking was lying. With an impatient thought respecting Janet Forgan's feckless ways, Mirren kicked it aside, and hurried in to rescue the burning pot.

The atmosphere of the familiar room seemed to have changed; through a vapour that hung heavy in the air she saw that John Goudie sat in his accustomed chair by the fire, on which the pot was burning.

'What way did naebody lift aff the pot?' she demanded, setting down her empty basket on the dresser. 'I smelt it far doon the road. It 'll be ruined by this time.'

She had left John Goudie laughing. He was laughing still, but she saw that the old man, his face distorted with horror, was gazing down at something that the intervening bulk of the table hid from her. And as he gazed he laughed.

A moment later she was out in the yard with a blanched face and a tongue that refused to articulate, skirling helplessly for aid.

When assistance came and the house was re-entered, it was to find the body of young Walter Goudie lying huddled on the kitchen floor, in full view of his father, who had subsided in an inert heap in his arm-chair, death-stricken by another paralytic seizure.

A faint odour of gunpowder hung on the air. On the sofa was Walter's new gun, as though the murderer had thrown it down in his haste to escape.

John Goudie would never speak intelligibly again. The one person who could have told what had happened in the farm-kitchen during that afternoon hour was Ishmael, and of him there was no sign.

Under ordinary circumstances the Hainings might have been accounted out of the way; yet within an incredibly brief space the report that the adopted child of the farmer had murdered his only son had flown like wildfire over the countryside. The baker, who had driven up in time to enter the house of death with Forgan, savoured the bread he proceeded to deliver at the outlying hamlets and farms with the tragic story. Forgan's eldest boy, who arrived back from school just in time to gallop to Braeside for the policeman and the doctor, spread the news as he went.

Once within the house, the representative of the law reigned supreme. At his instigation a bed was hastily set up for John Goudie in the dining-room, where he had so often caroused, and thither the old man was carried, to linger a

day or two, his living eyes set in a dead body speaking dumb appeal to the curious observers before their light was quenched for ever.

From that time and for many days to come the interest of the community centred on the lonely farm.

For the first time in her career Mirren Dawson was the one round whom special interest circled. She had been the last person to see young Goudie alive, the first to see him dead. And she had been witness to the black blood that surged between the murdered man and his mother's adopted son.

Public opinion had jumped to the conclusion that Ishmael had committed the murder. But Ishmael had disappeared. The result to be attained was his arrest. Aided by the knowledge that he was handicapped by a badly injured knee, public opinion was unanimous in deciding that his capture was a matter of minutes. There was scant cover about the farm, and the hedges were still scarcely flecked with green. With Leezie and him at work in the 'laigh field,' it was impossible for a cat to have left the farm unseen, Forgan asserted.

After exhaustive questionings, and the taking of extensive notes—which he afterwards was unable to decipher—in a greasy pocket-book, Constable Webster delivered himself of the opinion that, as it was clearly beyond his physical ability to get away, Ishmael must still be in hiding either about the house itself or in some of the outbuildings, awaiting a chance of escape.

While it was yet daylight the search was begun. The discovery of the tumbled state of Ishmael's room, of the box whose contents had been emptied on the floor, seemed to point at hasty preparations for flight. Yet no clothes were amissing. Even his savings-bank book lay where Walter Goudie had contemptuously cast it when he discovered that most of Ishmael's poor earnings had gone to try to save the farm from ruin.

Having assured himself that the man he sought was not in the house, Constable Webster, whom the untoward event of the afternoon had transformed from an apparent idler into a power holding almost the keys of life and death, marched ponderously downstairs, and announced his intention of searching the barns and outhouses.

By this time work for the day was over, and all the able-bodied men in the parish had gathered at the Hainings, ready to hunt down the murderer, against whom indignant feeling already ran high. Half-a-dozen of the most daring, who had armed themselves with such farm implements as came handy, attended the officer, while the less venturesome formed themselves into a cordon and surrounded the farm buildings.

The search was a thorough one. In the hayloft and stable—where the neglected horse greeted the invaders with a whinny of pain—not a truss of hay was left unturned. Ishmael was a tall man, but not a corner that a child might have wormed its way into was overlooked. Still, even the most careful scrutiny failed to reveal trace of the wanted man.

'If I had jist thocht to take notice o' what the bairn was tryin' to tell me!' Mrs Forgan said, half-regretfully, half-proudly. 'His meanin' would ha'e been as plain as print if I'd jist had the gumption to understand him. He had been up to the hoose for sour-milk, an' he cam' hame greetin' wi' the empty can. If I'd jist kent to gang up an' speir what had vexed the bairn, I'se warrant I'd ha'e seen the hale affair.'

'Ay, an' ye'd maybe have got a clour in the bygaun, or maybe a wheen shot in yer skin. I'm thinkin' ye were best whaur ye were, my woman,' argued her cautious husband.

Before dark a reinforcement of police had arrived from the county town, and Webster's brief authority had yielded to that of a superior officer.

All night long timorous villagers looking up to where the farmhouse topped the brae might have seen lights shining in the windows. One burned where the old man lay slowly dying. Another dimly illumined the bedroom overhead, where young Goudie's body rested on the bed on which he had been born—the room where Ishmael first saw the infant features of the man he was doomed to slay.

In the big kitchen watch was kept all through the dark hours. The teapot stood on the hob; scones and oatcakes were on the table. Mirren Dawson—who secretly regarded as a special dispensation of Providence the fact that she had churned that morning and baked the day before, so that the house was well provisioned—gossiped and dozed, and dozed and gossiped, repeating a hundred times the tale of that supreme moment when she came in out of the sunlight: 'An' me wi' the empty basket in my hand, an' thinkin' aboot nothing, but jist that Ishmael had left the big pot to boil itself dry on the fire! An' then to see puir Wattie lyin' there! Oh, the thocht makes me grue yet! It was a sicht I'll see to my dyin' day. I ken I will!'

CHAPTER VII.—A CRIMINAL AT LARGE.

FOR many weeks the murder at the Hainings was the talk of the countryside.

Three days after his son met a violent end John Goudie died, taking to the grave with him the secret of what had occurred in the farm-kitchen between the time that Ishmael had put out the ploughman's half-witted boy and Mirren Dawson's return from Pittendrevie.

One person alone knew, and he had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Ishmael's few

personal belongings were all at the farm. His shoes lay beside the couch on which Mirren had left him resting; his cap still hung on its peg at the back of the kitchen-door. Wherever Ishmael Goudie had sought refuge, he had gone shoeless and with uncovered head.

Dr Mickle, who knew the extent of the injury to his knee, refused credence to the supposition that in his state of suffering the fugitive could have travelled half a mile. 'Why, the thing 's an impossibility,' he declared. 'The knee was in a high state of inflammation. The slightest movement put the man in agony. I don't know yet how he managed even to get downstairs.'

The theory that a lift from some passing vehicle might have enabled the murderer to leave the district was quickly disposed of by the fact that, with the exception of the baker's van, no conveyance had passed along the road during the time in question.

It was curious to note how swiftly public opinion, which up to the time of the murder had been united in denouncing the loose ways of John Goudie and his son, had completely veered round in their favour. Now that they were dead the coarse brutality of their lives was forgotten.

Meanwhile the knowledge that the murderer was still at large sent an uneasy feeling through the district. Even in distant parishes mothers watched eagerly for the return of their bairns from school, and breathed a sigh of relief when their cottage doors were bolted for the night with their fledglings safe inside. Every man within a radius of miles became an amateur detective. Keen eyes examined each possible place of concealment, but without discovering the smallest trace of the runaway.

A positive thrill of relief went through the community when news came that a lame man had been arrested at Dundee on suspicion of being the Pittendrevie murderer. But, to the disappointment of the parish, the suspect was released on proving to be some luckless tramp who was suffering from a badly blistered heel.

Acting on behalf of the creditors, Cope, the neighbouring farmer, undertook, with the aid of Forgan, to complete the season's cropping of the fields. The farm-stock and household plenishing were sold by public auction, and during one long glorious July day the Hainings farm became a place of pilgrimage.

But when that gala-day of comment and competition was over, a sinister aspect seemed to enfold the empty dwelling and the deserted steading. Mirren Dawson had long ago returned to Edinburgh, where she was keeping house for a widowed brother; and in the autumn Forgan feed with a farmer from beyond Cupar.

No one rented the farm. The landlord declined to reduce the rent to an extent sufficiently tempting to induce offers, and it was well known that the heedless Goudie had starved the soil.

So the house that for so many years had been a home was deserted, and the once productive land lay fallow. The garden, in whose culture Mrs Goudie had taken so much pleasure, was allowed to run wild. The place speedily assumed a desolate appearance, and by the time the crops had been garnered timid children would rather go a long way round than pass the farm at dusk.

. . . . . .

One clammy day near the end of November, Mirren Dawson travelled from Edinburgh to visit her friend Miss Peebles at Pittendrevie. Though she had sent no forewarning of her coming, Mirren's reason for taking the journey was a special one. So confidential was its nature that she refused to trust it to the post; though it must be admitted that, apart from her vague distrust of the local representatives of the Government, Mirren was no scribe. As she was wont to say, 'I never was a letter-writer;' thereby seeming to imply that she was everything else.

The routine of Robina Peebles's daily life was seldom varied. Mirren felt almost certain to find her friend at home, and she was confident of receiving a warm welcome.

When she changed into the East Fife train at Thornton Junction, Mirren found herself in company with Mrs Maconochie, who was the gossip and mischief-maker in chief of Pittendrevie; and though Mirren's healthy interest in her fellows rendered her humanly susceptible to the pleasures of a 'crack,' she felt that in company with Mrs Maconochie it behoved her to walk warily.

'Ay, ye 'll find things sair changed at the Hainings,' Mrs Maconochie said unctuously, as though she derived a melancholy gratification from the fact. 'It 's a terrible sad thing to see the hoose cocked up there on the brae, an' no' a livin' creature near it, an' the windows starin' that black an' dismal-like at ye.'

'Ay, woman, it 's changed days noo at the Hainings,' Mirren made non-committal reply.

'An' there 's never a word been heard tell o' Ishmael Goudie! I often wonner where he 's gotten to. My man aye says he 's sure that when Ishmael found what he 'd done he louped into the loch an' was drooned. But Dan Forgan telt him that that was a stark impossibeelity; for if Ishmael had sae much as set fit doon the brae-face, him an' Leezie Kerr would ha'e seen him, for they were workin' in the laigh field.'

'An', forbye, the loch-water 's that shallow till ye gang far in that he 'd have had to wade a long way oot. No, no. Wherever Ishmael Goudie is, it 's no' in the loch.'

'Are ye makin' a long stay?'

'Oh, maybe a day or twa.'

'Ye 'll be for stoppin' wi' Robina Peebles?' Mrs Maconochie hazarded. And when Mirren

had acknowledged that her conjecture was a correct one she heaved a sigh as of commiseration. 'Ye havena seen Robina Peebles sin' ye left the Hainings, I'm thinkin'? Ay'—a solemn shake of the head made the bugles on Mrs Maconochie's bonnet jingle—'I'm afraid ye'll find a change in Robina.'

'A change! Whatna way is Robina changed?'

'Oh, she's turned that parteecular noo, she'll scarcely speak to a body'——

'But Robina was aye parteecular. She aye kept hersel' to hersel'. If it's jist stand-offishness ye mean'——

With a scornful sniff Mrs Maconochie interrupted Mirren Dawson's defence of her friend. 'Aweel, if Robina Peebles was parteecular afore, she's by-ordinar' parteecular noo. There's some folk that wouldna hesitate to ca' her *peculiar*.'

'Weel, she maybe kens her ain affairs best,' Mirren answered shortly. 'A'body has a richt to choose their ain friends. I'se warrant Robina'll no' steek the door against me. We were aye ower thick for that.'

Miss Peebles's cottage had the distinction of being on two floors. When the house was in process of building the conflict between her mother's desire for a two-story house and her father's reluctance to squander his hard-earned savings on feminine fancies had ended in the erection of a narrow cottage, which had two rooms, one placed behind the other on the ground floor. Above were a couple of attics; that to the front had a storm-window; the other, which was used as lumber-room, gleaned a faint light from a skylight set in the sloping roof.

After she had parted with her travelling companion at the west end of the village, Mirren did not encounter anybody she knew. The dampness kept the women indoors, and the children were still at their lessons. Mirren heard the concerted murmur of their voices as she passed the school.

A thin mist overhung the surface of the loch and blotted out the farmhouse, towards which Mirren cast an apprehensive glance. The atmospheric depression was so disheartening that she was sincerely glad when she reached the house where she meant to shelter for the night.

Seizing the brass knocker, she plied it to give due warning of her arrival, then turned the handle of the door, meaning to enter in her former unceremonious fashion. To her disappointment, the door proved to be locked. Robina might be out; yet if she were, the key had not been left in the outer keyhole, as was the custom in trustful Pittendrevie. As she again lifted the knocker loudly, Mirren noticed that, though formerly it had been Robina's pride to keep it highly polished, it was dull and tarnished, as though it had not been cleaned for days. Then she became conscious of movement within, though no one hastened to open to her.

'Deary me! Robina's surely an awfu' fidget, keepin' me standin' here in the damp jist because she's no' dressed or some sic havers.'

Then there came the unmistakable sound of footsteps, the key turned in the lock, and as the door opened the face of Robina Peebles, thin, pale, indefinite, appeared.

'Well, Robina, my woman, ye never expected to see me, did ye?' Mirren said, smiling broadly in anticipation of a warm welcome.

'Oh, it's you, is it, Mirren? I never expected to see you. And did I keep you waiting? I was out at the back feeding the hens.' In her haste to make excuse for the delay, Robina's words were tumbling over each other. 'Why did you not write you were coming? If you had just sent a scrape of a pen'——

'Hoots! ye ken fine I never was a letter-writer, Robina. But what are we makin' a wark aboot? I'm here, an' ye're at hame, an' surely that's a' richt?'

Mirren's tone had been rendered testy by the consciousness that moisture was dripping from the tiled roof on to the crown of her crape toque.

'Ye'll come in?' Robina's tone might be hesitating, but Mirren needed no second invitation.

''Deed will I that,' she said, and promptly stepped into the narrow entry.

'You would think it queer to find the door locked, Mirren; but there's been so many gaun-folk about lately that a body canna be too cautious. Come in here.'

In place of leading her guest to the cosy kitchen, Robina had opened the door of the parlour, a state apartment in which the infrequent customers were interviewed and had their garments 'fitted on.' Seen on a dismal November day, it was not an enticing room. Prim white curtains draped the window, which faced due north. A cascade of crinkled paper and tinsel coldly decorated the grate. The wall-bed acted as a cupboard in which the materials necessary to dressmaking were stored. The chill austerity of the place made Mirren shudder.

Leaving her guest alone, Robina had disappeared. Mirren heard her quietly relock the front-door before she hastened towards the kitchen.

'Take off your things and lay them on the top of the bed, and I'll run and blow up the fire,' Robina had directed, and Mirren had obeyed. But she had time to feel chilly without her warm cloak, and to put it on again, before her hostess came to fetch her.

A cheery fire was burning in the kitchen grate, and Mirren sank gratefully into the arm-chair that stood by the hearth. To her surprise, the window stood open, admitting an inrush of cold air, and affording a depressing view of the dead garden and of the mist-shrouded loch beyond.

'Ye've surely turned real keen on fresh air, Robina,' Mirren commented dryly; and, murmuring something about having opened the window

to let out the smell of the baking, her hostess hastened to shut it.

Though the appointments of the kitchen seemed unaltered, an indefinable change in the atmosphere puzzled Mirren. Robina looked pinched and older, yet there was a pleasant, homely air about the room. The only unfamiliar objects were the newspaper that lay on the window-sill and the big flour-barrel that stood in a corner.

'Jamieson's bread wasna very good in summer, so I got into the way of baking for myself,' Robina explained, indicating the fresh-baked three-cornered scones that stood on the dresser to cool.

It was not until their meal was half-over, and Robina had risen to fill up the teapot from the kettle on the hob, that Mirren felt rested and refreshed enough to disclose the reason of her visit. 'Ye 'll be wonderin' what brocht me here the day,' she began, speaking in an important undertone; 'but I had something special to tell ye. Robina — *I've found oot where Ishmael Goudie is!*'

'Stop—stop, woman! What are ye doin'?' she said a moment later, starting to her feet. For though Robina Peebles had not uttered a word of surprise in reply to the astounding communication, she had gone on pouring out the water, and from the overfilled teapot liquid was streaming down on her well-camstoned hearth and shining steel fender.

In former days Robina could not have rested until the mess had been cleaned up. Now, without even pausing to dry the fender, she set the brimming teapot on the clean tablecloth, and, sinking down in her chair, gazed with fixed eyes at her visitor.

'Yes, Robina, that 's what brocht me here. It was jist yesterday I had the letter, an' I didna ken what to do aboot it, for a thing o' that kind canna be concealed—the Guid Book warns us that murder will oot. It says the blood o' the murdered man cries oot frae the ground.' Mirren spoke solemnly. 'But wi' me bein' at the Hainings, an' seein' jist hoo things were, an' what terrible provocation puir Ishmael had, I didna like to gi'e information to the police, as maybe I should. Ay, it 's an awfu' responsibeelity. I scarcely slept a wink a' last nicht for thinkin' aboot it. Torn between two opinions I was, as ye micht say: whether I should inform the police—an' that would be a hangin' matter, ye ken—or let the puir wretch escape wi' his life. So I thocht I 'd come an' tell ye, Robina, for I kent ye were aye interested in Ishmael, an' in ony case the secret would be safe wi' ye. What do ye think I should do?'

Throughout Mirren's speech Robina had sat motionless. Her eyes were fixed on Mirren's face.

When Mirren paused for a reply Robina bent forward. 'Oh, dinna gi'e him up!' she breathed rather than spoke. 'Oh Mirren, for the love of God, think what he 's come through, an' him in sair agony wi' his bad knee, an' no' strong at the best! Oh Mirren, for the love of God, dinna tell on him! For the love of God'—— Her voice had trailed off into an inarticulate murmur. Her pale lips were twitching uncontrollably.

The reception of her news surprised Mirren. Though she had suspected her friend of harbouring a fancy for Ishmael Goudie, she had no idea of its being so deep-rooted as this agitation indicated.

'Weel, if ye feel like that, Robina, I must confess I agree wi' ye. An' I doot if I would ha'e done it in ony case. Of course I ken it would be the real conscientious thing to do to gang richt to the police; but as your opinion backs up my ain inclination, I 'll no' stir a fit in the matter. I 'll jist write back to my cousin in Canada, an' tell him that I dinna believe it could ha' been Ishmael Goudie he saw—that he must ha'e been mistaken.'

The expression in Robina's eyes had changed.

'Your cousin in Canada! Did you say in Canada?' she asked in an eager whisper. 'Oh Mirren, did you say somebody had seen Ishmael in Canada?'

'Yes. It was Donald Dawson. Did I no' say it was a letter frae him. Tits! I 'm a stupid woman. Here I 've been haverin' awa' an' never tellin' ye my news after a'. But I was that put aboot when I heard that ye must excuse me. Well, it 's nae farther back than jist yesterday that I had a letter frae my cousin Donald Dawson. Here it is. You 'll mind Donald went to settle in Canada twa-three years back? Weel, Donald had jist heard tell o' the murder at the Hainings, an' he said in his letter that he was certain that he had seen Ishmael Goudie at a place ca'ed Winnipeg. It was at a railway station, an' Donald's train was movin' oot, so he couldna get speakin' to him. But he was sure it was Ishmael Goudie a' the same. He hadna heard o' the murder then, for he had been rovin' aboot. He says Ishmael was wi' a lot o' men who were gaun up the country, "lumberin'" he ca's it. Ye 'll see it in the letter. Donald says he couldna be mistaken in thinkin' the man he saw was Ishmael, for he used to spend his holidays at the farm, an' he kent Ishmael Goudie fine.'

'Mirren'—Robina, her face alive again, was leaning eagerly across the table—'I 've been thinking it 'll no' do to let this pass. It 's ower serious a matter. You must tell them—tell the police—that you 've heard that Ishmael 's in Canada. You must give them the clue, an' set them looking for him in Canada.'

'Ay—Robina!' Words rarely failed Mirren Dawson; but at her friend's strange pronouncement she stared in blank amazement, scarcely crediting the witness of her ears.

'Yes, I see now I was wrong before. I

shouldna have advised you past it. It's your bounden duty to tell.'

'Deed, then, I don't think I will.' Mirren spoke with spirit.

'If you do what's right you'll go straight to the police in Edinburgh and show them that letter,' Robina said doggedly.

'It beats me what ye're so doon on Ishmael for!' said puzzled Mirren. 'A minute ago ye were a' for hidin' him. Now ye're every bit as keen to get him hanged. I'm sure I wonder at ye bein' sae hard-hearted, Robina Peebles. Ye ken fine Ishmael was never ane to do an ill-turn to a body. An' if he did kill Wattie Goudie, Wattie jist got the end he was shapin' for. For nae livin' man would have endured the twa o' them as long as Ishmael had.'

'If you don't, it'll be on your conscience till your dying day,' persisted Robina.

'Let it!' cried the valiant Mirren. 'It'll be a case o' an uneasy conscience onyway, I'm thinkin'. An' I'd a long sicht rather ha'e my conscience bother me for savin' a man's life than for helpin' to hunt him to death.'

'Oh, Mirren woman, you dinna understand—you dinna understand!' Robina cried piteously. Then she jumped up, and with a great show of energy began clearing the table, evidently quite oblivious of the fact that the meal had ended abruptly in the middle.

Mirren followed her movements with perplexed eyes. Vague notions were chasing each other across her active brain. 'Robina Peebles was aye a total abstainer; it canna be the drink,' she told herself, and failed to find a plausible explanation of the spinster's sudden change from a suppliant for mercy to one who bloodthirstily demanded the rigour of the law.

When Mrs Maconochie had spoken of Robina's peculiarity Mirren had scarcely listened. Now she saw many evidences of that lack of interest in her surroundings of which she had been warned. Though they had not met for many months, Robina had no local gossip to offer; and that her occupation of dressmaking had ceased to engross her attention was proved by the fact that the current number of the fashion magazine to which she was a regular subscriber lay unopened, still in its postal wrapper.

'Robina's ower much alone. It's no' good for her,' Mirren thought, remembering happily the trio of motherless children who were dependent on her own care. 'Nae woman should keep hersel' so select as Robina Peebles does.'

The oddest matter of all, and the most personally disturbing, was the discovery that her own presence at the cottage was unwelcome. Previous incidents had been annoying enough; but as the evening wore on it was a distinct shock to Mirren to hear Robina, who had been fidgeting nervously about the room, ask with very evident reluctance, 'Would you like to stop the night here, Mirren?'

That proved the last straw. Mirren's righteous indignation at the inhospitable and foolish question tinctured her reply. ''Deed, then, Robina Peebles, I wasna intendin' to do onything else. Ye ken fine there's nae train back to Edinburgh the nicht. Where did ye think I was goin' to sleep if I didna sleep here? At the Hainings?'

And before Mirren Dawson succumbed to sleep in the hastily cleared wall-bed in the cottage parlour she assured herself that it would be two wet days and a dry one before she troubled Robina Peebles with another visit.

(To be concluded.)

THE ROMANCE OF TOBACCO.

By Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. BAIRNSFATHER.

AT Cawdor Castle there is on an old carved mantelpiece the figure of a fox with a pipe (quite distinct) in his mouth. The mantelpiece is said to be of considerably earlier date than that of the introduction of tobacco into this country—a fact, if so it be, which must have struck many as passing strange.

When I was in India, and especially when travelling, as I often did, through many remote valleys of the Himalayas, and seeing everywhere there, as in India itself, the universal use of the 'soveraigne herbe,' locally grown too, and perhaps remembering Cawdor, great doubts would often arise as to the correctness of the accepted belief that the plant and the smoking habit in these far-off lands really came all the way from America. For, as is well known, it is not only throughout India that the custom has for long prevailed, but throughout the whole of the East—China, Japan, the Malay Archipelago, Persia, Afghanistan—in fact, in every country in Asia.

For the rest, what countries of the world have escaped? In sober truth, very few. The case of Europe requires no mention, practically the whole of Africa acknowledges the sway, Australasia is not behindhand, while of course the two Americas are saturated with the smoke; and, to cap all, a very remarkable case of peaceful penetration was brought to light only the other day, when a party of explorers in unknown New Guinea came across a primitive tribe, described as living in the Stone Age, who had certainly never seen a white man before, but who nevertheless were all smoking.

Truly, then, I think it may be said that no

commodity, be it of food, drink, or mere luxury, has established for itself such a universal vogue. Even wheat or other food-grain, salt, or sugar, must, I believe, give place, while such things as tea or coffee are, of course, not in it. Small wonder, then, that doubts should arise, and especially when one considers the stubborn conservatism of the East in most things, and also the fact that varieties of the plant are by no means all confined to America, as to the possibility of all this having spread from one centre even in the space of three hundred years! Yet it seems to be quite true; and one fact alone is, to my mind, sufficient to prove this unquestionably, although some authorities apparently still incline to the belief that the smoking habit, like so many other things, may have been indigenous in China. The fact I allude to is that Marco Polo does not mention it. As is well known, he travelled right across Asia to China in the thirteenth century; and, had tobacco and smoking been in evidence then, he, an acute observer and recorder of all things new to him, could not, surely, have failed to make note of such a strange custom.

So then, the idea of attempting to disprove the old belief in the absolute American origin—a proposition which I once cherished—must be abandoned as futile, and we must instead content ourselves with a contemplation of the marvel of the now world-wide distribution.

To appreciate more fully this conquest of the world, it has to be remembered what a storm of opposition had to be encountered at the outset: edicts of emperors and kings, Grand Turk and Tsar, anathema of priest and pope and minister, and denunciation of the medical faculties, to say nothing of natural family opposition on the score of expense. Add to this the weakness inherent in the weed itself—the tendency to induce actual nausea and distaste in the incipient votary—and we must but marvel the more. Truly it has all the appearance of a decree of Providence—irresistible—an illustration of the dictum that the good and true must prevail against all opposition.

Statistics of no very old date, recorded in Penn's *History of Tobacco*, show the world's acreage under the plant to be one thousand millions, the annual value of the product being forty-five millions sterling. The revenue from duty in Great Britain is stated to amount to eleven millions sterling. In this connection it should be remembered that we as a nation are by no means to be accounted particularly heavy smokers. Our average, for instance, is only one and a half pounds per head per annum, whereas the Dutchman gets through seven pounds. But, then, he easily beats creation in this respect. To give the extreme illustration. It is recorded of one old sportsman—Mynheer van Klaes by name—that throughout his life he kept up the astounding average of three pounds consumption a week, and therefore got through four tons in his smoking-life of sixty years. He lived to be eighty, and was evidently a jolly old dog, full of humour to the last, for by his will his coffin had to be lined with old cigar-boxes. It was enjoined that a bladder of best golden leaf, with matches and flint and steel handy, was to be placed by his side, and the mourners were to smoke at the funeral; then the last act of all—the solemn 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes,' when all were to knock the ashes from their pipes on the lid of the coffin! So passed this king of smokers. A strange scene, and only to be imagined as possible in those times affectionately remembered as old and good!

Another notable votary was one of the Bismarcks, who affected a cigar-holder made to hold three cigars—these of different brands, making a subtile blend dear to his palate. He also lived till he was over eighty. Then there was Seidlitz, the famous cavalry leader, of whom it is recorded that he would stick to his long pipe during all preliminary manœuvres in presence of the enemy, throwing it in the air only at the word to charge.

But it is not necessary to go to Germans or Dutchmen for the romance of the subject. Quite sufficient of the quality is to be found in English history. For it was in England, indeed, that the smoking vogue first became prevalent in the Old World—all-prevailing it might well be called; for in that first century after the original introduction the smoking habit seems to have so taken hold of the people, high and low, as to be more of the nature of a fantastic craze than a mere universal indulgence; and it is my conviction of the ignorance of most people in the matter which has prompted the present article. How many know, for instance, that there were regular professors of the art in those days, men who would teach you how to smoke fast or slow, to emit the smoke through the nose, to inhale and swallow, &c.; that this art of inhaling, too, was carried to such an extent that men would for wagers engage to inhale the smoke at one point, and not emit it until some designated spot was reached perhaps a mile away; that many other matches were engaged in—fast and slow smoking, and the like; that in the very schools children were *taught* to smoke, being punished for letting their pipes go out? The Puritans, as may well be believed, were at first dead against such an extravagant, not to say ungodly, practice; but ended by smoking in church. Nor was it confined to men; women were equal participators, and, as we have seen, the children were brought up in the way they should (not) go. Varieties in pipes soon became legion, and there was actually a scheme—though this was probably of later date—to provide smoke on tap, even as gas is supplied to houses at the present day.

But this kind of boom was too hot to last. Though the Great Plague gave the craze a final fillip, owing to many of the medical faculty having become converted and prescribing the fragrant weed as a preventive, if not a cure, there was now another influence at work. The great god fashion stepped in, and from France, as in other things at the present day. There tobacco had been known and used from perhaps as early a date as in England (it is from a Frenchman, Nicot, that the word nicotine has come to us); but strangely enough it was in the form of snuff that the Frenchman seems from the first to have preferred the stimulant. And it was this habit of snuffing which, spreading to England, no doubt at first through the fashionable courtiers, for a long time almost completely ousted smoking.

I have remarked it as strange that the Frenchman should have adopted the habit of snuffing instead of that of smoking at so early a period; and for this reason, that, so far as I am aware, this is not mentioned as a habit in America, whence the whole cult came. But, as it appears, there was really some warrant for this form of the indulgence in a very ancient practice at least somewhat similar—similar in that the nose was the organ employed. For it is believed that the very first use made of tobacco-smoke was as an incense. Then, probably by means of a cloth over the head, the smoke would be more effectively inhaled and the soothing effect realised. From this the next step was a pipe with twin stems to fit into the nostrils, specimens of which are well known; and perhaps it may have been long before this was superseded by the variety smoked through the mouth which since has held such universal sway.

In later years many have been the minor variations in the manner of the indulgence practised by various peoples. In pipes and pipe-smoking we find infinite variety, from the primitive holes bored vertically and horizontally in a sloping bank—tobacco placed in the upper orifice, and smoke sucked from the lower—to the elaborate narghile of the Turk or the Hindu hubble-bubble. Scented herbs are used by some to mix with the tobacco, while in India raw sugar is preferred for this purpose. Others again, notably some South African natives, consider that the only way to enjoy a cigar is to inhale with the lighted end in the mouth; while in Mexico, when a pipe requires cleaning, it is said to be customary to fill the bowl with brandy *and drink it*. Such are a few curious samples of more modern practices.

The simple pipe, after all, appears to have been the most ancient manner of enjoying the weed; but the ultimate antiquity of this, whether fashioned for mouth or nose, or of the smoking habit itself, is a question hardly now perhaps to be solved even approximately. What we know for certain is that pipes and cigars were found in full blast by the first adventurers to America, and since then specimens of pipes more or less ancient have been from time to time found among the ruins of native villages. Some of these are no doubt very ancient indeed, and there is not much wonder in this. But one quite recent discovery must give us pause, if only to recover breath and think. A number of old pipes were unearthed—in the Mississippi Valley, as I remember—most of which were fashioned in the likeness of some animal; and two of these were said to be unmistakably meant to represent elephants, no such creature having been known in America, zoologically or geologically, since the days of the mastodon! What next? we must wonder. For this almost brings us to the most extravagant of up-to-date estimates of the antiquity of man himself, than which we shall not find a more romantic conclusion!

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

THERE'S a road I often travel to a spot that's far away;
'Tis the most delightful journey, yet the shortest one I know.
But the end of it is best of all, though there I may not stay,
For I keep it quite a secret when I steal away and go.
There's a river and a garden with gay lawns of softest green,
Where the peacocks walk so proudly, and the days are always fair;
And the house beyond the terrace is the finest ever seen;
And it's all my own—my very own—my Castle in the Air.

Just behind that stately doorway there are costly things I prize—
Pictures, bric-à-brac, and china, coats of mail, and sculpture too,
Form and colour chaste and splendid, feast to cheer my hungry eyes;
And I revel in the beauty of my dream-house, as if true.
Yet among my priceless treasures there are dearer ones to me—
Old and faded hangs a portrait, and a little broken chair
Stands beneath; and mem'ry brings them back—those faces that I see;
And I'll keep them all for ever in my Castle in the Air.

O dear palace of my fancy, where my soul unfettered dwells!
Where no care nor fret can reach me, and the aching void is filled
With the love I know is waiting, as your hand clasps mine and tells
Of the resting-place my heart has found; and all my pain is stilled.
For you come to me, my darling, and I hear your voice that sings
Like the music of the river, as you walk beside me there,
And the calm of that diviner peace your nearness ever brings
Folds us both in benediction in my Castle in the Air.

ELEANOR COPELAND.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

NOT taking note of the why or the wherefore, or what may be or will be the end of many arguments and tendencies and events, it is agreed that this is a peculiar and momentous period in the history of our women, in that of the British women more than any others, for their inclination to vast changes appears greater than that of the women of other nations. Altogether, what may be called the problem of women becomes increasingly interesting, and so in a certain sense do women themselves, the sex in the collective, for the individuals and little groups are absorbing now, as before, and they will always be just what they have always been. In the progress of this interest, and as evidence of it in a trifling way, we have had the difficult puzzle being set of late as to who have been the ten or dozen or twenty greatest women of the world; and various indeed have been the answers, as was to be expected when it is considered how widely ideals as to women differ, and must always do. A little while since, when wandering in Paris, one noted that since Joan of Arc was beatified in the Roman Catholic Church two or three years ago, she has seemed to be regarded by the French people with a new and increased adoration, which doubtless arises from knowledge and understanding. In sundry places you encounter monuments great and small to the wonderful Maid of Orleans, and one of the best positions in the Madeleine has been given to a fine sculpture in white marble, towards which prayers are continually uttered, and at whose base floral offerings are laid. Perhaps it was always so, but now at all events there can be no doubt that if a vote of France were taken as to who have been the three greatest women of the world, she of whom is told the romantic story of saving her country and triumphantly taking an ill-beset dauphin to his coronation would certainly be one of them. And yet, as one must say, the amazing Jeanne did not figure in the lists of the world's greatest women as compiled by several persons of great knowledge, judgment, and distinction. Cleopatra you would find there always, but not so often Joan of Arc. And then many British people—for this was an international voting—would notice, with regret and pity for those to whom this voting power had been given, that now and then the name of Florence Nightingale was left out of the list. But if women only were left to make the selections it is likely that the variations of opinion would be even greater than they have been. How wide apart would be the standards set up by, say, a lady of high fashion, an intelligent mill-girl of Lancashire, a leader in the modern women's movements, and a simple country housewife, the mother of many children! Men of an average sort are perhaps nearly in unanimity in this matter. Kindness of heart, gentleness, and sympathy are what five men out of every six most like in the opposite sex. I remember that some time since one of the Parisian newspapers organised a great and genuine competition amongst its readers with the object of determining the Frenchman's ideal, which is not materially different from the ideal of men of other nations, and the result of the extensive voting that many thousands took part in upon the set questions as to the most desirable attributes in women was that 'kindness of heart' came out on the top with a very long lead. A thousand votes behind it came 'devotion,' and then there followed in order 'economy,' 'intelligence,' 'amiability,' 'fidelity,' 'patience,' and 'modesty.' Economy and thrift are among the strongest characteristics of the middle and lower class Frenchwoman, and have made her famous, so it is natural and proper that the man of her country should show so much appreciation of the virtues of his womankind from which he has so splendidly benefited. Every little home in France is a wonderful organisation of thrift, and in a way it is a little bank, so that the latent wealth of the country through this means is a matter that may be of magnificent advantage to her some day, if indeed it is not so already. To her women, whose praises for their infinite charm will never cease to be sung by all peoples, France owes a great debt, and she recognises it.

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Now circumstances conspire to make sharp contrasts continually to be drawn between the British and Germans and the countries and things belonging to them. Our men and boys are compared with theirs, particulars of methods are set side by side; and lately one noticed that the almost inevitable had happened, and that signs

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were being given of a disposition to compare British and German women. Efforts in this direction did not then progress very far, and perhaps it was well; but the time may come when the comparisons will be full and free, and then shall we not, like good Englishmen, proclaim the high merits of our own, and leave the German husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons to do the same for theirs, as will be their duty and their pleasure? But in the meantime what has come to notice is something in the nature of a German attack on the Englishwoman on the point of her alleged incapacity in certain directions, particularly in regard to her disposition towards figures, and it arose in consequence of some remarks that had been made on the subject by the Lady Mayoress of London. Following upon these observations, one of the leading newspapers of Germany, the *Cologne Gazette*, came forward with a most remarkable indictment, saying: 'The Englishwoman has the reputation all over Europe of not being a good housekeeper. Even a superficial look into the life of London proves that this allegation, which is of such enormous importance for the life of the lower classes, is not legendary. It is amusing that the discovery has just been made that Englishwomen—the feminine half of the greatest business nation in the world—cannot manage figures. All foreigners who have observed the countless lady-cashiers employed in London restaurants and other business places buried nose-deep in trashy novels and newspapers, have long noticed their shortcomings as calculators. Germany has a multitude of working women who are most excellent at figures, and the Frenchwoman of the lower middle classes can also calculate splendidly. But one glance at the incredible passion for romantic rubbish among Englishwomen of the middle lower classes suffices to make one understand that the daughters of Britannia prefer to live in a fictitious world rather than in the world of reality.' Now this criticism, which in foreign eyes may have some justification, will not be too seriously laid to heart by Englishmen. But I remembered on reading it that in the autumn of the year before last, when for many weeks previously the papers had been full of particulars of all kinds about the Germans and their ways of doing things, an Englishwoman of great intelligence and observation, who had had deep experience of life in Germany and knowledge of it in many different ways, wrote down some very remarkable reflections upon the qualities of the German women and their value to the Fatherland. It was Miss Frances Low, and she took occasion to remark at the outset that the very mention of the German woman in England provoked a smile of superiority and derision, while only a few weeks previously one of the ladies' journals, in commenting upon the very poor progress that 'feminism' had made in Germany, patronisingly exhorted German women to 'wake up,' to remember that they had 'souls above the kitchen and its needs,' and to try to get a little inspiration from their go-ahead English sisters. Miss Low proceeded to say that as she recollected the really extraordinary many-sidedness of the average middle-class German woman, when she noted that there was hardly a form of social reform or organised philanthropy in Germany initiated by the State which was not mainly, or at least largely, carried on by women, she felt how absurd that ignorance must seem to those quiet, sensible, ever-busy maidens and matrons, knowing their *métier de femme* so admirably that at that moment they were leading the way as the finest exponents in the world of the crafts of the household, while they had made themselves indispensable to the progress of the State as the active co-operators in reforms that would have been impossible had they exhibited either apathy or hostility.

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From this Miss Low went on with some illuminating remarks. She related that one time she went into a *Volks-schule* in Heidelberg and listened to a most interesting and lively lesson on 'the making of Germany,' in the course of which the lady-teacher, having explained the part played in war by the Emperor, the soldiers, and statesmen, went on to speak of the splendid services of Queen Louisa, who never ceased to inspire and encourage her husband in his fight for German freedom. There followed after this some questions and answers given with tremendous enthusiasm: 'What can men do in time of peace?' 'They can learn thoroughly to serve and defend their country.' 'What can women do?' 'They must preserve the home and bring up every child to feel he has a great country which he must serve.' 'Now, the radical difference,' Miss Low wrote, 'between the average English woman and the average German of the same class is this: the former hails every advance in her husband's income as a means of freeing herself more and more from a disagreeable bondage, that of maintaining by her own personal exertions an efficient home; the precise opposite takes place with the German lady. . . . It is this simplicity and dignity and singleness of aim which characterises the home-life of the Germans, so that more than with any other nation on the face of the earth to-day there exists a family life instinct with idealism that has been the salvation and preservation of Germany, while other nations are seeing its disintegration and decay. The modern German woman has not the vivacity and brilliance of the American woman, nor has she the genius for exquisite dress and unerring taste of the French woman, or the graces and fascinations of the Southern woman, or, finally, the fresh and matchless and high-bred physical beauty of the English woman. But of all nations, we believe her to be the greatest asset, the creator and

guardian of a sacred flame that is the inspiration of that love of the Fatherland found in each one of Germany's sons.' These are remarkable expressions, and they should be well remembered. Home-life in Britain has been held up as the model and one of the foundations of the greatness of the nation. Here is Germany's, on high and impartial authority, said to be better, the credit being given to the German women.

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Of all the arts, music is the most cosmopolitan and the most direct in its appeal to the artistic instinct that has had no exact training, because its appeal is so sensuous, so natural, so human, and because it touches the primitive instincts and thrills them. Some may reason, then, that the quality of the artistic soul of a people is to be reckoned by its appreciation of music. It might be fair to do that or not. But if a reckoning were made on that basis, how would Britain come out of the test? And why are we so sensitive on that point which is so often raised as to whether we are a musical nation or not? Other nations are not so sensitive. There are not discussions constantly going on in American, German, French, and other papers as to whether their respective peoples have musical feelings or not; but we are protesting constantly in the matter, and while impresarios and composers are despairingly moaning that we are hopeless, there are representatives of the people who maintain that we are as musical as any other, but are not encouraged properly, and are not given a fair opportunity for the display of our tastes. Now that question as to whether we are a musical people or not, which has been asked and variously answered thousands of times in recent years, has been put more persistently and significantly of late than used to be the case, and it has almost begun to seem that we are being brought up for trial and judgment. Charges are being definitely formulated, evidence is being produced, and a defence is being put forward. A few weeks since the Incorporated Society of Musicians had a conference, and it came out in the course of discussion that musicians are so badly paid in England that a band and conductor may be hired for thirty shillings, and that lessons in music may be obtained from a teacher for sixpence each, or seven shillings and sixpence per term. So we pay badly for our music, and evidently, then, are not particular about the quality; and yet it is clear that we like much of it of a kind, for we have it everywhere, and there is a disposition among observers to conclude that the real case is that we are fond of sounds and know nothing about music, and furthermore that all efforts to improve our taste are doomed to failure.

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As I write the main question is being tested in a way that it never has been before; and though the test is being made in London, and for the most part on London people, it is a matter in which to a considerable extent the country in general is concerned. The allusion is to the attempt by Mr Hammerstein, who has achieved remarkable successes elsewhere in fostering and improving musical taste, to establish grand opera in this country as a regular entertainment for the people. Hitherto we have not had the opera as a permanent entertainment, but only as something for a short season, and that when the society folks are in town and as a society affair. Before he embarked upon his enterprise, Mr Hammerstein was told that we were not a music-loving people in the way that he hoped and believed we were, and to an extent that would be necessary to ensure his success; but he persisted with his confidence in us, and has made his experiment on a very splendid scale. The Opera-House he has built in Kingsway is the finest thing of its kind in the country, and he has produced grand opera in a splendid manner during the little time that he has been there. When music is merely a matter of fashion, and there is no real appreciation and understanding of it, names are everything and voices much less; but when the listeners have intelligence and discernment it is the other way about. Mr Hammerstein dispensed with great names, but without any doubt he has tested his audiences with voices, and in Miss Felice Lyne and Mr Orville Harrold has introduced to them two new artistes of the very highest ability and power. Mr Hammerstein's experiment is a worthy one, which places us in great debt to him. Then, being on the scale that it is, our artistic credit is to some considerable extent at stake, and it is the melancholy but not wholly unexpected fact that, at the beginning at all events, it was not a success. When it was found that this was so, those who defend us in the matter of our musical tastes and appreciations began to make excuses for us. It is said that we are not rich enough to pay the prices for grand opera that are being charged for it, and accordingly we are being accommodated in this respect. An effort is being made in different ways to reach the bottom of the truth about the British person's taste for music, and the nature of the experiment is being varied in different ways. What will be the upshot and the verdict remains to be seen. There are, however, two points to be urged in defence of our people in this matter of grand opera, if it is that they have to be defended. The first is the fact of such opera in the great majority of cases being sung in foreign languages which are not understood by the listeners. It is splendid to present these works in foreign languages—Italian, German, and French—when the opera is merely a society entertainment, and some cynics might declare that it is all the better for not being understood, or that it does not matter, anyhow; but it is different when the whole public are being dealt with and

the social aspect simply does not exist. It is not only that we British people do not speak three or four languages per person, and it is not only that the story—which after all counts for something—is not understood in a foreign language, and some of the value of the entertainment is missed; but the whole meaning of the music is lost and its subtleties and beauties are squandered. It would be almost a miracle if any people were to understand music in this way; it would be nearly as reasonable to expect them to laugh at a joke told in a tongue of which they did not know one word. The production of operatic works in their original language is entirely a matter of convenience, or convention, or both. It seems more imposing, but it is certainly less interesting and instructive; and the suggestion that it is better done in foreign languages is not always true. Italian, in its warmth and colour, its liquid softness, and its power of expression, has advantages for vocal effect that no other language has; but it is not properly appreciated that English, in spite of its many sibilants, is next to Italian, being decidedly superior to the guttural German, and better even than the nasal French. Grand opera might be made popular in English—indeed it has been—and we might get a better reputation for our taste.

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Again, it is a point, considering the nature of the times, the fierceness of effort, and the strain upon us, whether the themes of many operas, as they pleased the people of a previous generation, are quite the happiest and best and most suitable for us at present. The disposition of people everywhere to take their amusements lightly is very noticeable, and the people are not altogether to be blamed for it. It is not quite the fault of their taste so much as the necessity of their case; after so much strain a light relaxation is needed by the majority. Why should even grand opera be always so unhappy? It is gloom and tragedy most of the time. Perhaps it may not have been realised how sorrows and sadness do dominate grand opera as we know it, and how catastrophe governs so many of the works that are most presented in modern times. At the beginning one may leave aside *Faust*, because it is really in a class apart from others as a classic among classics; but take some of the others. In *Rigoletto*, through a mistake the heroine is murdered, her father being responsible for the tragedy; in *La Traviata* the heroine dies of consumption; in *Lucia di Lammermoor* the heroine stabs her husband and dies broken-hearted, while the hero stabs himself; in *Aida* the hero and heroine are buried alive; in *Carmen* the beauty deceives a lover, and he stabs her; in *Il Trovatore* the hero is executed and the heroine takes poison; and so on. Now, on the plain stage they will not have all this horror at the present time, and one is inclined to wonder whether it is all good for the health of grand opera, even if it does facilitate the expression of passion and fervour in the singing. One has heard it suggested that in opera there is this demand for tragedy. Strange, then, that musical comedy, with its exaggerated lightness and all its silliness, should be so popular, and that tragedy in plain drama does not go very well. This investigation into the charges against the English of being unmusical needs to be carried far, and the defence may spring new points and evidence upon the accusers.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XX.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

DE SARSAN had acted generously. Mrs Westaway had told him so, the compliment being confirmed by a look of relief and gratitude from Alice's pretty eyes. He felt as self-complacent and cheerful as a benevolent man has a right to feel. Alice had begged that the engagement might not be made public yet awhile; and De Sarsan, after some flattering demur, had given in handsomely. In fact, it struck him as being in some respects a convenient arrangement. It often happens that the longer you can mask your game the worse for your opponents.

It must be conceded that Alice Lanceley's motive was a commonplace one—merely to put off the evil day. The announcement would serve not only to rivet her yoke, but to destroy the other hope which she still weakly cherished. She craved for one more interview with Malcolm; a time in which to explain, to say to him that she understood his position, and would never blame him; to tell him much that she had often longed to say, but had never been able to frame—trifles perhaps, but of great moment to her. It must not be supposed that she contemplated breaking her promise to De Sarsan; she did not waver in that. It was a sacrifice which she must make for Wilford's sake—she now believed that, had she been alone, she would have chosen rather to face the world—and she meant to make the sacrifice in good faith. Meanwhile she could not find the courage to turn the lock on possibility and hope. She longed to meet with Malcolm in some happy hour when she could set herself right with him. She feared his condemnation; she wept as she pictured his contempt when he should hear of, without understanding, her acceptance of De Sarsan, of a man whom he (Malcolm) abhorred. Her apprehensions moved round and round in the same hapless groove; she could not conceive of the broad, pitying

kindness with which Cahusac would have judged her.

Great catastrophes are usually referred to the working of great passions; but the machinery of fate is often set in motion by some weak desire, some foolish impulse, some unnecessary vanity or puerility. The irony of the thing lies in the fact that those who touch the levers are so seldom damaged in the final crash.

The tremendous results which were to follow upon Alice's rash wish to set herself right with Malcolm were hidden from her eyes always. She never realised from first to last that it was her hand which brought about the consummation of the tragedy.

It happened on a day towards the end of June. De Sarsan had begged, by way of a return for allowing the engagement to be kept secret till the end of the season, that the marriage should take place immediately afterwards. Even Wilford was, by Alice's request, to be kept in ignorance for the present. Wilford saw that De Sarsan was paying court to his sister, and was apparently well received, and he might have guessed the rest for himself if his mind had not been entirely taken up with his own affairs.

Lorrie, indeed, saw Wilford pretty often, but other people were always present. He had had no chance of urging his suit afresh, and in consequence his humour was one of chronic peevishness. Therefore on this balmy June morning he lounged about the dining-room at Park Lane and grumbled freely. Alice, who was answering notes for Mrs Westaway, tried to suggest subjects more cheering than his own affairs; but he would have none of them. After a while he stood drumming on the window-pane in silence. Alice had had time to write half-a-dozen notes before he spoke again.

'I say, Alice, stop scribbling for a minute. Can't you write at some other time except just when I happen to drop in?' Wilford said crossly. Then, turning round, 'Come here; I want you to do something for me.'

Alice got up obediently and stood beside him.

'For Heaven's sake, don't stand like that, as if you were in a hurry and couldn't listen to a man quietly for once! Sit down.' He pushed a chair towards her, and sat on the edge of the table. 'We're in a devil of a hole, you and I,' he began dejectedly—'in a devil of a hole! Now, just look at you'——

'Suppose we look at you for a moment. Tell me what I can do for you,' she said with a little smile, anxious to avoid the inevitable turn of the conversation in the direction of De Sarsan if her own future came under discussion.

'Oh, very well, if you don't want my advice!' he rejoined huffily; 'but I tell you you'd be wise to hook De Sarsan while you can get him. It would be only decent, considering what the fellow is doing for me just now. And look here'—as a happy inspiration suddenly struck him—'I've been thinking that you would prefer to have me off his hands before it came to a question of marriage between you—eh?'

'I don't see what I can do,' said the girl with great embarrassment.

'Well, that's just what I'm here to tell you, isn't it, stupid?' But his tone was coaxing and good-humoured now, and Alice smiled up at him in relief at the somewhat unusual fact. 'Now, Alice, put aside prejudice, like a good girl, and don't refuse my request in a hurry. I want you to go and see Lady Madesson.'

Alice turned white. 'I!'

'Yes, you!' mimicking her tone. 'I mean to marry Lorrie; and, after all, why should you object? She's as good as you are any day in the week, as well as cleverer and richer and handsomer, if it comes to that!'

Alice was very still, wondering in her heart if Malcolm thought so too by this time. 'She—she is said to be engaged to Malcolm,' she said after a minute.

Wilford sprang to his feet and seized her by the shoulder. 'Who told you that infernal lie?'

'M. de Sarsan.'

'Oh, De Sarsan!' He sat down again, relieved. He understood that De Sarsan might say something of the kind to further his own purposes. 'It may be so, of course; but I'd like to make sure. Alice, I care for that woman more than anything in creation, or heaven—if there is such a place. It is perhaps the one honest feeling left about me. Don't take upon yourself to condemn it. Go to her, for my sake, and tell her how it is with me—that the suspense is destroying me! She has a kind nature below all; get at her; touch her. You can do the trick for me if you put heart in it, Alice. Will you? Upon my word of honour, I believe that marriage would make a decent man of me!'

'Very well,' the girl said, 'I will go; though I don't suppose I can do any good. She is so clever!' She sighed.

Wil looked quizzically at her with some significance. 'Cheer up, old lady; it's the stupid ones who mostly win in the end, you know,' he said ambiguously.

After he had gone Alice collected her notes into a heap, setting them one over the other with an air of abstraction. Accredited with such an errand, she could hardly fail to find out how Malcolm stood in relation to Lady Madesson.

After lunch she drove over to the quiet square where lay Puyfot's dreamland. Dismissing the hansom at the entrance to the square, she walked along the pavement very slowly, for now that she was almost at the door she felt very little of the courage or self-confidence necessary for such an interview.

Counting the numbers ahead, she had just picked out the flower-laden porch as the one she was looking for, when a man emerged from its shadow and came towards her. It was Malcolm!

She stopped short, breathless. She saw his face change as he recognised her, and her heart throbbed more painfully. Distracted by her troubled thoughts, she looked just like a lost child.

As he shook hands with her he said involuntarily, 'Can I not help you, Alice? Where are you going?'

'I want to see Lady Madesson. I want to see her alone,' she replied confusedly, for here was the very opportunity of talking with Malcolm that she had been longing for, and she must take advantage of it to make that explanation which was to render her life more endurable in the future.

'Why, she has some people to lunch,' Malcolm answered with manifest surprise. 'I have been there myself, and am one of the first to leave.'

'Oh dear! and I wanted so much to see her alone.'

Cahusac was perplexed at Alice's anxiety for a private talk with Lorrie, whom he knew she had never liked; but he concluded that it must be on some errand of her brother's, and he wondered what selfish object Wil could have in view 'I will take you to Lady Madesson's house and let her know,' he suggested. 'I am sure she would be very glad to see you.'

'Oh no, that would not do at all!' She scarcely knew what to say. 'It will be better for me to come another time. Would you walk with me till I see a hansom?'

Malcolm turned beside her. 'But why not go to Lady Madesson's now?' he said, for his old wish that Alice and Lorrie should be friends returned upon him with force.

'I think I ought to tell you, Malcolm, that I have a message for her from Wil,' she answered, speaking hurriedly under the recollection of what De Sarsan had told her respecting her companion and Lady Madesson. 'You know that Wil cares for her very much; you remember that evening at Ashmills? I wonder if she—if she likes him?' She was aware that she was saying precisely those things she should not say. 'But I beg your pardon, I ought not to talk like this to you.'

Malcolm was smiling. 'Why not? Though I am afraid I cannot tell you what you want to know, for she has not confided in me.'

They turned the corner as he spoke. From the other end of the street an empty hansom was approaching. At sight of it Alice felt that the chance of disburdening her mind, of conveying to Malcolm all that she had prepared through the long nights since she saw him last, was fast vanishing.

'I have been wishing to meet you, Malcolm. There are so many things I have to say to you,' she faltered. 'The other evening I tried to tell you. I cannot make you understand. I don't know how to begin.' She wrung her gloved hands together.

Cahusac was very much in love, or perhaps much of this conversation would have seemed rather absurd to him; as it was, pity and tenderness claimed him to the exclusion of everything else. 'What is it you want to say to me?' he said gently, walking still more slowly. 'I will understand.'

'In the future, when we cannot explain to each other, will you try to believe that I am not so very much to blame?' she went on. 'I cannot help—things happening.'

His face grew hard. What in the world was she alluding to? 'What sort of things?'

In her bewilderment she did not notice the change in his voice.

'I mean if you were to marry some one—any one—I should know that—that you could not help it,' Alice said timidly. 'I have felt how hard it is to make one's life fit in with what one would like it to be.' Then her growing agitation wrung the true cry from her heart. 'But, oh, Malcolm, don't you think that happiness is worth more than all the other things? Nothing matters as long as we are with those we love! And yet we all seem to be struggling for money and things that don't make us a bit happy in the end. Is it worth while to give up so much for so little?' She had found speech at the end. She was pleading for lost love and lost happiness; her mind was plunged into a chaos of feeling and retrospect, and her main idea was to impart to him some of the thoughts which ached so continually in her own breast.

The hot afternoon street was almost empty, so that Wilford, on his way to Lorrie Madesson's—for he intended to strike while the iron was hot from Alice's fanning—was astounded to see his sister walking beside Malcolm Cahusac, with her hands clasped in evident emotion.

'Good heavens!' he reflected, 'if De Sarsan were to get wind of this, and that I had sent her here by herself, he'd dock my allowance worse than ever. I wonder how Malcolm got hold of her?' He walked rapidly after them. As he came up he could hear Alice speaking.

'Oh, but do you think it is the best? It is so easy to say things are best for one which only mean more money, better position; but it is not true! The richest princess in the world can be very unhappy!'

'Alice!' Wil caught her by the arm very quietly, but she hardly suppressed a scream. Then he turned upon Cahusac. 'How dared you induce my sister to meet you in this clandestine manner?'

Cahusac glanced at Wil and smiled in spite of himself. 'Don't be absurd, Wil! This is not a melodrama, but an ordinary meeting together of three people who have known each other all their lives. I chanced to meet Alice in Devos Square, and offered to find her a cab.'

Wil scowled after Malcolm as he walked away, but he said no more until he and Alice were driving back to Park Lane.

What he said then, and Alice's feeble excuses,

need not be written down. Her greatest offence lay in her failure to see Lorrie Madesson.

'What! go to see her to-morrow?' he ended harshly. 'No, for goodness' sake don't! Leave it alone; you'd be sure to bungle the whole thing! And stop crying.'

When Wilford left his sister he was in a white-heat of disappointment and rash anger. At such times he felt an irresistible desire to talk to anybody, it mattered little to whom. He forgot prudence, and set out for De Sarsan's.

He found the Belgian at home, and in his irritability he made the most of the earnest and almost impassioned interview he had cut short.

De Sarsan listened patiently until the flow of complaint and temper had run itself out. Then he asked, 'What induced your sister to go to Devos Square?'

'To see Lorrie, if you want to know.'

'On your affairs?'

'I'm hanged if I'm going to be cross-questioned!' answered Wil with heat. De Sarsan's way of turning the tables upon him was intolerable.

'Ah, so! I understand,' said De Sarsan.

And this was the very beginning of the end.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH WORKMAN.*

By Robert Seppings-Laws.

THE workmen of France may be classed under two heads, the man belonging to *la petite industrie*, and the man belonging to *la grande industrie*. The workman in the former class is totally different from the workman in the latter. The *petite industrie* comprises all work not done in a factory, but where the motive-power is generally supplied by man. The *grande industrie* includes all work done in factories, foundries, mills, mines, &c., where large numbers of workmen are employed, the motive-power being generally steam, water, or electricity.

It is *la petite industrie* that has for centuries in a great measure earned for France its reputation as the country where the best work is done; and only the British workman at his best can be compared with the French workman of the small industry. In France the order of merit for the quality of the work produced by the principal industrial states stands thus: (1) France and England, (2) Belgium and Holland, (3) Italy, (4) United States, (5) Germany and Scandinavia—the last two far lower in quality than the others. Probably Switzerland ought to stand in the second group, coupled with Belgium and Holland, and Austria with Germany and Scandinavia.

I now quote on this subject the remarks of my friend M. Joseph Barrère, the well-known Bordeaux barrister:

'The French workman employed in *la petite industrie* is generally fairly intelligent, having a good knowledge of his trade, and is in most cases a *débrouillard* [managing to do a difficult piece of work well, even when not of his own trade]. He has to undergo a strict apprenticeship, during which time he is well looked after by special laws.

'In olden times the apprentice used to make the tour of France, so as to learn his trade. On his return he was called a *compagnon*, and was free to work at his calling. After the Revolution of 1789 the workmen's corporations were all abolished, and everybody is now free to choose his calling and can exercise any trade he wishes.

'The workman generally prefers to marry and have a home, and is fond of his children. Since the Second Republic the workman has become an elector; he loves talking politics and occupying himself with them, to read his newspaper, and to vote. He is not such a bad voter either, and he is far from being converted to socialistic theories, because he still believes in the power of work and economy.

'The workman, then, is generally economical, and possesses a savings-bank book; he also tries to get together a small capital. Of late these modest economies run some little risk of not being continued, owing to some of the shops having adopted the credit system or "easy terms of payment." This is a great danger to the spirit and practice of thrift, as the deferred payment system may induce the workman to buy luxuries he could very well do without. It would appear, however, that the number of workmen in France possessing a savings-bank account has increased within the last two years.

'The French workman is generally a sober fellow, but he likes to have "a good time" occasionally. He also likes to work on Sunday and rest on the Monday. On the whole, his education (apart from technical knowledge) is defective, notwithstanding the extraordinary impulse given during the last thirty years to elementary education, which is obligatory. He forgets very quickly the little history and geography he learnt at school. The Government is trying to remedy this by forming what is known as *œuvres post-scolaires*. At Bordeaux there are very fine institutions of this class, with public libraries open in the evening for conferences and free lectures given by excellent professors of the Société Philomathique, &c. During the young workman's two years' obligatory military service he is enabled to go over, at the *école primaire* in the regiment, all

* A paper on 'The German Workman' appeared in the volume for 1910, page 516.

he learnt as a schoolboy, thus refreshing his memory with what he was rapidly forgetting.

'The French workman generally makes a good soldier, easy to teach, understanding at once the officers' orders and the object of the words of command. He soon makes a good corporal, also a good non-commissioned officer. His sentiments are good, and his heart is in his work. To those who, like myself, have lived in barracks as a private soldier,' says M. Barrère, 'and have risen to be a captain of the reserve of officers, it is known that the workman of France is an inexhaustible source for providing the best soldiers.'

The French workmen have no Government pension in old age, but most of them belong to a mutual help society.

The wages of the workmen of the *petite industrie*, of course, vary somewhat in the north of France compared with the south. In the north and north-west a good workman—say a house-carpenter, locksmith, blacksmith, or mason—earns from threepence halfpenny to fourpence a working-hour, about four francs (three shillings and fourpence) a day of ten hours. Those who work by the piece can earn four shillings a day. A really clever specialist will earn a great deal more. In the south-west—Bordeaux to Bayonne, for instance—locksmiths, whitesmiths, chauffeurs (automobile), shoemakers, carpenters, joiners, &c. earn from four francs fifty centimes to five francs (say three shillings and sevenpence to four shillings) for a working day of ten hours. Again, a specialist earns considerably more. In the great cities, such as Paris, living being dearer, the rates for skilled workmen may be slightly higher; but I think the figures given apply fairly to France generally. Wine-merchants' and brewers' men earn from three francs and upwards, and their coopers from four francs fifty centimes.

About four or five years ago a law was passed by which every employer had to give his workmen one clear day's rest a week, known as the *repos hebdomadaire;* but the day need not be Sunday. There are inspectors stationed in towns for the purpose of seeing it carried out.

The workman pays a small tax, known as *cote personelle et mobilière*, when his rent is more than ten francs a month (say eight shillings); under that he is considered 'indigent,' and he is exempt. The employer in France is responsible for all accidents which may happen to the workman while at work. It is a hard law for the masters, and naturally they insure against the risk.

The workman of the *petite industrie* works about ten hours a day, but formerly he worked twelve. The masters complain that ten hours are not enough; but in certain trades the workmen are trying to obtain a reduction of two hours, or only eight hours of work. This is a grave question, as politics are mixed up in it. Nearly all workmen of the small industries belong to *syndicats professionnels* or trades-unions. Without being aware of the fact, they are going back to the old corporations that existed prior to the First Revolution, and were suppressed in 1789. If the trades-unions of France would keep free from politics they would do more good.

The French workman, unlike the German, goes to his work in the blue suit in which he works, and of which he is proud. When he is not working, however, but going out with his family, he dresses quite neatly. My experience, after a residence of about thirty years in France, is that the French workman generally is a polite, good-natured fellow, ready to help anybody, and, if on the whole economical, he lives well, and has very good food and plenty of it, with good wine and good coffee to drink. In the north beer takes the place of wine, and in the north-west cider.

So much for the *petite industrie*. Let us now turn to the *grande industrie*. In every case where the laws and customs apply to the two industries I will merely mention the fact, and the reader by referring to the *petite industrie* can learn how matters stand.

The workman employed in the *grande industrie* is probably inferior in intelligence to the man of the *petite* or small industry, although in many ways the former has replaced the latter of late years, as he has in Britain. The factory now makes the first part of an article, which is then finished by the skilled workman of the small industry. Physically, the workman of the mill is inferior to the artisan, less civilised, and during strikes more difficult to manage; especially is this the case with the miner. This, of course, does not apply to a minority, who are very superior. In the mills wages run from four francs (three shillings and fourpence) to six francs (five shillings) and even to seven francs (five shillings and tenpence) a day. The miners make five shillings and sixpence, and even more. These figures I have from a friend in the north. The mill-hands, as at Elbeuf, Roubaix, Lille, like the miners, are somewhat a race apart, and belong to the north-west and north except those of the silk-mills of Lyons, the rolling-works of Creuzot, and the arms-manufactories of Saint Étienne, which are in quite other parts of the country.

The workman of the *grande industrie* begins young, and is paid even as a boy; but, like all Frenchmen, he has to put in two years' of military service. He usually returns to the same work when his time is up. Of course he pays the same taxes as in the *petite industrie*, and he also has a vote. Most of the men belong to mutual aid societies and trades-unions. The latter, I am told, have more hold on the workmen of the *grande* than on those of the *petite industrie*. In many of the large undertakings, railways, construction companies, &c., a regular system of pensions on retirement exists. The law of masters' responsibility for accidents is the same as in the small industries.

After many years' residence in France my

private opinion is that owing to studied protection the success of imported and popular specialities is generally prevented. The speciality is soon copied, much improved in quality and shape, and sold honestly as French; and only in a few cases of superior British things can these specialities continue to be sold at a profit. The copy is as good as the foreign article, and slightly cheaper. Inferior qualities, mostly made in Germany, succeed for a time; but the French character is opposed to cheap things; it prefers to pay more and have a good article.

During the two years the French workman has to give up to military service he learns order, cleanliness, and sobriety. His health is improved by proper exercise and by wholesome food. He has also the great advantage (as indeed every Frenchman has) of mixing with his fellow-men on an equality. I have always heard all respectable workmen express their gratitude for having been obliged to do their *service militaire*. They say they feel their country is no longer as it was in 1870, but safe as far as possible from invasion. They never seem to boast or wish for war, but all are ready to fight if necessary; and peace at any price is not popular with Jean Baptiste.

THE WRATH OF ISHMAEL GOUDIE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE GREAT SURRENDER.

EARLY one afternoon in the following August, Robina Peebles locked the door of her cottage and set off on the two-mile walk to Braeside.

As a place of residence Braeside ranked socially higher than Pittendrevie. Judged numerically, its population might not be much larger than that of the lochside village; but it possessed a bank, a real draper's shop, a constabulary station, and a doctor. It was towards the house of the latter that Robina was moving with feverish speed.

Heedless of the rain that fell with quiet persistence, she had walked quickly—more quickly than she realised; yet as she neared the little town her pace unconsciously slackened, and when she reached Dr Mickle's house she hesitated, and then passed it by, only to turn when a dozen yards away, retrace her steps, and ring the bell. 'Is the doctor in, Ellen?' she asked when his housekeeper opened the door.

'Ay, he's in,' Ellen grudgingly admitted; 'but he's jist sat doon to his denner.'

'Perhaps I'd better come back later?'

'In twenty meenites, or maybe quarter o' an hour, he'll be done. He's had a long roond the day, an' he's jist new hame.'

Almost welcoming the brief respite from the task she had set herself, Robina occupied the time of waiting by first going to the post-office and drawing a sovereign from her savings-bank account. A glance at her bank-book told that during the past year like withdrawals had not been infrequent. And as he paid out the money the postmaster wondered why Miss Peebles was diminishing the capital that, though insignificant, represented the savings of years. Had he seen how Robina hastened to spend part of the sovereign he would have marvelled still more; for at the grocer's she bought a bottle of brandy and two lemons, and from the chemist a flask of eau de Cologne, being particular to have both liquids of the best quality.

When her shopping was done, and she judged that the period of waiting had expired, she returned to Dr Mickle's.

'And what's your will with me?' asked the old doctor, who had known her since childhood. 'I haven't seen you for a long time. If all my patients were like you, Robina, I'd need to be drawing my old-age pension.'

Robina laughed mechanically at the little jest. 'It was about myself I wanted to consult you, doctor,' she said, rushing upon her mission. 'For a long whilie back I've been troubled with a pain in my chest and awful bad palpitations, and there's times I can scarcely breathe; and if I go up the stairs I'm that short of breath.'

She had paused abruptly. Without speaking, Dr Mickle leant towards her and laid his fingers lightly on the wrist of one of the hands that lay, tightly clasped, on her lap.

'Yes!' He uttered the word quickly, making no comment, but gravely awaiting the recital of further symptoms.

'And then there's the wee cough'——

'Do you cough much?' Dr Mickle asked quickly.

'Not much, for it hurts that sair I try to keep it back.'

Dr Mickle nodded meditatively. His eyes were fixed on her flushed and agitated face. 'I see, a painful cough! And about the nights?'

'Oh, that's the worst, doctor! Many's the night there's no right sleep at all—just a kind of doverin' between sleepin' and wakin'. And then the awful disturbin' dreams!'

'Did you notice any swelling?'

'The feet get terrible swollen at nights, doctor. An' in the mornin' they're all right again; but in the mornin' the face seems real puffy-like.'

Rising, Dr Mickle fetched his stethoscope. 'Open your gown. I'd like to sound you.'

When his ear was at the instrument his expression changed; it ceased to be anxious, and became puzzled, then slightly annoyed. 'Tut, tut! tut, tut!' he murmured. 'Well,

Robina, you can keep your mind easy. You're no' gaun to die yet,' he said, laying the stethoscope down on the table. 'I'm thinkin' you've let yourself get a wee bit nervous. There's nothing at all the matter with your heart. I'll stake my professional reputation on that. Your pulse is a bit quick and flurried, but your heart's as sound as a bell.'

Robina, who had moved away to refasten her bodice, turned to face him. To his surprise, dismay had taken the place of the relief he had expected to see mirrored in her face.

'Oh doctor, can you not give me something to help the pain and that exhaustin' breathlessness I told you about?'

'You gang awa' hame, my lassie.' The old man laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. 'And mind ye dinna sit ower close over your dressmaking. Gang out, and take a brisk walk while the days are long. And dinna keep aye thinkin' about how you feel. You've a fine constitution, and you come of a healthy race.'

Thus summarily dismissed, Robina stood uneasily, hesitating.

'But the medicine'——

The doctor rumpled his gray hair impatiently. 'Oh you women! you women! you're all alike. You think a bottle of physic'll cure anything under the sun. I'm telling you you don't need any medicine. The most that's wrong with you is a touch of indigestion. Take a good walk, and don't eat cheese to your supper, and you'll not need to poison yourself with drugs. But I'll give you a bottle if you'll not be satisfied without it.'

When he handed his patient the bottle Dr Mickle added another warning. 'Mind you don't go reading medical books, and getting your head filled with foolish fancies.'

At the insinuation Robina's pale eyes opened to their widest.

'Me read medical books, doctor! There's never been such a thing in the house!'

'Hypochondriac!' As he stood at the door watching Robina Peebles trudge off through the rain, Dr Mickle diagnosed her complaint in one word. 'If a woman-body sits all day alone, she'll get to fancy she's dying if her finger aches!' But as he watched her turn into the road that led towards Pittendrevie he was impressed by something in the despondent droop of the spinster's long back, a sort of hopeless dejection, as though some aid on which she had been counting had failed her; and it was with an uneasy feeling that he had come short of what had been expected of him that Dr Mickle returned to his comfortable arm-chair and his novel.

But though at the moment he succeeded in banishing them, Robina Peebles and her imaginary ailments kept recurring to his thoughts. For one not personally acquainted with the disease she described, Robina appeared to have a curiously comprehensive knowledge of its indications. She said she had not read of the symptoms she described in a medical book, and he had no reason to doubt her word. But though he had failed to discover any heart-trouble, the doctor had noticed that Robina had aged strangely during the past year.

The matter harassed his mind; and when, at the close of the following day's round, he found himself on the high-road east of Pittendrevie, Dr Mickle alighted from his gig, and telling his boy-groom to drive slowly on, and to wait for him at the cross-roads, he went back and knocked at Robina's door.

During the moments that elapsed while he waited Dr Mickle thought deeply. When Robina opened the door he stepped inside without heeding her exclamation of surprise or waiting for an invitation.

'Robina,' he said, 'there's two folk ye should aye tell the whole truth to, and that's your Maker and your doctor. The One kens it already, and the other canna help ye if ye just tell him the half. Come, lassie, it's no' ower late yet. Make a clean breast of your troubles. Your secret'll be safe with me. I'll maybe be able to help ye. And in any case you'll be a hantle easier in your mind.'

So, sitting with him in the once trim but now uncared-for little parlour, Robina Peebles unburdened her soul of the story of those months that had turned her from a self-complacent spinster, secure in her own uprightness, to a worn woman filled with an infinite compassion for sinners and suffering.

Speaking in a quiet, unemotional manner, she told how, on that placid spring evening, she had returned from escorting Mirren Dawson part of the way home to the Hainings to find Ishmael Goudie fainting with pain, lying huddled up in her back porch, which he had reached just as Mirren and she quitted the cottage by the front-door. She told how Ishmael, seized by a wrath that was no longer controllable, had lifted the gun and killed Walter Goudie, and had escaped from the farm by crawling painfully behind the hedgerows until he reached the haven of her porch, where, maimed and helpless, he threw himself on her mercy. Of her own suffering, of the silent endurance entailed by those sixteen months of concealment and apprehension, she said nothing; but Dr Mickle read their record in her rapidly graying hair and haggard eyes.

'Where is he now?' he asked.

Rising without a word, Robina led the way up the narrow, creaking stairs to the low-ceilinged attic room where, on a mattress spread on the bare floor, Ishmael Goudie lay propped up with pillows.

'Well, Ishmael, my man, this is bad hearin',' the doctor said, as, kneeling beside him, he grasped the worn hand.

'I'm near by wi' it, doctor,' Ishmael said

faintly. 'An' I'm no' sorry. It's been a hard struggle.'

There was no need to ask questions. To the experienced practitioner the swollen face, with its patches of vivid colour, the emaciated frame, the dry, blue lips, the laboured breathing, all told their story only too plainly.

Leaving the two men together, Robina slipped away. Tears of relief were streaming unheeded down her cheeks. She had come downstairs with the intention of making the doctor a cup of tea, but when he sought her half-an-hour later the kettle was still cold, and Robina was sitting nerveless and almost overcome by this sudden relief from the strain that for so long she had borne alone.

None but she would ever realise the difficulties of the task she had undertaken when she set herself to conceal in her house a badly injured criminal for whose capture a reward was offered. In the retirement of a great city, where one's comings and goings are of small moment, the matter would have been a comparatively easy one; but in a cottage whose walls abutted on the public road, in a village where she had lived from childhood, where the slightest deviation from her customary manner of living or the smallest increase in her expenditure would be matter for instant comment, the undertaking presented almost insurmountable difficulties.

During the early days when Ishmael Goudie had lain fevered and prostrate on the improvised bed on the garret floor, scarce conscious of anything but the intense pain of his injured knee, his nourishment had been easy to supply. Little crossed his lips except milk, or beaten egg, or a few drops of brandy from the bottle that Robina had kept by her in case of sickness. During those days she drank milkless tea rather than get a halfpenny-worth more than her usual quantity of milk.

The most difficult period was when the fever attendant upon the severely inflamed condition of the knee-joint had gradually subsided, and Ishmael's appetite for food began in a measure to return. Then Robina breakfasted off milkless porridge, and dined off potatoes and greens, that Ishmael might enjoy the tea and bread-and-butter, and the small portion of meat, that had formerly been her diet. By laying in a barrel of flour she was able secretly to supplement her weekly loaves with an unlimited supply of home-made scones.

The injured knee she had treated with such simple remedies as she had in the house—fomentations of dried camomile flowers and soothing lotions made from the withered heads of poppies that had grown in the garden.

While the search went on and public resentment ran high against the murderer who was moaning away his days in her attic chamber, Robina forced herself to act before the world as though nothing had occurred to change the tenor of her life. She went to church, taught in the Sunday-school, crimped her drab hair, put on her gloves, tried in all things to deport herself as formerly.

When Ishmael was able to sit up a little the craving for tobacco, that had left him while he was at his worst, began to return. He had a pipe. It had been in his pocket when he fled from the Hainings, but he had no tobacco. And one thing a discreet maiden-lady must not be seen purchasing is tobacco.

It was about this time that the tobacco-pouch of Mr Drummond, the parish minister, went amissing. On his return from a round of parochial visits—during which he had paid a ministerial call on Miss Robina Peebles—he had found the pouch gone. Two days later the pouch was discovered just inside the manse gate. When lost it had been well filled; now it was depleted of every shred of tobacco.

The matter afforded worthy Mr Drummond food for conjecture for some time. But though he advanced many theories to account for the odd disappearance and more inexplicable recovery, he never once thought of connecting either occurrence with the time when his overcoat hung on a peg in Miss Peebles's entry.

Necessity makes the brain fertile in expedient. It was shortly after that date that Robina began openly to buy tobacco with the avowed intention of bestowing it upon Johnny Wardrope, the bedridden cobbler who lived at the west end of the village; and if only half of the quantity she purchased reached old Wardrope, nobody was any the wiser.

As time went on the knee mended in so far that Ishmael might again use it. Still, the injury had left him incurably lame, and his increasing heart-malady proved a further handicap. So, while rumour conjectured him far from the scene of his crime, Ishmael Goudie spent his days hidden in the back attic among broken furniture and the discarded implements of occupations now almost forgotten.

In these days of enforced retirement and bodily weakness Ishmael found great solace in reading. He could always lose all sense of his irksome surroundings in a book; and when he had exhausted the scant literature of the cottage—he even read the love-tales in the fashion journals—Robina would borrow a bound volume of some magazine. Then there was the recurrent interest of the weekly newspaper, which he read from the first page to the last.

At night, when the village was asleep, he would steal downstairs and sit in the cheery kitchen beside the woman who was braving so much for his sake. On that dank November afternoon when Mirren Dawson paid her surprise visit he had slipped downstairs earlier than usual, and was sitting cosily by the kitchen fire when her peremptory knock made him hasten, panting and agitated, back to his attic.

Sometimes, as the months wore on, Ishmael found the inaction and imprisonment so irksome that he would rise before dawn, and, disguised in a waterproof of Robina's, with a shawl about his head and shoulders, wander in the garden. In these early morning hours of summer he even did some gardening, working in the border close behind the back-door, where he could not be overlooked, and raising many plants of auricula, wall-flower, pansy, canterbury-bells, sweet-william, mignonette, and sweet-peas. When he asked her to get him the seed, Robina wondered that most of the flowers he chose would not bloom till the following summer. Perhaps when he selected them Ishmael had it in his mind that he might do something to make her garden gay when he was gone.

Robina's thoughts were still far away when Dr Mickle put his head in at the kitchen door. 'I 'll be back in a minute. I 'm just going along for the minister,' he said.

'Oh doctor, is he *that* bad?'

'Ay, he 's about as bad as he can be. An' I dinna think even you would want to keep him suffering longer.'

'But is it safe?'

'It 's Ishmael that wants the minister. He wants Mr Drummond to marry you and him.'

A burning flush dyed Robina's pallid face. 'To marry me!' she breathed, as though news of some tremendous impending honour had just reached her.

'Yes; nothing 'll serve him but that he must marry you. And I must warn you that there 's not too much time. So I 'll run along now and get Drummond.'

'But, doctor, there 's been no banns put up. Would the wedding be legal if we werena cried first?'

'There 's nae time for cries, lassie. It 'll just ha'e to be an informal marriage, but perfectly legal in Scotland. We 'll have a paper signed, and all that. But I 'm just mindin' there would need to be two witnesses. I 'll do for one. Have ye a neighbour ye could trust to hold her tongue?'

Robina looked dubious.

'Well, never you fash. I 'll get somebody, never fear.'

When he had gone Robina sank on her knees beside the arm-chair. She wanted to pray, but her thoughts were too confused.

As Ishmael's malady had increased and the demands on her care became more exacting, she had gradually ceased to pay attention to her dress. But when she opened the door to the doctor and the minister, and to his student son who had come to act as witness, she presented an almost bridal appearance. A lace fichu decorated the body of her worn gown; white cotton gloves covered the hands that had wearied themselves in the sick man's service. On Ishmael's breast she had pinned a cluster of white sweet-peas.

In after years, when the story of Robina Peebles's self-sacrifice had become public property, young Drummond was wont to describe the scene of the wedding as the most impressive he had ever beheld, when, in the attic room, under whose low roof the visitors could scarcely stand upright, the dying murderer and the woman who had grown gray and wan in shielding him from justice took each other for better or for worse.

When the brief ceremony was over, and the bride and bridegroom were left alone, Robina sat on the floor beside Ishmael, holding his wasted hand.

She had spoken of having him moved downstairs to the kitchen bed, but at the suggestion Dr Mickle had shaken his head in silence. He had given her what remedy he could, and, promising to return before night, had hastened off to the gig that had waited so long. But Robina knew, without being told in so many words, that the end was very near.

Ishmael had refused nourishment, though he allowed her to moisten his dry lips with cold black-currant tea. Then they remained silent for a long time. Ishmael's eyes were closed, and she thought him asleep, until he spoke. 'My bundle—the bundle I had—when I came'——

'Yes, Ishmael, I ken where it is. Would you like to see it?'

He made a feeble gesture of assent. And from where it was hidden at the bottom of a trunk Robina brought out the parcel of charity clothes. It was all Ishmael had carried into his new life when he left the poorhouse. It was all he could call his own now that he lay dying.

Laying the bundle beside him, she opened it and turned over the garments with gentle hands. One stocking alone was missing. When Ishmael had fled from the Hainings it had slipped from the bundle, and long ago had been trodden into the mire of the farmyard. But the other articles —the glengarry bonnet, the shirt, the coat, the cravat, the little breeches that had excited Walter Goudie's mirthless laughter—were all there.

'You 'll put them in my coffin wi' me, Robina?' he whispered. 'I 'm thinkin' that if the Lord has mind o' what a puir wee freendless laddie I was, He 'll maybe no' be ower hard on me.'

She had brought a little warmed milk, but Ishmael was too weak to swallow. So they kept silence—waiting. Ishmael's eyes were fixed on the skylight, through which they had a glimpse of the glory of the setting sun. For a moment the reflection of the afterglow illumined his face, making it appear as though transfigured.

Then the radiance gradually faded, and Robina saw that Ishmael Goudie had made the great surrender.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A POSSIBLE SIDELIGHT ON THE CONGO ATROCITIES.

THOSE who have taken a profound interest in the toll of the rubber industry in the Congo State, and who have been considerably perturbed by the startling and terrible stories of fearful atrocities on the part of the authorities there, would find the paper dealing with 'Some Tribal Customs of the Nyam and Gour People Inhabiting the Eastern Bahr-el-Ghazal,' from the pen of Captain R. G. Anderson, R.A.M.C., Egyptian Army, which is published in the general science volume of the *Fourth Report of the Wellcome Tropical Research Laboratories at Khartoum*, highly interesting, as throwing a new light upon the question. Among the Nyam-Nyam tribe mutilation of the most terrible and drastic character was practised as a punishment for five classes of offences, comprising adultery and rape, intrigue against the life or property of a chief, refusal to obey a tribal call to arms, cowardice in face of an enemy, and neglecting to pay tribute of meat or corn to a chief. The right to inflict mutilation was in the hands of the sultan, and when the wronged man secured the requisite authority little delay ensued in putting the sentence into effect. The avenger gathered one or two colleagues and hunted the offender down. When caught he was immediately bound upright to a tree. Then with a knife the mutilation was carried out in the most barbarous manner, and often it was of the most atrocious character, comprising emasculation, the cutting away of the upper lip, both ears either entirely or partially, and both hands at the wrist. The last-named caused the poor wretch to fall forward on his face unconscious. Sometimes the fiendish treatment was accompanied by blinding. The wonder is that any of the mutilated survived the ordeal, but often they succumbed to the pain, shock, and loss of blood. Captain Anderson's paper is accompanied by photographic illustrations strongly reminiscent of the atrocities laid at the doors of the Congo officials, for they are of similar character. As a result of his investigations and conversations with the mutilated wretches he met, the writer imagines 'that many of the so-called Belgian Congo atrocities were due more to carelessness and inadequate supervision on the part of the authorities over a brutal and licentious savagery than to any gross inhumanity on their own part.' When British sway, as represented by the Soudan Government, penetrated the country these reprehensible practices were put down with a stern hand; but there is no doubt that they are practised still more or less by the tribes beyond the reach of the British officials. Strange to relate, men who had undergone, and had survived, the ordeals of mutilation were not regarded with disrespect by their fellows. As a rule they secured responsible posts in the households of the sultan and the family chiefs. The hands were always removed, since the man inflicting the punishment rightly concluded that one who had been mutilated and had his hands spared would develop into a desperate enemy. Yet, notwithstanding the terrible character of the penalty, Captain Anderson remarks that those who have been thus mutilated have by practice become very capable with their dismembered arms.

A WOODEN TIRE FOR MOTOR-CARS.

A well-known inventor, Mr John Henry Knight, the builder of the first two-seated petrol-car made in England, has devised an ingenious substitute for the rubber tire, which should be particularly serviceable for commercial vehicles. He has selected wood for this purpose, owing to its remarkable elasticity, which is strikingly illustrated in the archer's bow, which retains its original elasticity for half a century or more. Two years ago he evolved a tire made from ash, fitting it to an experimental wheel thirty-four inches in diameter, which without the intervention of any carriage-spring easily carried a load of four or five hundredweight. He found this to run over uneven road-surfaces and obstacles quite easily and without suffering any damage. Then he fitted up a similar pair of wheels which were used as drivers on his six horse-power Darracq. This vehicle has been in use for several months, during which time it has covered hundreds of miles over roads of all descriptions, with slight signs of wear; while as regards riding comfort and efficiency, the tire appears to be quite equal to solid rubber. The tire is built up of sections of ash bolted on the rim in two rows. If the vehicle is heavy the number of rows may be increased. The blocks of ash break joint with one another—i.e. the joint of one row is not placed over the joint of another row. In the ends of the blocks are saw-cuts, and a wedge-shaped piece is cut away to give additional elasticity. Before the blocks are bolted on the wheel they are bent, to a somewhat greater curve than the circumference of the wheel, by steaming. The blocks have steel cleats on them as a protection against being split by stones on the road. If one block is damaged it can be replaced in a few minutes. If a block is struck with a hammer the tool rebounds in the same way as if it hit a spring or a block of india-rubber. The cost of these wood tires, which are shortly to be placed on the market, is estimated to be from one-sixth to one-fourth that of rubber tires, so that if the wooden tires last only half as long as rubber ones they must represent a considerable

economy. It is expected that these wooden tires will overcome side-slipping, while they will go through sand or over soft ground where a rubber tire would be useless.

ADULTERATION OF LEATHER.

American footwear has long been denounced in this country for its short life and bad wearing qualities as compared with its British rival, and some interesting sidelights as to the causes of this defect have been published by the United States Bureau of Chemistry. It seems that the American leather-producing firms adulterate their goods very heavily, glucose being principally used for this purpose. The adulterant is either brushed over the surface of the material or added to it by a revolving drum. Epsom salts are often used for a similar purpose, as it is said to clear the grain and to render the article somewhat lighter in colour. When either of these specifics is employed, however, the serviceability of the material is seriously impaired and its waterproof qualities are destroyed completely. The addition of Epsom salts increases the weight of the leather very materially, but this result may be attained far more successfully and just as destructively by an excess of tannin. Leather so treated is at first somewhat watertight, but soon becomes hard and cracks easily owing to the tannin being washed out by use. Another common practice is to subject the leather to bleaching for the purpose of improving its appearance. Alkalis and sulphuric acid are used for this purpose, with somewhat disastrous results upon the material. Some of the free sulphuric acid is certain to be left in the substance, and in a short time it destroys the tissues, so that the leather breaks with little effort, while the alkalis cause the leather to become hard and be easily cracked and broken. It is obvious, therefore, that until American leather manufacturers abandon their adulterating processes and treat the material in a method common to Britain, American footwear will be regarded with suspicion. The longer life of the British leather and the retention of its natural characteristics are responsible for the increasing popularity of British-made boots and shoes in the United States.

A USEFUL TELESCOPIC LADDER.

An improved ladder of the well-known Heathman type has made its appearance, and it should prove highly useful both about the home and the estate. It is telescopic, is carried on a two-wheeled truck, and can either be extended from the truck itself (in which event no support against fixtures or walls is required) or it can be detached from the truck and carried to places where its wheeled carrier cannot enter, being supported against the wall in the usual manner in this case. It is handy for reaching roofs and high windows outside the house, and to the ceilings and electric lighting fixtures in a lofty room. Packing within small limits, it can be stowed away easily when not in use. In the garden it is equally serviceable, as it enables access to be had to fruit-trees and other elevations. Certainly no country house should be without one.

FIRST-AID OUTFITS.

This is the age of tabloids, and the first-aid outfits which have been devised by the well-known originators of this method of preparing medicaments indicate a new departure. The Burroughs-Wellcome equipments are designed to meet every requirement, from a small light case which may be slipped into the pocket, recommended for aviators and motorists, to well-stocked cases prepared for use in large engineering establishments, factories, and mines. The character of the outfit varies according to the price; but the larger wooden or japanned metal cases carry a full range of surgical instruments, plenty of dressings, ointments, and a wide variety of requisite tabloid specifics. Accidents are always liable to happen, and the mother in particular should be well supplied at home with the requirements for emergency cases.

SULPHALIUM.

The activity of the metallurgical chemist is revealed by the number of aluminium alloys which have appeared during recent years. The latest is sulphalium, for which the claim is advanced that it has twice the strength of aluminium and none of its disadvantages. The salient feature of this metal is the complete absence of zinc, which has entered into the composition of so many aluminium substitutes, and has proved ultimately to be the rock upon which the substitute has been wrecked. Atmosphere and salt-water, too, have no effect upon sulphalium; and these attributes alone should render it successful. It has the peculiar silvery lustre of the metal it is intended to supplant, works well on the machines, and can be filed and cast. It should prove exceedingly useful for airship construction (where lightness with great strength is required) and electrical work, while it has been found highly serviceable for the manufacture of scientific instruments.

NEW ELECTRIC LAMP FOR MINERS.

A new electric lamp suited to the use of miners has been devised by Mr Sherard Cowper Coles, the well-known inventor. It has several novel features. It gives a two-candle power light for about ten hours, is fitted with two electric incandescent bulbs, and is provided with special screens, so that should the lamp break there is no danger of inflammable gas being ignited. One bulb is designed to give a diffused light, while the other is placed in a parabolic golden mirror, and enables a concentrated beam

of yellow light (which is not trying to the eyes and does not cast deep shadows) to be thrown in any desired direction. The complete weight of the lamp is stated to be about four and a quarter ounces.

ABOLISHING THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

An interesting attempt is being made by the postal authorities to avoid the waste of time incurred in stamping letters. A simple small machine was set up in the London General Post-Office wherein, instead of a penny being inserted in the slot for a postage-stamp, the letter and a penny are both posted at the same time. The letter is then franked with a post-mark, the familiar postage-stamp being dispensed with. Although this idea is somewhat new to Britain, it has been in service in New Zealand for some time; and, as the initial experiments have proved successful, there is every indication that it will be extensively adopted in that country, for letter-posting at all events. It means not only a considerable saving in time in busy post-offices, but at the same time represents an appreciable economy in the maintenance of the department, as the expense of manufacturing adhesive postage-stamps is saved if the invention is adopted extensively. Philatelists may be disposed to deplore the disappearance of the postage-stamp; but it will cause no misgivings among commercial men, among whom the adoption of such a device has been advocated for some time past in order to save time, and to prevent pilfering of stamps.

POWER FROM PEAT.

An interesting plant is working at Portadown, in Ireland, for the manufacture of gas from peat for power purposes. The installation is of four hundred brake-horse-power capacity, and it works upon the simplest principle. The peat, which is delivered to the plant at a total cost of about six shillings per ton, is charged into feeding-hoppers at the top of the producer, falling towards the bottom by gravitation as the fuel beneath is consumed. As the gas is formed it passes through a coke scrubber to an extractor, where the tar is separated from the gas, which makes its way thence to the sawdust scrubber, where it is finally cleaned and cooled, afterwards to be delivered into a gas-holder. The peat used in this plant is cut by the ordinary open-air method from the Maghery boglands, and the open-air drying under normal summer conditions suffices to evaporate all but 26 per cent. or so of the moisture. The average consumption of peat per week is about twenty tons, representing a cost of some six pounds, the plant working on a load of two hundred and seventy-five brake-horse-power on the average. If we deduct the value of the tar obtained (representing thirty-five shillings), the net cost of the fuel comes out at four pounds five shillings per week. The plant is working smoothly, and has been found to be completely successful. It ranks as an interesting attempt to utilise peat directly for power purposes, and should serve to assist in solving the vexed problem of making economical use of the vast stretches of peat-land to be found not only in Ireland but in other parts of the world.

A TRAVELLING KINEMATOGRAPH HALL.

Seeing that moving pictures at the present moment are such a rage, the experiment adopted by an enterprising French showman might be emulated very advantageously in these islands. Certainly it would enable the few inhabitants in the many scattered villages to be introduced to the latest marvel of science. This Gallic showman has acquired two motor-omnibuses from the firm of De Dion Bouton. Externally they resemble the vehicles common to the streets of our cities. When a village is reached the tent is run up on the lines of our travelling circuses, and the engines of the omnibus vehicles are pressed into service to drive the electric lighting equipment for the interior and façade of the canvas hall, as well as for the projector. This showman wanders up and down the country delighting thousands of villagers, and, being without that severe competition which is now rife in the towns and cities among the picture palaces, profits accordingly. Thus he introduces animated photography to delighted crowds of rural folks far removed from the towns, who otherwise might be denied a taste of this most modern form of amusement. Travelling kinematograph shows have been attempted in this country, but have met with indifferent success, for the simple reason that the effort has been made upon antiquated lines. This ingenious Frenchman is able to provide his patrons with a picture as large and steady as, and in fact equal in every respect to, those seen in substantial buildings in town.

EXPERIMENTS ON OIL-MIXED CEMENT, MORTARS, AND CONCRETES.

In our volume for 1911 (page 768) reference was made to a new waterproof cement. Through the courtesy of Mr Paul D. Sargent, acting-director of the United States Department of Agriculture, Office of Public Roads, in Washington, we are enabled to give some fuller details of this invention: 'It was found in 1910 at this office that almost any oil could be mixed with Portland cement after it was thoroughly wet, the oil combining with the cement and quickly disappearing throughout the mixture. This was also found to be true of mortars and concretes. In adding the oil to mortar, the cement, sand, and water are mixed together as in ordinary mortar, the oil being the last ingredient added. Oil-mixed concrete is best made by mixing the cement, sand, and water to a mortar, adding the oil to the mixture, and mixing until the oil is thoroughly incorporated. This oil-mixed mortar is then combined with the previously moistened

coarse aggregate. Tests have been made on the compressive strength of oil-mixed mortars and concretes in comparison with plain mortars and concretes, which show that oil-mixed concrete gains in strength with time, this being true of both air and water cured specimens. In May 1911 streets were constructed of oil-mixed concrete, one in New York City, one in Washington, and two bridge surfaces in Ridgewood (New Jersey). A vault one hundred and five feet long by eighteen feet wide was constructed in the American Treasury Department of this material. The top was a flat reinforced concrete arch, and as sufficient tests in bond had not been made, ordinary concrete was used to surround the reinforcement. After it had set, three inches of a 10 per cent. oil-mixture was placed above. The vault has been perfectly waterproof under very trying conditions. A large water-tank constructed in our laboratory with a 10 per cent. oil-mixture is absolutely waterproof. Extensive experiments made with oil-concrete in basement floors have given excellent results up to the present time. The oils that have been used to date have been non-volatile petroleums with flash-points at least three hundred and fifty degrees.' The caution is added that, 'in view of the incomplete character of the tests now being conducted, it is not recommended that this material be used where life and property are endangered.'

THE GLASTONBURY LAKE-DWELLERS.

Under the above title Mr Charles Edwardes contributed a paper to this *Journal* in 1896, giving an interesting narrative of finds and excavations up to that date in connection with the Glastonbury lake-dwellers, with a description of their relics then collected in a room at Glastonbury. The discoveries from 1892 to 1907 have been recorded by Mr A. Bulleid and Mr H. St George Gray in a volume entitled *Glastonbury Lake Village;* and there is another volume still to come. Commenting on the first volume, a writer in the *Athenæum* recalls how Mr Bulleid, in March 1892, was walking along the road from Glastonbury to Godney, in Somerset, when he observed some shallow mounds, which, being interested in the subject, he identified as remains of early lake-dwellings. Digging was begun here, with the permission and support of the proprietor of the land, Mr Bath, of the Glastonbury Antiquarian Society, and later of the British Association. An early discovery was a splendid canoe neatly formed out of the trunk of a single tree. It was ultimately shown that, at a time in the early Iron Age, about two thousand years ago, just before the Romans arrived, a party of inhabitants of what is now Somerset occupied ninety separate huts, and probably numbered three hundred persons. They established themselves on a triangular piece of ground measuring about four hundred feet by three hundred feet, and well protected by water. Upon this peaty soil had been laid down a timber foundation, supporting layers and mounds of clay, on which their dwellings were erected. The village was surrounded by a continuous line of palisades. The huts were nearly circular, and varied in size from twenty to thirty-eight feet in diameter. Each had a central hearth formed of slabs of stone or baked clay. One of the mounds, on digging down, was found to have ten floors and eleven hearths, one over the other. From slight remains of the people themselves, it is found that they were part of a long-headed race. Amongst the relics and remains recovered were a hammered bronze bowl, bone needles, pottery, fragments connected with a loom, parts of a crucible, a wheel hub, and a ladder. There were also found grains of wheat, barley, peas, and bones of the ox, sheep, goat, pig, horse, dog, fowl, stag, beaver, otter, pelican, and swan. When the full record is issued we shall have a valuable addition to our knowledge of the early inhabitants of this country. As has been pointed out, Cæsar's statement that the inhabitants of the farther parts of Britain were in a social state not far removed from barbarism is without foundation; so that the woad-painted savage of the histories is not entirely a type of the ancient Briton.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM.

AT dawn I kiss the stars with my lips,
And dip my face in the blue sky-stream.
I play with the clouds for sailing ships,
For I live on the Hills of Dream.

I stride to the east to greet the day,
And set a light to the sleeping sun;
And I snatch his first gold flame away,
And clasp it close to my heart, and run.

I make sweet tunes with the hill-top flowers,
And cool my hands in the mist at noon;
And I splash the earth with mist-spray showers,
And whisper at evening to the moon.

Sometimes I speak with the valley men,
And they scoff, and say, 'Your dreams are vain;'
But I look into their eyes, and then
I fly to the hills, and dream again.

THOMAS MOULT.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

By Reginald Horsley.

I.—WHISPERING DEATH.

YOU may remember that on the night when Ted Flower tried to stick-up Toomburra I shot him under Squire Ingram's window. Within a month every member of his gang was dead or in prison, with the exception of Bobby Pollet, who—unsuspected by all—had been Flower's trusted spy, and without whose help the bushranger's greatest raids could hardly have been carried out.

An innocent-looking pedlar, arriving at a station like any other 'sundowner,' Pollet would beg for a shakedown, and get it, with a good meal thrown in. The place which thus hospitably received him would be 'stuck-up,' perhaps that very night, while dead dogs and drugged stockmen testified to Bobby's cleverness in arranging matters for his cousin Flower. Since Pollet invariably made one of the hocussed men, and as his pack always appeared to have been rifled, it occurred to nobody to connect his presence with the visit of Flower and his gang.

I had never liked Pollet, who was furtive of eye and oily of speech; but it was not until he disappeared from the district after Flower's death that it struck me that the fellow might have been scared away. When three months passed and he still did not return, suspicion deepened; but it never became certainty, nor on searching his hut did I find anything there connecting the man with Flower.

Enlightenment came one night when, after a very tiring day, Tom Foster, Sandy Macneil, and I returned to our quarters in Bildarong township. We were about to enter by the back-door, when Foster, who was leading, pointed to a white patch clearly visible on the dark panels.

'Didn't you stick the notice of our absence on the front-door, Sandy?' he said.

'Ay!'

'What's it doing there, then?' began Tom; when I reached over his shoulder, detached the paper, and carried it into the kitchen. Sandy struck a match and lit the lamp, and as he turned away to prepare supper I read aloud:

'Sergeant Sparks, your time is nearly out; but before you die you shall learn something of what the hunted feel. Three times in the moonlight you will see the dancing shadow and hear the whispering death. The third time ends you. The Avenger.'

'Some lunatic's idea of a joke,' I said; and Sandy, busy toasting rashers, observed, without turning his head, 'It's no' likely.'

'Well, it's not worth worrying about,' I said with a laugh.

'Why shouldn't it be?' Tom Foster burst out. 'You have enemies enough, my word! How do you know that the writer isn't related to some rascal you've downed in fair fight?'

'Ay!' agreed Sandy, dishing up. 'Hold on while I mask the tea, an' I'll tell ye a tale.' He drew his chair to the table with the deliberation which always fidgeted excitable Tom, and resumed in his Lowland drawl, 'Efter I left you twa this efternoon I passed Maginty's old bush-inn, an' my thochts turned on yon missin' pedlar. That wasna' wonnerfu', considerin' hoo aften he used to be drinkin' there.' He pushed a cup of tea across to me and another to Tom. Then he took a big drink from his own cup. 'Man, that's fine!'

'Do get on with your yarn,' Tom growled.

'The feelin' was that strong on me that I dismounted an' entered the bar,' Sandy resumed without haste. 'My mither, as I've telt ye, had a graun' gift o' second-sicht, an''—— Foster groaned, and the flicker of a smile stirred Macneil's moustache. 'Weel, it doesna matter. The place was much as we left it when we took Maginty for receiving Flower's loot; but I found something. There it's.' He handed me a soiled and crumpled piece of paper.

'Why, it's a letter, signed by Flower!' I exclaimed.

'And written to Bobby Pollet, by George!' cried Foster, who was reading over my shoulder.

'Right, Tom,' I said. 'The letter refers to the sticking-up of Tyndall's station. Bobby was there that night, and this makes it clear that he was working with Flower. How the rascal has taken us in!'

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'Pollet must have pinned that paper upon our back-door,' bubbled Tom.

'Maybe he did. All we know is that one survivor of Flower's gang remains at large—the bushranger's cousin Pollet. We may conclude that he does not love me for the share I had in his leader's death.'

'I looked in at his hut,' Sandy told us. 'I saw nae signs o' recent occupation.'

I pushed back my chair and rose. 'Boys, I 'm going out.—No, Tom, don't come with me.' Without waiting to be questioned, I left the room.

My object was to look for traces of our visitor, and, as I found none in the yard, I passed into the paddock, where, fifty paces farther on, I picked up a cap. It was a peaked, cloth affair, common enough upon loungers about the wharves, but an uncommon headgear in the bush, where the slouch or the cabbage-tree hat is almost invariably worn. I knew only one man in our district who wore such a cap, and he was Bobby Pollet. I saw at once that the cap had been deliberately dropped, so that I might be sure that Pollet had affixed the note to our door. I smiled at the thought of the fellow's slyness; for I knew that I was acting just as he would have had me act. Had he signed the paper I should have stayed indoors. As it was unsigned I did as any trooper would have done—came out to look for the writer.

Beyond the paddock, a flat stretched north for about three miles; but I had no intention of crossing it in pursuit of my man. I merely meant to go on for a little on the chance of nabbing him if he should be lurking to do me a mischief. Yet I did not see how this could be possible; for the ground was sparsely timbered, and the grass not long enough to afford cover.

But a fairly large bottle-brush tree grew about eighty yards to my right front; and as I realised that if Bobby were behind it, waiting for a shot at me, I presented a very good mark in the moonlight, I concluded to go back. I was in the act of turning when I heard—something.

There are many things one recognises readily for what they are which are extremely difficult to describe in words. Such was the sound I heard, though I must try to make it plain to you.

You know what night is like in the bush. You are aware of that deep silence of God's great spaces which can be felt, and which, if it be broken by an unaccustomed little sound, leaves you startled, quivering, almost afraid. The overpowering, awful silence seems to warn you of an impending shock, and yet to take away your power of resistance when the shock falls. The loud crashing of a wild bullock through the scrub, the howling of a dingo, the thumping of a mob of kangaroos in flight, come as a relief; but the soft sounds, the seemingly causeless sounds, hammer at your heart more violently than if a lion roared in your ear.

So it was with the sound I heard. Coming in the midst of the silence, it shocked me. I felt my nerves thrill. Yet the sound was not wholly unfamiliar. It resembled, but only at first, the sound made by a bird flying overhead at night; you can't see the bird, but you can hear the *whish-whoosh* of its wings. You see now how difficult it is to describe in words some very familiar things. The nearest I can get to a description of the sound is that it resembled the whispering of wings.

So I told myself then, and there instantly recurred to me the message, 'The whispering death!' and these words stuck in my brain, and I wished that I had turned round, so that I might have had the faint consolation of seeing the distant light in our quarters. But I stood there as if glued, while the eerie whispering continued, so like a passing bird, and yet so unlike. For the bird passes and the sound dies; but this chilling whisper never ceased, nor, though always overhead, did it remain in one place. It was now in front, now to my right, then behind, now to my left, then in front again, and so on, circling, circling, and, worst of all, coming nearer with each passing second.

I was frightened. I say it. I am not a coward; but I was frightened, for these words, 'the whispering death,' would keep sounding in my brain. The noise at one moment came so near that I almost sprang backwards; but luckily I kept still, for if I had moved I should not be telling this yarn. No, I won't explain yet. My feet did not move, but I shivered as that awful whisper circled round me, seeming to repeat incessantly, 'Death! death!'

Then, oh blessed relief! as I stood, dully wondering what would happen next, I realised that the horrid sound was a little farther away. It was right, left, in front, behind, as ever; but it was farther away.

'Thank Heaven!' I muttered. Then my nerves thrilled once more; for I recalled the words of the threat, 'the dancing shadow and the whispering death.'

There it was, a queer, flickering shadow, never for an instant still, and, like the whisper, ever circling round me. I should have observed it earlier but that the whisper had engaged my whole attention. It disappeared, danced into view, and disappeared again, and all the while went on that ever-receding whisper, 'Death! death! death!'

But I began to breathe freely. The shadow was dancing farther away with each revolution, and presently vanished. I could still faintly hear the whisper; but the sound suddenly went out—there is no other word for it.

Relieved! I should say so. I counted a hundred to make sure that the ghastly pair did not intend to return, then wheeled and raced

back to quarters. As I ran a deep voice boomed after me, 'Once! Beware the shadow and the death—the whispering death!'

The sound of that voice braced my quivering nerves. I forgot my terrors and remembered only that I was dealing with a man, and had been the victim of a trick. How the trick had been worked I could not imagine; but I called myself names and slackened my pace to a walk.

I got in and told my story, and Tom Foster shook his head. 'It may be a trick,' he said glumly; 'but I can't see how it 's done.'

'Is that a fac'?' murmured Sandy, and Tom joined in the laugh against himself.

'Never mind, old fellow,' I said; 'if you are not much good at mysteries, you are the man for us when it comes to hard knocks.' To which Sandy heartily assented with his usual 'Ay!'

'Call me when they 're due, and take care of yourself; that 's all I ask,' returned Tom, looking pleased.

Two nights later the impression made by my singular adventure had largely faded, and I announced at supper my intention to try for a few duck in the lagoon, as we called the swamp and waterholes which fed Bildarong Creek. Macneil, who was alone with me, said nothing; but his face expressed anxiety.

'I 'll be careful,' I promised, knowing what was in his mind. 'I shall not go farther than the bend of the creek; so, if I am wanted, one of you can ride after me. Tom will be back soon.'

'Sergeant, I 've been thinkin' ower yon uncanny business,' Sandy said, rumpling his fair hair with outspread fingers, as he always did when anything annoyed him. 'I canna mak' heid nor tail o't; I 've thocht an' thocht an''—— He broke off as if a hand had been clapped over his mouth; his eyes, fixed and motionless, stared at a point beyond me. The pupils were dilated, his lips open, but no word did he say; but sat rigid, white, and insensible of my presence. He looked like a man I had once seen in a cataleptic fit.

'What is the matter?' I cried, springing up; but before I reached him the glare went out of his eyes, his features softened, and, with a sigh, he passed his hand across his forehead. 'What is the matter?' I repeated. 'Are you ill, old fellow? You look as if you had seen a vision.'

Sandy came fully to himself. 'I maybe have,' he said quietly, giving me a peculiar look. 'See here, sergeant,' he went on very earnestly, 'I 'll no' speak until I 'm shair; but mind ye this: if ye hear that whisper an' see yon shadow, dinna move back or forth or from side to side a single step. Much may depend upon it.'

'How much?'

'Your life,' he answered gravely; and, as I could get no more out of him, I set off. The bush thins considerably as the lagoon is approached, and the ground for a couple of hundred yards is bare of aught but decaying stumps and dwarfed new growth. One has to go warily across this strip, or the chance of a decent bag is small.

I was about to crawl into the open, when forty or fifty duck rose from the water and flew away in a tremendous hurry. I knew that they had been frightened, for they did not circle and settle again, but flew out of sight down the creek. I knew, too, that somewhere in the swamp lurked the man who had startled them—the man who must have watched me as I left home, marched parallel with me, and stolen ahead to the lagoon before I could get clear of the trees.

'It is you or I for it, Bobby!' I muttered, as I began to wriggle across the clearing. Before I had covered half of the distance I heard for the second time that deep, booming voice: 'Twice! Beware the shadow and the death—the whispering death!'

I sprang up, intending to take chances and run the rascal down; but as his voice died away that strange whispering began again, and Sandy Macneil's odd warning flashed across my mind. I knew that he would not have spoken without good reason; so I stood still and listened. But my gun was ready, in case substance as well as shadow happened my way.

The fearsome whispering and the mocking shadow had not the same malign influence over my nerves as on the first occasion; but there was nevertheless something so ghastly, not to say ghostly, about the combination that I had to keep the idea of a trick well to the front of my mind. I had besides been warned that the phenomena were to end in the death of the observer—me—so I can truthfully say that I was far from regarding the situation with the unconcern ascribed in story to the bold trooper.

The whisper and the shadow having played their part, I moved in the direction of the voice, not troubling that I offered a very fair mark; for I was persuaded that Pollet would make no attempt upon my life until he had caused me to suffer the protracted suspense which he had threatened.

Had the man been anywhere on the near margin of the lagoon I must have seen him; had he moved I must have heard him; but as neither happened, I made for the point where the creek issued from the lagoon, for the cover began again there, and increased in density with the southward trend of the stream.

'He is there!' I thought, and strode swiftly across the open, to be brought up by an imperative 'Halt, or you are a dead man!'

My right foot swung back in line with my left. I was certain that rifle or revolver covered heart or head, and saw no reason to challenge death.

The deep voice spoke again: 'Sparks, you have not long to live; but if you stand there

for five minutes you will take no harm—to-night.' The pause was full of significance.

'Who are you?' I called out.

'The avenger of blood!' answered the unseen. 'You have known fear, but not enough. Wait until you hear the whisper and see the shadow for the third time.' Here followed a harsh chuckle. 'Hunter of men, you are doomed!'

'And you are crazed, I should say,' I retorted, and rushed forward, running zigzag, so as to confuse the fellow's aim. But no shot came, nor any sound of retreating footsteps. Instead, a squeal of maniacal laughter rang out far behind me. I heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and knew that I had been fooled again. But how? Was Pollet a clever ventriloquist? It looked like it; for I could have sworn that the man with the deep voice had stood in front of me. However, the cackling lunatic behind me was obviously one and the same with him, and in a somewhat crestfallen mood I went to the tree at whose foot I had left my belt and bag.

A bit of paper was pinned to the bark, and I read by the light of a match these complimentary and reassuring words:

'Fool! your puny intellect can never equal that of him whom you will never catch, and who will certainly kill you.

'BOB POLLET THE AVENGER!'

'This settles it,' I muttered. 'The one point upon which I am undecided is whether the fellow is all mad or part mad.'

(To be continued.)

OLD BENGAL.

By Colonel HUGH PEARSE, D.S.O.

WHEN the Bengal army committed suicide in the year of sorrow (1857) it had existed almost exactly a century. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and good soldiers had fought for England in Bengal before Clive hurried up from Madras to scatter the hosts of Siraj-ud-Daulah and avenge the horrors of the Black Hole; but there had been no Bengal army until the heaven-born General took charge of affairs in the north. In fact, when Siraj-ud-Daulah fell upon Calcutta in June 1756, the military establishment of Bengal consisted of but one company of artillery and five of European infantry, with a few hundred undisciplined native soldiers armed after the manner of the country. Moreover, this meagre force was scattered broadcast for the defence of the company's trading stations. So it followed that 1756 was a year of disaster, and the weak posts of Bengal went down one by one before mere weight of numbers.

Clive, as we know, with the handful of white soldiers and disciplined sepoys who accompanied him from Madras, quickly retrieved the situation; and when, in January 1757, Calcutta had been reoccupied, he set about expanding this band of veterans into a small but effective army. So quickly did he work, and so good was the material that he found to his hand, that in June of the same year two thousand sepoys stood up to the guns at Plassey. Clive, then, was the father of the Bengal army, and his children were of many tribes and creeds—Pathans, Rohillas, Jats, Rajputs, and Brahmans. None, however, were of the unwarlike races of Bengal itself, though two early writers, Hamilton and Bishop Heber, have erroneously stated the contrary, and their mistaken statement has been eagerly repeated in recent years by the Bengali press.

In the days of Clive the establishment of a sepoy battalion included but three white officers—a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign. The native officers, on the other hand, were numerous and highly considered. There was a native commandant who took his place in front of the line with the English captain, and a native adjutant who stood in rear with the white subalterns. The battalion consisted of ten companies, two of which were grenadiers. Light companies were a later development. Each company had a *subadar* or native captain, three native lieutenants, five sergeants, four corporals, two drummers, a trumpeter, and seventy sepoys. The drum was the native tom-tom, that small but effective instrument of torture that lends an added terror to Indian hot-weather nights. Each company had a colour, matching the facings of the battalion, and bearing the device of the *subadar*, such as a sabre, a dagger, or a crescent. The grenadier companies bore as a distinction the British Union-jack in the upper corner of their colours. All movements were performed to beat of drum, a system which sometimes led to mistakes in action; and the whole organisation of these native battalions showed a blending of native and English methods, with the latter element rapidly superseding the former.

Discipline was from the first sternly enforced, sometimes by strangely barbaric punishment. In 1772 Captain Richard Ewens, the commanding officer of the first battalion of the Tenth Regiment, was shot dead on parade during an inspection by Captain Camac, the senior officer of the district. When the murder took place Captain Ewens had just put the battalion through the manual exercise, which was then performed six-deep. The battalion was reforming to deliver a charge, when a sepoy, who had fallen out, walked deliberately round the flank of the battalion, with his arm recovered,

as if to ask leave to quit the ground, and shot Captain Ewens at a distance of two yards. On Captain Ewens falling from his horse, the nearest men rushed forward to avenge his death; but Captain Camac quickly ordered them back to the ranks, saying that justice should be done.

Directing the Tenth Regiment to stand fast, Camac then sent for his own battalion, and on its arrival ordered a drum-head general court-martial to try the murderer, who was immediately sentenced to be drawn asunder by horses. 'The horses,' says the chronicler of this ghastly episode,* 'being fastened to his limbs, many attempts were made to draw them from the body, but without effect; and then the sepoys were allowed to put him to death, which they did with their swords.'

The murderer, it may be added, committed the crime for the purpose of revenge, he having been reduced by court-martial from the rank of sergeant.

The indignation of his men at the death of Captain Ewens, and the terrible punishment awarded to the murderer by his own countrymen, testify to the high esteem in which this particular officer was held; but such sentiments were common, and were often shown in a touching manner. On more than one occasion, it is recorded, high caste native officers carried to the grave the dead bodies of their English officers; and it is impossible to imagine stronger testimony to the soldierly worth of both parties.

The action of Korah, fought in 1776, was of so dramatic a nature, and is so nearly forgotten, as to merit description. At this period the Bengal army had grown to a strength of three brigades, the second of which had for two years been stationed at Cawnpore, in Oudh, in support of the authority of the Nawab-Wazir, as the ruler of that province was then styled.

In May 1776 two battalions of native infantry and four guns marched from Cawnpore, under Colonel Parker, to watch the motions of a certain Mahbub Khan, a disaffected officer of the Nawab-Wazir who rented the district of Korah, about twenty-five miles south of Cawnpore, and commanded a force of seven battalions and nineteen guns. The odds were formidable; but Colonel Parker, on arriving near Korah, at once marched by night up to the position held by Mahbub Khan's troops. At daybreak on 10th June 1776 Parker found the rebellious governor's troops drawn up in his front at a distance of about a mile, their guns in the centre, with four battalions on the right of them and three on the left; the flanks were advanced so that the formation nearly resembled a half-moon. Colonel Parker immediately put his two battalions in order, and marched forward in columns. Mahbub Khan was not present; but the next in command, not suspecting the colonel's intention to attack him, fired a salute of nineteen guns, of which, however, Colonel Parker took no notice, but marched on until he came within fifty or sixty paces of the Oudh troops, when he beat to arms, and the divisions doubled up on the left and formed line facing them. Parker then, with his interpreter, advanced into the space between the opposing lines and called for Mahbub Khan's representative, who moved forward to meet him and desired to know his commands. Parker demanded the surrender of the guns; but Mahbub's officer said that he could not surrender them without the consent of the commander of the artillery, who, being consulted, declared 'that he had lived a man of honour for more than forty years, and that he would not disgrace himself by giving up what had been entrusted to his charge.' Parker then gave the two native officers half-an-hour to consider the matter, and immediately pulled out his watch, which he held in his hand. Both sides stood ready for the contest.

At the expiration of the half-hour, no reply having been given, Colonel Parker very deliberately told his orderly drummer to beat 'the general,' which was the signal to open fire, 'when a salute of round and grape was thrown in, and the battalions gave their fire by subdivisions with as much regularity as if it had been a field-day.'

The Oudh troops returned a warm fire, which, at such close quarters, inflicted heavy loss on the little Bengal force, Colonel Parker's interpreter being shot dead by his side; but before the enemy could load again Parker ordered his battalions to charge with the bayonet. This decided the day, the Oudh regiments flying in every direction, and leaving their guns behind them. One of Colonel's Parker's battalions which particularly distinguished itself was given the badge of a cannon, to be worn on their turbans, and both battalions were permitted to bear the honour 'Korah' on their colours.

Colonel Parker did not long survive his exploit, being killed in action in Western India in 1781, when covering the rear-guard in a disastrous retreat.

Some admirers of the hardihood of our ancestors would have us believe that they passed through the Indian hot season with impunity. This was, however, by no means the case, the mortality in exceptionally hot or unhealthy years having been terrible. At the period of which we write it was the general custom of the officers of the Indian Civil Service to abandon their houses during the hot weather, and to live in the groves of mango or other trees possessing a thick foliage. The year 1766 being extremely hot, Sir Robert Barker, who commanded the Third Bengal Brigade, stationed at Allahabad, ordered the European battalion to leave the fort

* *Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Native Infantry*, by Captain Williams. (John Murray, London, 1817.)

and to occupy temporary barracks which he had had built in a mango-grove near the Jumna. In spite of this precaution, the battalion lost seven officers and nearly forty private soldiers in the month of June. Five of the officers died in one day, and Captain Williams thus describes the incident: 'The troops had been out that morning (June 10th) to attend an execution. Eight men had deserted from the regiment, and when taken were tried and all sentenced to die. Two of them, being English, were to be shot, and the other six, foreigners, to be hanged.' A curious distinction. 'General Smith, the commander-in-chief then at Allahabad, pardoned six of them, but they were to take it by lot of a single die, and it fell on two foreigners, who were immediately executed. Before it was over it was past nine o'clock, and the sun powerful to a degree. Lieutenant Roberts, on returning to his tent, feeling himself excessively warm, ordered a few pots of cold water to be thrown over him, which checked perspiration and brought on a high fever that terminated his existence in less than an hour. On the report of the surgeon-major that the body would not keep, Colonel Grant ordered it to be interred immediately; and, it being Ensign Cleland's turn of duty, he was ordered to attend. On his return he was himself taken ill, and before two o'clock was a corpse. Ensign Morrison, who was upon the most intimate terms with Mr Cleland, not having heard of his death, ran into his tent to speak to him, and, seeing his friend dead, fell down in a fit. He, however, recovered, and was taken to his tent, when he begged to be removed to the fort. His request was complied with, and Ensigns Kitchen and Buchanan, who were his shipmates, accompanied him there in the cool of the evening; but they all three died in the course of the night.'

We turn again with satisfaction from this gloomy scene to the battlefield, choosing for description the fierce fight that occurred in October 1794 against the Rohillas, the peaceful shepherds of Lord Macaulay's imaginative pen.

The battle of Bitaurah was not the first occasion on which the army of Old Bengal encountered the Rohillas; but the action of St George's day, twenty years earlier, had been a mere cannonade in which superior armament won an easy victory. Far otherwise was it at Bitaurah. A few words will explain how this battle came about. Sir Robert Abercromby, brother of the better-known Sir Ralph, had recently been appointed commander-in-chief in India, and was paying a visit of inspection at Cawnpore when a disputed succession to the *gadi* of the state of Rampur caused an insurrection which assumed dangerous proportions. Sir Robert Abercromby at once took the field with the troops at his disposal, and marched into Rohilkhand, his little army consisting of two weak regiments of cavalry, a few guns, and three brigades of infantry. The few gunners of the artillery and the Second Bengal European Regiment were the only white soldiers in the force, whose total strength did not exceed six thousand men. Abercromby found the Rohilla army strongly posted about the village of Bitaurah, nine miles north-west of Bareilly, and advanced at dawn on 26th October 1794 to attack them, deploying two brigades to form the first line, with the guns distributed among the battalions, and holding the reserve brigade and the cavalry in the second line. No sooner had the little British force advanced into the open than the Rohillas, relying on their numbers, advanced confidently to meet them. They were indeed a great host, estimated by subsequent inquiry at twenty-five thousand men, of whom four thousand were cavalry.

Fearing to be enveloped, and trusting in the superior discipline that had so often triumphed in Indian battle, Abercromby moved his reserve brigade up to the right of his line and the cavalry yet farther to the right, so that his whole force was in a single line, only three-deep. The enemy's mounted troops, still gallantly coming on, were now rapidly approaching to within effective range, and the British line with equal confidence advanced to meet them. The Rohillas were formed in a long line of columns, about fifty-deep, the footmen closely following the cavalry, all shouting their war-cries and tumultuously waving sword and spear. The scene was a thrilling one.

General Abercromby's small cavalry force was now ordered to charge, and, bringing up their right shoulders, came presently directly in front of the right (reserve) brigade; but, either from a sudden panic or, as was alleged, in consequence of a wrong order, suddenly wheeled about, and, hotly pursued by the Rohillas, dashed into the Thirteenth Native Infantry. Captain Norman M'Leod, who commanded the battalion, promptly ordered his men to fire into friend and foe; but before the order could be executed the mass of mounted men burst into the Thirteenth, and a scene of wild confusion and slaughter followed. The English officers of the Thirteenth fell to a man, killed or desperately wounded, and the whole of the right brigade suffered heavily. The Rohilla leaders took full advantage of their opportunity, and, at the head of their infantry, charged into the swaying, shouting mass of combatants.

Now, however, came the triumph of discipline, for the centre and left brigades marched steadily on, and, wheeling against the Rohilla right, shattered the masses of the enemy with their fire, and then, charging with the bayonet, drove the wild Pathans in confusion from the field.

The loss sustained by Abercromby's force in this stern combat was severe, three hundred and fifty-two men being killed and two hundred

and eighty-two wounded; the proportion of killed being naturally very heavy. Of the small number of British officers present thirteen were killed and as many wounded.

A singular incident followed the disaster to the cavalry. The unhappy commanding officer, whose error or failure of nerve made him responsible for the false move that had so nearly caused an irreparable defeat, overwhelmed by his misfortune, rode straight off the field and disappeared. It is said that he made his way to Bombay, and, arriving there before the news of his desertion, was able to take ship and make his escape from India. He subsequently entered the service of Napoleon as a non-combatant, but as to the termination of so strange a career history is silent.

There is something very fascinating in the story of this eventful fight of the brave days of old: the confident advance of the little Anglo-Indian army in its hazardous formation, the wild, fanatical rush of the great mass of Mohammedan swordsmen, the momentary panic of the newly raised and weak native cavalry, and the grim, determined stand of the shattered right brigade; at last the triumph of discipline, the flight of the brave enemy after the repulse of their 'Highland charge,' and the loud shouts of 'Victory to the Honourable Company!' that marked the close of this stern struggle.

Bitaurah was the last of the battles of Bengal in the eighteenth century, and was no unworthy prelude to the astonishing victories of Lake and Wellesley, destined within a few short years to decide, once and for all time, the reversion to the empire of the Great Mogul.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard, Authors of *Roving Hearts*, *Don Q*, *Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER XXI.—DE SARSAN MOVES AGAIN.

STARTING from the basis of his own experience, De Sarsan judged Alice hardly, far more hardly than she at all deserved. Her innocent attempt to forestall Cahusac's judgment of her assumed an altogether different and unpleasant complexion seen through the Belgian's eyes. He did her so much justice as to believe that Cahusac was chiefly to blame; yet he disliked the incident, and prepared to take strong measures to ensure against a recurrence of it.

To speak to Alice herself was, of course, from his standpoint, the very last thing to be done. Wilford's story had somewhat spoilt his ideal of her artlessness. Therefore he deemed it wiser to hold his knowledge in reserve for future use and guidance. He had hoped by continual newspaper attacks to rid himself of the young man's rivalry, but it seemed that only a very partial success had attended his efforts. He hated Cahusac the more; indeed, time and circumstance were forcing his hatred to a height of embitterment that began to influence his usually cool judgment. He resolved to be rid of Cahusac at all costs. It only remained to make the last blow decisive.

First he would order a wide revival of the damaging paragraphs. So far he was safe, for he knew that Cahusac could hardly take action for libel without exposing his stepmother's unfortunate connection with events. And then he would make another move which would be, he believed, far more certain in its results, if more dangerous. Fortune favoured such a step at the moment, for he had recently been able to oblige a personage who was temporarily in a prominent position in politics. A hint to this gentleman, aided by a little clever engineering in the right quarter, and the unpleasant rumours circulating about Sir Malcolm Cahusac might be made the subject of a question in Parliament.

Only under strong pressure of feeling would De Sarsan have been tempted to resort to such a measure, for elements of danger to himself were undoubtedly connected with it. Hitherto he had stood before the world as entirely dissociated from the Cahusac affair, and from motives of prudence he wished to remain so. Puyfot alone had known him as the originator of the slanderous articles, and Puyfot he held in the hollow of his hand. But the Belgian would not allow these fears to deter him, for he hoped that if ever awkward revelations were made he would have strengthened his position—made it practically impregnable—by his marriage into the Lanceley family.

It therefore happened that on an early afternoon a small gentleman arose on one of the cross-benches. He had a question to ask the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He wished to draw the right honourable gentleman's attention to certain articles that had of late frequently appeared in various newspapers. He then proceeded to read aloud telling extracts, and concluded by inquiring what action His Majesty's Government had taken or intended to take in the matter. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs replied shortly that the subject was under consideration. Some further sentences were exchanged, and the small and honourable member sat down with a busybody's pleased consciousness of having hindered, for a certain time at any rate, the progress of urgent public business.

Two or three of the papers reported the gist of the little member's speech, and added by way

of pendant that it was to be hoped in the public interest that something would be done to clear up quickly and satisfactorily the imputations cast upon so eminent a servant of the nation as the late Sir Malcolm Cahusac. They had no doubt that adequate steps to this end would immediately be taken.

The information reached Cahusac with the morning newspapers. He had been out of town overnight. A couple of hours later he was accorded an interview by one of those gentlemen of whom Britain rarely hears by name, but to whose intelligence and single-mindedness she owes so much; they remain permanently at their posts, and it is upon the pivot of their knowledge and experience that the Ministers who successively represent the department turn and work.

Sir Berrit Fraynes was a thin, ascetic-looking man, somewhat stooped at the shoulders. He stated the case to Cahusac very kindly but plainly. 'It appears to me,' said he, 'that you must take an action for libel against the papers in question. Publicity about one's private affairs is disagreeable, but I am afraid in this case it is unavoidable.'

A slight show of blood tinged Cahusac's face. 'Surely my father's name stands too high to need defence?'

'It needs none here, of course. He was the contemporary and friend of many of us, and I am happy to include myself in the number. But to the man in the street he is no more than a name, and you have to deal with a world always ready to lend an ear to calumny. It appears to me that you have no alternative but to bring an action for libel.'

Sir Berrit looked at Cahusac, who was very pale, for this was precisely the course which he had feared would be thrust upon him; it was the course that all who knew of the matter had been expecting him to take. But, alas! it was the one thing he dared not do. Here lay the single weak point in his armour, the weak point upon which De Sarsan had counted. Cahusac would not risk the chance of any revelation of the disastrous form of blackmail that Lady Cahusac had, in her fear and her weakness, been persuaded to pay.

'I am sorry there are reasons why I cannot bring an action for libel,' said the young man.

Sir Berrit smoothed his moustache thoughtfully. 'Will you trust me with those reasons?' he asked after a pause.

'I hope you will forgive me for saying that, though I am unable to speak of them, they are good reasons.'

'It is exceedingly unfortunate that you cannot take public notice of these slanders,' said Sir Berrit dryly, 'for it is inevitable that people will think it odd you should permit such attacks and remain passive.'

'I do not intend to remain passive. For months past I have been investigating and working in my own way, which I believe will in the end exonerate my father from these malicious accusations. I am sorry not to follow your advice, but I must take my own way in this business.'

'You are possibly right in carrying out the plan that seems best to you. At the same time, the sooner you show you are doing something the better, for half London is waiting to see you bring these fellows to book, and you should not forget that a slander grown stale is a poison for which there is frequently no antidote.'

'I am sure of that, and I was going to ask for special leave of absence that I might have more time to give to this affair.'

'Suppose we say three months' leave—does that meet your ideas? I can arrange that.'

'Thank you.' Cahusac was about to rise.

'Wait a moment.'

Fraynes paused, absently tapping the papers on the desk with a bony forefinger. 'I remember your father very well, and I should like to mention to you some facts which may help you in your future inquiries. I spent a part of last night in looking through certain old documents and records—they make extraordinarily interesting reading, I assure you—and I happened to come upon some entries which appear to me to bear upon this present business. Almost immediately after Sir Malcolm's death secret information of importance began to find its way out of this office. At that time Lord Luxillin was our chief here. Am I right in thinking that he was the brother of Lady Cahusac?'

'Yes;' that was all that Malcolm could say. Was Fraynes bordering upon some chance-discovery of his stepmother's guilt?

But Sir Berrit continued composedly. 'It has never been discovered through whose instrumentality those revelations were made; and yet for a very considerable period information oozed out. Sometimes there might be a break of months; but the trouble would begin again, and so it went on for years. Then the leakage ceased as suddenly as it had begun. This was some few years ago. Matters have fallen back into their ordinary course.'

Malcolm said nothing; he waited for the other to go on.

'Now it appears to me,' resumed Fraynes, 'that this mysterious leakage, commencing as it did just *after* the assassination of your father, may have had some connection with his death. He perhaps stood in the way of the spy, who was obliged to be rid of him before he could with safety enter upon his nefarious work here.'

'My father is supposed to have been stabbed by a foreigner, though on what grounds I do not know,' said Malcolm; 'for, as you are aware, the police never found any trace of the murderer. I wish I could get to the bottom of the mystery! I thank you for having told me this; it confirms

my own opinion that the persons who killed my father must be connected with those who are now trying to destroy his reputation.'

'It seems likely—very likely.'

Malcolm rose. 'I will follow your advice, and spend my time in running these people to earth—if I can.'

He took leave of Sir Berrit, and went out into the roaring streets with a strange sense of remoteness from the life about him, the life to which he had been accustomed through the years of his manhood. In spite of Fraynes' kindly treatment of him, he knew that his refusal to institute a libel action must seem both odd and unaccountable in the eyes of his chief.

(To be continued.)

MAN-EATING SHARKS.

By Day Allen Willey.

THE sailor says that the most ferocious creature that swims in the sea is the shark. By that he does not mean every shark, but what is called the 'man-eater,' just as a certain species of tiger in India is called the 'man-eater' because it hunts human beings for its prey, preferring them to animals.

The man-eating shark is not the largest of this species of fish, but is noted for its strength, also the rapidity with which it swims. It goes through the water so rapidly that few fish exceed it in swiftness, and it is thus able to catch food of that kind. This is especially true in the waters—such as the Indian and South Atlantic Oceans, the Pacific Ocean, and the waters tributary to them—that are deep enough for the shark to swim in.

Strange to say, this fact has obstructed such works as the formation of harbours, the building of piers, and other operations where it is necessary for men who are divers to go beneath the surface. Many are the adventures which they have had, and not a few have been the victims of the sharks in spite of the fact that the divers are armed with knives and other weapons to protect themselves while under water. The American Government is building a harbour on the island of Hawaii for warships. It is necessary to remove a large quantity of coral rock, and this can only be done by blowing up the formation with powerful explosives such as dynamite and giant powder. The charge of explosive must be laid upon the rock formation sometimes twenty or twenty-five feet below the surface of the water, and is connected by copper wires with an electric battery. The spark from the battery sent through the wires, igniting the dynamite or giant powder, causes it to explode. To set these charges in place requires sometimes several hours, since the diver has to make holes in the rock to receive them, and then connect the electric wires. After the work is done he gives the signal to be pulled up by the rope which reaches to the boat on the surface, and after he has been hauled up and is out of danger the blasting is performed.

Since the work on the harbour at Hawaii was begun sharks have caused much trouble, as divers have to be employed, and at times operations are stopped for several weeks because the sharks are so numerous that they cannot be killed or driven away. In order to get men who are brave enough to go down into the sea it is necessary for the company to pay very large salaries, as the divers literally take their lives in their hands. One of these divers is a Swede named Martin Lund, who does not know what fear is. He works in connection with a native crew of the Sandwich Islands, and is noted as an expert swimmer and diver. Physically he is a giant, and in his diving-suit must weigh nearly six hundred pounds. Lund works eight hours a day, and sets off about eighteen blasts in that time. Sometimes he carries on his work with sharks all about him. He often has to fight them. The blasts kill large numbers of small fish, and every day as soon as the blasting begins the sharks come around looking for food. Sometimes as many as twenty of them will be seen at a time.

The whole outer section of the harbour has been laid out like a checker-board. Lund, or Olepan the Hawaiian, lays the explosive on a ledge and fixes the electric connections. When there are only two or three feet of water above, it is blown up from four hundred to five hundred feet in the air; but at thirty feet there is hardly a lift of the surface of the water.

When Lund had his first battle with the sharks he was armed only with a knife. He had told some of the diving crew that there were lots of sharks about, but they thought he was merely trying to make it appear that he had a particularly dangerous task. One day they felt a jerk at the line, and hauled quickly, and there was Lund slashing away at something near his feet. When they had hauled him in a dead shark also floated to the surface. After that Lund decided to arm himself with something more deadly, and had a spear made of steel. This was about eight feet long, and as sharks usually attack from below he could drive the sharp head of the spear into them, and thus ward them off. On one occasion, however, he was attacked from above by a man-eater. While laying a charge of powder and wiring it up for a blast something made a turn above him, and, looking up, he saw a big white belly overhead. He picked up his spear and attacked it, and it rose to the surface. The

crew in the boat were startled to see the shark appear near them, but they threw a looped line over its tail and hauled it aboard dead. Lund had aimed at the right spot.

The Kanakas of the Sandwich Islands have also been attacked by the man-eaters, and so many were killed while bathing or swimming that they have a fierce hatred of the sharks, and kill them when possible by using various kinds of devices. Pearl Harbour, where Lund is at work, in the old days was a fishing-ground; but the sharks were a great enemy to the edible fish, so the Hawaiians built on a reef at the entrance a shark-pen. In the one entrance to this there were four feet of water at high tide, but at low tide it was impossible for a shark to get out or in. The natives would take goats and old horses, lead them into the pen from the shore-side, kill them, and anchor them. After a day or two the sharks would be attracted by the odour of the carcasses, and they would follow the wall until they came to the opening. By the time they had had a good meal the tide would have fallen, and the natives would then go in and kill them.

The man-eaters are not worth much except for the skins, which can be made into shagreen; but it is a satisfaction to the Hawaiians to kill them merely out of revenge.

The waters about the Sandwich Islands probably contain the largest specimens. A few years ago a Japanese fisherman looking for other fish off the harbour of Honolulu caught one. His line was a tough rope, with two or three feet of steel-wire rope attached to a huge hook which was baited with a piece of meat. His comrades came to his aid, as the weight was so great that the catch could not be hauled in by one man. When it was brought to the surface it was found to be a monstrous man-eater measuring nearly twenty feet in length. On the stomach being opened a portion of the body of a man was found. The next day a native woman, by means of certain scars, identified the body as that of her husband. He had mysteriously disappeared a day or two before while bathing inside the reef off Diamond Head. Some ducks, tin cans, and two blocks of wood were also found in the stomach of the fish. Another man-eater caught a few days later was fourteen feet long and four and a half feet in circumference at the widest part. The mouth measured twenty-two inches from top to bottom, and twenty-eight inches across, and the jaw, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, when dried could be slipped over the head of a man.

Sailors in the American navy have many adventures with man-eaters, and when a warship is in water frequented by sharks the men are usually prevented from bathing or exposing themselves unless accompanied by a boat's crew, with guns, to watch for the sharks and protect the swimmers. While one of these vessels was lying in a harbour of the Philippines a few years ago one of the mates, while bathing from the side of the ship, was bitten on the foot by a shark. The foot was very badly torn and crushed; but the man recovered, only a slight stiffness of the foot remaining. An official report on file in the Navy Department states that as one of the boats belonging to the little gunboat *Elcano* was being rowed out to the ship the plug in the bottom of the boat came out. To prevent it from being swamped, a sailor, J. J. Dunlap, belonging to the *Elcano*, thrust his finger into the hole. The finger was immediately bitten off as if it were amputated by a surgeon, though the amputation was by a shark's teeth.

On the American coast the man-eaters are not numerous, but sometimes they will come near to summer resorts where the water is deep enough to permit them to swim. They are seen along the coasts of Florida and New Jersey; and the life-guards at the summer resorts, who go out in boats to look after the bathers, always keep a close watch for the shark-fins which show their presence by sticking out of the water.

Sometimes the sharks will go up the rivers which enter the Gulf of Mexico and the South Atlantic Ocean. A professional swimmer named Clark, who was giving an exhibition in the harbour of Pensacola, Florida, had a thrilling experience. He had agreed to be sewn up in a big sack, heavily weighted with sand, and be thrown into the bay near the navy-yard. From the bag he was to escape by cutting his way out with a knife and swimming ashore. At the appointed time a flat boat took him out some distance from shore, and after being tied in the sack he was thrown overboard. He had hardly gone more than thirty feet below the surface when something bumped against the sack, and almost instantly the idea flashed through his mind that it was a shark. Before he could do anything there was a bump from the other side of the bag. In a moment or two he had cut his way out and was rising to the surface, still clutching his knife in his hand. On reaching the surface he was greeted with cheers. He started to swim toward the nearest boat, when the water parted a few feet to one side, and he could make out the long black fin of a shark. The monster headed at once for him, and as he was about to dive to escape its clutch another shark dashed in. As the first shark turned over on its back in order to bite, Clark dived below the surface, then up under the shark and drove the knife time after time into its vitals, and it sank to the bottom. As he came to the surface, gasping for breath, a yawl-boat, manned by excited sailors from the navy-yard, ran alongside, and he was pulled aboard just in time to escape the second shark. Clark saved his life by powerful swimming and diving, as it was necessary for the man-eating shark to turn over to grasp its prey.

In many parts of the West Indies, lighters or

small barges are used to take cargo off vessels and carry it ashore. An English seaman named Thomas was working on one of these lighters in the harbour of Aux Cayes, when he slipped on a coil of rope and fell overboard. The sharks at once made a rush for him, and it would have been all over with the sailor had not the first-mate rushed to the near-by galley, grabbed a large piece of beef, and, turning to the side, hurled it into the water. This fell in the midst of the sharks; and while they were fighting over it Thomas swam to the side of the lighter, grasped a line, and was hauled on board.

The danger of the shark at bathing resorts is shown by the experience of a man named Wright, who went to the greatest summer resort in America, Atlantic City, to spend his holiday in fishing and bathing. With a number of friends, Wright went out to the fishing-banks in a naphtha-launch for a day's fishing. After they had made a good catch, the captain was about to weigh anchor and start for home, when Wright insisted upon having a swim. Being an expert, the young man dived boldly off the craft and swam away like a fish. Shortly afterwards the captain signalled for Wright to return. The swimmer, by long, powerful strokes, immediately turned, when those in the launch were horrified to see, less than a hundred yards away, and directly in the path of the swimmer, a school of man-eating sharks. The captain at once started his engine and headed the boat for the scene of action. Meanwhile he had seized a loaded shot-gun which he always carried on board. By this time Wright had awakened to his danger, for he was seen swiftly swimming back to the boat. In less time than it takes to tell, the captain had fired and killed the foremost shark. When the launch reached Wright, who was almost exhausted, he was lifted aboard and immediately swooned. Three of the toes of his right foot had been nipped off by a shark.

The hatred of the man-eater is such in Central America that the people of Panamá have a way of catching and killing sharks which would seem indeed cruel if it were not for the ferocity of the fish. The shark will bite savagely at anything that is flesh, and advantage is taken of this fact to place hunks of meat on large hooks which are attached to ropes thrown out from vessels. Several men are usually required to haul in an ordinary shark, owing to its strength; then it is killed by what is called 'crucifying.' The shark is hooked and drawn on deck, care being taken that it cannot make use of its terrible teeth. It is laid down on boards and the fins securely nailed there in such a way that it cannot use them. The tail is then cut close off, and the fish thrown overboard. It cannot swim, and it cannot steer itself. It is helpless, and the other members of its family attack and devour it.

THE ARISTOCRAT.

By Muriel Currey.

THE sun of a May evening was setting behind Paris as Désiré de Vacon, with a couple of servants at his heels, trotted along the white road which led to the gates of the city. There was a strange glow in the sky. Désiré reined in his horse and drew his hand suddenly across his eyes; it had seemed to him for a moment as though he saw the town through a mist of blood. He laughed at the fancy, and cantered on eagerly. Five minutes later he had passed through the gate, and was gazing curiously about him as one of the servants guided him through the narrow streets to the *hôtel* of his father.

He clattered under the great archway and into the courtyard, where some lackeys were lounging. As they watched him dismount with a contemptuous stare, which did not change when he asked for the Vicomte de Vacon, he felt strangely countrified. One of the men answered lazily that the Vicomte could not be disturbed at the moment; but if monsieur would leave a message—— 'Tell him,' said Désiré, 'that Monsieur de Vacon, his son, awaits his pleasure.' The manner of the lackey changed instantly. 'If monsieur will come this way I will inform M. le Vicomte at once.'

He followed the man across the hall and up the wide staircase, his heavy boots and spurs ringing on the polished boards, which reflected the wax candles in little pools of light. The servant left him in the vast *salon* on the first floor, and he walked about, touching a thing here and there with curious flashes of memory. He thought of the last time he had been in that room, when the walls had been hung with black, and he had been brought in, a small and terrified child, clinging to the hand of his nurse, to gaze for the last time on the waxen face of the mother who had never been more to him than a radiant vision. It was on that day he had started on the long and dream-like journey to the ancient château on the Loire, which he had never since left for more than a couple of days. He thought of the great, bare rooms, and the wide river flowing by the walls, and felt suddenly stifled by the magnificence around him. He impulsively crossed to a window, but checked with his hand on the catch as he heard the door open behind him, and the major-domo announce in sonorous tones, 'M. le Vicomte de Vacon.'

There was a moment's silence as Désiré advanced to kiss his father's hand. The Vicomte

surveyed him curiously, and noticed the boy's handsome face and delicate hands with a thrill of satisfaction. 'Properly dressed,' he thought, 'he will do me credit at Versailles.—So,' he said, 'despite your protests last summer that you intended never to leave the country, sylvan delights have begun to pall.'

Désiré blushed, and the Vicomte laughed lightly; he wondered how long his son would retain that accomplishment.

'Sir,' said the boy shyly, 'I thought it my duty to come to Paris.'

'Faith, I wish all duties were as pleasant!' The Vicomte moved over to the chimneypiece, and the firelight played on his brocaded coat, on his diamond shoe-buckles, and on the great ruby ring on his finger. There was a fête at the Court to-night, and it was not for nothing that the Vicomte de Vacon was accounted the best dressed of all the nobles who danced and gambled and made love beneath the wax candles at Versailles. 'Well,' he continued carelessly, 'and what is the duty which leads to such a paradise in this world as well as in the next?'

Désiré hesitated. He knew his father but slightly, and it seemed impossible to explain his hopes and ambitions to this very exquisite stranger, who regarded him through his quizzing-glass with such complete detachment.

The Vicomte dropped his glass and spoke lazily. 'As a rule when a man begins to talk about his duty it is money or a woman. Do you want me to pay your debts or get you out of a scrape with the steward's daughter? I'll forgive you anything, so long as you have not mortgaged the château or married the girl.'

Désiré hardly heard his father's words; instead, there rang in his ears that cry of the suffering peasants of France which had called to him so clearly in the quiet of the woods on the banks of the Loire. He spoke abruptly: 'I have come to Paris as a delegate to the Estates-General.'

The Vicomte had been playing with a little Sèvres vase on the chimneypiece, and one of its delicate handles snapped suddenly and it fell with a faint tinkle on the stone hearth. Désiré remembered that sound long afterwards. 'You have come to Paris as a traitor to your king!'

'No, father!'

'Every man who sits in that assembly is a traitor.' The Vicomte's voice cut like a whip.

'Indeed, we would but reform abuses, and help His Majesty to govern.'

'Do you not know that he is the viceroy appointed by Heaven, and would you dare to interfere?'

'Ah, but the king cannot know the sufferings of his people; they are dumb, so that we would speak for them.'

'And you would associate with these'—— The door at the end of the room opened, and a girl came in laughing. The Vicomte stopped abruptly.

'Are you ready, uncle? The coach is at the'—— And she, in her turn, stopped as she caught sight of Désiré.

'Come here, Marie; let me present to you your cousin Désiré.—Désiré, this is my ward, and your cousin Marie.'

The girl dropped him a demure little curtsy as Désiré kissed her hand; he remembered her dimly before he left Paris, when he had despised her as a baby from the lofty superiority of six; but now he felt young and countrified as her merry eyes gazed at him critically, and the Vicomte watched them both. He vainly sought for something to say.

But she came to his rescue. 'Why, cousin, I thought you despised Paris and all our gaieties, and passed all your time wandering in the woods writing poems to nature!'

'I hardly think Désiré will add to the gaiety of Paris.' His father's voice stung him, and once again Désiré blushed. Marie looked at him curiously. 'Come,' continued the Vicomte, 'if the coach is ready, let us go; you must not keep her Majesty waiting.'—He turned to his son. 'I have given orders that a room should be prepared for you.'

'Good-night, cousin,' said Marie, dropping him another curtsy.

Désiré heard the click of her little heels on the stairs, and then the rumble of the coach as it drove out of the courtyard.

It was dull enough in the great dining-room, where he supped in a little oasis of light, while the lackeys flitted in and out of the shadows like figures in a dream.

He was glad when the servants left the room, and pushed back his chair impatiently. He was oppressed by the silence and the luxury. He wandered upstairs presently, and had a faint sensation of home-coming as he entered his room; it had been his nursery long ago. His servant was unpacking his valise, and Désiré threw himself into a chair in front of the fire. 'Well,' he said as the boy came to pull off his boots, 'how do you like this gay Paris of ours, Jean?'

'Oh monsieur, I wish we were at home again!'

'Why, what would Anne say? Was she not overjoyed to greet her brother?'

'Monsieur, she is gone.'

'Gone! What do you mean?'

Jean stammered, 'A friend of M. le Vicomte comes here, and sometimes he would talk to Anne. One day his servant came, and she went away with him. She has never come back.'

Désiré sprang up. '*Mon Dieu*, he shall pay for this! What was his name?'

'M. le Comte de Kervelle.'

'To-morrow I will speak to M. le Vicomte. Never fear, Jean; she shall be found.'

It was what the country-bred Désiré called late, and Paris folk called early, when he demanded to see the Vicomte the next morning. His father's valet met him with an imperturbable face. 'It is forbidden to enter the room of M. le Vicomte until he rings.'

'And when will that be?'

'Ah, who can say, monsieur? Perhaps ten, perhaps eleven, perhaps twelve.'

It was nearer one when Désiré found his father sipping his morning chocolate, whilst the sunlight struggled in through the heavy brocade curtains. Désiré spoke stammeringly of the girl.

The Vicomte laughed in his curious, toneless way. 'So you are prepared to champion the cause of a pretty woman as well as that of the people! Faith, if you wanted the girl yourself why did you let her come to Paris?'

The boy sprang up indignantly. 'The girl was nothing to me; but do you not understand, sir? She was lured from this house by M. de Kervelle. She is lost, and'——

'Are you quite sure that she went'—the Vicomte searched for a word, and found it with a slight smile—'unwillingly?'

'Sir, she was a good girl, and he is a villain!'

'I understand. The *canaille* have all the virtues, and we all the vices.' The Vicomte stirred his chocolate wearily. 'Let us close the discussion. I have not your enthusiasm for the people, and it fatigues me.'

Désiré's hands clenched. 'He shall answer for this to me!'

The Vicomte's lips tightened over his teeth. 'It is not usual for gentlemen to fight duels over servant-wenches.' Désiré shrank from the bitterness of the sneer in his father's voice. 'Besides which, there is another reason—M. de Kervelle is likely to become your cousin.'

'My cousin!' cried Désiré incredulously.

'Yes; he wishes to wed Marie.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' It was hardly more than a gasp.

The Vicomte lay back in his chair and watched his son. 'Yes,' the languid voice continued, 'he was the king's ward, and His Majesty has interested himself in the affair—in fact, has begged the hand of Marie in order to bestow it on M. de Kervelle.'

Désiré sprang to his feet. 'And you answered?'

'I told His Majesty that there was but one man whom I would prefer to be the husband of Marie.'

'And he is?'

'Yourself.'

'But, sir, she does not even know me.'

'Perhaps that is in itself an advantage.' The Vicomte laughed as the boy winced, and then his expression changed. 'Come,' he said sternly, 'let us understand each other. Give up this fantastic nonsense of the rights of the people, resign your seat in the Estates-General, and take your proper place as my son. There is waiting for you all that makes life pleasant: a commission in the King's Bodyguard, the amusements, the gaieties, the excitements of Paris. I shall not stint you for money, and when you weary of it all you will find awaiting you a rich, and I may say charming, wife.'

There was a pause, and then Désiré spoke slowly: 'And if I refuse?'

'You will have the rights of the people, though I believe they do not yet include the right of entrée to His Majesty's levee.'

'But Marie?'

'Marie will wed M. de Kervelle.'

'After what I have told you about him?'

'The remedy is in your hands; but I have no doubt he will make her a most excellent husband.'

Désiré turned away and began to pace up and down the room. His father watched him curiously. 'May I ask what you intend to do?'

The boy stopped in his nervous walk and faced his father. 'I cannot—I cannot give up my seat; I must do my duty.' It was a cry, almost an appeal.

The Vicomte showed no answering emotion, but he too stood up. 'Ah, the *canaille* must possess a strange charm which I have so far failed to discover. In my present blindness I prefer the society of gentlemen.'

'Monsieur!' cried Désiré.

But, with a slight gesture of apology, his father went on: 'You are, of course, free to stay here. You will not be much troubled by the society of Marie and myself, which I imagine you would hardly find congenial. And now I must beg you to excuse me; I have still my toilet to make.'

Désiré made an impulsive movement; for a second he longed to ask his father's forgiveness; but the Vicomte's smile never wavered, and Désiré turned and walked quickly out of the room. He was suddenly afraid that he would disgrace himself by bursting into tears.

As the door closed behind the youth the smile faded slowly, as though some spirit in passing had gently brushed it from the Vicomte's face, and the real man looked with haggard eyes upon the ruins of his 'castle in Spain,' the fairest of all his great possessions, though none of his friends had ever dreamed of its existence.

It is hard to renounce all the pleasures of Paris at twenty-one, perhaps the more so if one has never tasted them; and when the Estates-General was not sitting Désiré wandered aimlessly about the narrow, evil-smelling streets, thinking with a passionate longing of the fair country and great woods on the banks of the Loire. He saw his father and Marie but seldom; sometimes he would hear her merry laugh, and shrink back into some dark corner as she ran down the wide stairs after his father; then he would peep almost stealthily out of some window to watch them drive away in the great gilt coach.

Once Marie had found him standing idly in the big *salon*, and had set herself to amuse him.

He was shy enough at first, but she had asked him of the country, of his life in the great lonely château, and soon he was talking eagerly. The rays of the setting sun poured in through the high windows and filled the room with a golden dusk. Somewhere a woman was singing a love-song.

Désiré stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence. 'Marie,' he said suddenly, 'do you like M. de Kervelle?' The impersonal note had gone from his voice; the girl looked up quickly, and for a second their eyes met. '*L'amour, l'amour!*'—the woman's voice died away.

Marie laughed lightly. 'M. de Kervelle! Why do you ask? Do you not know that he is the handsomest, gayest, wittiest courtier at Versailles, and they say the finest swordsman in France?'

Désiré leant forward, trying to read her face, and said again with a curious insistence, 'Do you like M. de Kervelle?'

Marie hesitated, and then blushed. 'I'——

'I am sorry to interrupt so interesting a *tête-à-tête*'—Désiré sprang to his feet; in the shadow stood his father, leaning idly against the door—'but I fear that it grows late, and Marie is in attendance on Her Majesty to-night.'

Désiré wondered how long the Vicomte had lounged there with his usual delicate smile.

'Perhaps,' went on the suave voice, 'Marie has been more successful than I was in my persuasions, and that Désire may yet serve His Majesty. Come, Marie, will you not use your power?'

The girl smiled and held out her hand. 'Cousin, will you not come with me?'

Désiré felt a sudden rage in his heart. Had she been fooling him? Was it a plot to win his allegiance? 'I cannot—I cannot!' he said sullenly.

The light faded out of Marie's face. M. le Vicomte shrugged his shoulders. The last ray of sunlight lay like a golden bar between Désiré and the others.

After this Désiré became lonelier than ever. The Estates-General declared itself to be the National Assembly; many of the moderate men left it, and the extremists distrusted Désiré as much for his name as for his known loyalty to the king. He thought much of Marie, and proved to himself several times a day that he was not in love with her, and that she had no power over him; but he avoided her with a curious persistence. When he had first come to Paris he had spent much time and trouble in trying to find Jean's sister Anne, but all the clues which had seemed so hopeful in the beginning had ended in disappointment, and at last he had abandoned the search in despair.

So the long summer days dragged on, and all Paris lay breathless, gasping in the heat, waiting for—what? No one knew; but the sullen groups stood at the street corners, and an angry murmur would rise as the nobles swung past in their coaches.

One evening, as Désiré wandered along the quays seeking a little coolness, he heard the faint, distant rumble of thunder. The darkness came quickly, every now and then illuminated by a flash of lightning as the storm drew nearer and nearer; the city seemed to quiver in sympathy with the electricity in the air, and what yesterday had been but a solitary murmur here and there had now grown to a roar. In the distance some one was beating a drum, and the sound seemed to Désiré like the throb of an angry heart.

The street where his father's house stood was full of people, and in one place the throng was particularly dense as they crowded round something on the ground. Désiré started to push his way quietly through, and had almost reached the great gates when he was suddenly stopped by a huge man with a hammer in his hand.

'Here!' said the man roughly, 'who are you, and where are you going in such hurry that you needs must thrust honest folk out of your way?'

There was a hush in the crowd as it waited for Désiré's answer, and his voice rang out very clear in the stillness, 'I am Désiré de Vacon.'

There was an angry roar, and the hammer swung up above his head, when some one in the crowd shouted, 'Let him alone, you fool; do you not know that he is a member of the National Assembly, and a friend of the people?'

The roar changed into a cheer, and the hammer swung harmlessly by the man's side; a lane opened, and as Désiré passed into the courtyard there floated in after him the cry, 'The friend of the people!' It rang loud in the quiet hall, where a small group was standing as Désiré entered shyly.

For a moment no one spoke, and then Désiré gave a cry, 'Marie, you are hurt!' There was a cut on the girl's cheek, which was bleeding a little. She smiled and opened her lips to speak; but M. le Vicomte was before her.

'The work of your friends,' he said. 'The coach had difficulty in forcing its way through; but luckily M. de Kervelle was riding at its window, and I fear that you will have to wear mourning for one of the *canaille*, who will in the future hurl neither insults nor stones at his betters.'

Désiré thought of the little group that he had seen, and understood.

'But,' continued his father, 'I do not think that you know M. de Kervelle.—M. de Kervelle, allow me to present to you my son Désiré—the friend of the people.'

Désiré shrank back at the bitterness of his father's tone; but M. de Kervelle stepped out of the shadow where he had stood hitherto, and bowed silently. He appeared to be about thirty, tall, handsome, and beautifully dressed, and the boy looked at him with a passionate envy.

The Vicomte spoke again. 'Well, monsieur, will you not congratulate Désiré on his choice of friends?'

Monsieur de Kervelle shook out the lace ruffles at his wrists and laughed pleasantly. 'Ah, M. de Vacon, if we had all to answer for the indiscretions of our friends I fear few of us would know an easy moment.' He turned to Marie. 'Mademoiselle, I trust that you will feel no ill effects from your adventure, which has proved what I always believed, that you are as brave as you are beautiful.'

'Ah, monsieur,' said the girl with a smile as he bent to kiss her hand, 'you are too kind. Indeed, I would express my gratitude to you.'

'Yes,' broke in the Vicomte, 'it is well, Marie, that you have at all events one cavalier who is ready at your side when you need him.—M. de Kervelle, I would add my gratitude to that of my niece.'

'I assure you,' M. de Kervelle answered with sudden earnestness, 'that I desire nothing more than to be of service to mademoiselle.' He turned and bowed to Désiré, who with an impulsive movement followed him out into the courtyard, where a lackey held his horse.

'Monsieur,' the boy stammered, 'will you tell me of Anne?'

'Anne!' M. de Kervelle repeated in a puzzled voice.

'She was a servant here, and — and'—— Désiré stopped, blushing crimson. 'She is a sister of my valet,' he went on desperately, 'and she has disappeared.'

'And am I the culprit?' M. de Kervelle laughed, and laid his hand on Désiré's arm. 'My dear boy, the girl had a lover in my company of the Guard, whom she was for ever pestering me to make a sergeant; he was a worthless fellow, but your cousin interceded for him too, so I took him into my own service. One day he disappeared, and with him a pair of diamond buckles.' He dropped his bantering tone, and his grip on Désiré's arm tightened. 'Monsieur,' he went on seriously, 'the girl was nothing to me. Do you not think that a man who has gazed into the eyes of mademoiselle is blind to all other women?' He held out his hand. 'You believe me?'

Their eyes met for a moment. 'Yes!' cried Désiré.

'Thank you,' said M. de Kervelle simply, as he stood with the boy's hand in his; and then with his sudden charming smile, 'I would not have you think so meanly of me.'

The kindness of the voice brought tears to Désiré's eyes; it was so unexpected, and he had met with so little kindness in Paris. 'Monsieur,' he cried almost with a sob, 'will you ever forgive me? Indeed I crave your pardon.'

'Bah! it was a natural enough mistake,' M. de Kervelle answered lightly as he swung himself into his saddle. He looked down with sudden pity on the boy's forlorn figure. 'Will you not come and see me? I am always to be heard of in the guard-room at Versailles. Adieu, or I hope only *au revoir*.'

In another moment he was gone, to be greeted by an angry murmur from the crowd in the street; and Désiré turned slowly and re-entered the great hall. For months he had hated M. de Kervelle, and now he passionately desired his friendship.

At the foot of the great stair the Vicomte awaited his son, the jewels in his rings flashing when they caught the rays of the setting sun. He spoke with the usual quiet, and Désiré listened in a dream, fascinated like a child by the sparkle of the diamonds.

'Doubtless, after to-day, it can hardly be pleasant for you to live in the house with people who are on such bad terms with your friends. Indeed, you might have the misfortune to be mistaken for one of us. If you will acquaint me with the address of your lodgings I will send you money, and you will doubtless live very happily on my bounty, as do many of your associates.'

He turned and passed slowly up the stairs, but the knuckles of the hand that gripped the balusters showed white as the door closed behind his son.

Désiré found himself something of a hero during those hot July days, as his story passed from mouth to mouth in the buzz of talk at the cabarets; but he soon grew as shabby as his admirers, and he was glad enough to earn a franc here and there doing copying for lawyers. To his father he sent no word.

The 14th of July came, and with it the attack on the Bastille. Désiré saw for the first time a Paris mob in its naked savageness, and he wandered away sick with horror, letting his feet take him where they would, till he realised with a start that he was in the street next to that in which his father's house stood. A strange, angry roar such as he had heard before the attack on the Bastille suddenly beat on his ear, and he began to run. When he turned the corner, however, the street was empty except for one woman in a black cloak, who shrank back in the shadow as he approached. He turned to ask her a question, and gave a low cry. It was Marie!

For a moment she did not recognise him in his ragged clothes, but then she clung to his arm. 'Désiré, the mob have broken into the *hôtel*, and all the servants have run away!'

Désiré's hand flew to his side; he forgot that the people do not wear swords.

'Your father ordered me to go too,' Marie's breathless voice went on, 'or indeed I would not have left him; but he said'——

She stopped abruptly. A man on a horse was galloping down the street, and the light from one of the flickering oil-lamps fell on his face as he passed them.

'M. de Kervelle!' cried Désiré.

The soldier reined in his horse. 'De Vacon! Mademoiselle!' he said in astonishment. 'I heard that the mob had risen, and came to give you warning.'

'Monsieur,' said Désiré hurriedly, 'they are attacking the Hôtel de Vacon. I confide mademoiselle to your charge. I must go to my father.'

M. de Kervelle bowed. 'I am proud, monsieur, of your trust. I will guard mademoiselle safely to Versailles.'

'No,' cried Désiré with sudden, passionate foresight; 'take her far beyond Versailles. This night is but the beginning; there is no safety for us in France.'

There was a second's pause before he swung Marie up on to the great black horse behind M. de Kervelle, and as he turned to run down the street, with the touch of her lips on his cheek, he realised with blinding vividness that he had given the woman he loved to another man.

The great gates were broken, and the courtyard deserted; but through the open door of the house he could hear the murmur of a crowd, and in a moment he was in the hall. At the head of the stairs, in the soft light of the candles, stood his father; and the mob, the first frenzy over, had stopped for a moment, abashed by their hereditary fear of the aristocrat.

The Vicomte raised his quizzing-glass and surveyed them. 'May I ask'—— he began in his quiet voice; but an angry roar interrupted him.

Désiré rushed forward with a suddenness that opened a way for him through the crowd until he stood on the step below his father. 'My friends,' he began—he was greeted with hoarse cries of welcome from some of the men who knew him—'let us not stain our cause by acts of violence, but let the rights of the people be won by truth and mercy.'

A woman's laugh rang out, and the crowd jeered; their patience was at an end; they began to surge up the wide staircase.

Désiré raised his hand. 'You know,' he cried, 'I am a member of the National Assembly. I am a friend of the people.' He sprang up on to the landing by his father's side. 'I am his son!'

There was a moment's silence. Some one in the crowd moved uneasily, and a small china vase fell from a bracket and broke with a little tinkling sound. Désiré's mind swept back in an agony of memory to the day of his first arrival in Paris, when he had announced his allegiance to the cause of the people, and just such another vase had fallen from the Vicomte's hand and broken on the wide stone hearth.

Suddenly he realised that his father was speaking. 'He lies, as you *canaille* always lie,' said the contemptuous voice; 'he hopes that you will go away, and that I, out of gratitude, will then allow him to rob at his leisure.' He paused, dusting some snuff from the tips of his fingers; then, facing the people again, he said, 'I have no son.'

'Death to the aristocrat!' screamed the woman who had laughed before.

Désiré's eyes met hers, and he laughed curiously; it was Anne, his valet's sister, whom he had tried so hard to find. The man beside her raised a pistol and fired; the crowd hesitated, and a great red stain soiled the Vicomte's brocaded waistcoat. He gazed at it for a second, and then fell forward on his face. 'St Denis!' he muttered. It was the old cry of the chivalry of France, and the boy's clear voice took it up.

'St Denis!' cried Désiré, as he snatched his father's sword, and then the rabble stormed up the staircase.

'It is easy to see,' said a butcher afterwards, as he wiped his chopper on the embroidered seat of a chair, 'that the boy was an aristocrat after all. Look at the way he used his sword.'

THE LADY-MOON.

THE lady-moon, so high, so bright,
So softly shining through the trees,
Can fill my mind with deep delight,
And inward peace, and noble ease.
Long has the day been, hot and close,
With scarce a breath the leaves to stir;
But now my lady gives repose,
And gentle winds breathe through the fir.

Why do I say 'my lady-moon'?
Because a woman's word is kind,
Her touch is light, her chiefest boon
The rippling smile which well can bind
Our hearts to her. And this soft light,
So tremulous, is like her wit,
Her gentle armour 'gainst affright,
Her power to make us well and fit!

I lean upon a barrèd gate,
And watch the shadow and the shine;
Dim moths around the wych-elm wait,
And in the distance lights outshine.
The peace which nought of commerce stirs,
The calm which none may take away,
Steals over me across the firs,
And I can breathe upon the way.

What if the struggle should be hard?
What if, in whilom doubts of day,
I almost bend? The kind reward
Of Luna's lamp can heal the fray.
Long thoughts of music stir the deeps
Of inward being, and I see
A life immortal dwells within—
It broods around each path and tree.

Dear silver moon, my lady-love—
Adored of old, and ever near—
Comes back to me while thus I move
Along this silver path so clear.
Old songs awake, dear hands I take,
Dear voices chime from that far past;
And you are still the friend to wake
The scene to come, so bright, so vast!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE REAL CANADA.

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS ON ITS CLIMATIC, ECONOMIC, AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

By NORMAN MURRAY, Montreal,
A Scottish-Canadian Settler of Thirty Years' Standing.

MY last article * on this interesting topic was chiefly political and sentimental, in criticism of, and in answer to, a former article in *Chambers's Journal*. In the present article I propose to deal with a subject of prime importance, particularly to any one in the Old Land who is thinking of 'trying his luck' in Canada.

Canada is about the best country in the world for some people to come to at the present time, and the very worst for some other people. It is a vast country, with a still very small population. There is really no other country in the whole world fit for human habitation that has so few people to the square mile as Canada. It extends three thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from latitude forty-five degrees to the North Pole. It is surrounded by the ocean on three sides, and by our very interesting Uncle Sam's dominion on the south. Yet in all that vast territory there are no more people than the population of 'Greater' London and Glasgow put together; it would be a much better country to live in if there were at least ten times the number of people, provided they were the right sort. One thing certain is that it is a country much more suitable to people from the northern countries of Europe than from the southern.

Much mischief has been done to the interests of Canada and the Empire by suppressing the truth about the climatic conditions of the Dominion, which fact is largely responsible for many people coming to Canada who should never have left their native land, particularly from the south of Europe and parts of Asia and Africa. Canada is both a very cold and a very hot country, and one would have to live in it for a whole year before he would be able to speak impartially about the climatic conditions. To any one who lived in Canada only during the six winter months, and then went away, the ideal summer weather it enjoys would be incredible. On the other hand, to any one who lived here only during the six months of its ideal summer weather, which is not excelled anywhere in the whole world, the hard frosty weather of nearly six months would be equally incredible. But such are the facts. The climate changes from extreme cold to extreme heat, and that often very suddenly. It varies from thirty degrees below to ninety above zero. There are also great varieties of climatic conditions in different parts of Canada. There are some districts, particularly toward the west and south-west, that have very little hard winter weather; but this region of Canada—unfortunately, some of us think—forms a comparatively small portion. If we could only get the climate made to order, and have at least the glorious St Lawrence open for navigation for a longer portion of the year, what an ideal country Canada would be! We have, however, to take it as it is, and make the best of it. After all, in this vast territory, Canadians, in common with the rest of the people of the Empire, have a great heritage that deserves great care—more, I think, than some people seem to take into serious consideration. The larger portion of the country is covered with snow, and all the waters are frozen on the surface, for nearly six months of the year. The question of climate, in discussing it with outside people, is almost as delicate with some native Canadians as the proverbial question of age is to young ladies near the close of the marriageable age. Yet I never could see any sense or reason about this horror of mentioning the snows and colds of Canada. Canadians never forgave Rudyard Kipling for calling the country 'The Lady of the Snows.' Probably the title was one-sided, and a little misleading to the stranger. A more appropriate title perhaps would have been 'The Lady of the Flowers and Snows,' for that is exactly what Canada is. There is nothing really terrible, however, about the climate of Canada to people from the northern countries of Europe. Europeans from northern latitudes do not feel the cold when they come nearly as much as the native-born Canadians, which is probably the reason why so many Canadians have so much horror of mentioning the snows of Canada to strangers. They are judging other people by

* *Chambers's Journal* (1911), page 111.

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their own feelings. They do not seem to realise that they are not the only people in the world who know what ice and snow mean.

Canada is a splendid country for young men, and particularly for young women, able and willing to work. People much over forty years of age without a good bank-account or influential friends should, however, think twice before throwing up any fairly good job in the Old Land to come here. Life in Canada, and in fact in all North America, is very strenuous. Every one wants to accumulate as much money as he can, as quickly as possible, and many unfortunately are not over-particular about the means.

No one looking for clerical work of any kind should come to Canada without a good savings-bank account or influential friends. Any smart young man with a good education, who understands the decimal system of coinage, and who can afford to wait for some considerable time, may succeed in getting a very good situation; but as a rule, as there are so many looking for jobs of this kind, some have to wait a long time before their turn comes. A knowledge of the French language will also be very useful to any one looking for office or commercial life, especially in the eastern part of Canada.

The kind of people who are wanted in Canada, and who need not wait very long at any time to get work, are farm-hands, railroad and builders' labourers, and domestic servants. Wages run from five to seven shillings a day for day-labourers, without board of course, and from thirty to fifty pounds a year with board and lodging. The wise young man will hire out for a year when he comes here first; for, if he does, he is likely to have more spare cash, as a rule, at the end of the first year than if he starts to wander round any of the large cities looking for day-work. Many works are at a standstill during the winter months on account of climatic conditions.

The only industry in Canada that really requires snow and frost to make it flourish is the lumber business. Hard frost with a reasonable amount of snow is always necessary to make this industry a paying business. The building-trade in the cities starts in the spring and ends in the autumn (or the fall of the year, as we say in Canada). In new settlements, where the buildings are made of timber, it can, of course, be carried on in winter. The building-trade in a country like Canada, where the population is increasing rapidly, is a very important industry, more especially as many buildings are pulled down a few years after they are put up, and better ones erected in their place. In the city of Montreal, for instance, on St James Street, in the centre of commerce, most of the buildings that stood there when I came to Canada thirty years ago have been pulled down and rebuilt, some of them in the new style of sky-scraper, which I, for one, do not consider an improvement on the old style. I know of one building in particular that has within my recollection been twice rebuilt on the same site. This, of course, is a very expensive system, and it is carried on extensively all over Canada. It is a good thing for workmen, however, for it provides a great deal more work than if the buildings had been more substantial originally, like those in Princes Street, Edinburgh, or St Vincent Street, Glasgow. Navigation is, of course, closed during the winter months.

I would like to see more young men of good strong muscle turn their face toward the lumber-camps in Canada when they come late in the year, instead of wandering around the towns. They may be a little green at handling the axe at first, but after a month or so they become, as a rule, just as expert in handling it as the natives. House-carpenters will find it easier to get work from December to April than stone-masons; but their work will generally be a little slack in the spring, until house-building is well under way.

Though Canadians are proverbially touchy on the question of snow and ice, the fact of the matter is that heat, black flies, and mosquitoes are much more annoying to the labourer on the farm, in the bush, and on the railroad than either snow or frost. There are very easy and simple ways of protection against Jack Frost. But the mosquito! I shall never forget my first experience with it up on the Black River! It does not seem possible to invent any kind of protection that it is not able to get round. These remarks about mosquitoes, black flies, and midges apply only to the rural districts and the bush. Such visitors are seldom to be met with in large towns or cities. Our enemy the bed-bug is quite impartial in its choice of locality; it may be found in the bush or in the city; but it can be overcome by cleanly habits and constant shaking up and washing of bed-linen and bed-tick, and by the use of iron instead of wooden bedsteads. But all these methods of warfare are quite useless in combating mosquitoes and black flies. The mosquitoes take the palm; neither smoke, fire, nor grease will scare them, and they will sail right into you with their war-whoop unless you are completely covered up. I have not noticed any reference to these interesting features of Canadian life in the various circulars sent out broadcast to encourage emigration to Canada.

None of these little annoyances should weigh much with a brave young heart that starts for Canada with the intention of making a home for himself or herself. There is room and to spare for many millions of settlers, and the more of them that do come the better country will Canada be to live in. Though the weather sometimes changes very suddenly here, still there are not nearly so many winter storms as in

Scotland. As a rule, it is steady frosty weather with a clear sky all winter, with rain and thaw maybe twice or three times during the season. Of course cattle have to be fed by hand, and water got for them from a hole in the ice; which is also the only way any fishing can be done on the inland waters during the winter.

I have more than once referred to the touchiness of Canadians on the question of climate, and now I am coming to particulars that specially concern the business people of Montreal. I refer to our Winter Carnival, which was a side source of revenue to Montreal business people for some years. At one time we used to have an annual Winter Carnival in Montreal, including a large Ice Palace, which attracted many people from all parts of Canada and the United States. We expected that this would continue to be a regular feature in Montreal, and our merchants looked forward to a small annual harvest from this source. Railroad companies gave reduced rates, as they generally do on such occasions, for it was supposed to be in their own interest to do so. Strange as it may appear, however, the principal railway companies began to object to the building of ice palaces as a bad advertisement for Canada. We have, however, discovered the secret motive of this previously unaccountable opposition to the Ice Palace. The railroads wanted cheap labour from the south of Europe, and steamboat companies wanted summer passenger traffic from the same quarter, and they were afraid that pictures of Montreal ice palaces would scare the people around the shores of the Mediterranean, and diminish their trade; so our trade had to be sacrificed for the benefit of theirs. Then after a while Montreal became crowded with Italian unemployed labourers, and we had more crimes of violence in one year than we had in ten years before; and the worst feature in connection with these crimes, mostly cold-blooded murder, was that the guilty parties could seldom or never be brought to justice.

In the large cities—Montreal and Toronto are really the only two cities that would be called large, as cities are classified on the other side of the ocean—labour agitators are almost as busy as they are in the Old Country. This is more noticeable since about thirty thousand Jews, mostly from Russia, have come to Montreal during the last few years, in addition to ten thousand we had before. This class of immigrant cannot be set to work on the farm, the railroad, the lumber-camp, or in the building-trade. His ambition, almost without exception, is to engage in business. The only manual labour, if it may be classified as labour, in which he is willing to engage is tailoring. The Jew seems to be too weak in the muscle to hold his own with Gentile people in any kind of labour requiring physical strength. The Russian Jew will engage in work that an Irish or Italian labourer would not take kindly to, such as gathering rags, bottles, or bones; but he does not take kindly to the pick and shovel, or to the hand-truck unless to cart his own goods. I mention these facts to show one very useful class of men—the tailors in the British Isles—that they need not look to Canada to better their condition as things are now. There are various things in Canada that are quite different from the ways of the Old Land. Men are more likely to be asked to do what at home would probably be considered woman's work exclusively—such, for example, as milking cows. If any young man intends to come to Canada and look for farm-work, he should practise milking cows before he comes, so as not to be considered too green. He should learn to darn his own socks and mend his own clothes, unless he is prepared to throw them away as soon as they get holes in them. Canadian women will not brush shoes or mend the clothes of their lodgers as readily as do women in the Old Country.

If you want to keep your boots brushed and don't want to pay twopence-halfpenny every time you think they need a shine, you must provide yourself with brushes and blacking, for no Canadian landlady will consider it a part of her duty to keep you tidy in that respect. In the lodging-houses, if you board and lodge in the same house, you must pay so much a week, and be content with what you get. The Canadian landlady will not keep a pass-book for you and order what you want, and cook it for you, as has been your custom in the Old Land. You must just take what she offers or leave it, and if you don't like it you can just look out for another place, and there is no use discussing the question. You will not get a bowl of porridge for a penny and another bowl of milk for the same sum; you will get two spoonfuls of porridge and a little milk on the top of it for ten cents (fivepence). These are a few small details that prospective immigrants will find it useful to know, but which no information bureau in the Old Country has ever referred to, as far as I know. Yet they are all worth knowing. Whether young men in the Old Land have been spoiled by too much attention from the women, or whether Canadian women put on more airs, I leave other people to discuss. I have long ago got quite reconciled to the conditions that were at one time somewhat new and strange to me, and we have always got on quite nicely without any friction. Shortly after I came to Canada an old Irishman, who had arrived several years before, explained to me all these details, and I found the information very useful; and, knowing these things, I have always found Canadian landladies quite nice and easy to get along with, although I have been keeping bachelor's quarters in Canada for thirty years.

The Canadian woman is kept quite as busy in her own way as Old Country women. When women find more work to do of the kind that is peculiarly woman's work than there are women to do it, they must necessarily change their methods. In Canada, for instance, there may be only one woman, or at most two, in a farmhouse where there may be half-a-dozen or a dozen men; while in some places in Scotland, for instance, there are likely more women than men around the house. In the Old Land women have no stoves or stovepipes to polish, as in Canada. As a rule a Canadian housewife prepares a greater variety of dishes for dinner than a woman at home does. They all try to keep up some style. A common labourer's dinner of soup, meat, two kinds of vegetables, and a dessert means much more work for a Canadian woman than the average Old Country labourer's dinner of potatoes and herring, with maybe a cup of tea as a dessert. One meal entails more labour on the average Canadian woman than the three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper, often entail at home. One man in a cheap restaurant in Montreal always gets twice as many dishes as the same class of food and service would involve at home. One thing particularly I would like to warn Scotsmen about, and that is never to expect to get the same kind of porridge and oatcakes in Canada as they have been used to at home. The same kind of oatmeal is never to be had in Canada unless imported from Scotland. Whether the fault lies with the grain or the miller I don't know. With the wheat produce it is entirely different. Canadian wheat cannot be excelled anywhere, and the loaves made in Canada always appear to me to be just as good as those that are made at home. But to a Scotsman there is nothing more disappointing than porridge that tastes so different from the porridge that he has been accustomed to. More than that, I have often looked in blank amazement at the large plate with two spoonfuls of porridge in the middle of it, and a small dish of milk containing also about two table-spooonfuls, and this for part of a Scotsman's breakfast! To make a reasonable breakfast at this rate you would need at least half-a-dozen courses. When it comes to dinner, sometimes you will get half a potato, a small dish of cabbage, and another small dish of corn. It has often been remarked that fewer dishes and more food would be better. I have never found the same flavour in the mutton-chops of Montreal as I have found in Glasgow; and as for herrings, I have long ago given up looking for them in despair.

The Canadian woman has difficulties of her own to contend with that women at home never experience, largely on account of the difference of climate. A Canadian woman has a great deal more trouble in looking after her children. They not only need shoes as at home, but they also, for a large portion of the year, require rubbers over the shoes; and children cannot go to school or run messages during the winter without warm gloves. To the poor this not only involves extra work, but also a good deal of extra expense. You can never get boots and shoes in Canada that will keep out snow-water in the spring and autumn, and so to keep your feet dry you must have rubbers over your shoes; and when it is frosty you must have them on to keep you from slipping. In the summer-time the Canadian woman has a great deal more trouble with house-flies than I have ever seen at home. So don't blame her when you come to Canada if she is not so attentive to you as was the Old Country woman. If she has children to look after, they are, if anything, more troublesome than children at home, especially during the winter. They all want skates and small sleighs to amuse themselves with. If the grocer is not next door, and she needs anything in a hurry, she must put on her shoes first, and then her rubbers, and then her warm gloves, unless she carries a muff, as it is generally freezing hard all winter; but occasionally there is a thaw, and the thaw always causes some new trouble, for it discovers all the holes in all the rubbers of the whole family, so that means some more expense for new rubbers. If there are any growing girls going to school, they must have a piano. I have often seen a Canadian mother cooking for a number of boarders, and the daughter, whom she wished to make genteel, playing on the piano. Then the church expenses are a great deal heavier than at home. A small village of six hundred people very often has five or six different churches where one might do if they could settle theological differences.

On account of so many factories shutting down every winter, many labourers come from Europe in the spring and go back in the autumn. 'John,' said a young married woman to her husband in a small village in which I once lived out West, 'if you cannot make a better home for me than this I will go home to my mother;' and she said it in a calm, business-like way. This type of woman is not yet quite so common in Canada as she is in the United States; but a young man who marries a girl on short acquaintance on this side of the Atlantic is more liable to meet with an adventuress of this kind than at home. I notice a bright Scotch lassie serving in a restaurant with a Yankee name, financed by Chinamen, where I take my meals sometimes, and the earnestness she puts into her work in comparison to some of the native girls is a study to me. The tendency here to change places of residence and work and friends, often for slight reasons, does not make for the higher development of the race. I am comparing in my mind the type of people who have taken *Chambers's Journal* from me for twenty years with others.

They stick to their employment and their friends and high-class literature, and are fairly successful; others—well, they drift to nowhere. Many have not got enough salt in their blood. Moral: Stick to your duty, your friends, your work, your study of high-class literature, and your country's flag wherever you go. That is how we Britons got there.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXII.—LORRIE.

IT was a cloudy day of damp heat. Two or three weeks had slipped away since Cahusac's interview with Sir Berritt, weeks entirely barren of result as far as any increase of information was concerned, and yet Malcolm had spent himself, mind and body, in efforts to attain it. He had crossed to Paris, only to find that Puyfot was no longer there. But though Cahusac could gather no further knowledge of the facts connected with Sir Malcolm's death, he became more than ever convinced that the key to the situation lay between Puyfot and De Sarsan. Patiently he unravelled the tangled lines of loose gossip in the papers, and each led him back to Puyfot.

On his return to town he found that, as Fraynes had foretold, people were beginning to find it curious that he had not at once taken action against the *Gas-Lamp* and its confrères. It appeared inconceivable that he should allow such a calumny to pass unnoticed. As the story drifted from tongue to tongue, some one made the inevitable inference that either he was callous beyond belief, or that he had cause for keeping silent; and, though little showed on the surface, Malcolm began to be conscious of a cooling of manner and regard among his acquaintance, while his own connections openly blamed him.

Yet he could do nothing but wait upon chance. Although he had so strong and unfortunate a reason for his present attitude, he was nevertheless by no means without a definite plan. That plan was one to which all strong natures come when balked by circumstances. He would put his trust in the strength of his own hand and brain; he would, he must in the end, mark down the murderer of his father, and, armed with that knowledge, he had no doubt whatever that he would have the power to take the situation into his own hands.

But just at this period he could not quite see the next step he should take. Happening to glance through his invitations, he was forced to acknowledge that they had of late grown fewer. His eye lit on one which he had accepted a month previously. It was for the same afternoon—a huge garden-party that always formed one of the events of the season. He was in the mood to see how society would treat him, and he set out with something of curiosity and, it may be, more of defiance in his mind.

His destination lay in the outskirts of London, where the din of the City, like the hum of a shell, was audible only to the listening ear. In the level light the grass still looked green and vivid, but the leaves upon the trees showed dark with the premature aging of city foliage.

Cahusac, seeing at once that his appearance created much inquisitive interest, passed from group to group, taking each cold look with apparent indifference, and making believe to himself that each was but a fresh satire upon the ways of the smart world. Frigid greetings, for the most part, were his lot. Presently he saw a small throng of people, just such a knot as forms itself about a favoured person whom society for the time being delights to honour. Stragglers from other parts of the lawns were here, those who had seen the cold shoulder turned upon him elsewhere. He recognised several, for nervous susceptibility gives a man a hundred eyes; and knowing that the whole group were not about to be taken by surprise, but were prepared with their reception, he sauntered towards them with some dim idea that it would smack of cowardice to retreat.

But before he reached them, four people, walking together, came out from behind a flanking bank of rhododendrons and met him face to face—Mrs Westaway, De Sarsan, Wil, and Alice. The girl made an impulsive movement towards him; but De Sarsan, bending nearer to her, uttered a decisive word or two. Cahusac saw her hesitate; she gave him a piteous look, but she turned away with her companions.

No blow yet struck at Cahusac had wounded him quite so sorely, but not for himself—the stab of pain it inflicted hurt him most for Alice's sake. They must, at last, have persuaded or compelled her to give De Sarsan the right to impose his will on her actions. Poor gentle Alice! and there was no one to save her from her fate.

He saw Wil say an angry word or two, and before the Belgian could stop him turn to retrace his steps. 'Look here, Malcolm,' he panted.

Cahusac stopped.

Wil was looking more than usually pale, and his height added gauntness to his figure. 'I want to say that we do not wish to continue the pleasure of your acquaintance.'

Cahusac made no reply, but began to move on.

'D'you understand?' went on Wil, irritated by Malcolm's casual reception of the affront.

'You are not to speak to Alice again. It's hardly decent for a man in—in your position to force yourself into the company of respectable people.'

'What is my position?' Malcolm faced him.

'Hang it all! you know what the papers and everybody are saying,' stammered Wilford.

'What are they saying?' inquired Cahusac calmly.

'That you dare not go to law with those papers who are blackguarding your father, that there's some queer story behind it all, and that you've got to put up with the worst they can say. See? And in spite of that you have ventured to think of Alice! But she's going to marry De Sarsan! And jolly lucky to get him, and to escape such as you—you—and your father!'

'Stop, this instant!'

He met Malcolm's eyes, and the flare dropped from his own. He stood without speaking for a moment; then he moved away in the wake of his party.

Malcolm walked on. The incident had stirred him to wretchedness, but it also urged him forward. The little crowd ahead watched his approach as Cahusac advanced with an air of absolute self-possession.

Suddenly from the heart of the group, one figure detached itself and came towards him with that peculiarly graceful carriage for which American women are remarkable.

'You are late, Mr Cahusac,' said Lorrie Madesson. 'I have been expecting you all the afternoon.'

The incident took him unawares. 'Have you heard'—— he began.

Without replying at once, she led him away across an open space of greensward. Presently she said, 'I have heard everything that has been said or written about you during the last few days.'

'A good many people have failed to see me this afternoon, and—and—you are very kind, Lady Madesson; but you must allow me to bid you—good-bye.'

Lorrie laughed. 'You cannot get rid of me so easily.' Then she added in a different tone, 'I imagined that you and I were fighting out this trouble together.'

'No, no!'

'We made some such compact months ago, didn't we?'

'I had no idea matters would go so far,' he expostulated.

'I should be a poor sort of partisan if I deserted my side at the first hint of unpopularity.' She smiled.

'I understand your generosity, but I will not allow you—to be mixed up in this unfortunate affair.'

'You are under my orders at this moment,' she said peremptorily. 'You do not know in what way I have been working for you, and the least you can do is to act as I wish. Come!'

Up and down the lawns the couple passed, Cahusac suffering infinitely more now than he had suffered when alone. His pride, his generosity, and his manliness were all on fire. Lorrie—a woman—stood between him and the world! He could hardly endure it.

The ordeal came to an end at last. Lorrie took leave of her hostess, adding that she was going to drive Cahusac back to town.

In those days motors were rare; but Lady Madesson, sharing the aptitude of her race for making trial of all things new and likely to be good, already owned one of the best French make. Into this she swept Cahusac, and the car glided down the long windings of the drive, through the heraldic gates, and so on towards the slowly increasing roar of London. The outlying and scattered houses of the suburbs drew into the closer ranks of streets, and these again joined one to the other in continuous lines and cross lines, till they showed the density of building which distinguishes the chief human ant-heaps of the earth.

All this time the two occupants of the car sat silent—Cahusac because at first embarrassment, and, it must be owned, a certain vexation, hindered speech; later, because he became obsessed with painful thoughts, of which the knowledge of Alice's engagement was foremost. Lorrie took care not to interrupt his reverie, but she was not blind to his vexation. She knew that must quickly exhaust itself; as for the smouldering of bitter thoughts, she hoped to fan them into words. She was a wise woman, who understood the worth of the old adage, 'Hurry no man's cattle.'

Presently leaving Holland Park Avenue behind, they reached Kensington Gardens. Lorrie stopped the car at Porchester Gate.

'I am going to walk home through the Gardens,' she said. 'Will you come with me, or can the car drop you anywhere?'

Cahusac woke almost with a start from his abstraction. Lorrie's lovely eyes of deep blue were not to be resisted.

'With you, if I may.'

'We can talk in peace now,' she said as they walked side by side. 'Why would you not come to see me before you left for Paris? Oh yes, Colonel Detching told me!' She wanted to rouse Malcolm, and trained her guns right to the heart of the subject.

'I felt I had no business to worry you with my affairs,' he replied in a little confusion.

'That was ungracious of you, to say the least of it.'

'It was churlish! I see it now,' exclaimed Malcolm. 'Unpardonable!'

'Very nearly unpardonable. Besides, as a matter of fact, you caused me a good many bad

half-hours which you might have saved me,' she rejoined dryly.

'How? How could that have been?'

'Perhaps I may tell you presently. But I can assure you they were really very bad half-hours.'

'But why should you trouble about—my—the matter?' he stammered.

'The insatiable curiosity of a woman, I suppose,' she said; and Malcolm looked down keenly at her. Was it possible that Detching the faithful had so far betrayed him? But no; she was speaking naturally. 'I think it began with Guy's words. Do you remember them? "I'll back London to keep her secret." I think I want to prove if London can.'

'She can!' returned Malcolm with conviction. 'One may now and then escape by chance, but she holds most of them too close.'

'She shall not hold this one!' exclaimed Lorrie. 'You and I and Colonel Detching are three people who do not like being beaten.'

Her look and tone more than the words sent a thrill of hope through Malcolm; he recognised the next instant that it was quite an emotional and unreasonable hope, but it remained with him all the same. In his conclusion, he omitted the fact that a gallant spirit gives out some indefinable quality which leads to victory more often than is ordinarily realised.

'If you can spare the time we might sit here, and I will tell you what I have done since that evening when you first spoke to me of M. de Sarsan,' he said aloud.

They made their way between the trees to the nearest chairs. To Lorrie came a keen remembrance of their last conversation by the Kensington Palace walk; but she could not flatter herself that any such thought occurred to her companion, who was manifestly engrossed with the present moment.

'It was wonderful of you to guess that he was the man!' continued Malcolm. 'I have been following up the clue you gave me, and every point I discover only makes it more certain. He is undoubtedly a secret service agent, working for himself, not for his country—which is the only palliation one can find for the career of a spy. But I never get beyond the fact of his enmity to me. I know he hates me, but I cannot find out how he comes to have so complete a knowledge of all those events in the past.'

'To begin with, I believe he took his part in all those events! I believe he was present. I believe he—— Oh, I can put no limit to my belief in that man's wickedness!' exclaimed Lorrie.

To her amazement, a look of actual horror spread over Malcolm's face.

'Good God! you must be right. You've been right before! And that scoundrel is going to marry Alice!'

'Not Alice Lanceley? I have heard nothing of it.' But her voice, though shocked, was a little cold.

'Wil told me at the Sheringhams'.' He was about to say more, but checked himself.

'What a dreadful idea!' The coldness was gone from Lorrie's voice. 'Poor little girl, she does not deserve such a fate.'

Cahusac had taken off his hat, and now he passed his hand hastily over his hair with a helpless, yet desperate, action that brought Lorrie to the verge of laughter and tears. She loved the man, loved him and pitied him, and was half-angry with him for the folly of his infatuation for Alice; but above all she felt the mother-longing to make his path of life straight and pleasant once again, to see the careless happiness in his eyes that she remembered seven years ago during their voyage from the States. In that instant she realised how much she was ready to sacrifice for him. Life! That would be little indeed! But there were other sacrifices far harder to make. Would any one of them be beyond the measure of her love?

'Do you know,' she said in her soft voice, 'you have never really told me anything about your father's death? I am quite sure that I can help you, but you will make it far easier for me if you will tell me the story of all that has happened.'

'It is only too good of you to listen to it,' he said, and forthwith began.

He told her of Sir Malcolm's murder, of the fruitless efforts of the police to find any trace of the murderer. He told her of the mysterious visitor who carried so terrible a tale to Lady Cahusac's ears in the first hours of her loss, when, distracted by grief, she yielded to the demand for blackmail, which she continued to pay practically to the last. The single fact he withheld was the nature of the blackmail the unhappy lady had paid; he could not bring himself to let fall any hint of that, nor indeed did he think it necessary. He went on to tell of his return from America, of his premonition of misfortune on that evening, of his step-mother's disclosures, of her obstinate refusal to reveal the name of the blackmailer, and of her discovery of those important letters which were to be their release from the exactions to which she had so long submitted.

'I remember going into the library and turning on the electric light just above the cabinet. I had the key in my hand. I put it into the drawer and pulled the drawer open. I saw the two letters tied together with thin cord in a very flat packet, and had them actually in my hand. After that I remember no more until I saw Detching's face hanging over me with an expression I'll never forget, half of pity, half of a piercing inquiry. Then his face altered, but that first look left us friends from that day to this.'

'You were lucky in that at any rate!' said Lorrie definitely. 'He is the best friend I know of.'

He turned to her with eagerness. How beautiful she looked! She was wearing a large hat of a deep blue that matched her eyes and enhanced the exquisite colouring of her face. 'Could it be possible that Detching had a chance?' he thought. 'I wish he could hear you say that!' he exclaimed.

She smiled as she met his glance. 'He has heard me,' she said.

That was all, but Cahusac knew that his friend's dream was hopeless, and that Detching understood it was so. Cahusac made haste to continue. He felt as if he had surprised a secret. 'I had been knocked down by a blow on the side of the head, and the robber, in making his escape, struck at my step-mother also. He missed her, but the door-frame showed a deep mark. The letters were gone, but nothing else had been touched; so we may fairly conclude that whoever took the letters must have been the one person to whom they were essential. My step-mother died a few weeks later; she never spoke a sane word after the terror of that night. But she had been in bad health and much harassed for many years.'

'Harassed for years! Ah yes!' sighed Lorrie, who had in the past learnt the meaning of those words.

After that there was little more to add, for she knew all about the paragraphs, and from Puyfot she had gained some knowledge of the incidents of Cahusac's visit to Paris. He now added a description of his meeting with De Sarsan, and the strange fact that De Sarsan should have sent him to Puyfot.

'I can account for that,' said Lorrie. 'It was a bold move to put you off the scent, and he knew that Puyfot was in his power and dared not betray him.' She laughed. 'When you told me some time ago of Puyfot's tragedy, *Astoreth*, I wondered if you were not going to mention this, which after all is the only thing about the man that would have given me interest to hear. As a matter of fact, I have made the acquaintance of Monsieur Puyfot myself.'

'You know Puyfot?' said Malcolm. 'Why, where in the world could you meet him?'

'At my own house. He has come to London, and *Astoreth* is at this moment under favourable consideration at the Athenia.'

'So Puyfot is in London?'

She nodded. 'I can give you his address. He is at an hotel near Leicester Square. Has it not struck you that there is a good deal to be learnt from Monsieur Puyfot?'

'Probably everything, if only I could meet him as an ordinary acquaintance; but in my own person it would be useless. That is the difficulty.' He gazed at the ground in deep thought. 'I saw Fraynes, who is the head of my department, to-day. He was kind; but he told me plainly that I ought to do something definite in the way of rebutting these libels.' He looked at her with some embarrassment. 'As matters stand, Lady Madesson, I cannot proceed against those papers for libel. The loss of the letters I have been speaking of was fatal, as without them I could not make good my case. Besides, frankly, there is another difficulty that stands in the way. I can't move because of it. The truth is, I am powerless until I can produce evidence of positive facts. With that to back me, I could act.'

'I wish I could help you!'

'Oh, but you can! You have already helped me! Detching was right when he said your head was worth both of ours put together! I have three months' leave, and I am going to use it in the way you advise.'

'But I have not dared to offer you any advice!'

'I think you have, though. Well, I will keep you informed of what I am doing; and you will set me right when I go wrong, won't you?'

She felt a throb of triumph. He was now begging the help he had tacitly refused at the beginning.

'I have not much time to spare on my own account, but there is none at all to spare if I am to save—Alice,' he added. 'You remember calling her a special friend of mine long ago? I fenced with the question then, but I may confess to you now that if I had not been held back by a fear of this happening which has happened I should have tried my luck.'

Lorrie stood up. 'We must make a good fight of it for her sake,' she said very gently; then turning on him, 'I was right when I told you, oh, years ago! that you were part of the feudal system; but you are more, you are worse! For you are fixed in a rigid vice of conventions! You refused happiness for yourself, and perhaps for her too, because of an idea—and left her to fall into the hands of such as De Sarsan!'

An expression he could not fathom had sprung into her face.

'What else was possible?' he rejoined, and his face was a revelation to her. 'I had faith in right once; I believed that truth was possessed of an inborn power, that it could not be hidden for ever. But I was wrong! I may carry a smirched name to my grave, and my best hopes lie in self-effacement and obscurity. A gulf is open between us, between Alice and me. I could not ask her to share my life—now, as an honourable man, I could not!'

Lorrie's glorious face was lit by a glow of indignation. Malcolm, too absorbed in his own line of thought, scarcely noticed it.

'Honour!' she repeated. 'While you know yourself to be what you are, and De Sarsan to be what he is, you still call it "honour" to leave

her to be his wife rather than make her yours! You tune your life to the false key of the world's opinion, not to the only honest or reasonable opinion possible! I have no patience with your spurious ideas of honour!'

He heard her out, his handsome mouth set. As she put the case, and with the charm of her personality kindling the words, all that she said seemed true—tremendously true; but——

'But if I could bring myself to go to her to-day,' he said, 'how do you suppose Alice would meet me? You know what Wil thinks. What would she say?'

'I cannot tell. She may be hide-bound by convention, as you are. But if she loves you, and if she is worth—anything,' Lorrie rejoined with a lovely thrill in her voice, 'she could give you only one answer.'

Before he could speak he found himself gazing at the back of a hansom which was carrying her away to Devos Square.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS' EGGS AND NESTS.

By the Hon. GLADYS GRAHAM MURRAY.

THOSE who believe in the spontaneous generation of life are probably few and far between; the keystone of their opponents' creed is *omne vivum ex ovo.*

The late Professor Bell Pettigrew published a most fascinating and arresting work upon the theory of design in nature,* and there he who runs may read of the author's firm belief in 'the eternal fitness of things.'

To-day is an age of equality; consequently the belief in a Designer and Creator of nature is disavowed, though with the believers in the creed formulated by Professor Haeckel the average amateur has no dealings. To the humbler and less exalted lover of nature there may well seem a glory and grandeur in the belief of a personal and intelligent Creator, a belief which has no parallel in other philosophies; for the quiet observer and would-be naturalist may rest content with the lines of the late Laureate:

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower; but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

It is therefore interesting to study the subject of birds' eggs, their shapes, colours, &c., with a view to tracing some theory of design in their differences.

Birds are not the only egg-layers. Fishes lay eggs, as do also snakes, turtles, alligators, crocodiles, and great numbers of invertebrates. These eggs, however, are not covered over and protected by a hard calcareous shell, the variations of which make the eggs of different birds so fascinating to study.

One of the most noticeable points in birds' eggs is their differences of shape. No doubt the different adaptations of birds have in the cycle of ages caused different families to evolve different shapes of eggs, a particular design being more appropriate for some conditions than others. For instance, the pear shape is very characteristic among birds' eggs. With certain sea-birds—notably the guillemot—which breed on narrow ledges of high and perpendicular cliffs, this pear shape is carried to an extreme; were it not for this fact, doubtless a far greater number of their eggs would roll off and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. As it is, owing to this peculiarly pointed shape, these eggs, when disturbed, spin round and round in a small circle instead of rolling off the breeding-ledge. This pyriform shape is found also (though to a lesser degree) among the plovers and sandpipers, and serves a useful end; for the four eggs being laid so that their points meet in the centre, the small body of the parent bird is able to cover them all at once, which would not be possible were they of a different shape. The owl, on the other hand, lays a roundish-shaped egg, as do the kestrel, sparrow-hawk, and other 'diurnal birds of prey.'

Among the smaller birds, the swift lays a very pointed egg, whilst those of the tits are much rounder. One of the most curious of eggs is that of the kiwi or apteryx. This bird, a native of New Zealand, is of nocturnal habits, and lays one or two white-coloured eggs; but the curious point is the size of the egg, which is out of all proportion to the bird. It is so large that it is affirmed that the egg cannot be replaced in the skeleton without breaking or displacing one or more of the bones.

The most attractive feature of many eggs is their beautiful colouring—for sheer beauty of colour what can surpass the lovely blue of the egg of the hedge-sparrow?—whilst thrushes and redstarts both affect a greenish-blue colouring. Tennyson, who constantly refers to birds in his poems, writes of 'the plain egg of the nightingale,' in which lies hidden 'the music of the moon.'

As a general rule it will be found that eggs laid in tunnels or burrows are white, often with a highly glossy, polished surface. For instance, woodpeckers, owls, kingfishers, parrots, puffins, and trogons all lay white eggs. But, on the other hand, many white eggs are laid in open

* *Design in Nature* (3 vols., Longmans & Co.).

situations. Doves and pigeons have the whitest of eggs, and their nests are as a rule never hidden. Herons, egrets, pelicans, storks, swans, and geese all lay white or light-coloured eggs. The grouse lays eggs of a dirty brown colour, with umber spots; whilst the peregrine falcon's are of a rich red colour, with darker blotches and clouds. The egg of the yellow-hammer is covered all over with streaky lines as though it had been written upon, and those of other buntings are similar in pattern.

The protective colouring of some birds' eggs renders them almost invisible; for instance, the ring-plover nests on the shingle, and the eggs so completely harmonise with the surrounding pebbles and stones that it is often almost impossible to 'spot' them. The green plover also derives great advantage from the mottled shade of its eggs, which are singularly inconspicuous on the ploughed fields and rough wastes where they are laid; but, on the other hand, there are many eggs which stand out conspicuously against the background of the chosen nesting-sites. The wood-pigeon deposits its white egg in the openest of nests, while those of the thrush and blackbird also are easily to be seen.

The colours of eggs have been examined under the spectroscope, and were found to consist chemically of seven pigments: (1st) a brownish red; (2nd and 3rd) delicate blues; (4th and 5th) clear yellows; (6th) a peculiar brown hue; and (7th) an indefinite shade known as lichen ixanthine, which is identical with a colour-substance common in plants, especially in lichens and fungi.

It is pointed out by physiologists that these substances somewhat resemble those found in the blood and the bile of human beings. They are deposited on the shell whilst the egg is passing down the oviduct, and it is due to the circular motion of the egg that the curious scrawls and blotches upon some eggs are found. The shell is deposited in successive layers, and sometimes the pigment is partly concealed by the outermost layers of the shell. The shell is chiefly composed of carbonate of lime, which varies in texture, the surface having in some cases a high gloss, in others a loose and chalky appearance. The shells of ducks' eggs are found to be impregnated with an oily substance, which must doubtless be of great use in resisting the moisture of their surroundings.

The grain of different shells, as seen under the microscope, varies considerably. The eggs of the North African ostrich have a smooth, ivory-like surface, whilst those of the South African are seen, even by the naked eye, to be deeply pitted. In the shell of the guillemot's egg air-cells are to be noticed when examined under the microscope.

The number of eggs laid by the different birds has generally been found to bear some relation to the amount of danger to which the species is exposed. The average number is, roughly speaking, about five. Hawks and owls generally deposit about this number, as do also a great many of our little singing-birds. Sea-birds, on the other hand—penguins, gannets, puffins, auks, petrels, and guillemots—generally lay one egg, though the gull tribe deposit two to four as a rule. The game-birds lay a very large complement of eggs, varying from eight to sixteen or eighteen, whilst doves and pigeons lay only two. From these few examples it will be seen how the various groups of birds differ, and how there is no hard-and-fast rule which holds good in every case.

Most eggs are hatched out by the warmth of the body of the hen-bird, who sits for several days upon the eggs, the period of incubation differing among the various birds. On the soft bill of a newly hatched chick being examined, there will be found at the tip of the upper half of the mandible a tiny hard nodule which is known as the egg-tooth; this acts as a file to the imprisoned chick when it is chipping its way out of the egg, and, since it has no further use in life, it completely disappears long before the bird reaches the adult stage.

There is a great difference in the state of different birds on hatching. For instance, the young of hawks, herons, gannets, crows, and our song-birds are all hatched in a more or less helpless state, some being blind and naked. They are quite unable to leave the nest, and are entirely dependent on their parents for food and protection. On the other hand, the domestic chick, young ducks, plovers, ostriches, and so on are hatched in a far more advanced stage, and are able to fend for themselves at once.

Among most birds the duties of incubation fall to the hen, but there are many exceptions to this rule. In Britain the eggs of the red-necked phalarope are incubated by the cock-bird, but it is chiefly among foreign birds that this habit is found to exist.

In hot countries birds are very often the makers of artificial incubators; in the case of the Moleo birds, of the island of Celebes, the nesting-site is chosen in a beach of loose black sand, a hole of three or four feet is excavated, and in this the eggs are deposited at intervals of about a fortnight. These birds do not brood, and the hatching of the eggs is, therefore, due to the warmth of the sand and the powerful sun-rays.

The brush-turkey, of Australia, is one of the mound-builders. These birds construct huge mounds of leaves and grass, and the warmth produced by the fermentation of this vegetable matter helps to hatch out the eggs.

Among ostriches the cock-bird digs a hole, in which the hens lay, all in the same nest—fifteen to thirty eggs being found—and the duty of incubation falls chiefly to the cock.

No egg is hatched under more curious con-

ditions than that of the emperor penguin of the Antarctic regions. It lays its large single egg on the sea-ice, with a surrounding temperature of fifty degrees below zero; but nature has not allowed this bird to perish, and the parent bird keeps the egg off the ice by placing it on the upper side of its feet and covering it from above by a feathered fold of skin.

To pass from eggs to nests is the next step. There is an immense difference among the architectural designs of different nests. Some birds form hardly any nest; others again build most elaborate structures.

The green plover lays her eggs on the ploughed field, in any little cup-shaped depression; whilst those of the ringed plover are deposited on the bare shingle. Coots make a large nest of rushes, in which their eggs are found. The typical duck's nest is more cup-shaped, and as incubation proceeds is plentifully lined with down. The chaffinch weaves its nest of scraps of lichen along with green moss, and then felts it into a compact cup-shaped dwelling, lined with hair and feathers. The goldfinch has a shallow but beautifully woven nest of fine roots, twigs, lichens, and grasses, and lines this with wool, feathers, and vegetable down interwoven with horsehair. The thrush's nest is a very thick and substantial affair, the outside being composed of grasses, moss, and fine twigs. For the inside lining the bird makes a plaster of clay and wet mud, with odd fragments interwoven; then she moulds the nest into a hollow cup-shape by pressing the damp sides with her breast. The willow-warbler and chiff-chaff have ground nests, generally sheltered under some hedge or bush; and these are also composed of dry grasses, moss, and dead leaves, with a lining of horsehair and feathers. The reed-warbler's nest is of a deep cup-shape, woven round the stems of three or four reeds, which thus form an elastic support for the structure. The depth of the cup prevents the eggs from rolling out even when the reeds are bowed by violent gusts of wind. The nut-hatch chisels out a nest for himself inside a tree, and if the entrance is too large he partially fills it up with clay, lining it with dried leaves, moss, and bits of thin bark. Among the tits, the long-tailed is the cleverest builder. Its nest resembles an oval ball, and is placed in the branches of some low tree or bush. Near the top of this ball-shaped dwelling—which is composed of moss, wool, and lichens all worked together, often with the addition of cobwebs and gossamers—is a small hole by which the birds go in and out. The inside of the nest is literally a feather-bed, and hundreds and hundreds of little feathers are massed together. The swallow and the house-martin build their nests of mud or clay, whilst the sand-martin tunnels its nest in some natural sandbank or cutting. The kingfishers also tunnel out their nests, and their eggs are laid on the pellets which these birds disgorge; whilst, among sea-birds, the puffin lays in rabbit-burrows. The golden eagle has a very huge nest, usually perched on some inaccessible crag, and constructed of large sticks; whilst the peregrine falcon commonly lays in any suitable hollow on a ledge of rock. The sparrow-hawk often lays in the old nest of a crow. Each one of these birds, therefore, shows a difference in its architectural powers; but it is perhaps to foreign birds that we must turn in order to find the master-builders in nest construction.

The tailor-bird, a native of the East Indian region, actually sews together its own nest. By means of its beak it pierces a row of holes along the edges of conveniently hanging leaves, and then, with the fibre of some plant, it sews these together, forming a bag-shaped sort of nest, which is lined with soft white down, and swings from the branch on which the leaves grow.

The weaver-birds, inhabitants of Asia and Africa, have curious pensile nests, which are slung from the branches of trees. The sociable weaver-bird builds a joint-nest, like a thatched roof, in a tree, the different pairs occupying separate nesting-holes in the thatch.

The bower-birds of the Australian region, while they build nests in no way specially remarkable, have the extraordinary habit of constructing 'bowers' decorated with small, bright objects of various kinds, and used by the birds as playgrounds. Among these the gardener-bird seems to carry the instinct for decoration to the highest pitch, employing flowers and bright-coloured fruits to adorn his 'bower.'

The red oven-bird of South America owes it name to the oven-like shape of its nest, which is composed of clay, and set conspicuously upon a bare branch or post; an internal partition divides the nest into an inner and an outer chamber, the eggs being laid and hatched in the former.

Every one has heard of bird-nest soup, which is made from the nests of the awkwardly named 'edible' swift, a bird which is widely distributed over the islands of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. The nest consists chiefly of mucus secreted by the salivary glands of the bird. These swifts breed in caves, which they occupy jointly with bats, 'the mammals,' as Professor Newton puts it, 'being lodgers by day and the birds by night.' The collection of these nests for the Chinese market forms an important branch of industry where the birds abound.

Humming-birds—which, as their structure shows, are allied to the swifts—form tiny cup-shaped nests, suspended from leaves or branches, and barely sufficing to hold the two minute, pure-white eggs.

These are only a few instances taken from a multitude of others which are equally wonderful to consider. There seems at first to be an immense difference between the skilfully constructed nest of the little reed-warbler and the rough hollow made in the ground by the lapwing; yet

both of these birds fare equally well in the struggle for life, and what is necessary for the one would be harmful to the other. Nature solves her own puzzles, but how she works them out is not always vouchsafed to the onlooker to understand.

Quam magnificata sunt opera tua, Domine!
Nimis profundæ sunt cogitationes tuæ.

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

I.—WHISPERING DEATH—*Continued.*

A MONTH passed before we heard again of Pollet, and if he flattered himself that I was sick with suspense he was vastly mistaken; for I knew now that moonlight was essential to the success of his scheme, and as there was no moon I had no reason to feel uncomfortable.

Then, one evening when the moon was again at the full, began the end. I reached home just before supper, and Foster ran out to meet me.

'We've got him!' he cried excitedly. 'Read that.'

It was a note to me, and contained the information that Bobby Pollet was back in his hut on the edge of the Rosewood Scrub. There was no signature, and the flimsy pretence should have deceived no one. I did not doubt that Bobby had returned, or that he had informed on himself in the hope of leading me into a trap. It was perfectly clear.

'Brought by a black "boy,"' Tom went on, his eyes dancing at the prospect of a fight. 'I couldn't pump him, for he neither spoke nor understood English.'

'You ought to have detained the man, Tom,' I said. 'Do you believe that at this time of day, and in these parts, there is such a thing as a blackfellow entirely ignorant of English? Well, it can't be helped.'

Tom's face fell. 'My word! I never thought of that. Anyway, he cleared out like a shot.'

'He naturally feared your astute cross-examination,' I laughed; and Tom, grunting, walked off with my horse.

After supper I stated my intention of riding alone to the Rosewood Scrub, a decision against which Foster protested hotly.

'We believe that a trap has been set,' my anxious henchman cried. 'Is it likely that Bobby will be the only one waiting to watch it sprung?'

'I think so,' I answered. 'This scheme is Pollet's very own. He is the last of the gang which he desires to avenge, and I do not believe that he will share his pleasure with any one.'

'You don't know what he has in store for you,' urged Tom; 'so take one of us, or, better still, both of us.'

'No,' I granted, 'I don't know what is to follow the final manifestation of the whisper and the shadow; but, all the same, I am going alone. They will perhaps materialise.' I laughed, unconscious how near the truth were my words.

'Dinna bother the sergeant, Tom. His mind 's made up,' Macneil said, with a docility which caused me to glance suspiciously at him. I should have ordered them not to follow me; but I did not wish to hurt their feelings, and I never supposed that they would take the law into their own hands. So I refrained, and well it was for me that I did.

The moon was high when, after my ten-mile ride, I made out the dark line of the scrub barring the landscape like a huge snake writhing away to the north. My brain had not been idle; but, think as I would, I could not imagine what was to follow the final performance of the trick. That the danger lay in the whisper and the shadow themselves never once struck me. I gave up puzzling at last, and carefully examined my revolvers, so as to be ready for whatever method of attack might develop.

I did not trust myself too near the gloomy scrub. I had nothing to lose by being seen, and I kept well away until I was exactly opposite to, and a quarter of a mile distant from, Pollet's hut. Then I turned Black Knight's head towards the shanty, and rode forward at a walk.

I wish you could have seen that horse of mine, Black Knight, in the pride of his youth, when he would do for me—well, almost everything but talk; and he made shift in his own way to do that. I have often wondered what would have happened that night had I ridden a horse less perfectly trained and less obedient.

My idea was to dismount outside revolver-range, and then carry out a simple device for my own protection as I neared the hut; for I had no notion how many might be lying in wait within or behind it. So deserted did the place appear that I wondered whether I had not come upon a fool's errand. The silence, too, affected me; and I felt, to my deep disgust, the oppression of that old sensation of nervousness which I had so fully experienced on first encountering the whisper and the shadow. Strive as I would, I could not shake this feeling off, and I asked myself at last, in fierce scorn, whether I was not, after all, a coward.

But soon all power to think or to act deserted me; my brain seemed occupied to bursting by a

single pair of ideas, which expressed themselves in five words that hummed continually in the silence and hammered at my ear-drums till I felt the physical pain of the dreary repetition: 'Dancing shadow and whispering death!' over and over again, and yet again, as, with eyes fixed upon the lonely hut, I advanced to—what? By that time I was beyond speculating; but, could I have done so, my wildest imaginings would not have approached the fantastic truth.

No chirp of insect, no hoot of night-bird, not even the soft breath of a breeze upon the tired leaves, disturbed the heavy silence; yet the air seemed full of that dreary song, from which that one syllable detached itself and roared at me with terrifying persistence, 'Death! death! death!'

Then into the midst of this noisy silence was projected, with a suddenness which sent every fancied sound flying, a human voice, deep-toned, growling: 'Thrice! Beware the shadow and the death—the whispering death! It is the end!'

Squeals of maniacal laughter followed the warning, and I, brought with a snap to my senses by the shock, and feeling sore and ashamed, peered at the hut, striving to materialise Pollet out of the deep shadows which flanked and backed it.

The shrill laughter ceased as suddenly as it had begun, but was instantly replaced by that distressing sound which I had been warned I was to hear to-night for the last time.

Whisper! whisper! whisper! just as before, circling, circling, drawing nearer at every second; but—and I thrilled with satisfaction—no longer having power to harass me with its dread suggestion.

With the reins upon Black Knight's neck, my hands grasping the butts of my revolvers, I waited for whatever was to follow, and smiled to see my good horse so steady. My smile soon faded. Like many another, I laughed too soon.

What was that? Surely not—it could not be—yes, it was another of those horrible whispers, now distinct from, now blending with, the first; and, even as I realised this, I was conscious of a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, coming from every direction.

Whisper! whisper! whisper! from right to left and behind, from left to right and in front, high in air, lower down on different planes, till the horrid sounds seemed just above my head; lower still, about the level of my shoulders; lower still, at the level of Black Knight's back; circling, circling—whisper! whisper! whisper! till the circumambient air seemed filled with hissing snakes threatening to fold me in their strangling coils.

My heart began to beat violently. I made a fierce effort to subdue the temptation to gallop from the spot; for not only did I feel terribly ashamed of my nervousness, but in imagination I heard Macneil's voice calling, 'Move not one step back or forth!'

Black Knight had so far stood like a statue, either unaffected by that devilish whispering, or more likely—trained to instant and implicit obedience, as he was—responsive to the low-voiced order I had given him to stand still. But now he shook his head and snorted, a violent trembling affected him, and his hoofs stirred restlessly. Again Macneil's warning came to mind. If the horse moved, if he turned, what might not happen? I did not know; but, in a voice which faltered, I repeated the command, 'Stand still!' and the good horse—I could almost feel the effort he made—obeyed.

But what had so suddenly shaken him out of his calm? Ah, the shadow! I had forgotten it. I bit my lip hard to keep back a cry. For I saw not one, but two, three, a dozen shadows dancing, flickering to me, away from me, in and out, weaving fantastic patterns which seemed to my excited brain an army of imps leaping to destroy me. So swiftly did those circling shadows move, the moonlit ground was dark with them, just as the air was loud with fell whispers of death.

These horrible things lasted probably a minute in actual time; but to Black Knight, shivering under me, and to me, sitting with throbbing heart, sweat-drenched face, and nerves thrumming like jarred harp-strings, weary, torturing hours seemed to pass. I don't think a human brain could have endured the trial long without giving way. I believed myself slipping from the land of reality into the region of those incessantly dancing shadows, and I don't know what I might not have done in the mental confusion into which I had been flung.

But that wild laughter rang out again, holding now a fearful menace, and through the clatter of sound I heard Tom Foster's voice—no imagination this time—'Slide off! Don't move! Black Knight down!'

I had sense enough left to understand, and, sliding to the ground, muttered a word to Black Knight. That good horse instantly obeyed and lay down, while I, in response to another shout, lay beside him, snuggling under his broad flanks with a delightful sensation of relief, though those whispers still hissed above us, and the shadows jumped as if the imps were frantic to penetrate the charmed circle some magician had drawn around me.

Suddenly the circle of hissing was broken, so to speak, by half-a-dozen sharp cracks, as of smooth stones clashed together. I saw a certain confusion among the shadows, and some thing or things fell clattering to the ground.

Surprised at this novel development, I sprang erect. Foster and Macneil shouted with one voice, 'Lie down!' Something struck me violently on the side of the head, and—I lay down.

A bullet hummed past me as I fell; another revolver roared somewhere; then darkness—silence.

I opened my eyes to find Tom Foster bathing my temples and moistening my lips with brandy, while Macneil was staring into my face with a very anxious expression upon his own.

My head must be pretty thick, considering the number of times it has been whacked without much bad result, and it wasn't long before I got upon my feet. The first thing I saw was some one face down upon the ground, arms outstretched, and very still. Foster said quietly, 'It was him or you. He fired as you fell.' And Sandy supplemented, 'An' then he ran roond to get Black Knight out o' the line o' fire, an' took anither shot at ye as we galloped up.'

'The whispers?' I asked weakly. 'The shadows? What'——

Sandy gripped my arm and led me aside. 'Look!' he said; 'whispers and shadows both.'

The ground was littered with curious objects which I recognised at a glance. 'Boomerangs!' I gasped.

'Jist that—boomerangs,' said Sandy. 'Anither ten seconds in the saddle, an' yer heid would ha'e been smashed by one or mair o' they deevilish things. Ye were safe behind the Knight, for the thrower aimed high, never reckonin' ye'd dismount. Ye'd ha'e been a' richt if ye hadna jumped up. One o' the last o' them hit ye, but providentially missed yer temple.'

'Some of the hurtling sticks met in mid-air with cracks which startled me to my feet,' I explained. 'Well, by George, what a tricky trap! I must compliment you upon your smartness, Sandy. I understand now why you warned me to stand still. My word! Bobby was an expert thrower, and no mistake!'

'He meant to have yer life, too, one way or anither. Man, I wisht I had my mither's gift o' second-sicht! Still, the nicht I warned ye her mantle must ha'e pairtly enveloped me; for I saw ower yer heid a boomerang as plain as plain, an'——

'Sergeant! Sandy! Here, quick!' Foster called, and we hurried to the spot where he stood beside the dead man, whom he had turned upon his back. Without a word, he pointed downwards.

A loud exclamation escaped Macneil. I stared stupidly. The corpse was that of a blackfellow!

We were silent for a moment. Then Foster said, 'We did not examine him after he fell, being so taken up with you. Who would have thought of this?'

'Not one of you three fools, anyway,' came an immediate answer in a loud, deep voice, and we jumped apart as if a bullet had sung through our midst. 'You have escaped me this time, Sparks; but look out for yourself when next you meet Bob Pollet.'

Foster sprang forward, but I restrained him. 'We should never find him in the scrub, Tom; but we'll get him some day. The crafty ruffian! Now I understand things. I wondered how any white man could be so clever at boomerang-throwing. I see! I see! Tom, I beg your pardon.'

'Why?' asked Tom, astonished.

'For speaking as I did about this blackfellow. Pollet most likely went north and brought the poor fellow back with him to do his murderous work. It is more than probable that the aboriginal knew no English. There was no ventriloquism either. The blackie supplied the shrill laughter in my rear that night by the creek, while Pollet stood quietly in front of me.'

Foster nodded and stooped to pick up one of the boomerangs. 'Our friends across the sea, or even the town-bred Australians,' he remarked, 'would marvel could they see what wonderful things a clever thrower like poor blackie here can do with his boomerang.'

'Ay wad they,' agreed Sandy. 'I understand the principle; but I've no' been oot here lang enough to ha'e seen them in operation.'

'You're not likely to about here,' said Foster. 'You see, if thrown to kill, the boomerang drops after striking the object at which it has been aimed. Otherwise, it circles and circles until its flight ceases at the spot whence it was cast. Had only one boomerang struck the sergeant fairly he would have been killed. To keep half-a-dozen flying around him at one time was to make certain of presently pounding his head to a pulp. Certainly only an aboriginal could have performed such a feat.'

'Yes,' I put in; 'and the boomerang which struck me must have been almost spent. The dark, slender outlines of the weapon would be invisible in the moonlight unless very close to one, but the shadow on the ground would be clearly seen near by. Well, well! I'm sorry for the ignorant black, who was but a tool of the rascal Pollet. But, my word, boys, that fellow is clever! No wonder Flower found him useful.'

'We've got to find a use for him at the end of a rope,' Foster said violently.

'Ay!' agreed Sandy; 'an' as sune as may be.'

. . . . . .

Sergeant Sparks was renowned throughout Australia for his courage. I remember thinking, when I heard him tell this story, that for the sake of dramatic effect he made himself out to have been rather more scared than he really was.

(To be continued.)

A MOSQUITO-PROOF TENT IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN your issue of June 1910 there is an article on the danger and trouble caused by mosquitoes in tropical and subtropical regions.

It may be worth while to mention an experience in New Zealand. The present writer was sent by the late Sir Donald M'Lean, Chief Native Land Purchase Commissioner, to survey the boundaries of a large block of land then (1859) being negotiated for with the Maori owners in the North Island. Mr M'Lean, as he then was, was held in much esteem by the Maoris of New Zealand, so that they used to say, 'First Wikitoria [the Queen], then Makarini [M'Lean].' He came from the island of Tiree, Scotland.

This block of land, two hundred and fifty thousand acres in area, was then in its natural state save for the limited native clearings and cultivations along the banks of the three large rivers intersecting it. The 'forest primeval' still stood over most of it.

In the summer-time the mosquitoes were a terrible pest, and smoky fires at each end of our tents were kept up at night. Even in the daytime in the bush we had to wear calico gloves with holes for finger-ends, and a green gauze veil put over our caps and tucked in at the breast and back, and sew up the openings of the shirt-fronts and sleeves; green being the best colour to see through comfortably while using the instruments or for the men cutting lines. We were glad to retreat at lunch-time to the river-margins and clearings for a short spell from the mosquitoes.

At last we hit upon a mosquito-proof tent which gave perfect comfort at nights and on wet days. It had a calico floor sewn closely all round to the sides and ends. The open end was abolished, and entrance given by a manhole with a calico pipe or tube sewn round it and extending some three feet in length. On our entering or leaving the tent through this tube the end was tied up.

Ventilation was given by openings in each end of the tent near the ridge, covered with netting of sufficiently large mesh to admit air, but small enough to exclude mosquitoes. The calico floor excluded all insects.

In pitching the tent a layer of brushwood for bedding was first placed on the ground, and the tent-floor laid over this. On entering we gathered up the tube in the hand and put one leg through, the rest easily following. This proved a great success, and we could listen with pleasure to the mosquitoes humming outside.

The tent described would be useful to travellers and explorers in many lands. The mosquitoes here did not seem to have any injurious effect save the worry they caused, and in some persons the swelling of the parts bitten; no malarial effect followed.

This block of land is now nearly all cleared and occupied as farms, forming several townships, and the mosquito-pest has generally nearly gone owing to the drainage of swampy land and the substitution of English grasses for the native bush and growths. Railways and roads run through the block; and in one old native clearing of some five hundred acres, where at the camp in 1859 we had to keep walking about with our pannikins of tea in our hands at the evening meal, as sitting down was a torment of mosquitoes, there is now a town of eight thousand persons, and one hears little talk of mosquitoes there.

In 1859 there were many settlements of Maoris along the river-banks, and several old stockaded *pas* with carved posts and figures. These have now quite disappeared; and there are also fewer Maoris, who are not so healthy or so happy as they were fifty years ago. In 1859 the Maoris supplied several European traders living at the mouth of the principal river with produce brought down in their canoes: dressed flax, wheat, potatoes, pigs, &c. This trade kept two coasting-vessels employed. This is now wholly a matter of the past. Certainly the advance of settlement has not improved the condition of the aboriginal Maoris. They are a fine race, and the writer lived among them for two years on this survey with perfect safety and confidence on both sides.

TOM THE FIDDLER.

By Sir A. Scott Reid, K.C.B.

THE purpose of the following lines is to rescue from oblivion the name of a still surviving and favourable specimen of a class which, under various chilling influences or causes, is gradually disappearing from the Highlands of Scotland.

Tom was—I prefer to speak of him in the past tense, and as I remember him in his palmy days—one of Nature's musicians, the sum of his artificial instruction having been conveyed in one lesson received in his youth, and for which he had paid a guinea, an event he was in the habit of alluding to with apparent pride and satisfaction. United to a natural taste and love of music, he possessed a keen sense of wit and humour, which enabled him to fill up the intervals, while in the exercise of his professional

function, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, sometimes more pointed than refined. To these were added a ready tact and appreciation of the fitness of things, generally displayed in covert, but none the less effective, acts. Were a tune asked for by a Mackenzie (his own patronymic), more especially if of some social importance, the lilting strains of 'Caberfeidh' replied; and I imagine that as his bow swept across the strings visions of the past glory of the great Applecross, his former friend and patron, and still the constant subject of his thoughts and conversation, rose before Tom's mind. His music was what in poetry would be termed lyrical, and was confined to the simple melodies of his native land. These he played with a rare sweetness and spirit, and with considerable variations; in fact, to such an extent was the latter feature developed that he was sometimes credited with original composition, and I never heard him deny the soft impeachment. Other forms he designated as 'foreign waltz,' and regarded with disfavour.

To see Tom in his proper element was to meet him at a country wedding, where he reigned the presiding genius, second only in public interest to the principal actors in the scene. There, indeed, like his famous namesake,

> Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

Sitting in a conspicuous position, with left foot extended and eyes closed, he threw his whole body as well as his soul into the spirit of the theme. Each muscle and limb vibrated to the measure of the music, and dead to feeling must have been the wretch who could sit unmoved.

> The step grew light, and the bent form erect,
> When Tom drew his bow.

He was not a teetotaler, neither was he given to liquor. He objected to extreme views, being in favour of honest drink temperately taken. To him the moderate use of the bottle was accompanied with no sense of degradation. On the contrary, I think his ideas on the subject might have been summed up in the reply of the old parishioner to his spiritual adviser, who was representing that there would be no drink in a future and happier state of existence: 'Weel, sir, I think it would be a respectable thing to see it on the table.'

Tom rarely left his own parish, in which he had no rival; but on one occasion of great importance he was called in his professional capacity to the neighbouring island of Skye. There he encountered a competitor. There cannot be two kings in Brentford; neither could there be two fiddlers at Duntulm. After eying his rival with much the same expression as that with which one strange collie approaches another, 'Can you play?' said Tom. 'Oh yes,' was the reply; 'I was teached by Macfadden.' 'Teached by Macfadden, wass you? Let me hear you play "Caberfeidh."' The request was complied with, but the result was unfortunate. Swift as Nemesis, and accompanied by an intense accent of pitying contempt, came the verdict, 'Poor old man, I am afraid that you're a liar, for I was teached by Macfadden, and he never played "Caberfeidh" on that key!' Whether the poor old unveracious man survived the blow I never heard. Perhaps his spirit may still be heard among the old castle ruins trying to retrieve the reputation of its former owner. Neither was I told, though I have often wondered, whether the great Macfadden was really identical with the master from whom Tom had received his first and only lesson. To have asked might have spoilt the story.

A few more words and I am done. A short time ago, returning on furlough to the scenes of my youth after years spent under a tropical sun, I found many changes, and some to sadden. The merry dances which used to celebrate the union of bonny lassies with their admiring swains had given place to a cold collation and a brief announcement in the domestic columns of the *Inverness Courier*—an innovation, perhaps, more beneficial to the pocket of the bridegroom than agreeable to the feelings of his guests. Social meetings had taken the form of discussions on the Land Laws, and long and dreary sermons were the pabulum on which the rustic mind was fed. I sent for my old friend Tom. Time had laid his heavy hand upon him; but I think what told more upon his sensitive organisation was the desuetude into which his art had fallen. To me

> He sang wi' joy the former day,
> He weeping wailed his later times.

I asked him to play a few of the airs which had captivated my youthful fancy. Alas! could the strains I heard be the same, or had my senses been corrupted by the compositions of Strauss and Offenbach, as executed by the regimental band? The glamour was gone, and another dream departed from my life.

HER IMMORTALITY.

When I remember how fair blossoms fade,
Breaking frail hearts for winter's chilly kiss,
Yet year by year renew their pristine shade
When spring returns and whispers of fresh bliss,
I marvel that men say thy beauty must
Like baser bodies wither to the grave,
That hands and lips and eyes will turn to dust.
Can God retake what once He gladly gave?

Thy beauty may not suffer time's eclipse,
Thou art indeed immortal; age possesses
Title nor claim upon thy passionate lips,
Nor can resolve to white those golden tresses.
His mysteries to thee Death may not teach,
Nor can wrap silence round thy silver speech.

I. C.

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THE ROTTEN MADE SOUND.

By Professor HUGH WALKER, LL.D., Lampeter College.

IN the February number of *Chambers's Journal* I had the privilege of unburdening my soul in respect of the social problem, in an article entitled 'Something Rotten in the State of Denmark.' The article may be described as a plea that the spirit of science, and not that of party, should be brought to the study of the problem. It offered no solution of the difficulties, and it closed with the expression of a vague and dim hope that sometime, somehow, the spirit of science might afford us aid in our distress. It might be described as the voice of one groping in the dark. But since then I seem to myself to have seen a great light, not from within, but from without; and my purpose now is to draw the attention of readers of the *Journal* to this light, and to ask them to judge whether it is real or a mere will-o'-the-wisp.

Shortly after the publication of the article above mentioned I received a letter from a person whose attention had been drawn to it. He enclosed a pamphlet and referred to a book, and I read both. The latter was little known, although it had been published in French as well as in English, and had been warmly praised by some of the foremost economists in Europe. But it suggested an idea which seemed at once to throw such light upon the whole social problem as to make the book to me the most original, the most fascinating, and the most hope-inspiring of all the works upon the subject that I had ever read.

Any one who still doubts the extreme gravity of the dangers which beset the modern organisation of society should read Herr Hildebrand's remarkable book, *Die Erschütterung der Industrieherrschaft und des Industriesozialismus*. The causes which have produced the organisation are there examined. Herr Hildebrand shows how the insane dream of Britain that she might remain the workshop of the world—a dream which, had it been fulfilled, would have found us now with hardly a bush to shelter a singing-thrush or a green field from which a lark might soar to heaven—was shattered by the peoples of other lands. Unwilling to be ploughmen and stock-raisers to Britain, they proceeded to organise themselves industrially, perhaps only to meet a worse fate than that from which they sought deliverance. The process has spread and is spreading. Europe and the United States are already largely industrial. The whole East—including Japan, India, and the newly awakened giant China—is moving in the same direction. So are the British colonies—Canada, Australia, and South Africa. So are the principal states of South America. In a word, unless something be done to check it, the process is clearly destined to spread over the whole world. And what then? Then we have to face the fact that neither men nor nations can 'live by taking in one another's washing.' The fatal weakness of industrialism, as we know it, is that it upsets the economic balance in such a way that that which ought to be secondary, because nature made it so, becomes dominant, and that which ought to be dominant, also because nature made it so, becomes subject. It is beyond dispute that agriculture is the primary industry of humanity, while manufactures are derivative. Unquestionably the tilling of the soil must, in the last resort, both supply the materials and afford the market for industry. Now, in Britain the last has become first, and the first last. In Germany the balance is gravely threatened, if indeed it be not already overturned. France is partly saved by a stationary population and a system of land-laws which binds a large proportion of it to the soil. Even the lands of America are not boundless; and inevitably, if the process goes on unchecked, the same overturn will, sooner or later, be witnessed there. But America has still to be filled up, while the East is already full. Who shall say what may happen when the terrific human forces still pent up there burst the bonds that have hitherto fettered them, and begin their march along the path by which the West has led? Herr Hildebrand tells us. It is, he says, since about 1825 that commercial crises have become periodical, and the cause of them is the industrial system. Universalise that system, and the result must be a crisis compared with which the worst in the past is as nothing. For there will be no escape. Hitherto, sooner or later, though not without much suffering, the cure has been effected by bringing in the agricultural peoples to redress the balance of industry. Gradually demand has overtaken production, and the wheels have begun to move again. But when

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there are no agricultural peoples left? Then there is no escape. Life must pay the price of a fatal mistake. The social Armageddon has come; and in blood, or more miserably still by the slow death of sunken cheeks and fleshless ribs, the false order must make way for the true.

We hardly need a profound economist to tell us this. Though he can put it more impressively than we could, the ominous unrest around us is sufficient proof that there is something seriously amiss with our system. It is useless to carp and cavil, or to lay the blame on this side or on that. The probability is that, as the phrase goes, there are faults on both sides; but by parity of reasoning it is also probable that there are elements of right on both sides. Now and then it may be possible to say that this side is wrong or the other; but the continual recurrence of disputes affords a strong presumption that both sides are in the grip of circumstance. Many probably have felt thus; and perhaps many, too, have been brought to the verge of despair by the conviction that the remedies suggested are either childishly inadequate, or start with some gross injustice and end in a Utopia where no man with the blood of freedom in his veins would consent to live. Such, at least, was the state of my mind until that astonishing awakening to which I have already referred.

Two points in particular in the pamphlet, *Careers and Work for All*, startled me from my pessimistic lethargy. One, which is rather appended to the pamphlet than part of it, was a simple diagram illustrating the difference, as in 1812 and 1912, between the *power* of production on the one hand and the *actual* production on the other. It is estimated by one of the most cautious as well as eminent of living economists that the *power* of production has, by machinery and improved methods, been multiplied by from four to six; that is to say, each unit of labour could now, working in an efficient industrial organisation, produce on an average from four to six times as much as a unit could produce in 1812. Where, then, it will naturally be asked, has the increased production gone? Many social reformers, in their dismay at the terrible condition of our slums, are tempted to reply, 'It has gone into the pockets of the rich.' Captain Petavel —for this retired officer of the Royal Engineers is the author of the pamphlet and of the book— says no; a small part has gone to enrich the rich, a somewhat larger part is distributed among the workers, *but by far the largest part of the increased power of production is not used at all.* This, he insists, is the simple but momentous fact which has revolutionised the social problem. More and more, in their despair, the poor have been driven towards projects which are really predatory, however much the guilt may be palliated by their sufferings. More and more social reformers who are not themselves poor have, by sympathy with the sufferings, been induced to support such projects. So real are the sufferings and so widespread is this spirit that unless some great change takes place, and that soon, probably the experiment of State Socialism will be tried. But, says Captain Petavel, this spirit is altogether antiquated; it sprang up and had a meaning in a state of things that is past. Once we realise the fact that the whole body of existing wealth is small compared with the potential wealth of the community we cease to hanker after the possessions of the rich, and instead raise the questions, 'Why are the powers of production not fully used?' and 'How can they be brought into action?'

The answer to the first question is, the powers of production are not used because demand lags fatally behind. And so we have the topsy-turvy phenomenon of *over-production*—that is to say, *too much* wealth in a community which is simply hungering and thirsting for *more* wealth. And yet, notwithstanding the paradox, every business man knows that there is a reality behind that phrase over-production. His stores are full, but nobody will buy; he cannot meet his engagements, and is ruined. The warehouses of Lancashire hold millions and millions of yards of cotton, and there and elsewhere are millions of backs ragged and shivering. Yet, somehow, we cannot get the cotton to the ragged back, and both manufacturer and would-be customer suffer.

Apparently, then, the powers of production are already apt to be too much used; and to use them more would only be to get into deeper difficulties. It is over-production the manufacturer fears, and he will hardly thank us for suggesting more production still. But Captain Petavel has his answer. *Increase the demand*, he says, and not only the existing powers of production, but the latent powers as well, will soon be in full use. But how increase the demand? By employing the unemployed, by providing 'careers and work for all.' Give them money to spend, says he, and you may rely upon it demand will increase just in the same proportion. The miser is a rare phenomenon; most men would use wealth if they had it.

One can easily imagine the sad smile which comes upon the reader's face at this point, as it came upon mine. But Captain Petavel is no mere visionary philanthropist who trusts that luck will somehow provide bread for the mouths to eat, or that Providence will intervene otherwise than through human agency. He has his solution of this difficulty too. And this brings us to the second of the two points which have been mentioned as specially striking in the pamphlet. It is that under modern conditions *almost any labour*, skilfully organised, can be made self-supporting. This is not a matter of

speculation, but an ascertained fact. The history of the Swiss labour-colony of Witzwyl is almost incredible, but it is vouched for by a committee of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws which visited it. Witzwyl is an establishment for convicts, containing apparently an average of about one hundred and sixty prisoners. They are of various classes; but the largest class is that of persons sentenced to workhouse detention as being vagrants or 'work-shy'—surely the worst of all classes for production. And yet the astonishing fact is that this colony pays its own expenses. 'The balance-sheet for 1907,' say the British commissioners, 'shows a profit, including the value of improvements, taken on a valuation made by commercial valuers.' The colony is on an estate originally of about two thousand acres. In 1895 it was, except about one hundred and fifty acres, 'in a very poor state indeed; the soil was exhausted; the buildings were in ruins. To-day this estate is in fine condition; the buildings on it, which have been largely added to, are in an excellent state of repair; and the area of the farm has been increased, so that it extends now to two thousand four hundred and seventy-one acres.' And all this apparently at little, if any, cost to the community! Surely we must admit that even exceptionally poor labour, if well organised, can maintain itself. We have to take note of the peculiarity that the labour is forced; that is to say, the workers are men under sentence, not free to go away when they please. But few would regard this as an advantage; and at any rate there are no warders, police, or soldiers, yet very few attempt to escape. The commissioners attribute the remarkable success of the colony to two causes: first, the large number of gangers (about 25 per cent. of the total hands), free and paid workers, whose example and teaching are essential to the efficiency of the whole; and, secondly, the personal influence of the governor and his wife.

We seem, then, to have two conclusions buttressed by evidence which deserves careful consideration: (1) that there is an immense reserve of unused productive power; and (2) that, under skilful management, even labour exceptionally inefficient can be made self-supporting. If so, there ought to be a handsome balance for the fairly efficient, and a very large one for the skilful. Captain Petavel proceeds to show this, and to develop the consequences, in his fascinating book, *The Coming Triumph of Christian Civilisation.* (George Allen & Co.). To unfold the programme would probably be to excite in other minds the utter incredulity which it at first roused in mine. It is rather to be hoped that what has been already said may induce readers to turn to the book itself, when perhaps scepticism may become less sceptical. It must suffice here to touch upon only a few of the boons this attractive scheme promises. In the first place, it brings the people 'back to the land.' Many of us have felt that nothing could succeed which did not do that, and Herr Hildebrand's theory shows that we were right, and why. Secondly, it promises the abolition of slums, and the substitution for them of garden cities, and this in a way which will enable compensation to be paid for the properties demolished, and leave a handsome profit. Besides, there is force in the argument that, even if it were not so, we have to face the fact that we have become a nation of town-dwellers, that our present towns and town-life are unhealthy, and that we *must* change them at whatever cost, or face ruin. Wealth may accumulate, but if men continue to decay nothing but ruin can result. Of the volunteers offered by Manchester during the Boer war, only about one-fourth attained even the lowered physical standard of that time of stress, while far less than one-fourth reached the normal standard of the army. A third point in Captain Petavel's system is that it binds industry and agriculture, the land and the workshop, closely together. That, he maintains, is the only economically sound system; and, at least for such a community as we are, he seems to be right. That, again, is the reason why he makes out a profit from the operation. The decentralisation of population increases enormously the acreage of 'accommodation land,' and only in this way, probably, is the revival of British agriculture possible. The reason of this increase in the area of 'accommodation land' is that land becomes 'accommodation land' because of direct access to a market. Now, directness of access depends upon absolute distance, not upon the size of the market. An urban population of ten millions distributed in one thousand towns of ten thousand inhabitants would have incomparably more 'accommodation land' than the same population distributed in ten great cities of one million each. The little town very largely draws its supplies from the neighbourhood; the great city is far more apt to be a customer of the foreigner. The high rents of 'accommodation land' prove the greatness of the advantage of direct access; and even at the high rents there is no difficulty in letting such land; it is 'rural land' that has suffered from foreign competition. Increase the acreage of 'accommodation land,' therefore, and you increase agricultural well-being.

Only one point more can be mentioned. Decentralisation, it will probably be felt, is a mere dream. Men gravitate to the centre as surely as apples fall towards the earth. They certainly do so *now;* and for a full answer to the question why they need not do so *always*, readers must be referred to Captain Petavel's book. The single point there is space to notice is, the extraordinary cheapness, under favourable conditions, of railway travelling. Our own Great Eastern Railway carries workmen ten miles for a penny; the Belgian State railways carry them

twenty-four miles for the same sum. In the former case it *pays* a commercial company, bent on making profits, to do it; in the latter case we may assume that Belgium is satisfied that it pays indirectly at least, if not directly. Cost of transport, then, may be almost negligible; and this is a fact that awakens a multitude of thoughts. Many details illustrating the possibilities of cheap means of transit will be found in the interesting article by Mr A. F. Whyte, M.P., which appeared in the February number of the *Journal*.

The question may be asked, 'Is this system socialistic or is it individualistic?' The answer is, it is both. There certainly must be some socialistically organised labour. But it is voluntary Socialism, and it is not universal Socialism. Captain Petavel asserts that by establishing a limited Socialism we should re-establish individualism; and this seems to be true. Year by year individualism is more and more interfered with, and before long there will be little of it left. And surely this mixed system is psychologically right, and is the only system that is so. It is true, as Aristotle asserted long ago, that man is a social being. He cannot realise himself except in society; there is an 'unearned increment' of the intellect and the soul as well as of the land. And yet, on the other hand, there is a sense in which the soul of man stands, and must stand, unalterably and eternally alone. There is an 'unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea' between each man and his nearest and dearest friend. And the most sacred right of all is the right to have this incommunicable personality respected. In a populous community we must expect to find the widest varieties; on the one hand, many who cannot live except with the help of others; on the other, some who neither need the organised aid of others (though they *do* need their society) nor can give their best under it. The latter class may be numerically small, but it is of incalculable importance. It includes nearly all the original men, and the original men have in all ages been the springs of progress. One of the weak spots in systematic Socialism is that it seems to offer no secure place for the original man. Yet we can dispense with a million men of routine with far less risk of loss than with one originator.

It is easy to say that it is all a dream, that it flies in the face of human nature. Well, in its grand proportions it certainly *is* a dream now (though Captain Petavel is actually engaged in thoroughly practical work), and a dream it will remain unless men unite and labour for it. But its peculiar strength seems to be that, as has been pointed out above, it does justice to both sides of human nature. If Captain Petavel's state be a Utopia, it is of all the Utopias the least utopian, and in consequence is the only one the present writer ever desired to live in. No doubt there is a sense in which it may prove to be 'against human nature.' *We* are 'human nature;' and if the forty-five million inhabitants of these islands all with one consent determine to do nothing, then it is against *our* human nature. But what if one in every thousand determined otherwise? A little leaven will leaven a whole lump, and possibly the nine hundred and ninety-nine might find themselves dragged in the train of one. And then 'human nature' comes to be that which the one initiates and the nine hundred and ninety-nine do. A beginning has already been made. In the Educational Colonies and Self-Supporting Schools Association, centred at Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, an organisation already exists which offers to any convert to the scheme the opportunity of taking a practical part in the task of furthering its ends.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AT THE HÔTEL MARAVIGLIA.

THE Hôtel Maraviglia made no outward show of its wonders. It was situated in a narrow street, and turned a peculiarly gloomy frontage to the world. Yet it is only fair to mention that its customers found it much more comfortable than other hostelries of far more promising aspect. It was owned and conducted by a pallid and very bald Italian, who was well and favourably known in the neighbourhood as Monsieur Zalpini, 'monsieur' representing to the mind of the man in the street the prefix appropriate to the name of every foreigner, whatever his nationality. For twenty years Monsieur Zalpini had run his hotel with the strict economy of an Italian who is amassing a fortune wherewith to return to his country at the earliest possible moment, yet the economy was modified by the eminent good sense with which he recognised the fact that to attract and to retain well-paying clients one must be a little liberal here and there. This point he was in the habit of illustrating by rubbing the tops of his fat, dark fingers together as if sprinkling salt on some desirable *plat*. 'Let the mule feed, that he may live long and carry the more,' he would say; 'it is, in truth, an old adage, but of an admirable sagacity.'

The management of the Hôtel Maraviglia gave Puyfot entire satisfaction. There was no stint of flavour in the food, and the absinthe had the aroma of good quality; moreover, there were among the guests persons with whom a man of brains could converse and meet with appreciation. Also, it was summer, and even England is sometimes not so accursed in summer! This period

of happiness was, indeed, the full noon of his life; but to Puyfot it seemed only the dawning of a yet more brilliant day.

On the evening following Malcolm's last conversation with Lady Madesson, a tall, slouching individual, with a shabby handbag, turned in at the low door beside which Zalpini sat in a gloomy box which he called the bureau. An acquaintance who was crowding up the door of the bureau stood aside while business was done.

'A room! But yes, one or two to spare. Monsieur desires a small room of trifling expense?' Zalpini shrugged his stout shoulders. 'I fear no! Ah, monsieur is ready to pay an advance! *Buono!* There may be an apartment on the third floor, who knows?' Zalpini, softened by the sight of gold in his new client's dirty but delicate hand, hissed sharply through his teeth.

This brought forth from the cavernous passage a waiter of a cheaper racial quality than Italian. He spoke no known language, but a polyglot picked up during the months he had served the nationally differing guests who formed the clientele of the Hôtel Maraviglia. This youth was understood to say there was a room available, and the slouching stranger inscribed his name in a thumbed volume that lay open before Zalpini.

'Alphonse, show monsieur his apartment.'

The waiter shuffled off, followed by the tired figure of the man who had written down his name as Ambrose Finch. The two Italians left in the bureau stared after him. His sandy hair and thick sandy beard were ill-cut and untidy, and a general look of defeat and depression hung about him. As he disappeared Zalpini reseated himself.

'English!' he said with his finger on the written name; 'but yes! Ambrose Finch! None but barbarians could conceive of such a name, and no civilised personage could pronounce it! He is what they call "down on his luck," *hein!*' with a grin.

The two laughed together with the self-gratulation of the well-to-do.

'He said that he had been recommended to come here. I do not suppose he has often been in such a house,' pursued Zalpini. 'See you, Bagio, how excellent it is to have a good name? It is no more than to-day a halfpenny, to-morrow a farthing, and behold the third day you gather in a shilling!'

'That may be so in your trade,' replied Bagio dubiously; 'but I am a seller of boots.'

Meantime the subject of their remarks was treading the grimy stairs not at all in the spirit of satisfaction which Zalpini imagined; the stuffy odours of escaping gas, cooking, and much-breathed air suffocated him. Would any good come of it after all? He looked round with distaste upon the bed and furniture as the door closed upon Alphonse; he felt the positive nausea of a fastidious man who is forced into contact with such surroundings. The next instant he was blaming himself that he should grumble at anything—anything—when he knew all that Lorrie had gone through for his—sake. Sake! No, for his aid. *She* had brought Puyfot to England; she had even asked him to her house and given him the help of her influence and her wealth. She had endured his society and even listened to his confidences. He could never repay her for her splendid unselfishness; if he succeeded, his success would be owing to her wit and to her courage, not his own. Detching was right; she was a woman any man might adore. Yes! Yet his heart gave no echo to the words, and it was Alice's gentle face, with its eyes of April blue, that haunted him.

As the days passed Malcolm Cahusac settled down more or less to the rôle he had undertaken. At the outset he spoke little, merely giving out for Zalpini's benefit, and because he realised that a known fact kills much of the speculation and gossip which gather about any reticent stranger, that he was looking for a clerkship. He was seen to search papers and to answer advertisements in weary profusion. He applied to Zalpini for advice more than once, and that personage had been heard to remark that the Englishman was 'of a good sort' when all was said.

Cahusac became bolder as time went on; and now, feeling secure in his new personality, he even discussed political events with the habitués of the restaurant, which occupied one whole side of the ground-floor of the Maraviglia. Puyfot often took part in the talk, but he obviously held himself to be somewhat above his company. Yet, his tongue being a member that could not resist wagging, he gave his opinions with a good deal of volubility. But though Cahusac sometimes found the discussion veering near the topic in which he felt interest, not one word did Puyfot drop that proved of the slightest value.

At the close of a week Malcolm began to feel that it was time to report, not progress, but his lack of it; besides, the prospect of a talk with Detching in a less stuffy atmosphere, and the acquisition of a couple of clean shirts to go on with, was exhilarating.

He found his friend as red, sardonic, and as apparently unresponsive as ever, yet something intangible about the man warmed Malcolm's heart with a fresh conviction of his friendship.

'No, I have found out nothing.' Malcolm emphasised the last word, and then laughed. 'Yet, on my honour, after that bath you were good enough to propose I feel an entirely contented man.'

'Pretty near all that a man hath will he give for his physical comfort,' remarked Detching. 'So you have gathered no information from Puyfot or anybody else?'

'Not a word! You will have to make that humiliating confession to Lady Madesson. It

was very good of her to take the trouble to write those letters from Yorkshire for me, but I don't believe the hotel people have touched my bag. It has a patent lock, and I keep it always locked, and I'd be sure to notice if they had meddled with it,' said Cahusac.

And yet Zalpini had skilfully opened the bag, and had been through his letters days before! The Italian found it to his advantage to know as much about his guests as he could conveniently glean. He had slowly perused two notes on cheap paper, both dated from a remote village in Yorkshire. He judged they came from a shrewish sister of 'dear Ambrose,' who complained that no money had yet been sent her, that mother was very ailing, and she hoped Ambrose was not idling and enjoying himself in London, like other young men; and would he send a postal order by the next post? A second letter, a couple of days later, complained bitterly that he had not taken the trouble to reply to the first, and said that he must hurry up with the money, for she was sick of waiting, and she and mother had not tasted meat for a week. A postscript added she knew how careless he was with his money; and Zalpini, recalling the gold and coppers mixed in Finch's hand on the day of his arrival, shook his head and feared the unpleasant Caroline was not far wrong on this point. Besides these there was an angry little line or two from an acquaintance, asking for repayment of a sovereign lent two months ago, if it was a day! On the whole, Zalpini had concluded that Ambrose Finch was precisely what he represented himself to be, not in the least interesting, but—*sapristi!*—unlucky.

Unconscious of these facts, Cahusac went on, 'I sometimes wish, Detching, you could see me at the Hôtel Maraviglia! Zalpini and I are on intimate terms, I can tell you! I do errands for him—while I'm waiting for that miserable clerkship, you know!—but he says I have no notion of a bargain, so my usefulness is limited to fetching and carrying. By the way, that reminds me of something in your line that I came across a couple of days ago. You know the advertising fellow who has an institution at Parrot's Place for curing the world and his wife of every disease under the sun?'

'I have read of him, but I think he is hardly in my line,' retorted Detching with some dryness.

Malcolm laughed. It did his friend good to hear him, though he knew this more cheery spirit arose from nothing more lasting than the temporary escape from the Hôtel Maraviglia.

'At any rate he is so far genuine that he has cured one person. I took a broken potato-parer—I never knew how many extraordinarily clever dodges there are for simplifying kitchen-work until now—round to a French metal-worker for mending. That is the kind of job which, according to Zalpini, suits my ability. This old man, Jarné by name, told me that he had been for thirty years or so helpless with rheumatism, never left his house, and had to give up his regular trade and take to job-work such as I brought him. Well, two or three months ago he heard of Parrot's Place, and applied there, and the treatment appears to have agreed with him, for he is able to walk again fairly well. What do you say to that?'

Detching raised his eyebrows. 'What can I say when I have to judge from a jumbled account given by one ignorant person, and reported to me by another ignorant person?'

Cahusac threw back his head with a chuckle of boyish enjoyment at getting a rise out of Detching. 'I'll go round again—on your account, Detching—and ask for more accurate information. Besides, Jarné is a character.'

'I think it might lead to something more definitely useful to your aims if you were to go round and consult Lady Madesson.'

'What's the good of bothering her?'

'I never proposed that you should bother her.'

'Oh, well, I'm ashamed of failing to get any forarder with Puyfot,' said Cahusac. By the way, any letters for me?'

Detching stretched out an abnormally long arm and fished a bundle from a pigeon-hole in his writing-table, and threw it across. He watched Cahusac glance through the letters, and skilfully disguised an uncontrollable grimace when he saw a slight red come up into his companion's face over one that bore a delicate monogram, 'A. L.'

Cahusac did not even finish reading it, but put it back in its envelope, and, taking no notice of the remaining letters, thrust the lot into his pocket. His brief spell of good spirits was over, and it is a regrettable fact that Detching, noticing it, said a good many bad words in the privacy of his own mind.

Then Detching pulled out his watch. 'I'm bound to be at the club to meet a fellow just now; but I shall not be long, if you can wait for me for a bit,' he said, rising and stretching himself.

'Thanks; yes, that will suit me. I'm supposed to have gone down to Clapham to-day to see about a booking-clerk's place in a butcher's shop, so I have plenty of time,' Cahusac replied with an effort at his recent good spirits.

No sooner had Detching departed than Malcolm took out Alice's letter and read it through slowly and carefully. There was not much in it, only a pitiful reminder of their last meeting, of how stupidly she had let slip the chance of saying the very things she had meant to say; and she went on to beg him not to think harshly of her because of what Wil had told him—the poor girl could not bring herself to put the fact of her coming marriage with De Sarsan down in black-and-white for Malcolm's eyes to read; she did not look for happiness

in the future, but if she helped Wil, that would be something to live for. And she hoped that Malcolm would not be like her, but very, very happy—she had prayed that he might be so; and though, when they met again, they would each have other ties, still she would never alter, but remain as long as she lived his sincere and affectionate friend.

It was in truth a letter straight from a sorrowful, simple young heart, and calculated to wring the withers of any man to whom it should be addressed. Malcolm sat holding it in his hands, while his eyes ached and burned with the tears that never really come for a man's relief. Dear, gentle and confiding Alice! sacrificed to the differing but equally selfish aims of those two, Wil and De Sarsan, both of whom she believed truly loved her! For a long time the thought did not occur to him of the answer that he must write, and which she would be expecting by every post. When he recollected it a new perplexity confronted him. Suspecting De Sarsan as he did, was he not justified in sending her some vague warning? Could he forgive himself if he allowed her to take the fatal step of a marriage with such a man? He almost decided that he must write some hint, but in what words could he couch it?

Distracted by doubts of the wisdom of following this course, and the possible consequences of not taking it, in the end he snatched up a pen and wrote more tenderly than he was aware, telling her how grateful he was for her goodness in thinking of sending him a letter, and how entirely he understood all that she had done or meant to do, that he knew she lived for others and not for herself, but he begged her not to allow herself to be hurried into any decided act, and signed himself in the past, in the present, and always in the future, her faithful friend.

Perhaps if he had had time to read it again he might have altered its tenor, but Detching entered as he placed his name on the notepaper, and there was no opportunity for more.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF COLLECTING WAR-MEDALS.

AMONG the many objects of the collector's search there are perhaps few to which more sentimental interest attaches than to war-medals. They commemorate the deeds of brave men who have passed away, and recall some of the innumerable heroic conflicts which won for us the Empire. It is a matter for regret that the collector, in his endeavour to rescue from destruction or oblivion these badges of valour, should have to contend with trickery and deceit. If the bestowal of war-medals is a tribute to the stout-heartedness with which some of Britain's sons can fight, the collection of them brings to light the skill with which others can deceive; and it may be of interest to discuss a few particulars of the faker's art—an art that is more extensive than some collectors may be apt to think. It will be convenient for this purpose to classify war-medals roughly into certain categories.

The first group that claims our attention embraces those medals issued prior to 1800, of which the dies are not now extant. There are two ways in which such medals can be reproduced—namely, by taking casts or by electrotyping. In the case of castings, the fraud can be discovered as a rule by examining the surface, and especially the smooth background, with a magnifying-glass of some power. If the medal has been cast it will be seen that this background is covered with minute pitting, a defect inseparable from the process, while if the medal has been struck the surface is absolutely smooth. Sometimes the faker tries to obliterate this difference by touching up the surface, or by subjecting the medal to artificial wear; but it is almost impossible to remove these marks entirely without wearing the surface unduly. As a final test, the aid of the chemist can be invoked to ascertain the specific gravity of the metal, for struck metal has a higher specific gravity than cast. Electrotyping scarcely need be considered. By the usual process the replica is made in two halves, which are stuck together; but it is very possible that, owing to improvements in the art, this method of imitation may become more dangerous in the future.

The next group to be considered includes those war-medals issued by the Hon. East India Company prior to 1845, of which the dies in one instance are in private hands and in others at the Calcutta Mint.

Restrikes of these medals are not uncommon, as it is only within recent years that the Calcutta Mint has been prohibited from issuing them. At first one might be inclined to say that to distinguish a restrike from an original would be a hopeless task, since both come from the same die; and indeed it must be confessed that to do so is not always easy. However, a die that has been laid aside for some time is sure to rust, especially in a tropical climate. The process of cleaning it injures the more delicate lines of the design. A doubtful specimen is therefore placed, as before, under the glass for the detection of any rust-spots and for the examination of the finer details. Further, the blank discs on which restrikes are struck are nearly always of a different thickness from those used originally, or have borders of a slightly different width. If an undoubtedly genuine specimen is at hand for

comparison, no restrike should escape detection. Occasionally proofs of some of these medals are met with. They are usually silver-gilt, and it is scarcely possible to remove all traces of the gilding without marking the surface of the medal.

The last group of war-medals to be considered is an important one, as it includes nearly all the war-medals bestowed by Queen Victoria, in most cases issued with a varying number of clasps commemorating different battles or sieges. All these medals (with but few exceptions) were issued with the recipients' names marked on them; and consequently in the examination of any such medal there are three things to consider—namely, (1) the medal; (2) the clasps, if any; (3) the recipient's name, and the engraving. As regards the medals themselves, all the dies are in the possession of the Government, and no restrikes are possible, except an occasional issue of a representative set to some semi-public institution; but there are in existence a certain number of silver proofs, and in some instances surplus unnamed medals which are a snare to the collector, for when one of these comes into the possession of the faker the skilful addition of a name on its edge may make it a dangerous lot in the saleroom.

It is, however, in the matter of clasps that the faker finds the most extensive field for his skill. Until comparatively recently a very large amount of the work of striking and fixing clasps to war-medals was not done by the Mint, but by outside firms to whom the necessary dies were supplied. Not only were surplus clasps struck at the time, but a very large number of the dies were never recalled by the Mint and are still in private hands. The result is that clasps can be had which were struck from the original dies a great many years ago; even if a clasp has been struck recently, it is usually a far more difficult matter to detect than in the case of a medal, for there is less detail to examine, it is coarser work, and there is no smooth background. The mere stringing together of a number of genuine clasps taken from two or three medals, and fixing them to one medal, is a comparatively unimportant form of fraud, as but little profit is to be obtained thereby; but the skilful substitution of a rare clasp for a common one may mean a gain of fifty to one hundred pounds.

Much can be learnt, also, from an examination of the name on the edge of the medal. It will be found to be machine-impressed or punched by hand in varying types, or else engraved in different ways. Each style has its own meaning, for the various campaigns and periods have each a distinctiveness of their own in these particulars, and in some cases this is true of individual regiments.

Fortunately for the collector, most of the earlier (and rarer) medals were impressed with a refinement which the faker cannot equal; and the various types of engraving also have as much character as handwriting. Still, very skilful imitations are to be met with. In appraising a medal of this group, therefore, the medal itself, the clasps and their riveting, and the name have to be examined; and in addition the medal-roll should, if possible, be referred to in order to see that the man's name is entered therein.

It will be useful now to give a few specific instances. At a sale in London not so very long ago a medal with two clasps (one being extremely rare) was offered for sale, accompanied by a photograph of the deceased veteran wearing his well-earned decoration, and a letter from a descendant authenticating it. It realised some fifty pounds. Among the records in a Government office there exists the receipt for his medal signed by the veteran in question, which shows that the medal when issued had one common clasp attached to it. Imagination can fill in, with some degree of accuracy, its history after it was purchased from the old man's heir. Its new owner removed the clasp and took the medal to the firm that has the original dies and surplus clasps, and representing himself as the grandson, stated with filial piety that he wished the treasured heirloom (now unfortunately damaged) to be 'repaired' by the addition of the two clasps which appeared later on in the saleroom. The total outlay must have been about three pounds, so the transaction was highly profitable.

Another medal with one very rare clasp was sold some little time back for about a hundred pounds. It had on the edge the name of a soldier who is mentioned in the *Historical Records* of the regiment as being present at the battle for which this clasp was given. The medal was authorised more than thirty years after the event, and was issued to survivors only. The *Historical Records* of the regiment show that this man was granted a sinecure appointment, which entailed his residence being within one hundred miles of Bombay. The India Office records reveal the fact that the only medals issued with this one clasp, and no others in conjunction with it, were sent to the Bengal Government at Calcutta, and not to the Bombay Government. A very strong inference exists that this medal is a proof, to which the name has been added, and that the clasp is spurious. As the recipient was a native soldier, a check by the medal-roll is not easy.

In the case of the Naval General Service medal granted in 1848 to the survivors of the wars from 1793 onwards, a vast amount of faking goes on. These medals bear only the recipients' names—for example, 'John Smith,' without the addition of any ship's name. Now, for the sake of argument, we may assume that among the very large number of men who received this medal with the one clasp 'Syria' there were a dozen John Smiths, and that among the very few survivors in 1848 of the action between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* there was one John Smith who

received the medal with the clasp for that victory. The faker obtains the medal of one of the dozen John Smiths who received the 'Syria' clasp, which is removed; then (in the way mentioned above) he has his 'grandfather's' medal 'repaired' by the addition of the clasp '*Shannon with Chesapeake.*' In the sale-catalogue the magic word 'verified' is entered against this lot, signifying that the medal has been verified with the official medal-roll, and a large sum is obtained for it. The detection of a fraud of this sort may be well-nigh impossible, except by some lucky accident. Military medals, however, can hardly ever be manipulated in this particular way, as the man's regiment is added after his name.

Reference has been made to the medal-rolls, which consist of the lists of men entitled to the various medals and clasps, compiled by authority, and by which the issues were regulated. With a few well-known exceptions, medal-rolls of all Europeans dating from the battle of Waterloo are preserved in the different Government offices, and are for the most part very complete. The rolls for a few campaigns are entirely missing, but even in these cases a medal can be verified occasionally if the prize-roll or some other collateral document is extant. Almost all the medal-rolls of native soldiers are abroad, and the earlier ones are very incomplete; in consequence the verification of native soldiers' medals is usually difficult and often quite impossible, a fact which is reflected in their market values.

As the number of unnamed and surplus medals is small and annually diminishing, the edges of named medals are faked in large numbers. A genuine medal is fitted with the desired clasps, the recipient's name and regiment erased, and a suitable name and regiment substituted. Frauds of this sort are very common, though they can be detected at a glance, and it would seem to show that there are a large number of careless or inexperienced collectors. Our Government offices are not altogether strangers to this form of fraud, for now and again claims to pensions are received from unqualified individuals on the strength of faked medals bearing their names.

The faking of medals, however, is not restricted to the unscrupulous dealer; some medals owe their fraudulent character, without any doubt, to the personal vanity of the recipient. Private A. (or Lieutenant B.) is not always satisfied with the medal bestowed upon him by his sovereign, and sometimes adds to it such clasps as vanity or self-esteem may dictate; nay, occasionally he is not content with an extra clasp, but adds another medal. The assistants behind the counter in certain well-known London shops could tell some curious stories of this sort; and a considerable trade is done at Birmingham in the manufacture of colourable imitations of all clasps intended, not for the collector, but for the soldier.

Thackeray, in his burlesque entitled *The Next French Revolution*, depicts Louis Philippe reviewing his troops. His Majesty, going up to one old *grognard* and pulling him by the ear, says, 'Wilt thou have a cross or another ration of wine?' 'Sire,' replies the old hero, 'a brave man can gain a cross any day of battle, but it is hard for him sometimes to get a drink of wine.' The sentiment that inspired this fictitious French veteran of a past generation can be found now and again in the breast of the living British soldier. It is not an unknown occurrence for a soldier who is in possession of a rare clasp—say, for example, the China medal (1900), with the bar 'Defence of Legations'—to sell his decoration at its market value, which may be as much as ten pounds, and to replace it by one with a Birmingham clasp at the cost of a few shillings. In fact, even in the case of the commissioned ranks, the sale by the recipient of the most coveted decoration for bravery in the field has taken place *sub rosa* before now. The unwary collector, however, who favours this sordid practice is deceived sometimes (and deservedly so) by the 'old soldier' whose apparent reluctance to sell the medals on his breast is overcome at length by the power of the purse. Too late he finds that he has purchased a worthless faked-up group.

In looking at any collection of medals one cannot help noticing how inferior modern medals often are when compared with the earlier ones. If we examine a medal of Wyon's, for instance, we feel that we are looking at the design of a genius and the work of a master-hand; even in the smallest detail no sign of carelessness or haste can be detected; everything has been completed with the utmost refinement and skill. The clasps harmonise with the medal, and the rivets are the work of the jeweller. The recipient's name has been impressed on the edge with a skill that has never been equalled, or if engraved it has been done like copperplate. On the other hand, the modern medal is too often inferior both in design and in execution. The relief is poor and the metal soft; the clasps are heavy things, clumsily riveted together; the names are punched roughly or carelessly engraved.

After all, there is perhaps a certain fitness in this, for of late years the tendency has been to grant medals and clasps for comparatively insignificant operations and actions. A few instances will suffice to illustrate this. The Military General Service medal granted in 1847 to survivors of the wars extending from 1801–14 commemorated with its clasps twenty-eight battles, sieges, &c. The South African war, which lasted two and a half years, produced two medals and twenty-seven clasps. The Indian Mutiny, which lasted half that time, is represented by one medal and five clasps; the medal without a clasp being issued only to those who had been actually under fire. Many thousands of South African war-medals were issued to men

who were engaged in peaceful military duties, including the garrisoning of St Helena.

The great Duke possessed four British war-medals; the first Lord Hardinge also had four; whilst Sir Charles Napier, who fought in Europe, Asia, and America, had three.

This slight digression must bring our subject to a close. Medal-collecting, when properly undertaken, is not a mere hobby; it teaches the military history of our nation for more than a century; and this brief sketch, which gives a glimpse of the technical aspect of the subject, may serve to show how great is the interest attaching to it.

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

II.—TROOPER OR TRAITOR.

NOTHING had been heard of Bobby Pollet since his escape on the night when he played for the last time the trick of 'the whispering death;' but I felt sure that we should have to deal with him again, and when it came to the reckoning I meant to do my best to make it final.

The six months which had elapsed had been uneventful; but we had of late been busier, for there had been a good deal of horse-stealing. Only saddle-horses had been taken, and it was fairly certain that they had been hidden somewhere in the ranges; for the most careful watch had been kept on tracks and roads, as well as in the towns, where no attempt had yet been made to dispose of the stolen stock.

One evening, when we were lamenting our continued failure to catch these troublesome thieves or to recover the horses, some of which were very valuable, an idea suddenly occurred to me, and I said, 'Boys, there are other uses for horses besides making dishonest money by selling them.'

'Ay,' agreed Sandy Macneil, 'an' ane o' them is to carry rascals.'

'My word!' exclaimed Tom Foster; 'you mean that some one is forming a gang and collecting mounts for his men?'

'You've got it, Tom. Run over in your mind a number of "bad men," and try if you can hit upon one who would be likely to take to the bush if he got the chance.'

'Bobby Pollet!' Tom answered without hesitation. 'I was thinking only last night that it was about time we heard from him.'

'He's no' likely to send us written notice this time,' began Sandy, and then made a sudden grab at my collar and pulled me over backwards, chair and all, just as the roar of a heavy-calibre revolver was followed by the thud of a bullet against the wall behind me.

Before the report had died away Foster was out through the window, and we heard his footsteps as he raced in pursuit of the would-be assassin.

Sandy had caught me as I fell, and his face was very pale and his hands shook as he set me upright. I pressed them warmly. 'Thanks, Sandy! He would have had me that time but for your promptitude. I shall sit here again. Now trace the line of the bullet.'

Macneil glanced at me and then at the wall. 'It wad ha'e struck ye fairly in the centre o' the left temple,' he said. 'Man, I 'm glad I saw yon beggar in time, whaever he was.'

'Not much doubt about his identity,' I observed. 'Here comes Tom.—Well, Tom, did you catch Bobby Pollet?'

'You saw him, then?'

'No; but I am inclined to think that the one and only Bobby is the culprit.'

'You are right,' admitted Tom. 'I chased him for two or three hundred yards, and then he slung across a horse; and even had I been mounted I could not have caught him.'

'How 's that?'

'Because he was riding Aurora that was stolen from Timpany, and nothing ever yet caught that mare. As he galloped off the cheeky brute sang out, "So long, Tom Foster! Tell Sparks I 'll nail him yet. Don't trouble to pursue me; I 'm on Aurora." Then he sent a bullet at me; but he was too far off.'

'Owned up that he was riding Timpany's mare, did he? I tell you, boys, such confidence is not displayed for nothing,' I said. 'I suspect that we are in for a big thing. Bobby has formed a gang, and there will be stiff work before we break it up.'

'Ay, Bobby 'll tak' some beatin',' agreed Sandy. And Tom vowed fiercely, 'But we 'll beat him, all the same.'

Sandy went next morning to Baraldarong to recall Trooper Tarrant, lent to that township by me, and another trooper named Durfy, who had taken the place of Trooper Spiller, deceased. Tom and I rode over to Toomburra to secure a couple of good remounts; for the owner of the station, Mr Ingram, or 'the squire,' as he was more often styled, was accustomed to supply the Government with horses for the Mounted Police in all parts of the colonies—they were not states at that time.

The squire gave us a good dinner, and promised to send over the horses next day. He would no doubt have done so had not Mr Pollet

happened to have other views regarding their destination.

When we started to ride home the night was fine but gusty, with a half-moon occasionally obscured by drifting clouds which turned the bush suddenly black. During one of these spells of darkness, when we were within a quarter of a mile of the north-east corner of Squire Ingram's home horse-run, we both reined in on the same impulse, and Foster said, 'Did you hear that?'

'Rather!' I answered. 'The squire's turn appears to have come.' Until now Mr Ingram's horses had not been stolen, though almost every other owner in the district was groaning under loss.

'There it is again,' I said, as the unmistakable crack of a stock-whip reached our ears, faintly enough, for it was not being used with anything like full power.

We dismounted within a grove at the north-east corner, and stood with our hands covering our horses' nostrils lest they should neigh. We could hear the restless movements of a number of horses some little distance away, and while we waited expectantly the clouds flicked off the moon, and the half-light illumined an interesting scene.

About three hundred yards away a mob of some fifty horses were huddled together in an enclosure, with a dividing fence used for sorting out. As the light brightened, a man opened the dividing gate, jumped on to his mount, and rode slowly forward, followed with the docility of sheep by ten or a dozen horses. These were no sooner through than other four mounted men closed in on the rear of the procession to prevent any of the stolen steeds from 'breaking back.'

'Cheek!' exclaimed Foster, springing into the saddle. 'I don't think they'll bag that string to-night.'

'They will, though,' I differed, restraining him. 'Wait a bit,' as he began to protest. 'It is not a case of odds against us. If my eyes did not deceive me, Bobby Pollet headed that procession. Don't you see what a splendid opportunity this is to follow him to his hole?'

'My word, yes! I never thought of that. Come on, then.'

'I am not coming yet. You must trail that lot, and Sandy and I and the others will follow you. We will rendezvous at six o'clock to-morrow night in the ranges at the north end of Murderers' Gully, and I hope that you will have some news for us. Is that clear?'

'Perfectly!'

'Follow them as far as you think fit. If they take the Quondong track, you can get food and water at old Moreton's hut, which will keep you going until we come.'

'I'm not afraid.'

'I wish you were, Tom—just a little. Be cautious for your own sake, and also in order that we may have a good chance to break up this gang before they can start bushranging. Remember, Tom, you are one, and they are at least fifteen.'

'Five, you mean, sergeant.'

'Five just ahead of you; but thirty horses have been stolen, including those to-night. Reckoning two horses to a man, Bob Pollet has already a gang of fifteen.'

'My word! I never thought of that. I'll lookout. So long!'

We clasped hands. The task I had set Foster had its peculiar dangers, and we realised that we might not meet again.

My three lads arrived just after I reached home, and I told them to turn in soon after supper, as we should have to start before dawn. Michael Durfy was a man we knew nothing about, except that the Commissioner had sent him to Baraldarong, whence Tarrant had written describing him as the most silent man he had ever met. We found him so; for not a word escaped him but 'Yes,' 'No,' or 'Thank you' until we had lit our pipes, and then he electrified me by inquiring, 'Does Foster know the part of the ranges where you expect to find Pollet?'

'Who told you that we were going after Pollet?' I asked in my turn; for Bobby's name had not been mentioned in his presence. Macneil I had told, but no one else. I showed my surprise plainly; but Durfy answered quietly, 'I heard you telling Macneil. I was going back to the stable for my belt, and you didn't notice me.'

The answer was quite plausible, and in reply to his question I said, 'Foster knows no more than the rest of us where we may be obliged to go. Pollet may not be in the ranges at all. The direction we take will depend entirely upon Foster's report.—Now, boys, to bed. Combo,' our aboriginal servant, 'will rouse us in good time.'

I busied myself in my own room for a few minutes, heard various doors opened and shut, and then prepared to go out into the paddock to smoke and think.

As I reached the kitchen, where we had supped, the back-door opened, and, to my surprise, Durfy entered. 'I went to the stable for my belt,' he explained. 'I left it there after rubbing down my horse.'

'Oh, did you? Well, good-night again. I'm going for a stroll.'

Durfy proposed to accompany me; but this I would not hear of, and he went in, rather sullenly, I thought.

You remember the paddock and the bottle-brush tree from behind which Pollet's blackfellow had sped the first boomerang with its hideous whisper? I glanced at the tree, and as my gaze travelled beyond it I saw on the hillside a man running hard. Even in that light it was possible to recognise him for a blackfellow, and I wondered what he was doing there; for though

there were still many wild tribes at that date, we were not much troubled by them in our district.

I watched the black until he disappeared, and then walked slowly homewards, hardly knowing what to make of it. On the face of it, I was driven to suspect that he and Durfy had met, but I could not imagine why. A blackfellow, my surroundings, all recalled Pollet; but to link Pollet and Durfy together even in thought—to suspect one of the force of treachery—oh, ridiculous! The Commissioner knew Durfy, if I did not. Yet the man's reserve, the twice-offered flimsy excuse he had made about his belt, his effort, as it now seemed, to detain me talking inside the house—what was I to make of these? I went to bed wondering.

As Durfy and I rode in advance of the others through the dawn I said to him, 'I notice in the roll-book that there is a trooper of your name in the southern district.'

'Not now,' he answered. 'I was there, but I was transferred last June, and the Commissioner a month ago sent me to Baraldarong. You might have seen my name on the roll any time these six years, had you had occasion to look for it.'

So there was, after all, no mystery about him. Indeed, had I not caught sight of the blackfellow I should never have supposed that there was. It was curious, I thought, how one or two trifling circumstances had combined to make me suspicious of the man.

'I wish that we knew more about these ranges,' I said. 'We have not been stationed here long enough to do much in the way of exploring them.'

'Sergeant Sparks—sir—I'—— The self-contained Durfy was stammering like a bashful boy.

'What's wrong with you, Durfy?' I asked, surprised.

'I—I'd like—I ought to confide in you. I must indeed, in order to explain why I—— Sergeant, my name is not Durfy.'

'Not Durfy! What is it, then?'

'I am known as Durfy; but I am really Charles Levenhall.'

'Good heavens! Charles Levenhall! You! the son of old George Levenhall of Grassmiston, on the other side of Toomburra—the man who ruined'—— I broke off. Charles Levenhall had brought complete ruin upon his family by his worse than wild ways, and Grassmiston had passed into other hands.

The man hung his head. 'I am he,' he said huskily. 'No one knows but you.'

'I shall not betray your confidence,' I said coldly; for this man had wrought no common ruin upon a worthy stock. 'You joined the force as Durfy after you—after your disappearance six years ago?' He nodded. 'Why have you told me this?'

'To prove my good faith,' he said miserably. 'Can't you see the reason?'

I shook my head. I was at present occupied in trying to speak more cordially than I felt. There was something incongruous in the idea that one who had broken all social and most moral obligations should at once have transferred himself to the side of law and order. Still, as warmly as I could, I bade him cheer up, and told him he was still young enough to——

And then I suddenly understood. 'Why, if you are Charles Levenhall,' I cried, 'you must know this district well.'

'It was to convince you of that that I revealed my identity,' he answered. 'I can't, of course, guide you to Pollet; but I can take you to places the way into and out of which nobody could guess, and in one of these you may find him.'

'Do so, then,' I said curtly; for I could not bring myself to be cordial. His revelation had, in fact, astonished me; and although I believed his statement as to his identity, my half-formed suspicions of him returned in full force. He was reformed, he had assured me; but the things he had done—— No, I could not pretend to like him, though I recognised that he might be extraordinarily useful.

'Levenhall, or I had better continue to call you Durfy,' I said, 'I must tell the others. They will not betray you. They would suppose me mad if I put you, apparently a stranger, in a position of trust, unless they knew the circumstances.'

'Very well,' he acquiesced. 'I hope they won't throw my past in my face.'

'They are not the men to do that,' I assured him, and called a halt for breakfast, when I told Macneil and Tarrant what I had learned, having sent Durfy off to gather sticks. Tarrant openly expressed his sympathy with the man. But Sandy's mind I could not quite make out; on the whole, I considered him, like myself, inclined to suspect Durfy's good faith.

However, I had agreed to trust him; so, when he returned and started a fire, I said, 'After we have heard Foster's report, we will move, if necessary, under your guidance. If you find Pollet, we shall owe you a big debt of thanks.'

'I'll do my best, sir,' Durfy answered quietly; and, as I saw Macneil's eyes burning into his, I gave myself up to the business of breakfast.

About midday we passed Moreton's hut, and the old man told us that he had not noticed the passage of men and horses during the night, but that Foster had called for food and water at about eight that morning. 'There were a blackfellow came along five minutes after Mr Foster,' old Moreton added. 'He were trailing light [naked] an' workin' his nose up an' down just like a dorg. I thought he'd likely be one o' your trackers.'

A blackfellow again! Was I never to be done with blackfellows in connection with Pollet? The others did not overhear this communication, which I kept to myself.

At half-past six we reached the rendezvous; but Foster was not there, nor had he arrived at ten o'clock, when I took the first watch. At midnight I aroused Macneil; at two Tarrant was to come on, and Durfy at four. I was to be called at once if Foster arrived. I woke at two to see Macneil shaking drowsy Tarrant into wakefulness, and promptly went to sleep again. About half-past four I was again disturbed, and lay quite still, letting my eyes rove round our bivouac to see if I could discover the cause of my awakening.

Durfy was standing by the fire in a line with me, and I admired his alert and soldierly appearance. The next moment so savage an anger against him filled me that it needed little to make me shoot him where he stood. For there was a movement among the bushes on the opposite side of the stream, and Durfy, after a sharp scrutiny of each of us, stepped to the edge of the meadow-like strip which bordered the creek upon our side. A blackfellow instantly slid from the bushes, crossed the shallow creek, and stood before the traitor in the humble attitude of a slave. Durfy gave him an encouraging pat on the shoulder, and the aboriginal with extravagant gestures expressed his delight.

I heard not so much as a whisper; but a lengthy communication was made to him, and then Durfy, touching his chest and pointing away, indicated each of us, and held up five fingers. This was, of course, a notification of our number, including the absent one.

But the black shook his head and held up four fingers. Did this mean that Tom had come to grief? Durfy asked a question by a gesture, and the black answered it in vivid pantomime. Holding up his fingers to indicate ten, he suddenly swung up his arm and brought it swiftly down with a murderous gesture, after which he held out his right arm stiffly, and twice made the softest click with his tongue. Instantly afterwards he clapped his hand to his head and appeared to fall backwards. Then he held up eight fingers, and Durfy nodded, understanding, it seemed to me, that there had been a fight, in which Foster had downed two men.

But where was Foster himself?

It was amazing to see how swiftly these two communicated their ideas by means of clearly readable signs; but the black now expressed something in a pantomime which I could not follow. Whatever it was, it profoundly moved Durfy, who, starting back in what seemed to be horror, set his foot upon a dry stick, which snapped with a loud crack.

I never in my life saw any one disappear so quickly as did that blackfellow. He vanished in a space of time to be represented by the opening and shutting of the eyes, and had I not been watching him I might well have believed that I had dreamed his presence there. Durfy was almost as quick in returning to the fire, casting a keen glance at me as he passed.

I felt wrathful. I could not understand everything; but it was clear that Durfy was in communication with the black for no good purpose, and the latter's information as clearly pointed to Pollet and his gang. It was a shameful thought that a man wearing our uniform should associate with criminals and betray his own side; but from what I knew of Charles Levenhall's past, I was fairly certain that Pollet had a hold over him on account of some serious indiscretion, perhaps crime, of his wild days. Well, I was forearmed, and I would spoil the fellow's game; but I would first give him rope enough wherewith to hang himself.

(To be continued.)

ANIMALS OF MY ATLAS.

AN atlas is many things to many men. Before they become men, it is chiefly a volume of penitential associations, with its vermiform rivers and caterpillar mountain ranges, its dots of cities, and its blotches of lakes. In after-life its interest depends in great measure on how much a man has seen of the scenes symbolised in its restricted space. Even for the stay-at-home, its coloured counties and indented seacoasts must have their memories of holidays in summer sunshine; while to the traveller laid by the heels, and no longer able to fare forth on the long trail that was his delight in happier days, it is pregnant with reminders of the grandeur of mountains, the mystery of lakes, the babbling of rivers, the hum of cities, the stillness of the desert. For myself, I cannot look on a map of the Mediterranean without seeing little feluccas winging their way across blue bays, or on the void of the Sahara without my nostrils being filled with the unmistakable odour of shambling camels.

Our maps to-day, though they can never do more than approximate to absolute accuracy, are business-like portraits of the earth's surface, and altogether lack the picturesqueness of those older efforts which travellers used to sprinkle so liberally with little drawings of the birds, beasts, and fishes with which their vivid imagination, encouraged by the ignorance of their friends at home, peopled the remote spots of earth. These figures served a dual purpose, since they not only purported to indicate the actual fauna of

each region, but likewise filled in many a blank which might, but for their cheering presence, have challenged criticism of the scant information actually available. Thus in the famous Diego Ribero chart of Africa we find elephants and great fowl that may be presentments of Sindbad's roc doing duty from the Nile Valley downwards; and these animated studies emphasise a fact which every traveller learns sooner or later for himself, that there is more in these lands than meets the eye. Unless his specific object be the hunting of big game, the average traveller sees very little of the wild life of the jungle or mountains, for the wild life has learnt the uses of keeping out of his way. With a hundred indications of their presence, including the evidence of his own ears when of an evening he sits with his guides around the camp-fire, he may get never so much as a glimpse of these shy creatures of the forest. I have been tempted in an idle hour to fill up the spaces of so much of a blank Mercator as covers my own wanderings with the chief quadrupeds that have their home in those regions of five continents, and have then erased all that I did not see at large. The remnant is a poor menagerie indeed, for I have camped in Africa, yet never saw a lion there; I have plodded through jungle in Java without a sight of tiger or rhinoceros; I have made holiday in the Rocky Mountains without coming across even the tracks of a grizzly bear or puma; though I did once find recent claw-marks of a black bear on the outer posts of my veranda. Had I been out after big game, with an attendant regiment of trackers and beaters, I should no doubt have seen many of these creatures. Yet it would have been a glimpse of nature under conditions wholly artificial, a peep of the jungle stage-managed for my diversion, with the most timid creatures dashing blindly within a few yards of my rifle. Such manœuvring is inevitable in sport, and it is not for me to criticise it. All I maintain is that the sportsman sees the wild life of the jungle in a mood alien to the requirements of the naturalist; for, save where he sits in his *machan* over a kill, peering through the darkness at such creatures as come within his view, the *shikari* sees the wild animals only as they behave in presence of man, from whom, but for the terror inspired by the din of tomtoms and other devilment provided by the beaters, they would keep at respectful distance, thereby earning the character for wisdom given to them by the Brahmin who spoke on the subject to Alexander the Great.

If, compared with the resources of these tracts, my gallery of animals is a meagre one, its few portraits are the more dear to me. A coyote on the rolling prairie of Ontario, a group of kangaroos bounding over the stony plains of Queensland, the gigantic head of a moose peeping through summer foliage in the backwoods of Canada, a fight between a whale and three killers on the coast of New South Wales, macaques gibbering atop the Rock of Gibraltar, timid egrets hiding among the mangroves of Florida, and in that restful land of the Everglades another very different memory of a rattlesnake lying in my path at a sudden bend of the track, are all treasured more than any of the living wonders I have seen behind the bars in the Zoological Gardens of my travels.

The traveller in sympathy with animal life finds varied interest in the beasts and birds which themselves are greater travellers than he, or in those which, little given to migrating, are characteristic of certain regions, or, again, in the saddle or pack animals on which depends so much of the success and enjoyment of his wanderings. The albatross of the Southern Ocean, like the little lemming of the northern fjelds, is the prototype of his own restless ambitions, and appeals to him as more contented creatures never can. In another mood, his heart goes out to the patient camels, elephants, mules, and horses which bore the burden of his expeditions in lands where the locomotive has not yet penetrated. Yet perhaps in the autumn of life, when the youthful *Sturm und Drang* of the wander-years is gone for ever, he looks back with greatest affection to the types that stood for the scenes he learnt to love—the stag at gaze on the skyline, the humming-birds flashing among tropical flowers, the gorgeous butterflies floating down shaded rides of the jungle, the stately eagle wheeling over the bottomless abyss. The birds of prey are, indeed, the most insistent fowl of tropical memories, and of them I can recall strange variety, from great and ghoulish vultures poised over foothills of the Andes to the busy little 'John Crow' or turkey buzzard of the West Indies, from the kites that whistle in the rigging of ships anchored off Aden to the sea-eagles that peer defiantly from the sad cliffs of Australia.

Since the Nemesis of quarantine precludes a man from taking his favourite dog overseas, personal attachments are all for such horses as bear him comfortably in the heat of the desert or amid the pitfalls of hilly country. My own memories of lovable horseflesh are few; but there was a proud little barb, presented to me by a former Sultan of Morocco, which made great friends after one ineffectual attempt to end my uneventful history in a well; and there was another horse that, though not quite up to my riding weight, behaved with as much politeness as could be expected in the Yosemite Valley, carrying me out to Mirror Lake or to the Falls with exemplary patience and invariable decorum. Anything in the nature of frolic was in the circumstances beyond its powers. With least affection of all do I look reluctantly back to a spavined steed that I rode from Jerusalem to Jericho and back by way of the Jordan. This wheezy hireling, which hailed from the stud of a Jerusalem jobber, had an action so heart-breaking

that I had almost as soon have carried the wretched bag of bones as been borne by it, and all it did during our three days of partnership was to recall the excellent advice given in Proverbs: 'A whip for the horse, a rod for the fool's back.' It was both, but the rod should have been for him who was cajoled into hiring it.

THE CARRYING OF THE KELP.

By Helen Porter.

THE district known as the Burren is one of the bleakest spots in Ireland. The whole country seems petrified, as if a devastating blast from the Atlantic had turned it into stone. Then Nature appears to have repented her roughness and the cold monotony of her handiwork; for, after laying a groundwork of rocks, she covered it with a carpet of exquisite and delicate loveliness. Feathery fern, autumn-tinted bramble, golden moss, geranium, harebells, and blue scabious run riot over all, and in the damp patches between the gray stones silvery bog-cotton waves in the breeze.

The road winds close to the seashore, and the rugged, barren hills rise abruptly on its other side. There has been a shower, so the stones are wet and glistening in the chill morning light. A mist is rising, rolling its ghost-like swathes and folding the land in shadowy arms.

Maureen shivered as she leant her creel against a wall. Desolate as it was, it seemed attune to her mood. There was not a more miserable girl in Clare. Only ten minutes ago a side-car had passed—Corney's car, with the white jennet—and there he was himself, sitting up as pleased as Punch, with Honor Blake beside him. Maureen could still see the cold look he cast at her in passing, and the toss of Honor's head under her best hat, with its green feathers. With a sigh, she raised the rope over her shoulders and strode off towards the beach. She could see the thatched village nestling against the headland, but there was no smoke from any of the chimneys to-day. Wasn't every one at the 'pattern'? Wasn't she the born fool not to be going there too? If only she hadn't promised old Biddy. If only she had told the whole matter to Corney; but he wouldn't give her a chance. Last night he had asked her to go with him—asked her, and they all listening—and she had hesitated—hesitated, because of her word given to Bridget. Then his face had darkened, some girl giggled, and with a harsh 'Please yourself!' he had turned on his heel. Her timid, 'Sure, I'd love to go, Corney; only I promised,' would have passed unheeded; but he caught the last word. 'Promised, have you? Well, I'm not one to stand in your way, Miss Coneely!' Flinging it over his shoulder, he was gone.

Was this Corney—Corney, who had played with her as a child, whom she had known all her life, who never had a cross word for her till now? Thick tears blinded her sight, and she stumbled on the track leading to the hovel where the old woman awaited her, sitting on a creepie before the door.

'Is that you, alanna? You are a glad sight for sore eyes.'

'Yes, ma'am, I've come.'

'The blessin' of the Lord on you this day!'

'How are you feeling now?'

''Tis kilt entirely with the rheumatics I am, an' not able to stir hand or foot. I'd be lost without you. There is my bit of kelp gathered an' stacked on the shore, an' the spring-tide risin' to sweep it all away on me. If it wasn't for you, Maureen, 'tis ruinated I'd be.'

'But whyever did you lave it so late?'

'Why, because I'm an old woman, an' all my menfolk lie in the cruel sea. If my fine boys were alive! But there, 'tis the will of God. The neighbours promised, but they have enough to do for themselves, let alone others. May the Lord reward you, Maureen Coneely; you're the good girl!'

Maureen opened her mouth to speak, to air some of the bitterness which filled her heart; but she thought better of it, and refrained.

All day long she toiled, dragging the damp seaweed to a place of safety above high-water-mark. It was work she was well used to, and she was strong and not afraid of work. The glistening brown ribbons lashed her face and arms, and the salt wet ran down her bare legs, soaking her scanty petticoat. She laboured mechanically, thinking of nothing, feeling nothing, but conscious all the time of a dull ache at her heart. She had lost Corney—lost him for ever! All the past summer the fear of this day had been before her, and the blow had fallen at last. What would he be doing with a penniless wife? His father was a 'warm' farmer, and expected great things from his son.

Her task over, she made some tea and ate a dry crust in the old woman's cabin. It was very dark inside, dark and stuffy, and the smoke from the peat-fire was acrid and disagreeable. Bridget crooned to herself a song she had learned in her youth. Its effect was inexpressibly dreary. Maureen did not even smile at the words:

'When I was young an' pretty—
Now, faith, ye need not grin—
The boys they came from far an' wide
My hand an' heart to win.

To Paddy Burke I gave it,
The truth I tell to you;
An' every night, when he comes home,
He beats me black an' blue.

Oh Paddy, you're a villain!
Oh Paddy, you're a rogue!
There's nothing of ye Irish
Except your name an' brogue.'

She broke off suddenly. 'They tell me 'tis a great match they're makin' for Corney O'Brien. Have you heard of it?'

The girl shook her head.

'Honor Blake, she has a heifer an' a sow, an' 'tis said the old dad will give her fifty pounds.'

''Tis settled, then?'

'Sure enough. They say Father Bevan is pleased.'

'She went off to-day to the pattern on Corney's side-car.'

'Is that so? Oh, it's settled sure enough! So it was the pattern to-day? Didn't I forget! Not that I could have gone, anyhow. Why weren't you there?'

Maureen's eyes filled, and she could not answer for the lump in her throat.

'Was it because of my bit of kelp? May the Lord bless you! There's not many would give up a spree to help an old woman.'

'Maybe I was better out of it.' Before her rose a vision of Honor Blake in her cashmere dress, her gaudy hat, her elastic-side boots. Maureen did not even own a pair of boots. The contrast was too sharp. A tear splashed down her face. What was she that Corney should think twice of her? And yet she knew she had not been mistaken in fancying that he liked her. A faint ray of hope had struggled till now with her forebodings; but as Biddy ended it slowly died.

'He's a fine boy is Corney, but a bit forgetful at times. But, sure, I was once courtin' meself. It's not surprisin' he disremembered my kelp.'

'He promised to give you a hand with it?'

'Yes, a week ago; but he never came. Oh, he has other things to think of!'

The sun was beginning to sink, and the evening turned chilly. Maureen said good-bye. Her heart was full of pity for the helpless loneliness of the old woman, whose husband and sons had been drowned years before. How sad life was; how gray and solitary!

The faint blue had faded from the sky and from the ocean, and a dull leaden hue took its place. All round lay the giant boulders like the tombstones of her dead day-dreams, and the incoming tide lapping on the beach sounded like a dirge.

She went up the rocky path, and at the top paused for breath, turning, weary and discouraged, to lean on the wall.

Such wonder as met her sight! Never had she seen the like. The whole sky was suddenly illuminated with glory; its radiance fairly dazzled her. Everything seemed to float in a golden haze; the very stones shone molten, and the sea glowed with light. Half-blinded, she shaded her eyes with the back of her hand, but she could not turn away, and stood motionless. To think that behind the mist, the cloud, the darkness, lay all the splendour of heaven! Slowly the radiance vanished, fading into the gloom of twilight; but as she resumed her road the awe of its glory still shone in her lifted eyes.

'Corney, sure 'tis yourself!' She almost collided with the young man. 'Why, wherever are you going at such a rate?'

'Is that yourself, Maureen? I must be goin' down to Bridget's. Didn't I forget to bring up her bit of kelp! I fear me 'tis too late, an' the tide will soon be full in.'

'I carried it up myself,' said the girl simply. 'I promised her ere yesterday I'd do it.'

'So that was the promise that kept you from the pattern when I asked you, Maureen?' he said in astonishment.

'It is so.'

'An' why didn't you say it?' he added reproachfully.

'You would not listen.'

'Honor Blake declared there was another fellow in it—Mike Carthy.'

'Oh Corney! sure, there never was any one else in it at all'—— Her blue eyes were stinging with tears, and yet in them he could read the unspoken end of her phrase—'only you.'

He had her hands by now. 'I've been that wretched all day, longin' to get back. Jealous I was, Maureen. Then I remembered the old woman and her kelp, and made tracks'——

'Jealous, Corney! Sure, aren't you promised to Honor Blake?' she asked in such a tremulous voice.

'No, nor ever will be. Haven't you known, Maureen? Did you never guess? There never was any one else in it at all—but only you.'

The light had gone by now. All around were the gray rocks, the gray mist, the gray sky, and yet it seemed to these two as if they walked in a glory before which even the sunset paled, as hand in hand they went home.

CONTINUITY.

THE days that were can never cease to be;
Once having been, they live for evermore;
Far through our After echoes the Before,
As in each shell the murmur of the sea
Reverberates forgotten melody.
Dear, it is well we two have common store
Of linkèd memories that shall restore
The old loved themes to life's new harmony.

Love we the music dear, the soft refrain
And simple measure; hear the echoes gain
A fuller beauty from the voice of love;
And evermore with us remain
Till—earth's sweet song being sung—the lingering strain
Shall swell to undreamed harmony above.

E. S. J.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

A SERIES of experiments upon human beings—known as readers—carried on through many years by leading editors has proved to demonstration that the public likes knowledge about the peculiarities of sections of itself that are to some extent abnormal, and also that it has a considerable taste for the gruesome. Give it happiness in print and soon it displays indications of being bored; but feed it on horrors and it will linger upon the dishes that you serve, to the neglect of social duties and business and professional affairs. Now it will be perceived that these two signs lead us at once, inevitably and with no alternative, to one particular idea that is the most attractive of all to this public, and it is the idea of the suicide club which, let us say by way of confirmation of our point, both in fiction and in fact has always been the most pronounced success. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to the most excellent effect and gained the strongest appreciation of his readers when he made the creepy little story of the Suicide Club, which was turned by a French author into a play, and then turned back to English, and done in life by Mr Seymour Hicks at the Coliseum in London. Large audiences found nothing so good in its way as studying the agonies of men turning face upwards the playing-cards laid on the table before them, knowing that one of their number must have a card that, by the vows he had taken, would condemn him to death by his own hand. Then we watched the man who drew it go to his self-appointed doom, and particularly we beheld the writhings in most awful agony of him who was left alone in an apartment whence he could not escape, having drawn the fateful card, and being unwilling then to go forward to the consummation of his agreement. Watching such presentations of this idea is held by some to be the next most creepy thing to participating in the real routine of such a club, and has been found to be a most excellent sensation. But lately we have heard how this notion, having served so well in books and for plays, has been carried out most thoroughly in real life. It has been considered too good to be left as an idea, a thing for mere words or the imagination, and we have been reading in the newspapers thrilling accounts from their St Petersburg correspondents of how a real suicide club has been existing in the Russian capital, conducted on the most thorough lines, with proper observance of detail by all associates right up to the moment of resignation of membership not only of the club but of the whole human community. This suicide club of Russia has been shown to be a most horrible thing, attracting the most perfect loyalty from its members, and bringing about an appalling number of self-inflicted deaths in most tragic circumstances. Strange—is it not?—how this idea of playing with life and death appeals as nothing else will do to some neurotic temperaments aching always for the most sensuous thrills; and the number of such people is far greater than you may suppose.

* * *

Really this suicide club of St Petersburg can claim no originality even as an actual corporate and very serious body, apart from the organisations that are known in fiction. There have been suicide clubs before in various countries, though some care has been taken that as little publicity as possible should be given to their dark proceedings, and there is good reason to believe that there are some of them in existence at the present time. In saying that, one has most particularly the United States in mind, for that is the land where the club of this kind flourishes. One has not heard of anything of the kind in Britain, but there have been some of them in France. The Germans, I suspect, are not the sort of people who like to make compacts among themselves to die by their own hands at some future time which will not be of their own choosing. I recall among the most successful American institutions that which went by the title of the Order of the Black Veil, in which lots were drawn from time to time for a member to commit suicide, and to the member who was successful in the draw a black veil, black gloves, and black stockings were sent, the understanding being that he must take his life within a week of receiving them. Even in America, land of the most amazing publicity, the circumstances attending these affairs were seldom published in the papers. But do not some of you now remember in this connection the amazing development of a double tragedy

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that took place on the liner *Lucania* while on a voyage from New York to Liverpool just about three years ago? It is properly appropriate to our present consideration, for it was made clear that the victims, two single ladies, one named Clarke and the other Miller, were members of an American suicide club, and that it was that fact which was entirely responsible for their previously quite unaccountable deaths. These ladies shared the same second-class cabin on the steamship, they were both young, and at the beginning of the voyage both of them appeared to be in excellent spirits. But on the day after the *Lucania* left New York, Miss Clarke was found shot in her berth; and four days later, when the ship was near to Queenstown, Miss Miller was found dead in the cabin in exactly the same circumstances. It was afterwards ascertained that both were in possession of revolvers of the same pattern, and that each weapon bore the same secret mark, at first thought to be a trade-mark, but afterwards discovered to be the symbol of one of the suicide clubs of New York. It became clear that both ladies left America with the determination to obey the rule of their organisation, which demanded the death of their members at fixed periods.

* * *

The introduction of the mystic, the mysterious, the solemn, and the uncanny is to a certain extent of the essence of the idea of a real club, and in the case of the suicide organisations we have it carried to the extreme—to excess, as we might say. But there are many other strange clubs, and there have been more, the membership of which is not such an expensive thing, not costing us our very existence. Man has been known always as a gregarious animal, and—highly conventional as in these days he is—he likes upon occasion to be extremely opposite to that, and to practise peculiarities among a few of his own kind that are gathered together under special auspices and by a particular name. Collect half-a-dozen clubbable men and throw a good idea among them, and the making of a new club with a most excellent excuse for it is then an easy matter. In London I have encountered many strange clubs, and belonged to some of them. In the old days of the night-clubs—which are now almost all gone—there were some queer organisations, not by any means so reprehensible as the circumstance of their assemblies being held at times when non-members were for the most part spending their time in sleep and dreams might lead one to imagine. Not many weeks go by but an invitation comes one's way in London to be gathered into some new fold, with new things to do when in it, and more strange business to watch. I heard a little while since of a club to which members were only elected in pairs, and it was the condition of election that each of the twin candidates should certify that he and his brother-candidate had been sworn and most deadly enemies for a certain lengthy period of time—I think it was five years—and had renewed their old friendship, or made it for the first time, within one month of the date of the application to the committee. At the same time the reason for the former enmity was to be stated in full and signed with their joint names, so that the committee might judge if the cause were sufficient for such a deadly feud, for if it were not so the prospects of the candidates becoming elected would be imperilled. Here was good reason for a club, and it is one such as outsiders might pronounce a blessing upon, trusting that joy might go with it for all the days of those who should be on its roll.

* * *

It was about the end of 1909 that I was asked if I would be willing to take one of the numbers up to five hundred of a new club that was then being made, and was to be known as the 500 Club. I believe that it was duly established, though, not taking a number, I have not been kept informed of its proceedings. It was the scheme of several gentlemen connected with art and literary matters, who had among them a well-known restaurateur. This latter was an excellent thing, because artists and writers, even those best known to fame, are not all mind and soul, with no flesh-and-blood effects like grosser folk; but rather do they, by way of change and contrast, develop the corporeal side most thoroughly on occasions, especially that part of it which has association with the table. The restaurateur was there among them to give magnificent and exclusive advice, to help with new ideas for a club which was being thought about, and generally to assist them in the development of their tastes. His name is well enough known to those who have spent guineas at table in the fashionable restaurant part of the west end of London; so are those of the other leading spirits in this organisation. The club being made was to be like nothing else in the whole world of clubs. In the first place, the membership was to be limited to five hundred, and each member was to have his own number, the president being No. 0. Each member would let himself into the club with his own numbered key, which subsequently he would wear in his button-hole. Upon his entering the clubhouse he would find before him a large electric tablet bearing five hundred numbers, and then at once it was to become his duty to press the button below the number that belonged to him. This would cause a bell to ring and the number to be lit up in the hall and also in the great common room of the club. Thus, if you, reader, had joined this club, and were No. 157, it would at once be made known on your entering the place that 157 had arrived, and as 157, and not as

Algernon Something or Rudolph Other—your name being what it might be—you would be known all the time that you were inside. It was to be a club without visible waiters. Members would have to serve themselves at the club bar and pay for what they took at the same time. That it was to be a club for gentlemen is herein made quite clear. When it happened that light refreshments were required, it was planned that the order should be written down and placed on a revolving board, and on an electric button being touched, this board would revolve through an opening in the wall to a small room adjoining, where servants would be waiting unseen. What was required would then be placed upon the board, which would be twisted round again into the common room, where the member would partake of that which he desired. A rule was framed by which it was made obligatory that every member should make a speech, deliver a recitation, or sing a song, to be recorded on the phonograph belonging to the club, and preserved for the edification of future generations of members. A fine of sixpence was to be inflicted for addressing a member by name instead of by number, and a club anthem was written and composed. Here was one line of eccentricity.

* * *

A little while since I was glancing over the pages of a novel—I think it was *The Country House* of Mr John Galsworthy—in which a brief statement was made of the peculiar qualification attached to a club of which one of the leading characters in the book was a member. It was a club in Piccadilly called the Stoics, fronting on to the Green Park, was celebrated for the excellence of its wines and cuisine, was smart and aristocratic, and so good was the idea of its establishment that it had made a fortune for the inventor of it. The scheme was described as being simple, permanent, and perfect, and was embodied in the first of the rules of membership, which was that 'No member of this club shall have any occupation whatsoever.' Perhaps Mr Galsworthy may have had a particular existing club in mind when he prepared a little satire of this kind. Clearly the idea of a club for lazybones, some of whom might very well be described as good-for-nothings, persons who hated work and almost despised it, is sound. The members would have fine sympathy with each other, and would do much to brighten each other's lives, if indeed it were felt that they needed any brightening. But Mr Galsworthy and others may not know that the idea of the lazy, good-for-nothings' club has not merely been thought of before, but has been put into practice and become a magnificent success. The club, let it be seriously stated, is a social force, but not of a desirable kind. Outside its own membership it is thought of and considered most by the police, for the people who belong to it are of the degenerate class, and not such as have proper appreciation of wines and cuisine like the Stoics. It is called the Never Club, and this is how it was described by a London detective, whose business it is to know all about such matters, for the members are frequently within the grip of the law: 'It has a bigger membership than any other club in London, its members are thoroughbreds in that they are in no way associated with trade, commerce, or industry; indeed, any such contamination that may take place immediately disqualifies a member, and exposes him to forfeiture of all rights and privileges and summary expulsion from the club. It was given the name of the Never Club because the members never did work, never do work, and never will work. They never wash, they never pay, they never eat unless the food is begged or stolen, and they never sleep unless in prohibited premises or outside. They are loafers, hooligans, who wish to do nothing but skulk through life, and they are the cause of more trouble to the police of London than all other causes combined. Their organisation has ramifications in every part of London, and it is gaining in membership to a most alarming extent.' Strange it is, but this is really true. A little while since some of the members were brought up before the judge and jury at the Old Bailey on charges of housebreaking and cheque forgery, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and on that occasion a detective-inspector of police made some mention of the Never Club, giving particulars which exactly coincided with those which have just been quoted. And there is a rival organisation to this Never Club which goes by the name of the Sons of Rest. It might have been called the Junior Never Club, for its members are younger in years and experience than the others; they are in fact merely youths who sometime may get elected to the Nevers, and rest still more with the abundant satisfaction of an achievement done and a cachet fixed on their reputations. The Sons of Rest is a real organisation, with branches in different parts of the country. The last time I heard of it was at Bristol, on the occasion of one of the members being deprived of the privileges of all club and other society for three weeks in consequence of his having made provision for his needs by theft. The superintendent of police who was conducting this case explained that an alternative title to the club, adopted by the members themselves, was Sons of Dust. The members held their meetings on an ashpit, and one of their rules was that they were not to starve so long as they could get food. To the ordinary person such a regulation might appear absurd in its obviousness, but with the Sons of Rest a special significance attaches to the verb 'to get.' Then the members undertook to 'get' as much food as they could, and to share it, and not to work until they were

twenty-one years of age, and then to do as little work as they could.

* * *

But fustian clothes and prison dens do not properly harmonise with our thoughts on clubs, even the strangest clubs, so let us return to respectability and means, and see what London clubdom in its most freakish moods of inventiveness might possibly learn from New York, if it were ever disposed to accept any lesson from that progressive city. Friends who know it as well as any American does or ever did have given some odd particulars concerning the freak clubs there, some with good excuse existing, others with excuse made for the purpose. A little while since an Ananias Club was started in the city. It will at once and correctly be guessed that this was a band of brothers that in some way was associated with the utterance of untrue statements, and the actual *raison d'être* of it was the way into which Mr Roosevelt fell of dubbing a great variety of people by names which were not at all complimentary to them for this very reason, that he supposed them to say things falsely. Such persons, stigmatised by a man who had held the first position in the State, felt that a bond of sympathy united them, that they had a common meeting-ground, and accordingly they made themselves into a club to which they gave the title I have mentioned. Another American club of peculiar origin and constitution is the Alimony Club, consisting as it does of Americans who are condemned by the courts to pay alimony to divorced or separated wives. More recently than either of these an Indictment Club was formed, and was given much advertisement as a send-off. This club is composed of many eminent and representative citizens of the United States whose enterprise in commercial pursuits has been of such a character as to bring them within the consideration of judge and jury. Transgression of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law led to a qualification for membership that was frequently taken advantage of. Then there was started the Optimists' Club, which from the beginning was a very great success, securing seven hundred thousand members at an annual subscription of a dollar each. The members pledged themselves to look always on the bright side of things, the club motto was 'Smile,' and each member wore a 'smile pin.' These are such gloomy days in Britain, and there are so many misguided people preaching a gospel of darkness and sorrow, and doing their utmost, whether consciously or not, to make things worse, that one may be excused for the fancy that an Optimists' Club might do some useful work among us here, and a task worthy of its endeavour would be provided during weeks when great strikes are dislocating our life in general, and suffragettes rampant break all the windows in Piccadilly and the Strand. President Taft gave the Optimists of America his most cordial blessing, and said that their idea was distinctly good. Let somebody start an Optimists' Club in London with a serious programme of work arranged, and I will see to it that some person of high consequence shall pronounce a benediction on it.

* * *

A touch of pathos is attached to the circumstances belonging to two other clubs. It happened on Thanksgiving Day, 1847, that twenty young men belonging to Covington, Indiana, organised a club which came to be known as the Raging Tags' Club, because of the disposition of the members to make merry at the annual dinner which was held on the anniversary of the club's establishment. It was agreed among the score that the club should hold such a dinner until only one of them survived, and he then, in his solitude, was at last to open a bottle of port wine laid on the table at the first dinner that was held when the twenty were there all complete and jovial. On a recent Thanksgiving Day, the last survivor, Mr Lewis R. Hetfield, then eighty-four years of age, entered the club and took his seat at the table, which was laid in exactly the same way as it was when the twenty first sat down together. Mr Hetfield carved the turkey and opened the bottle of port, and, after he had paid a silent tribute to his nineteen departed friends, declared the club at an end, and was forthwith joined at the table by his wife and some of his relatives. The other of the two clubs to which I here specially refer is a club for centenarians, mainly recruited from the inmates of the Home for the Daughters of Jacob, many of whom have attained to most remarkable ages. The new club was joined by a number of sprightly persons of each sex, and it was officially stated that it had admitted to inferior membership as 'associates' several youthful nonagenarians who would in due course be qualified for full membership and have the votes which they coveted. I have heard of one other club started in America, the sentiment of which is not so nice and delicate as to some people it might at the first glance appear. A Mother's Day Club was started there, and the idea appealed so strongly to the American mind that over a million members were elected very quickly. The object of the club was to set aside one day yearly when everybody should wear some flower or badge 'in honour of my mother.' You, reader, would wear no flower or badge on one specially appointed day in honour of your mother, for it would be near to shamefulness to make a public celebration of a love and worship that abide strongly in your heart through every day and night of every year.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—BLINDERS.

ALICE'S letter had lain for four days in the pigeon-hole of Detching's desk before Cahusac received it. During those days she had grown nervously sensitive of the postman's coming, even though another anxiety pressed heavily upon her; for, after a rash burst of festivity on his own lines, Wil on the day following the Sheringham party had been seized with a heart-attack, which, considering the state of his health, might lead to serious results. For once Alice had asserted herself and insisted that he should be brought to Park Lane, where she could see that he was properly taken care of.

Mrs Westaway obstinately opposed such an unwelcome addition to her household, and might have succeeded in her opposition had not De Sarsan lent a very decided support to his fiancée's wishes. He had by no means forgotten the little incident described by Wil of the apparently agitated meeting between Cahusac and Alice which he had interrupted. In fact, De Sarsan had half-a-dozen purposes to serve, each stronger than the one which he put forward—the desire to please Alice. Wil was making heavier demands upon his pocket than he had expected, and the Belgian thought it was quite time that Wil's family took their turn in the way of maintaining him even for a few weeks; also, with her brother in the house, Alice could be depended on to leave him as seldom as possible, and meanwhile Wilford would exercise a certain amount of supervision over her. More important still, the marriage must be hastened. Altogether the arrangement suited De Sarsan exceedingly well, and Mrs Westaway, to her disgust, found herself entertaining not only Wilford, but a tall and capable nurse from the London Hospital, who knew exactly what the sick man needed, and saw that he got it.

And so it came about that the letter written by Cahusac, with its underlying note of tenderness and its warning, never reached the girl, who was so eagerly looking for it day after day. Had she received it she might have gained courage to face the future, for her heart would have been warm with the knowledge that Malcolm understood and forgave. But when, instead of the reply she counted on, there was silence, she believed him to be angry and changed, and she drooped visibly, for her spirit seemed broken. She had not believed Malcolm could be so unkind!

A cruel chance had thrown the letter into Wil's hands. Alice was alone with him when a servant brought up the mail for both; and Wil, seeing Malcolm's handwriting, slipped the envelope into his pocket unnoticed while his sister was pouring out some medicine.

De Sarsan happened to be in France when this incident occurred, and some days passed before he called at Mrs Westaway's. June was nearing its close, and he was glad to exchange the heated air outside for the coolness of the house. He asked for Miss Lanceley, and was taken into the study, where she presently joined him. But in the few minutes' interval he had time to glance round upon the room he had cause to remember so well, and to congratulate himself upon the bold move he had made more than seven years ago. He had triumphed then over Cahusac; and, as men count things precious, was his triumph not far greater now? Then he held the man's honour in his hands; now he held the woman Malcolm loved! His hatred of Cahusac and his self-complacency found utterance in a laugh.

Alice came in at the moment and glanced up at him in surprise.

'You were laughing!' she said. 'I thought there must be some one with you.'

She was looking very sweet, though very fragile, in a white gown. He took her hand and placed a fervent kiss upon it.

'I was thinking of my great good fortune and my happiness,' he replied with ardour.

There was about him a new air of boldness and possession which terrified Alice. She waited for him to speak again, and he talked glibly for some moments, and then made many inquiries about Wilford's condition.

'It sounds hopeful for the moment,' he observed when she had answered; 'but you know that he would be much better if he could always be with you.'

'Ah yes; but of course Aunt Marion would not care to have Wil here—very long.'

'He cannot remain with you under this roof, Alice; but under mine you could do as you pleased. Don't start, *ma cherie!* For his sake, if not for mine, we must not wait till September.'

She put her hand to her breast with a quick gasp of breath. 'But you promised—you promised—and I can't—I can't!'

'True, I did promise. But Wil was in far better health then. Come, dear, consider him rather than your trousseau.'

'Do you imagine that my trousseau'—— she began, but stopped suddenly. What was the use of talking when he knew so well that her trousseau had nothing to do with her reluctance?

'I hope that you are still a woman,' he returned with a smile, 'although I sometimes fear you are only a saint. See, I have ventured to bring an offering to your shrine to soften your heart towards me!' He laid a jewel-case upon her lap. He watched for the quickened interest,

the light in the eyes, with which most women would have received such a gift.

But Alice was plainly not moved at all; she did not attempt to touch the case, but raised her troubled eyes to him. 'But Wil is much—much better,' she faltered.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'You have heard what the doctors said.' Then, knowing the timid nature with which he was dealing, he went straight to his point; his tone was indeed tender, but it uttered her doom, and she heard him with a sickness of loathing. 'We must be married next month, July—say in a fortnight from to-day; and after our honeymoon you shall have Wil to live with us as soon as you like, sweetheart!' He took both her hands.

She turned away her eyes and shivered.

'Will you not even look at my gift?' he reproached her. 'It is a very special gift for a special day;' and then, as she made no movement to open the case, he opened it himself and laid a splendid collar of pearls and diamonds in her hands. 'It was my mother's,' he added, in a voice apparently shaken with emotion.

She drew her hands from it with a jerk. The idea that it had once lain close to the sallow throat of this man's mother only further repelled her. Madame de Sarsan had long been dead, and Alice had never so much as heard her mentioned before; but she at once endowed her with her son's attributes, and hated to touch the ornament she had worn. As a matter of fact, the feeling was entirely misplaced; for the collar, now reset, had never been the property of the late Madame de Sarsan, but of a charming Parisienne of position, from whom it had passed, by the not unusual channel of blackmail, directly into the hands of the Belgian.

Far from resenting her obvious distaste, De Sarson was conscious of a keen pleasure in his conquest, of a renewed zest of feeling for this aloof and fluttered girl, whom he was so soon to hold in his arms as his wife.

'Will you not let me see how it becomes you, *ma belle?*' he murmured with unmistakable ardour.

She rose hastily. 'This evening—I will wear it this evening. You are coming to dinner. Aunt Marion told me.'

'Well, I suppose I must yield. This evening it shall be. But meanwhile your acceptance of my little gift means that July is to see me the most happy man in the world.' He tightened his fingers on her wrist and drew her to his side.

'If it must be,' said the girl. She looked so young and so piteous that the man was enchanted.

'Yes, it must be,' he answered firmly, and waited for a few seconds to give his ultimatum due effect. 'Surely now, on this joyous day, you will permit me to seal our bargain.' He bent towards her.

But Alice, in the very desperation of her weakness, had held him to one compact from the first hour of her engagement: he might kiss her hand, but she would allow him no other privilege until she became his wife. Her growing repugnance to that future strengthened her now. 'No, no, no!' She drew away from him. 'Will you not see Wilford to-day? He is in my sitting-room upstairs.'

'In a fortnight you will not get rid of me so easily!' he laughed amorously. 'Yes, I will see Wil.'

He followed her from the room and up the staircase. At the first floor she stopped. Overwhelmed by his determination to hasten the marriage, she felt she must have time to collect herself.

'I will leave you to go on alone,' she said. 'I have to fetch a book for Aunt Marion from the drawing-room.'

De Sarson kissed his hand to her with *empressement* as he mounted the stairs to visit Wilford, when a door above opened and a big laugh floated out.

'Good-bye. All right! I'll look in again soon.'

The speaker, a soldierly-looking young fellow with a strong, rather ugly face, passed De Sarsan with a casual glance. The next moment it was evident that he had caught sight of Alice from the landing below.

'Hallo, Alice! it's good to see you again!'

'Billy! Why, I thought you were in Canada! It is such ages since you went away!'

How different Alice's voice sounded now! thought De Sarsan.

'Two years and more! I feel like Rip van Winkle when I look in at the clubs and see the youngsters who have grown up since my day!'

Billy's talk drew a faint laugh from the girl. 'You are not much changed,' she said. 'No, no, Billy!'

De Sarson stiffened where he stood listening.

'What! you won't kiss me? Why not? You always used to kiss me when I came home before!' said Billy, aggrieved.

'It's different now,' faltered Alice. 'I am engaged.'

'To be married! To whom? Why wasn't I told? To whom?'

'You—you must have met him on the staircase.'

De Sarsan clenched his hands, for he could hear that Alice was ashamed as she said it—ashamed to own her future husband.

'Good Lord! not to that boun—I mean foreigner?'

There could be no mistake about Billy's shocked intonation. Alice made no audible reply, but the young man spoke again at once. 'Why, you're fearfully pale, Alice! Come to the light and let me look at you. Wil has been overtiring you, and you want as much care

as he does! My word, I'll talk to Aunt Marion!'

With that the speakers must have moved into the farther drawing-room, for De Sarsan could hear no more than a vague murmur. He opened Wil's door with an angry hand. 'Who's that man I met going down?' he asked brusquely.

Now, although Wil still desired, for his own purposes, to play De Sarsan's game, he had long ago ceased to like him, and was maliciously ready to seize upon any chance of annoying him.

'Who! Why, old Blinders, I suppose,' he answered without turning his head.

'*Ach!* a young man! I mean a young man!'

'Well, Blinders is a young man!' said Wil composedly.

'*Tiens!* it is, then, a nickname such as you use in your imbecile English society?' rasped out De Sarsan.

Wil cocked a furtive eye at his companion. What the dickens had Blinders done to rile De Sarsan so badly? Good old Blinders! 'It is exactly that, a nickname such as we use in our English society, and which naturally is not known to'—Wil paused—'outsiders.'

De Sarsan choked. He had lived too long in England not to understand the second slang meaning of the word. 'Well, who is this Blinders?'

'Speak respectfully, my dear friend! He used to be Billy Linders, and a couple of years ago he took on an A.D.C. job to the Governor-General of Canada, chiefly to be handy for big-game shooting. Now his uncle is dead, and Billy has become Lord Lindersmere, the head of the family.'

'Whose family?'

'Mine,' replied Wil.

'Perhaps he will be so good as to support you, then!' snapped out De Sarsan.

'He might, if I put it to him, for he is a first-rate fellow,' said Wil thoughtfully. 'But it would be likely to upset your apple-cart if he did, you know.' He grinned as he glanced at his companion. 'Billy's is not one of your rotten thirteen-for-a-penny titles they sport in your country, De Sarsan; but a sound English earldom, with money and pedigree and prestige behind it—and don't you forget that!'

'It is not probable that I shall forget, as your sound English earl will be my cousin within a fortnight,' retorted the Belgian.

'No!' exclaimed Wil incredulously. 'Has Alice consented?'

'Of course she has.'

'Oh my! Who's to break the news to Blinders, I wonder? It's a lucky thing that people don't often die of joy, isn't it?' said Wil, in high feather at the opportunity of irritating De Sarsan, which did not come in his way as often as he could have wished; 'or there's no saying what might happen to Blinders!'

Now Wilford had quite intended to make over Cahusac's letter, which he had suppressed, to De Sarsan; but the return of Blinders had rather altered the situation. Wilford regarded De Sarsan as stingy, and foresaw that it might suit his game to permit Alice to marry Cahusac after all—that is, if Billy could be brought to see that his family had claims upon him and his purse. Anyhow, he determined to keep the letter for the present, and act as jumped best with his own interests when time revealed what those interests would be.

'Has Cahusac also come to see you?' inquired De Sarsan, after some conversation.

Wil shook his head. 'No. Some one said he'd been fired by the Foreign Office; but he isn't likely to sit down under it, if there's anything to be cleared up about those nasty rumours in the newspapers. He'll have plenty of time to give to his own affairs now.'

De Sarsan looked at him with a sudden sharpness. 'What do you know of his affairs? Has he ever spoken of them to you?'

'Good heavens, no! They don't interest me.' And upon this the conversation turned to other topics.

De Sarsan left without the letter; but, as luck would have it, when Blinders had extracted some of the facts of Wil's financial doings and details of Alice's engagement from Mrs Westaway, even though it was an expurgated edition of the story made to suit the lady's own connection with the business, his frame of mind precluded any desire for further intercourse with the invalid.

'But, Aunt Marion, you can't make me believe that Alice wants to marry that Belgian?' urged Billy, as he recalled the middle-aged figure of De Sarsan, with its yearly filling waistcoat and conspicuous lack of those attributes which he believed such a girl as his young cousin would demand in a husband.

Mrs Westaway, who still possessed a mass of fair hair and a pretty colour, put on her gentlest and most deprecating air. 'My dear boy,' she said to her nephew, 'Alice is really incomprehensible. 'I cannot explain how Wil's money affairs became so entangled; but I assure you if Alice had only listened to reason they could have been arranged somehow. She would, however, have her own way. She chose to take this man's advice, and as she was of age what could one do?'

'But, see here, aunt, that is quite another business to marrying the fellow! You won't get me to believe she is doing that of her own free will!' Billy was a very persistent person.

Mrs Westaway shook her graceful blonde head. 'I can only tell you, Billy, that he came here one day and talked to me about it. I was dreadfully upset at the idea; but he appears to have plenty of money, and she seemed to have made up her mind to accept him. I am quite as puzzled as you are.'

Billy frowned in perplexity. Of course he had no right to interfere. But Alice, of all

girls! 'And what has become of Alice's own fortune?' he inquired.

'She made most of it over to Wil.'

'I only wish Wil was in a condition to stand such a licking as he deserves!' exclaimed Lord Lindersmere hotly. 'I say, is there nothing we can do to put a stop to Alice's making a fool of herself?'

Mrs Westaway was sympathetic, but had no suggestion to offer; and when presently Blinders went off discontentedly, she watched him from the window.

'Put a stop to it!' she said to herself. 'Not I. No one else would take Wil off our hands. And I won't permit you to spoil that arrangement, my dear boy.'

The upshot was that Wil, finding Blinders unaccountably slow in any offer of help, turned back upon De Sarsan as his only resource. Thus Cahusac's intercepted letter passed into the Belgian's hands, who read and promptly burned it, an act which had a far-reaching influence on more lives than one.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH CAPTAINS IN POLAR RUSSIA.

By R. S. Latimer, Author of *Under Three Tsars, Dr Baedeker in Russia*, &c.

FROM Liverpool to the mouth of the river Yenesei is one of the most perilous voyages on this globe. That so few have succeeded in making the passage to the Kara Sea and returned alive to Western Europe before this twentieth century is sufficiently eloquent proof of this. Captain Webster's recent exploit (1911) is a sensational reminder that the Yenesei is to-day within reach of Liverpool by steamship.

Captain Webster was not the first British seaman to adventure upon this route. The earliest voyagers to Polar Russia were the 'merchant adventurers' of the days of Edward the Sixth. They bore a letter from our English monarch ambiguously addressed 'To the Northern and Eastern Sovereigns.' It was quite uncertain when they weighed anchor in the Thames what high dignitaries and authorities they might meet with ere they returned. As a matter of fact, few of them did return. Of the three vessels, two were wrecked, and the sailors (including Sir Hugh Willoughby, the commander) were drowned or frozen to death. The third reached the White Sea and Archangel, and gave the inhabitants an even greater fright than Captain Webster has just given the people along the banks of the Yenesei.

Captain Chancellor was escorted to Moscow, was received by the Tsar, and ate and drank in the Kremlin Palace from plates and goblets of gold and silver, being waited upon by a great crowd of magnificently attired servants.

These first British navigators opened the gates of the seas to the Russian Empire. The result of their visit was the building of the town of Archangel. It is almost incredible that for many years after the building of this town on the White Sea the Tsars of Russia possessed no other seaport in any part of their dominions, no other outlet by water to the great world. Hemmed in on every side by the Swedes, Poles, Turks, and Tartars, this young giant-empire was completely landlocked. Swathed in her impenetrable forests, she knew but little of what was passing in the world. Chancellor, unknown to her at the time, opened for her a way out of her age-long imprisonment. 'I do not want any more land. I want water!' cried the boat-building Peter the Great, as he wrested the Sea of Azov from the Turks and the Caspian Sea from the Persians.

The expedition of Chancellor did not pass the Kara Straits. Since those days many a good ship has been dashed to pieces on that awful coast.

Captain Erasmus Ommanney commanded an expedition to the Arctic Seas and the northern coast of Russia on the outbreak of the Crimean war. His visit will never be forgotten in Russia, particularly by the Orthodox Church, who regard their deliverance from his guns as a miracle from heaven. The arrival of the British ships of war in the White Sea caused great consternation in Archangel and among the inhabitants of the neighbouring fishing-villages. The monks of the Solovetsky Monastery preserve in their records a vivid and pathetic account of the bombardment of their fortified buildings, and of their salvation from the enemy after many prayers uttered over 'the graves of the saints.' 'It cannot be that God has not heard our prayers, seeing that we prayed with tears in our eyes!' one devout monk exclaimed when the cannon-balls of the British ships began to drop among them and death stared them in the face. But the place was not taken. Captain Ommanney, evidently thinking that it was not worth powder and shot, sailed quietly away. And although other British vessels afterwards called at the monastery, no greater damage was inflicted upon the inhabitants than the abstraction of a few sheep and loaves to replenish the ships' depleted stores. The monks to this day proudly show to visitors the effects of the cannonade as evidence of miraculous interposition for their protection.

Captain Ommanney was a fighting-man and not an explorer; he did not, therefore, venture to sail his battleships through the dreaded Kara Straits and into the mysterious regions of eternal ice beyond.

To Captain Wiggins belongs the honour of having opened to Europe a route past Novaia Zemlia, through the Straits of Kara, to the mouths of the mighty rivers the Obi and the Yenesei, which are for greatness the Nile and the Congo of Northern Asia. How different was his reception and treatment by the Russians from that unfortunately accorded to Captain Webster! The latter was the victim of extortion, insult, and even imprisonment at the hands of the local authorities. It is but fair to say that St Petersburg has since sought to make amends for such unhandsome conduct on the part of its representatives. When Captain Wiggins arrived, the mayor of a Siberian town, at a banquet in his honour, thus complimented him: 'The Kara Sea, as if satiated with many victims of bygone years, took you caressingly to its cold embrace; and its waters carried you as a conqueror to your goal. We have as yet no steamers to send to Europe; but let us express our most profound gratitude to him who opened this route, if not for us, for our posterity.'

Wiggins was a profoundly religious man, of unblemished reputation, trusted and beloved by all who came into intimate contact with him. His teetotal habits were a great astonishment to the Russians. This great exploit of his, which places him in the front rank of explorers, was robbed of its fruitful results to Anglo-Russian commerce by the ignorance, vanity, and rashness of those who sought to profit by the possibilities he had opened to their view. Without listening to his counsels, a small fleet of British trading-vessels of quite unsuitable build, and officered by inexperienced men, steamed eagerly to the north-east, with cargoes to exchange for Siberian products. The speculation was a complete failure, shoals and pack-ice and their ignorance of the route baffling the self-confident navigators. They brought their cargoes home again; and it began to be thought that the route could never be made a commercial success. To this idea Captain Webster has now given the death-blow.

The question of the transportation of Siberian produce to the markets of Europe, and particularly to England, is to-day a burning question in Asiatic Russia. Nothing would so effectually aid the opening up of the enormous wealth of the Siberian resources as inexpensive means of conveyance for their products. The rapid increase of the population would follow as a natural consequence, as is the case with Canada. All sorts of plans are suggested and routes discussed, including even flying-machines! Siberia can never develop until these better facilities for import and export are devised. 'If Russia has neglected her maritime trade,' say the enterprising Siberians, 'that is no reason why we should do so.' They blame the jealousy of the inland monopolist merchants of Moscow and other great distributing centres and the prohibitory tariff for the checking of interest in the development of this northern ocean highway. At first the Government, to encourage the Siberian trade, allowed sea-borne goods to be imported duty free. For a few years the Siberians indulged the hope that they would be able to get goods better in quality and much more cheaply from Manchester by sea than from Moscow by rail. This would never do for the Russian merchants. They clearly saw that if this continued the 'hope of their gains was gone.' They appealed to the Government, to whom apparently the profits of a few monopolists were of greater importance than the prosperity of half a continent. Prohibitive duties were reimposed, and the Siberians were left with a very restricted market for their goods, and high railway rates greatly increasing the cost of those commodities that they are compelled to purchase. 'The new route was working a revolution in prices,' said an observant Englishman on the spot. The high tariff has not, however, prevented the persistent discussion of the question, which the enterprise of Captain Webster will make more prominent than ever. Only last year a Russian sea-captain, Seletsky, appealed earnestly in the *Archangel News* to the Russian Government to aid in the development of Northern Siberia by means of her own sea-borne commerce. He pointed out that on her northern coasts Russia possesses a sea frontage of upwards of twelve thousand miles, and nearly two hundred thousand miles of inland waterways, all of which are at present out of touch with the outside world except through the efforts of foreigners. The regions accessible by these waterways possess untold riches; the mines of the northern Urals and the Altai Mountains (*Altai* signifies 'golden') produce not only gold, but platinum, silver, and almost all minerals and precious stones. The seas and rivers swarm with fish, the forests yield illimitable supplies of timber and furs, and the possibilities of agriculture are unbounded. The idea that a cold climate is an impediment to cultivation is said to be now an obsolete prejudice in the light of modern experience.

Since the days when the outlaw Yermak laid Siberia at the feet of Ivan the Terrible, over two hundred years ago, this vast northern half of the continent of Asia has been the hunting-ground of the most desperate adventurers of Europe. Little by little the Russian frontier has been pushed farther east, from one mountain-range to another, and from one enormous river to the next, until it has reached the frozen shores of the Pacific Ocean. The principal Siberian rivers flow northward into the Arctic Ocean. The Obi and the Yenesei are each nearly four thousand miles in length, and are navigable almost from the Mongolian frontier to the ocean—that is, right across Siberia, northwards. To the mouths of these rivers convicts (criminal and religious) have for many years been sent from European Russia. These remote regions are the loneliest

and most inhospitable that can be imagined. The unbroken silence of centuries broods over thousands of miles of snow that glitters under the rosy Northern Lights and the brilliant and variegated moonshine, or the rarer rays of the feeble sun. This polar 'tundra-region' is a desolate, frozen swamp. The soil never really thaws, and only the lowest forms of organic life, lichens and mosses, maintain an existence. Farther south the fir and pine forests begin; and in the brief summer-time the floral carpet is of marvellous loveliness. Here the Arctic fur-hunters snare their prey; and in the tiny hamlets of the native tribes, who have but the merest rudiments of civilisation, the Russian exiles starve out their weary existence, and yearn for their far-distant homes and friends. Occasionally one or two escape. They are usually recaptured, or frozen to death if caught by the terrific winter ere they can get out of the country, or are eaten by wolves or else by other fugitives. Cannibalism among escaped prisoners is by no means unknown.

In a London East End lodging-house two years ago a young woman was found who had just succeeded in escaping from this cruel region. A young man, a Jew, planned the desperate adventure with her. Possessing a few roubles, they bought a tiny boat, and rowed about eighty miles down the river Angara, a tributary of the Yenesei. Then they found help, and rowed about a hundred and twenty miles farther, always in terror in the daylight lest they should be discovered and rearrested. 'Cold? Our hands at times were actually frozen to the oars,' she said. By the help of friends and by means of false passports they ultimately escaped.

The rich and fertile watersheds of the upper reaches of the great rivers are the regions that will absorb the imports from Great Britain and other lands, and in return will pour out in increasing volume the exhaustless wealth of Siberia over the world. On the banks of these rivers the cities are built. Russian steamship companies already trade for hundreds of miles along their banks. In the summer season they are navigable to the Polar Sea. Suitable boats and skill and seamanship alone are needful to do what Wiggins and Webster have under many difficulties accomplished. For British trade this sea-route is of increasing importance in view of the future expansion of Siberia agriculturally, industrially, and as a purchasing market. If our woollens and cottons can be imported to this great Canada of the East, so much better for the Siberian population and for ourselves. If at the same time—for commerce is but the exchange of commodities—vast new corn-fields and granaries are rendered easily available for our needs, and if from the great rivers of the white north, as well as from the Danube and the Don in the south, can come increasing supplies to our ports, the Siberian growers as well as the British consumers will reap immense benefit.

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

II.—TROOPER OR TRAITOR—*Continued.*

PUNCTUALLY at six Durfy roused us with a quiet 'Good-morning,' and went to plunge his head and shoulders in the cold water of the creek. Even in my detestation of his wickedness, I could not help admiring his magnificent physique. At breakfast he was as silent as usual; but afterwards, when Sandy asked my plans, he put in his word, as I may say I fully expected him to do.

'I think, sir,' he said in his even voice, 'it would be well if you would allow me to begin at once my duties as guide.'

'Why so, Durfy?' I asked, thinking what a cool hand he was.

'I have been recalling the features of the locality,' he replied, 'and, if my memory serves me, I can take you to a place where you may learn something of Pollet's ways.'

It struck me that he chose each word carefully before giving it utterance. 'Are you sure that it will be worth our while to go?' I inquired.

'Oh yes,' he said more eagerly; 'because—' he checked himself and continued deliberately—'because the knowledge of the place I have in mind will be useful to you, even though we find no one there to-day.'

I thought that his brown cheeks paled for an instant, and then I believed that I had hit upon the explanation of his mood. 'My word! this is a curious type. The fellow hates Pollet, I'll be bound, though he is obliged to help him, and he is going to try to trick Bobby too. False to both sides, the poor wretch is bound to suffer, whichever of us gets hold of him when all is done.'

I must have lost myself in thought, for Durfy had the hardihood to say, 'You had better do as I suggest, sergeant.'

And I snapped back, 'When I have made up my mind I will answer you.'

'And while you are making up your mind,' he flashed out, 'the bushrangers'—— He choked back something, drew himself up, and saluted with an apology.

'Finish your remark,' I said graciously.

'I meant, sir, that every moment is precious.'

'Why, man, you talk as if you were certain of results,' I said with a sneer I could not wholly repress. 'Well, go ahead!'

The red rushed up under his tan, and he simply hurled himself at his horse, and was ready, swag rolled and all, before any of us.

In case of accident, I gave Sandy an outline of what had passed in the early morning. 'If there's treachery,' I said, 'you will know what to do.'

Sandy nodded and turned away, and for the first time I considered him unsympathetic. He did not seem at all impressed.

We cut an arrow, pointing south-west, on a tree as a guide to our general direction in case Foster should turn up, and then Durfy led us at a hand-gallop for five miles without even turning his head to see if we followed.

'He is in a tearing hurry,' I said to Sandy. 'He has sent word to Pollet that he will be promptly on hand with the victims. Just look at him.'

We were galloping now between tall trees, and always ascending. Nothing stopped Durfy. He sent his horse over fallen trunks as high as five-barred gates, and went over gaps and up and down steep gullies as if they had not existed. Had we been pursuing Pollet, with the bush-ranger in full view, he could not have ridden at a madder pace. I was just about to call a halt —for I saw no reason why we should be rushed into danger—when Durfy pulled up so suddenly that we nearly rode him down.

'Peg-out horses here. Can't ride farther,' he said breathlessly, and acted while he talked; for before any of us were ready he was off at a long, swinging stride.

'Come back, Durfy!' I called. 'How can we communicate with you if you keep so far ahead?'

He seemed inclined to be mutinous, but, after a quick, frowning glance, fell in between me and Sandy, who had come up on his other side in response to a wink from me. Always calm, Sandy now looked even more cheerful than usual.

Thus we entered a narrow valley, high up in the ranges, where a track ran between sides which sloped very sharply and were covered with boulders. The track was a natural one, and a thin stream, about its own width—say, three feet—trickled beside it. Here and there the way was blocked by big rocks, and shrubs grew thickly, but in patches, on the hillsides, with now and again an infrequent tree.

'You could not find a better place for an ambush,' I said, ostensibly to Sandy, though I looked a moment later at Durfy. And then this mysterious man made an extraordinary remark.

'Good heavens! Yes, I quite forgot,' he cried. 'Your revolvers!'

'Are quite ready, Durfy,' I said significantly, and held up mine.

'Then keep a good lookout. They may be anywhere in a place like this. I'll scout ahead.'

He was off at a bound and out of sight round a boulder before I could stop him. I did indeed raise my revolver, but lowered it again. 'We are in for it, Sandy,' I said. 'We were rather fools to come, but I wanted to learn all I could.' Tarrant assented, but Sandy only smiled. I supposed that he had made up his mind that we should somehow muddle through.

We advanced cautiously to the boulder round which Durfy had bolted, when a loud shout startled us, and we slipped round it, to see Durfy, a hundred yards ahead, running like a deer.

But it was not the sight of him that quickened our pace into a mad rush. Fifty yards beyond him, a solitary tree, dead and branchless, stuck up from the track six feet from the stream; and tightly bound to it, his hat off, his head fallen forward, was a trooper in uniform.

'Foster!' burst from our lips, and we raced after Durfy. But he had a good start, and long before we were up with him his knife had slashed through those cruel bonds and his arm was around poor Tom, drawing him away from the agony of that stake. For in that fiery sun, with the torture of the cool mountain stream ever gliding by him, the wretched prisoner must have suffered tortures beside which those of Tantalus were easy.

But Tom Foster was game to the backbone, and as we caught him from Durfy's arms and laid him gently down he smiled at us, and from his cracked and blackened lips fell falteringly the unselfish warning, 'Never mind me—trap—Pollet—expected you—ambush—higher—up—I'—— Then he fainted.

Tarrant dashed the contents of his water-bottle over Tom's head and sprang to the stream for a cooler supply; but Durfy was already bringing it. We forced a little diluted spirit between the clenched teeth, and Sandy and I chafed the wrists where the rawhide bonds had dented the flesh. The poor fellow's hands were purple with stagnating blood, but his feet were not so bad, for his riding-boots had resisted the pressure of the lashings. I wondered, while I was thankful, that they had not stripped him before exposing him to the sun.

Busy as I was, I did not forget the words Tom had uttered, which Durfy, too, must have heard. Yet his expression was merely anxious, not at all discomposed. I looked at Macneil, and to my surprise, and indeed indignation, he was smiling benevolently upon the culprit, whose whole attention was given to Tom.

This was all very well; but in cutting Tom loose he had done nothing to excuse his treachery. I knew now that it was the black's story of Tom's capture and impending torture which had so moved him. That was why he had galloped

and run ahead so madly. He had not shrunk from betraying us to our deaths, but he had sentimental objections to the torture of a fellow-being. I felt no kindness to him for his effort to undo part of the harm he had done; the more, perhaps, because I was myself blameworthy.

Suspicious of the fellow, I had yet, out of sheer pride and self-conceit, allowed him to bring my men into this trap. I had not liked to knuckle under to Pollet, and I had wished to show Durfy that he had not succeeded in fooling me as completely as he supposed he had done. The one good result of our coming was the rescue of Tom. Apart from that, I was, though in a different sense, as much to blame as Durfy for the fix we were in.

My orders were sharp and to the point. Tom had come round, and it behoved us as quickly as possible to get out of the danger-zone. 'Macneil and Tarrant, carry Foster,' I directed. 'Durfy, walk ahead. I will bring up the rear.'

'I can walk,' protested Tom. 'I'm all right, thanks to you all—and to you.' He looked gratefully at Durfy, who was putting away his flask. The traitor nodded and smiled at him.

I felt positively angry with them all. 'Walk, then,' I snapped; 'but get on out of this death-trap.'

'Beg pardon, sergeant,' said Durfy, 'don't you think that we had better leave Foster behind that stone, where he'll be safe?'

I looked at him in amazement. 'Are you mad, Durfy? Abandon Foster! I'——

'Abandon him! Certainly not, sir. We will come back for him if he does not come after us; but he is hardly fit to fight.'

'Of course he can't fight!' I cried hotly. 'That is why I gave the order to retreat.'

'Retreat!' echoed Durfy, apparently amazed in his turn. 'I thought you meant advance when you told me to go ahead. As I am guide, it was a natural conclusion. I was rather surprised when you spoke of bringing up the rear.'

I distinctly heard a chuckle from Sandy.

The amazing impudence of this speech sent me into a rage, and I began a storm of violent words. 'Trooper Durfy, I know you, remember. I have you covered. One movement to signal'——

A hand grasped my wrist and Sandy's voice said coolly, 'Gi'e the mon a chance to fight for us, if he's inclined, sergeant. We can argue wi' him efterwards—if we get the chance; for here they come!'

'Take cover!' I cried, springing to Foster's side. The unaccountable Durfy was again beforehand with me, so we supported Tom to a spot behind a big rock, and there set him down. I handed him one of my revolvers and turned to the other man. 'There is time for only one word, Levenhall,' I threatened. 'If you attempt to help your friends, I shall shoot you without mercy.'

The cool fellow smiled at me. 'That's rather hard luck, sergeant,' he retorted. 'I'll think about it;' and before I could do anything he had dodged behind a boulder.

'What on earth'—— began Tom; but I silenced him, for I could see up the valley a dozen men dodging from rock to rock. Pollet had evidently been reinforced, and things looked nasty for us. If it had not been for that traitor, Durfy——

Imagine my state of mind when, as I watched his cover, expecting I knew not what foul stroke, I saw the shining barrel of his rifle thrust over the top of the rock. There was a spurt of flame, and the sharp crack was instantly followed by a loud yell as a bushranger sprang into the air and rolled down the slope dead.

'Weel dune!' shouted Sandy; and then Durfy's voice, with a new cheerfulness in it, came to me, 'I'm taking chances and helping my friends. Don't be too hard on me, sergeant.' Sandy, in his cover, laughed uproariously; while I seriously thought that the sun had affected everybody but myself and Tarrant.

I had no time to unravel mysteries, for a volley spattered upon the rocks, doing no harm. The gang tried another volley, and then gave it up and fired singly from cover, every now and then dodging a little nearer, and evidently intending to rush us sooner or later.

Macneil's rifle spoke, and then Tarrant's, and both crippled but did not kill. A man raced from one rock to another, and I brought him down with a broken thigh; and then Pollet's voice rang out angrily, ordering his men to charge in a body. 'Foster's out of it!' he yelled. 'We're more than two to one.' He was satisfied, apparently, that Durfy had gone back on him. I called to my fellows to be steady and not waste a shot.

'I'll mark you, anyway, Sparks!' yelled Pollet, and I felt a ball graze the skin of my arm. Next moment Pollet's hat flew off, with a hole in it. As he peeped round his rock, Durfy had nearly got him. I grinned. 'The traitor has weighed chances and determined to stand by us,' I thought to myself, being, I fear, in a mean mood.

And then came the biggest surprise of that surprising day. A wild 'Coo-ee!' rang out above us—the true yell of the aboriginal—and Durfy rushed into the open, waving his hands and shouting unintelligible words. Yet they were understood; for, with loud yells, a company of a dozen blacks sprang into sight on the hillside and charged down upon Pollet's gang, two of them shooting wildly with revolvers, and the rest brandishing spears and waddies.

I heard a fierce oath, a crack, and turned my amazed face to see Durfy stagger and drop behind his rock. Then, with howls of baffled

rage, what was left of the Pollet gang turned and ran, with the blackfellows and Sandy and Tarrant in hot pursuit.

I sprang to Durfy's side, the mists beginning to clear from my mind. A bullet had gone through his shoulder, and, as I did all I could for him, I said, 'You will pull through all right, my dear fellow. I don't understand all this by a long sight; but I am convinced I ought to beg your pardon. You don't know what hard thoughts I have had of you.'

'Yes, I do.' Durfy smiled faintly. 'I deserved some of them, for my stupid pride made me hold my tongue when a word would have put you right. I can explain.'

'Not now,' I interrupted, pressing his hand. —'Tom, keep an eye on him. I see Sandy coming back, and—— My word! Look at that!'

The rout was complete. Three more bushrangers had gone down, and Pollet was running uphill. As I spoke one of the aboriginals threw his boomerang after the flying figure, and I laughed aloud, for it seemed so just a retribution. The queer weapon hurtled through the air, and just as the villain reached the summit it struck him in the back and sent him flat on his face. But the redoubtable Bobby was made of hard stuff, and as the yelling black sped to finish him, he picked himself up and vanished over the brow of the hill.

We had come off lightly; but the bushrangers had lost four killed and six wounded, four of whom fell into our hands. So, although Bobby Pollet escaped, we had not done so badly, thanks to Durfy's blackfellows; for, as it turned out, we owed their aid to the devotion of one of them to him.

Even now the surprises of the day were not over; for when the blacks returned from their short pursuit they gathered up the wounded at Durfy's command, and we marched through the valley to the spot where we had left our horses. We were descending the slope when Tarrant uttered a shout, and Macneil exclaimed, 'Man! whaever saw the like o' yon?'

Our blackies whooped with delight at our amazed faces, and their cries were echoed by a dozen of their tribe who showed up among the trees where they were guarding not only our horses, but every one of the thirty which had been stolen during the past few months. The blacks, before the fight, had raided Pollet's camp, where, confident in his hiding-place, he had left no guard.

'When you feel up to it, Durfy,' I said, 'there are one or two points which I should like explained; but first I thank you again for the splendid service you have rendered to-day.'

Durfy reddened with pleasure as we all in turn shook his hand, while his faithful blackfellow stood by, grinning from ear to ear. 'The credit is really due to Makomo here. I'll try to explain in a few words,' my late suspect said, smiling at me.

'While at Baraldarong I learned that Pollet was getting a gang together; and Makomo, whom I have known for many years, being in the district, I hunted him up and set him to keep an eye on the bushranger's movements. Makomo was very willing, for he owed Bobby one for cruelty to one of his tribe. It happened that he brought me a report on the night of our arrival at your quarters, and I, knowing that you had sent Foster upon a service of considerable danger, despatched the black upon his trail.

'Foster was captured, but not until he had severely wounded two of the gang, and Makomo came flying across the hills to me with the awful news that the bushrangers intended to revenge themselves by tying him to a tree in the sun.

'I had by that time revealed my identity to you, in order to convince you that I really knew this region, and it was my intention to tell you all that I had learned from Makomo. But your thinly veiled suspicions had angered my pride, and I determined to keep you as long as possible in the dark. Even when I learned of Foster's predicament my pride would not bend, for I knew that you were awake, and had seen the black with me, and I had a shrewd idea of the nature of your suspicions. In self-defence I must say that I knew that no harm could come to Foster until some time after sunrise. Still, had you refused to leave the rendezvous or insisted upon delaying the start, I should have told you all. You believe that?'

'Of course I do,' I said heartily. 'I have as much to own up to and blame myself for as you. I suspected you of being in touch with Pollet, and'——

'So I was, sergeant, though not quite in the way you imagined.' Durfy smiled. 'But I did very wrong; for I lost sight of the fact that Pollet might expect us and lay an ambush, and so I very nearly led you into a death-trap.'

'And my pride made me insist upon following you there,' I returned; 'so let us admit that we were both to blame, and ask forgiveness all round. You have still the best of it; for by instructing Makomo to bring up his blackies you'——

'No, no, don't credit me with that,' Durfy interposed. 'I had no opportunity to give such an order; for when that twig cracked my only thought was to get back to the fire, and it was then I noticed that you were awake. The business on the hill and the recovery of the stolen horses are entirely due to Makomo's generalship.'

'You are a trump, Makomo,' I cried, 'and we will see how many pounds of tobacco you can carry away when you come over to Bildarong.' At which there was a yell of joy from our blackies.

'Levenhall,' I said gravely, 'I think that you ought to resume your own name.' Tears started to the brave fellow's eyes. He knew what I meant. His six years of honest reformation had done much to atone for his past.

I turned to my boys. 'Lads,' I said, 'this shall be a lesson to me not to be wise in my own conceit. I wrongly suspected a good man when a straight question or two would have cleared matters up. My pig-headedness might have cost you your lives. Do you forgive me?'

'Weel, weel,' said Sandy in his quaint way, 'ye 're askin' a guid bit; but we 'll no' lynch ye this time.' Tarrant shook one hand and Durfy the other, Tom Foster smote me on the back, and Makomo and his stalwarts yelled assent.

END OF SECOND STORY.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE USE OF DYNAMITE IN FARMING.

A FEATURE of modern agricultural science on the North American continent is the utilisation of dynamite for a variety of operations. At first sight it seems somewhat curious that such a powerful and destructive explosive should possess any qualities valuable to the farmer; but as a matter of fact it is developing into his most useful tool. Its most extensive use is in connection with what is called subsoil ploughing, meaning the breaking up of the underlying stratum so that the moisture can force its way into the soil to dissolve the elements of nutrition upon which plant-life flourishes. Ordinary ploughing only treats a comparatively thin layer near the surface, and as this is turned over and over in successive years it is not long before the ground begins to show signs of exhaustion unless stimulated by the aid of fertilisers, and the yield in the crop declines. The subsoil is not touched in the slightest, and being packed hard and firm, it acts practically as a seal. The roots of the crops cannot descend into it, and consequently straggle right and left near the surface, fighting keenly with one another for food. The most economical method of treating the subsoil demanded searching investigation. On a market-garden trenching may be resorted to in order to achieve the desired end, but on a farm of several thousand acres such operations are impracticable. Then it was thought that by charging the ground with dynamite cartridges spaced at certain intervals apart, the whole of the subsoil might be shattered and loosened to a depth of several feet. The experiment was tried, and the results were astonishing. To-day the treatment of the subsoil by dynamite is advocated on every hand by the foremost agricultural authorities, at experimental stations, by railway companies, and by many others interested in the development of the land. Certainly the system is inexpensive and simple. Moreover, it is rendered as safe as science can make a dangerous explosive. A special brand of dynamite suited to the requirements has been evolved; and, with due attention to the elaborate instructions issued as to handling and using it, no fear whatever need be entertained of the tool turning upon the user so long as ordinary intelligence is displayed. A hole is bored into the ground to the requisite depth by means of an auger; the cartridge, with a long length of fuse attached, is slipped in; and the charge is tamped home with a wooden stick, leaving a short length of fuse projecting above the ground. When a large field is being subjected to the treatment the cartridges are planted in continuous rows at such a distance apart that the forces of two adjacent cartridges just overlap, so that the field is treated completely. The fuses are then lighted, and the explosions lift large quantities of earth a few feet into the air, the subsoil for a depth of eight feet or so being shattered and loosened. The farmer then runs his plough over the surface in the usual manner, and completes the cycle of his agricultural operations. Another ingenious application is in the blasting of holes for the planting of fruit and other trees. A spade-dug hole merely loosens the earth within the area of the excavation. The surrounding wall is hard and firm, so that the roots of the tree have great difficulty in forcing their way through the ground, and growth accordingly is stunted for a long time. By blasting, on the other hand, not only is an excellent hole made, but the surrounding earth is disintegrated, so that when the tree is set the roots can push their way into the ground without the slightest effort, and growth starts immediately. It has been proved conclusively that fruit-trees planted in blasted holes grow three times as rapidly as those set in spade-dug holes; they come into bearing sooner, and consequently the orchard comes into profitable yield in a shorter time. Throughout North America farming by dynamite has become well established, and certainly the successes attained in the bumper crops offer conclusive testimony to the value of the method.

A TABLOID COUNTING AND SORTING MACHINE.

This is the age of compressed drugs, and the sale of tabloid medicines of all descriptions runs into hundreds of millions weekly. Naturally special appliances are required for the sorting and packing of the tabloids, and in this direction considerable ingenuity has been displayed. One, of German origin, is particularly interesting, and

has aroused considerable interest in Berlin. The tabloids are poured into a trough-like hopper, which is shut off by a roller of special design whereby the tabloids are carried on to an agitator, a certain number at a time, to be sifted from the powder adhering to them. Finally the tabloids automatically reach a grid, and here the sorting is carried out, all tabloids which are broken or of imperfect shape being discarded. The perfect pellets then pass to the counting mechanism, where the required number of tabloids for a bottle are counted out, and the vessel is filled. By automatic mechanism the counting device stops for a time after a bottle is filled to permit the next empty receptacle to be brought into position to be charged. The machine works with commendable accuracy and certainty, and some idea of its time-saving possibilities may be gathered from the fact that two hundred thousand tabloids can be sorted, counted, and charged into bottles in a seven-hour day.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIA-RUBBER.

Considerable attention has been aroused during the past few weeks by the appearance of a substitute for india-rubber, vulcanite, and leather, under the name of seagumite. It is the discovery of a London chemist, and the fundamental material from which it is made is seaweed. Seeing that this article is so abundant around our coasts, the possibility of being able to turn it to valuable commercial account not only opens up a new industry, but at the same time finds an economic market for what at present is virtually useless. The method of manufacture is a secret; but, judging from the results of the trials to which the new substance has been submitted under arduous everyday conditions, it appears to have a great future in many ramifications of commerce. Seagumite is not only damp-proof, non-inflammable, and germ-proof, but is not affected by heat, cold, oils, or exposure to weather. It can be made as tough as desired, and consequently is an excellent substitute for vulcanite. To the electrical trade this is of far-reaching importance, as it brings into vogue a new and cheaper medium said to possess all the insulating properties of india-rubber, from which vulcanite is prepared. A series of tests were carried out with this composition at the Westminster testing laboratories, and it was found capable of withstanding a test of thirty-two thousand volts. As a packing material in steam-engines it has proved highly serviceable, and stands the work excellently; while the fact that it withstands the action of chemicals and acids extends its sphere of usefulness still more. It can be used for the manufacture of motor-tires just as easily; it is as resilient as rubber, and costs about 30 per cent. less than the rubber tire. Boots and shoes can be made from it; and not only is the footgear lasting and hygienic, but its damp-resisting quality is its most attractive feature. Compared with leather, boots can be made of seagumite for about half the price. Wherever leather or vulcanite is used, seagumite is equally applicable, and for the most part with far better results. It is practically unbreakable, is almost imperishable, and completely fireproof, the blast of a gas blow-pipe only slightly charring the surface. A factory is being erected for the manufacture of this substitute, with an output of six tons per week at first; but should the anticipations of those concerned in the exploitation of this discovery be fulfilled, and the material prove equal to the article which it is devised to displace, the output will have to be increased very considerably, as a heavy demand is certain to ensue. Indeed, already the various industries to which the substance makes appeal are displaying practical interest in the development.

A HOUSEHOLD BUTTER-MAKING MACHINE.

Every housewife's ambition is to be economical and yet practical, so that any device which combines these two factors to advantage is certain to provoke deep interest. At the present moment the price of butter is occasioning considerable anxiety. To be able to make two pounds of butter at home for little more than the cost of one bought at a shop, or rather to be able to turn the purchased pound into two pounds, seems somewhat magical, but it is nevertheless an accomplished fact. A machine has been contrived whereby this can be achieved. It is a small device which a child can work, and there is nothing to get out of order. The process is very simple. One pound of pure butter is required. This is cut into small pieces, so as to fit in between dashers within the machine. To this is added three-quarters of a pint of milk, with a small teaspoonful of salt. The annular space surrounding the inner vessel is now three-parts filled with hot—not boiling—water, the lid is attached and fixed, and the projecting handle is moved forward and backward slowly until the butter softens; then it is turned to the right freely for about two minutes, when the butter is formed. The contents, consisting of about two pounds of milk-blended butter, are then poured out and permitted to cool. It is an excellent device, and the milk-blended product which is obtained is particularly appetising. The machine certainly solves a critical problem in the home by enabling a costly commodity to go farther than is otherwise possible, and this, where families are concerned, is no mean achievement.

ELECTROLYTIC BLEACHING.

Electricity has been described as mankind's greatest handmaid, and when one observes the rapidly increasing application of this science to every branch of industry the fact cannot be disputed. One of the latest developments is the utilisation of electricity for bleaching purposes.

Under the old régime, when stained linen was sent to the laundry the general method of removing the disfigurements was by means of a bleaching agent such as chloride of lime. This chemical achieves its work excellently, but it plays sad havoc with the textile. Some twenty years ago a firm in Russian Poland endeavoured to harness electricity for this work, and they succeeded beyond all expectations. The electric current is used to produce a bleaching medium from salt water, producing sodium hypochlorite, which is neither alkaline nor acid in character. From this small beginning the new system has developed on every hand. It is used in many of the largest textile-mills, and is almost universally employed in one of the youngest industries —the manufacture of artificial silk. Wools and cottons are treated therewith, the system being preferable to that formerly practised. It promises to revolutionise the laundry completely, owing to its simplicity, efficiency, and low cost of operation. A large installation has been laid down at the Rudolf Virchow Hospital in Berlin for treating all the clothes and linen used in that establishment. Not only does it restore the garments to their pristine whiteness, but it at the same time brings about complete sterilisation, as the electrolytic bleach is a powerful germicide. The apparatus is made in a variety of forms to suit any and all requirements, so that the small laundry is brought into line with its bigger rival. Recently its application has received a fresh impetus, inasmuch as the German chemists have found that woollen hosiery treated with a weak solution is rendered unshrinkable. The system is meeting with increasing favour in this country, and in America it has leaped into a prominent position in a very short period, as within two years it was adopted in one hundred and fifty laundries. Apart from mere laundry purposes, the electrolyser can be used for the manufacture of a disinfectant, if desired, for flushing drains and pavements, washing floors, and so on. It destroys bacteria and the germs of phthisis, cholera, typhus, anthrax, and other fearful maladies, while it has the great advantage of being non-poisonous.

A COLLAR TIE-GRIP.

What mere man has not at some time or other declaimed against the persistence of his tie in rising up his collar at the back. Numerous devices have been patented to avoid this uncomfortable drawback, but none has met the difficulty so neatly as that which the writer saw recently. This clip slips under the collar in the proximity of the back-stud, and the tie itself slips to and fro within two notches. It cannot rise and it cannot move from its position. The advantage of such a device will be more readily appreciated by those accustomed to wear soft shirts, with which the tie and collar troubles are legion.

WOODEN SHOES.

According to a report from Vice-Consul D. P. de Young at Amsterdam, Holland exports more wooden shoes to the United States than to any other country. Many hundreds of pairs are now worn in Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, New Jersey, and other states. The remarkable statement is made that there is more wooden footgear worn in Chicago, Grand Rapids, or Holland (Mich.) than in the city of Amsterdam. Other places importing this practical article of dress extensively are Paterson (N.J.), St Louis (Mo.), Lancaster County (Neb.), and Marion County (Iowa). The shoes exported from the Netherlands are mostly made in large factories by modern machinery. On the contrary, the wooden shoes worn in that country are generally hewn to the measure of the customers' feet in the village shoe-shops, and the local price varies according to the amount of wood used and the market price of the raw material.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

SUNLIGHT.

THOUGH about me lay the sunlight, and I bore no cramping load,
And the way was smooth and pleasant for my feet,
Yet my heart were heavy going for those others on the road
Who went bare and stripped of any hour of sweet.

Though the birds sang ever near me, and but music reached mine ear
In majestic symphonies of land and sea,
Yet my soul were very pitiful for others passing near
Deaf to all the melodies life gave to me.

Though calm, ordered peace and comfort shed their lustre on my lot,
Nor care nor sorrow marred my life's design,
Yet I still were sick and sad for all those others who had not
A tithe of these rich blessings that were mine.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SEVENTH SERIES

CARLOTTA.

By HOWARD C. BOYES.

PART I.

WHO knows? The house may still survive on the outskirts of Toledo—and the blood-stains yet linger on the wall, which looks across the fragments of that greater one which Wamba built to the turgid waters of the Tagus, and beyond to the green fields and dust-gray road which leads to Aranjuez and Madrid.

For all years it was an unfortunate house; misfortune dogged it, as it dogs the lives of some men; and, even as their faces become soured and grim, its walls took unto themselves a sere yellow that no ravages of time could have painted. Muleteers and countryfolk passing it at nightfall would either swagger truculently by, their right hands resting on the handles of their knives, or else reverently cross themselves and appeal to their patron saint to protect them past the unhallowed place. For the native of Spain is superstitious, and shows his credulity in many varied ways, according to his nature.

It was in June 1838, a year of grave moment to Spain, when for a while the throne of Isabella hung in the scale, and against the loyalty of the army there weighed the lazy passion of the people, who—tired of a girl upon the throne, wearied of the regent who had been their late monarch's fourth wife—needed but a great man to arise and lead for them to throw off the lethargy beneath which they had suffered for a century. Had Don Carlos been a soldier—nay, even a man—Spanish history would have been altered. As it was, many hearts were broken, many lives lost.

The day was warm; a scorching sun poured relentlessly down upon the fields and on the cobbled roads. It was noon, the hour of siesta, and a solitary horseman, riding across the bridge of Alcantara, passed by shuttered houses as he turned towards the great square known as the Zocodover.

In the Arco de la Sangre he stopped to inquire the way of an orange-woman seated in a shady spot, her back against the wall of the inn immortalised by associations with Cervantes.

She was short and fat; the grace of the Catalonian was not hers, thought the rider. Her eyes were half-closed; a general air of ennui pervaded her whole person.

Slowly she opened her eyes as a sleepy child might when his horse stopped beside her. '*El Nido*,' she said—'*El Nido!* you travel there;' and the heavy ear-rings she wore shook in her astonishment.

'And why not?' queried the rider with a smile. The smile was a winning one, and it awoke Teresa, the seller of oranges, from her somnolence, and it gratified her, for Teresa had once been young and comely, and though the years had not dealt kindly with her, yet her pride was as great as in the days when she was the much-sought-after *bella* of Toledo. Her dark eyes flashed. 'Because, señor,' she said vehemently, 'it is an evil house; there are bad stories concerning it.'

The rider smiled. 'Ah,' he answered, 'an eagle's nest! And yet I hear it contains two dainty eaglets, pretty birds that would not harm a flower, much less a human being.'

'But yes,' said Teresa, 'the Señoritas Carlotta and Anita.'

'Then,' said the rider, 'I will throw myself upon their mercy. Am I right for *El Nido*, this dangerous nest?'

'But no,' said the woman. She rose and with a fat forefinger pointed the way he should have gone. It lay along a road cut out of the cliff upon which Toledo stands, and rising to the heights beyond. On the summit stood a lonely house.

'That,' she said, 'is *El Nido*.'

'A fitting path to such a dangerous residence!' The rider wheeled his horse round, and, with a ready smile and bow, raised his hat and rode away.

Teresa watched him. 'Ah,' she said, 'he is *un Inglis!* They fear nothing.' Then she returned to her corner amidst the shadow, and fell asleep, to dream of an Englishman who had once entered into her life, long years before, when she was La Bella Teresa. The picture he had painted then still hung in her little attic, amidst the faded finery of a bygone day, kept in remembrance of past triumphs, for the Spanish woman is romantic, and Teresa was a true Spaniard.

It spoke much for O'Hara's nature that before he had ridden a hundred yards up the path

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which led to *El Nido* the warning of Teresa had passed for ever out of his mind. He was a Celt, born of a Welsh mother and an Irish father, and he possessed all the full-blooded recklessness of the Celts, their warm-heartedness and impetuosity. Moreover, he had served in the regent Christina's army for nine months, an experience which had taught him many things.

El Nido, standing upon its rocky eminence, was exposed to all the four winds and to the overpowering glare of the Spanish sun. From its windows it looked down upon the Tagus, hundreds of feet beneath.

'Such a house should have a history,' thought O'Hara as he rode into the *patio*.

Dismounting, he pulled at the bell. For a few moments there was no reply; then the swish of soft skirts sounded upon his ear, and before him stood a tall, dark girl, with lustrous eyes and the grace that is only given to women of Spain. Her dress of soft silk clung around her figure, displaying its perfect symmetry.

Instantly O'Hara's hat was raised. 'The Señor Carrillo?' he asked.

'But yes,' answered the girl. She glanced at his clothes, and saw that he wore the uniform of Spain, although his speech betokened a foreigner.

'I have a letter of introduction to him from an old friend of his in Madrid.'

'You will come inside?' said the girl. 'Father is asleep—it is the siesta; but I will soon wake him.'

'Please don't do that,' replied O'Hara. 'I can wait until he has awakened.'

The girl smiled. Perhaps she read the thoughts passing through his mind—that he would have half-an-hour alone with her.

He was holding the bridle of his horse. She held out her hand towards it. 'You would like it stabled.—Pedro!'

A few seconds, and a rough-looking youth emerged from the gardens. He was destitute of a coat, displaying a pair of lean brown arms and a gaudy crimson shirt. On his head was a dusty straw sombrero, stained brown with the glare of many suns.

'You will take this señor's horse and give it food.'

'And a rub down,' said O'Hara.

'And a rub down,' repeated the girl with an engaging smile.

The youth nodded and led the animal away. 'Yes, señorita,' he said.

The girl ushered O'Hara into a room overlooking the gardens of *El Nido*. The blinds were drawn, and a sense of coolness pervaded the atmosphere.

'What a haven of rest for a weary traveller!' he said.

'You have travelled far, señor?'

'From Madrid, and the sun is hot.'

'You are not a Spaniard,' said the girl with a smile.

'No, señorita. I come from England.'

'I knew as much.'

'My pronunciation—I fear it is shocking!' said O'Hara.

'Partly, and the daring way you ride, travelling during the heat of the day. No Spaniard would do that. They are either too cowardly or too lazy.'

'And yet you are a Spaniard.'

'Yes, señor, and I would not travel at midday.'

O'Hara glanced at her. 'You are the Señorita Carrillo—the Señorita Anita Carrillo?'

'No,' she answered; 'I am Señorita Carlotta Carrillo. And so you know our names?'

'Yes, señorita. I come from a very old friend of your father's in Madrid, Señor Loria.'

'Ah, father often speaks of him! I met him once.' The señorita made a little *moue*. 'I do not like him, he is so stern.'

'He is a soldier,' answered O'Hara.

'You are a soldier, and you are not stern.'

O'Hara bowed graciously. 'Your retort is unanswerable. I could not be serious if I tried.'

'No,' responded the señorita, surveying him critically. 'I do not believe you could.'

For nearly an hour they chatted together on many subjects; then a step sounded in the passage, and a man's voice, 'Carlotta! Carlotta!'

The girl rose and hurried to the door. For a moment O'Hara heard her speaking to Señor Carrillo, telling him who he was. Then they entered together.

'Señor O'Hara—my father,' said the señorita, with the air of a grande dame and a mocking smile which belied the grandeur of her action.

'Carlotta, my child!' said the señor. Then he advanced to greet O'Hara. 'Any friend of my friend Señor Loria is welcome at my house,' he said.

O'Hara bowed and handed him the letter of introduction. Señor Carrillo read it through. 'And you are doubly welcome since you are a soldier in her gracious Majesty's army. You are staying in Toledo? Pray consider my house at your disposal.'

O'Hara demurred.

'I insist. I would not have you think badly of Toledo. The hotels here are'—he glanced in the direction of his daughter, then added in a whisper—'are infernal. That's a good word you English have; in Spain we possess no equivalent.'

O'Hara was about to make some light rejoinder when the door opened and a second Carlotta entered.

Señor Carrillo saw him glance from one to the other. 'My second daughter, Anita,' he said.

O'Hara bowed.

'We are twins,' said Carlotta; 'but I am the elder by five minutes—or is it four?' she added, addressing her father

'Four, I believe,' replied the señor with mock solemnity. He turned to O'Hara. 'You must be hungry after your long ride.—Carlotta, you should have had some wine and food brought in.'

'I will go now.—Señor, a thousand pardons!' said Carlotta.

Señor Carrillo watched her leave the room. 'She is a sad handful,' he said. 'I am glad her sister does not resemble her as closely in that as in other ways.' He glanced at the Señorita Anita and smiled indulgently.

Gradually, as O'Hara lingered in Toledo—and he was in no hurry for his duties to call him from it—he learned the difference between the two sisters, so alike that a stranger could not have distinguished one from the other.

While they were waiting for refreshment, Señor Carrillo plied him with questions regarding Madrid and his friend Señor Loria.

'There will be fighting in Madrid yet,' he said.

'I doubt it, señor,' replied O'Hara. 'Don Carlos's men are too irregularly paid. It is treachery we shall fight against, not against an army of men, although many would prefer it so.'

'You, my friend, for one,' said Señor Carrillo, with a grave little smile. He was a good judge of men.

'I come of a fighting race,' said O'Hara.

'We fight in Spain,' replied the señor; 'we are born fighters, but we fight in the dark, and it spoils a man's nerves.'

'It does,' replied O'Hara, as the food was brought into the room.

'I have ordered a room to be prepared for you,' said the señor during the meal; 'you would like to rest after your long journey?'

O'Hara drew out his watch. 'In half-an-hour I am due to visit General Gomez.'

The señor nodded. 'It is well to be punctual—when you can. You do not find it is easy here, eh? Time is a commodity which the Spaniard does not value.'

Twenty minutes later O'Hara rose.

'You will want your horse,' said the Señorita Carlotta. 'I will come with you and show you where the stable is.'

She led the way out of the balcony, and from there through a tangled wilderness of garden to some whitewashed outhouses at the rear of *El Nido*. 'Pedro!' she called. Pedro appeared. 'You will saddle the señor's horse and bring it round to the *patio*, and you will please hurry.'

'Whilst we are waiting,' she said to O'Hara, 'I will show you the wilderness father is pleased to call the garden, if you would like to see it.'

'I should be delighted,' replied O'Hara.

She took him along a gravelled path, between rows of flowers, past a softly splashing fountain, past terraces of grass, leading downwards, to all appearance, to the abyss beneath. Suddenly she stopped. 'There!' she said dramatically, and with arm outstretched pointed before them.

Sheer down beneath lay the cliff; a slip of the foot meant a fall of hundreds of feet into the Tagus below, which flowed into the distance like a yellow silken band. A couple of muleteers passing across the bridge of Alcantara appeared to them as dwarfs. In the distance as far as eye could see stretched fields and the white, dusty, sun-baked road which led to Madrid.

'What a magnificent view!' said O'Hara.

'Isn't it glorious?' said the girl, her eyes shining, while the cool wind which had arisen brought a rich colour to her cheeks.

'And you are the queen of the castle!' said O'Hara. He was gazing at her as she stood by his side.

For a second their glances met and a deeper colour suffused her cheeks.

'We will turn back, señor,' she said. 'Your horse will be saddled now, and you will be late in your appointment with General Gomez.'

As she stood in the sunlight Carlotta looked the queen O'Hara had called her, and the sight of her sent the blood coursing madly through his veins. Passionate words rose to his lips, but he denied them utterance.

'As you will, señorita,' he replied. He smiled into her face. 'I have learned a lesson to-day up here upon this slope. Duty does not always go hand-in-hand with pleasure.'

'And you have only learned it to-day—you, a soldier!' answered the girl.

He answered nothing, and they walked in silence to the *patio*, where she watched him mount his horse and ride away.

His mind was occupied with many subjects as he rode down the rocky path into the city itself, through the Zocodover, from which Teresa had vanished, to the barracks. There General Gomez awaited him in his private room. He was a tall, thin Spaniard, with dark, piercing eyes and sunken cheek-bones, accentuated by his iron-gray beard. He bowed and motioned O'Hara to a chair.

'I am afraid I am late,' said the Englishman; 'but I only arrived in Toledo a couple of hours ago, and the journey from Madrid is tiring.' His face had grown serious since he entered the room. The smile had quitted his lips; he was a soldier, standing before a soldier, his superior.

'It is a pity you dislike the journey,' said General Gomez, 'for you will have to make it many times within the next few weeks.'

'In the hours of evening when it is dark—

and cool,' said O'Hara; 'I shall not mind then.'

'Yes,' assented the General, 'it will be pleasanter—and more dangerous.'

For over an hour he sat in close conversation with his chief, one of the three great generals in Spain, upon whom many averred the Queen's life depended. When he left it was as special aide-de-camp to General Gomez.

The General was not one given to making compliments. When he held out his hand at the termination of the interview he paid one of the few of his life. 'You came to us with a great reputation,' he said. 'You have won golden opinions in Madrid. I shall expect great things of you.'

'I shall do my best,' answered O'Hara.

'And no man can do more,' said the General gravely.

(To be continued.)

ASPECTS OF LATIN-AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS.

THE writer of the following lines has lived nearly a quarter of a century in various Latin-American republics. He has witnessed many revolutions, and the following details are the record of personal experience. The spirit of revolution seems to run in the blood of the Latin race, for revolutions are not confined to South or Central America. The recent overthrow of the Portuguese monarchy is a case in point; while few revolutions have been more sanguinary or terrible than that which in France commenced by the capture and demolition of the Bastille in 1789. Personal ambition, political intrigues, love of excitement—these are the principal factors which produce revolutions. It is comparatively seldom that they arise from a real desire of the mass of the people to free themselves from oppression, though this is often the alleged motive of the rising. 'Death to the tyrants!' is a good catchword, which never fails to secure many adherents; but how often has it not been the case that the rebels, once successful in overthrowing their opponents, have proved more tyrannical than their predecessors, and have inaugurated a real reign of terror! This was the case with the first French Revolution, and the same result has been repeated in many of the revolutions which have disgraced the smaller Latin-American republics.

Here are some aspects of a South American revolution. The Dictator Rosas was condemned to death in 1861 by the Argentine Congress as a 'professional murderer and robber,' two thousand and thirty-four assassinations carried out by his orders being specified. The actual number must have been much greater, for as early as 1843 one of his chief opponents published a detailed list of twenty-two thousand four hundred and five victims of his savagery. Rosas escaped to England, where he lived in constant fear of assassination until his death in 1877.

Possibly this beats the record of the Dictator Lopez of Paraguay. The writer has seen a list of the persons he ordered to be executed (mostly on the charge of 'treason') during a period of six months only, but cannot remember the exact number. However, a mere list of the names, closely packed, in small print, filled the entire page of a newspaper of ordinary size.

On the outbreak of a revolution, or even when a revolution is threatened, the first act of the Government in power is generally to proclaim martial law, or 'state of siege,' as it is called in South America. This is a far-reaching measure, with important results to all residents in the affected country. The constitutions of the various Latin-American republics are as a rule extremely liberal; they guarantee the utmost liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, and liberty of nearly everything else to the intending immigrant, and do not hesitate to publish the fact. As soon as martial law is proclaimed all these guarantees are suspended; the people live under a dictatorship, and the Government do simply what they please. Woe betide the unhappy editor who happens to oppose them! He is lucky if he is subjected to no heavier punishment than banishment or imprisonment and the suppression of his paper. Unfavourable criticism of the Government may even be a capital offence. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* of 28th March 1911 records the case of two Argentine journalists who were condemned to death under such circumstances during a revolution in a neighbouring republic. It relates many other atrocities committed at the same time, such as the cutting of the throats of wounded men on the field of battle, the shooting of political prisoners without trial of any kind, and many other incidents of the same kind which are not uncommon during South American revolutions. The paper referred to is the principal English organ published in South America; it is the *doyen* of the Buenos Ayres press, well known for its impartiality and fearlessness, and has lived up to its motto of *Nil falsi audeam, nil veri non audeam dicere.* But other Buenos Ayres papers were even louder in their denunciations of the atrocities committed, and advocated foreign intervention to prevent them.

If atrocities half as bad had been committed by the Turks, the British press would have been loud in its condemnation and calls for redress. The same public that was roused to indignation over the reports of the

Bulgarian atrocities views with indifference the atrocities which are continually committed during the revolutions in these small republics. It is not the object of the writer to produce sensational 'copy;' but if the atrocities and abuses indicated in the present article lead to a thorough and impartial investigation of the state of affairs described, and cause it to be held up to the judgment of the civilised world, he believes a step will be taken in the right direction.

Revolutions are of all kinds and degrees. Some of them are comparatively harmless, and scarcely productive of greater loss and inconvenience than an ordinary British strike; many persons whose only experience of a revolution has been one of this kind are apt to think that all are equally harmless.

Even neutral foreigners who take no part in the movement are not allowed to escape unmolested. It frequently happens that their horses, cattle, arms, accoutrements, and any other property that may be of use are seized, generally without compensation of any kind, either by the Government or the insurgents. To give a case in point which not long since came to the writer's notice. Two horse-dealers (peaceable foreigners) were on the road with a troop of horses when a revolution broke out. All the horses, about one hundred and fifty (their entire fortune), were forcibly seized without compensation, and they were compelled to make their way on foot to the nearest town, which was a considerable distance away. Before arriving there they were again set on by a band of marauders, who relieved them of their small arms and loose cash, leaving them absolutely penniless. But cases of this nature are common.

Worse than this often happens. Even in times of peace there is little security for life and property in the remote country districts. One of the first acts of both parties when a revolution breaks out is to secure as many 'volunteers' as possible to aid their cause. These volunteers are often rounded up like so many cattle and tied with a rope or lasso to prevent their escape. So well is this known that as soon as a revolution begins the first act of the peasants and lower classes in general is to take to the woods to prevent their being impressed to fight for a cause to which they may actually be opposed. Even foreigners are not always spared if they cannot produce documents to prove their nationality. The consequence is that the remoter parts of the country are soon filled with desperate characters ready for any deed of violence. Bands of these marauders attack isolated farmhouses, stealing horses and cattle or anything else they may require. Women are outraged and murders committed with complete impunity.

The defenceless position of the country population is further aggravated by the fact that the party which has locally the upper hand generally searches all the houses for arms, thus leaving the outlying settlers without means of defence just at the time when such defence is most necessary. Journalists who venture to denounce this state of affairs are often roughly handled. Independent parties who try to collect evidence are punished as spies. At least in one instance soldiers who committed wholesale murders and other outrages were bound to secrecy under the most fearful oaths. No wonder, then, that there is great difficulty in getting at the real facts, and that little leaks through to the European press.

Even at the moment when the writer was engaged in penning this article he received notice of another revolution in Paraguay (the second in six months). As this revolution and the events which led up to it are typical of such events in South America, the following account, which is taken from a local paper, *El Tiempo*, of Asuncion will prove interesting. Not long before, the proprietor of another paper, *El Diario*, who had taken a prominent part in opposing the dictator, was shot without trial. As some documents of a very incriminating nature (relating to an unsavoury scandal in which the Dictator Jara was mixed up) came into the possession of the *Diario*, the editor, the press censorship having meanwhile been somewhat relaxed, ventured to have them photo-lithographed with a view to their publication. This came to the ears of the tyrant, who sent a squad of soldiers to arrest the editor and wreck the printing-office. Some of the officials were imprisoned and others deported, among the latter being several foreigners who occupied a subordinate position on the staff, and were in no way responsible for what had happened.

This infraction of the liberty of the press caused much indignation among the more intelligent part of the population, and the students of Asuncion were the first to make a practical demonstration of the fact. They paraded the streets, demanding perfect freedom of the press, as guaranteed by the constitution. Their leaders were arrested and severely flogged by the orders of the dictator.

Matters had already become so insupportable that Congress was compelled to act. When the matter came up for discussion it was found that the opponents of the Dictator Jara were in the majority, and affairs commenced to look serious. But the tyrant was not to be balked by such a trifle. All the opposing members were arrested, sent to prison, and forcibly compelled to resign. Next day the minority, comprising Jara's adherents, assembled and accepted the 'resignation' of their colleagues.

An attempt was also made to take proceedings against the persons who had wrecked the offices of the *Diario*, though it was known this was done by Jara's orders. The judge (a man of recognised probity) who was to try the offenders

was also imprisoned and forcibly compelled to resign. The other judges then protested in a body against this act of violence. The only answer they received was that they would be treated in the same way if they did not prove sufficiently complacent. The whole situation had become intolerable. But Jara, though detested by all parties, still maintained his position, as he had the army at his back, and relied on bayonets for his support. But now even the army, on which he depended, rose against him, and he was hastily deposed by a sudden *coup* of his own supporters. Perhaps it may be supposed that his deposition was due to the virtuous indignation of an outraged people. Nothing of the kind! One intriguer had deposed another; the country was still at the time this article was written under the heel of military despotism.

This latest revolution had the advantage of being bloodless, and the present head of the Government will probably be warned by the excesses of his predecessor to be more prudent in his actions. Only so far is there a slight improvement.

Can nothing be done to remedy this state of affairs in general? The physician who diagnoses a disease does little good unless he can also prescribe a remedy. And that such a remedy is practicable is the writer's firm conviction. We live in an atmosphere of international peace-making and arbitration; every year the action of peace societies and tribunals of international arbitration becomes more pronounced. But tribunals of arbitration, such as that of The Hague, seem to confine their operations to international disputes; civil war and revolutions do not enter into their scope. Yet civil war is one of the most dreadful forms of war, and a revolution often adds to the horrors of war all the horrors of anarchy.

Though we have peace societies in abundance, the writer is not aware that any of these has taken a pronounced part in the settlement of revolutions or civil war. A society for the suppression of revolutions is quite as necessary as one for the suppression of international strife. It is to be hoped that such a society will be established, or that a tribunal such as that of The Hague will broaden the scope of its operations so as to include civil war and revolutions. What the writer suggests is that such a society should have an accredited agent in the capital of every Latin-American country, empowered to offer his services as mediator between the contending parties; to publish in the European press an account of the revolution and the causes which led to it; to denounce any atrocities which may be committed, and to collect evidence in regard to them; in short, to do anything which may tend to prevent revolutions or mitigate their effects. He would, in fact, be what might be called a 'revolution missionary.'

As an alternative, the foreign consuls or diplomatic agents at every Latin-American capital might form themselves into local peace committees, under the direction of their local *doyen*, acting, if possible, under the auspices of The Hague International Tribunal of Arbitration, with full power to mediate. In such a case it would, of course, be necessary to obtain the consent of their respective Governments, as well as that of the Government to which they are accredited. As there is no party more interested in the suppression of revolutions than the Latin-American Governments themselves, it is presumed that their consent would be obtained without difficulty. The above suggestion is a mere outline, which may be amplified or improved. It is possible that other and better remedies may exist, but only by suggestion and discussion can practical results be obtained.

As revolutions are generally sudden and unexpected in their outbreak, it is necessary that they should be dealt with in the first place by persons on the spot. A tribunal such as that of The Hague, several thousand miles distant, could not act with sufficient promptitude. Nevertheless it could assume the supreme direction, giving a final decision on all questions that might arise, whether of an internal or international nature.

At a banquet given not long ago by the New York Press Club, Mr Carnegie asked for suggestions as to the application of the large peace fund which owes its existence mainly to his philanthropy and generosity. The present writer begs to suggest that a portion of it might be applied, in the manner suggested above, for the suppression of civil war, revolution, and anarchy. In an article like the present it is impossible to go into further details.

So far the writer has only looked at the matter from the humanitarian side. But much could also be said from the practical or financial side. The amount of British capital invested in the countries of Latin-America is very great; *Hazell's Annual* for 1911 estimates it at nearly five hundred million pounds for Argentina alone. This may be a sanguine estimate, but probably it will be on the safe side to estimate the British capital invested in the whole of Latin-America at one thousand million pounds, or considerably more than the amount of the British National Debt. But while the National Debt is a liability on which the British taxpayer has to pay an interest of many millions annually, the investments aforesaid are a valuable asset which brings in a large return. Anything which tends to prevent revolutions and guarantee peace tends at the same time to increase the capital value of this asset and the dividends received from it, while revolutions have the opposite tendency.

It may be noticed that revolutions, unlike great wars, show no tendency to diminish in

frequency—rather the reverse. At the moment of writing the revolution in Mexico is just over; another, on a small scale, is raging in Matto Grosso; another is threatened in Rio Grande do Sul (Brazil); and the papers announce that Castro is preparing another *coup* for Venezuela. There may be others, for the European press scarcely takes notice of the revolutions in the smaller republics.

Perhaps it will be said that the above statements are overdrawn. The writer hopes that a society for the suppression of revolutions will be formed, and he suggests that one of its first acts should be to send out agents to collect evidence as to the atrocities committed during South American revolutions; there is ample material. Private persons who try to obtain evidence are sometimes expelled from the country. In the case of persons locally established, banishment may mean complete ruin; but such a punishment will have no terrors for the travelling agent. Perhaps by some such method the conscience of the civilised world will at last be awakened, and something done to remedy the evils briefly recapitulated in the present article.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard, Authors of *Roving Hearts*, *Don Q*, *Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE SINS OF 'ASTORETH.'

THE influence of the day and of the woman lay strong upon Puyfot. Half-reclined in a deep chair, he waited in Lady Madesson's drawing-room for her appearance. The hot, languorous summer afternoon, with its hushed noises, crooned an exquisite song of love and glory in his ears.

Under the pink-and-white awning of the balcony a forest of flowers level with his eyes recalled to him forgotten days of his childhood, when he lay in Southern meadows, his sight filled with the delicate waving of bloom and grasses, overhead the burnished sky, and in his bosom a newly awakened soul. He had believed those exquisite days gone for ever, but he had found them again, crowned with a fuller ecstasy, inweaved with love, edged with a delirious happiness. He was stirred, softened, humbled, exalted. The mad mood of his kind was upon him. To-day—yes, to-day, in that luxurious, scented stillness—he would tell her, his queen, his inspiration, that he loved her. He forgot the fact that, however bold were the heights to which his imagination soared when out of her presence, the moment he entered it she held him unalterably to his true position. Towards him she was a queen, condescending indeed, but cold, seeing him not as a man but as a subject gifted with a glorious genius, but separated from her by unbridgeable distances. So it was now; but in the future, when the world acclaimed him, surely he must rise to her side, or would she stoop to his?

Upstairs, Lorrie Madesson on her knees asked for forgiveness not from Heaven only, but from earth. Once Puyfot's admiration would have seemed to her no more than a not unamusing episode; to-day she almost loathed herself for having awakened it. She was well aware that Malcolm, if he had loved her, would rather have died than consented to her interviews with Puyfot, who, under cover of quotations from *Astoreth*, raved out his love for herself. Further, although Malcolm did not love her, he held her too sacred to permit her the stain of that companionship. Could she ever confess to him that she had stooped to win this vile creature's love, to tamper with such loyalty as still starved in him, to absorb his vain soul in nobler dreams, that she might use him for her own purposes? Detching knew of it all without horror or even objection; and yet, as Lorrie well understood, Detching loved her. Detching was a man who could love a woman, not in spite of her faults, but perhaps because of them. Malcolm was far otherwise. She recalled the look upon his face when he spoke of Alice Lanceley. The girl's ignorance of life, her empty experience, even her nebulous affection, were in his eyes the adorable attributes of a saint. And for these very scruples, alas! Lorrie loved him.

That was Lorrie's dark hour. But she soared above it, for she resolved, come what might of misunderstanding in consequence of it between her and Malcolm, to carry through her design as regarded Puyfot; to sacrifice herself if only she might by any means gain for the man she loved the knowledge that would give him back his career and the joy of life. She rose from her knees and spent a moment at her glass adding touches of fascination to her appearance, yet could hardly force herself at the last moment to enter the room that held Puyfot. It may be that he did not hear her enter, for he remained sunk in his arm-chair. Lorrie moved softly, looking at him, the little human weed whose presence marred the beauty of her flowers.

'M. Puyfot!' He got upon his feet slowly, like one dazed. 'No, please don't move; it is much too hot for ceremony,' she went on, dexterously avoiding his hand. 'Sit down. I have good news for you.'

Puyfot had reached a chair at no great distance

from her by this time. 'Madame,' he breathed, 'we are, then, immortal!'

'Not quite yet, but on the way perhaps.' Lorrie smiled. '*Astoreth* will shortly go into rehearsal both here and in Paris.' She went on into various details, but he scarcely heard her. As usual, her very presence intoxicated him. When she had ceased, he was silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed upon her. That silence was meant to be the fitting prelude to his great love-scene.

'Madame, I owe you everything!' He hesitated, and, instead of the word he longed to use, he uttered another. 'Gratitude in the breast of men of my race is not a common emotion; it is a passion! I could have offered you that, beautiful lady, and embalmed your name in verse worthy of us both. But for you is reserved a greater destiny.'

Lorrie underread the poetic pomposity. She foresaw what was coming, and, holding down her disgust and repulsion, met the words with a faint smile that never failed to act as a check upon his attempted protestations.

'We were talking of something more immediately important than my destiny,' she said after a little interval, during which he felt an embarrassment he fought against without success —'of *Astoreth*.'

'To another man *Astoreth* might appeal at such a moment as this, but not to me.' He rose, making another effort to force her to hear that which he desired to tell her. 'The supreme fact of existence to me, even to-day, is that I may kneel to you with immortality in my hands. Upon your head I would place my crown of laurels.'

The faint smile deepened at the corners of her mouth. 'Let me remind you that this is a moment of gratitude, of generous impulse,' she said.

'You are at all times my inspiration, my'——

'We will talk of this another day,' she said with a firmness of tone which jarred upon him and spoilt his eloquence. He secretly deplored the fact that the Anglo-Saxon races are lacking in the dramatic instinct. One of his own countrywomen would have been in sympathy with the perfection of such a declaration at such a juncture.

Meanwhile Lorrie and her adorable smile held command of the situation.

'Madame,' he said, after a half-sulky pause, 'you are cruel to-day.'

She shrugged her shoulders gaily. 'What does to-day matter if to-morrow gives *Astoreth* to the world?'

A wild idea sprang into his mind. He understood her now. This magnificent woman whom he loved was jealous of *Astoreth*—of the child of his brain. He smiled at her ecstatically.

'To-day is flesh and blood,' he exclaimed with meaning, 'and dearer far than to-morrow to me!'

She seized at once upon his fatuous mistake, and twisted it to further her own purposes. 'That is beyond belief,' she said in a very low voice. 'Men pretend to give all, but withhold much.'

Puyfot was fast losing his head. Never before had she so far unbent to him. He rose and stood at her side.

'How can I prove'——

She interrupted him, waving him imperiously back to his chair. 'I cannot speak while you stand there.' Then she added, 'You refused me a request I made.'

He looked at her with blank astonishment. 'But impossible! I could not refuse you any request.'

Lady Madesson shook her head. 'You have forgotten my wishes very quickly!'

He was becoming more strongly excited. 'Tell me what you desire. I will withhold nothing. I can keep back nothing from you!'

'Then tell me about Mr Cahusac's father. I burn with curiosity.'

He frowned a little. 'But Cahusac—why of Cahusac and his father?'

'Why? Because I have a woman's inquisitiveness, which has no limit and no reason.'

His face cleared. Here was a feminine weakness which he understood. 'It is another man's secret; but'—— He paused.

'Another man's secret!' she exclaimed with a provocative laugh.

'Honour'—— he began.

'Is this a case of honour or dishonour?' she exclaimed reproachfully. 'Is it not more important that I have asked this favour of you?'

'Pardon, I had forgotten that. But to tell you those things I must go back and speak of my early life.'

'And will you not? Long ago you promised to tell me more of your history. Tell me of it now.'

'Lady, I will speak openly, for then you will know me as I am—the slave, the oppressed, the martyr, the hero!'

Puyfot plunged into his story like a man inspired. First he described his boyhood and the days of his early youth, when the world rolled like a panorama before his eyes, when he drank deep of the well of poetry; his first experiences, his hope, his ambition. He told her once more of poverty that held him chained, of his efforts to free himself, of the sudden vision of wealth as placed before him by the secret intelligence agents of Paris. He went on to describe his arrival in chill and misery in London, whither he had been sent by his superiors for the purpose of spying upon another spy, after the good secret service fashion. 'It was then that I became a slave!' he concluded violently.

'I was but sixteen years old, madame, a youth compact of dreams and faiths. Look at

me now; see these lines and hollows. He ran his finger over the outline of his face, while a couple of tears stole down his cheeks into the black ambushment of his little beard. 'It was then I first saw Cahusac *père*. He was pointed out to me by my companion, whom, you understand, I was to aid and watch as occasion required.'

'And he had orders to watch you also?'

Puyfot shrugged his shoulders. 'That goes without saying. It is so easy to betray, one must be upon one's guard. By-and-by we received instructions that an important move was contemplated by the Court of St James's. Sir Malcolm Cahusac was the personage we were to get in touch with if possible.'

'But surely you must have known that a man in his position was not to be tempted! Such things are impossible.'

'Generally, yes; but my confederate was as the devil—one who had resolved to rise, who was ready for any risk to attain a high place in his profession. He has succeeded. He is at this moment the head of the most influential secret service bureau in London.'

Puyfot wiped the drops which were gathering on his brow. 'We arranged our plans. Cahusac, although a man of the aristocracy and well placed, was, as we had discovered, comparatively poor. The extravagances of his second wife had drawn him into difficulties. She was a woman proud indeed, but vain with a vanity passing description. It was our business to learn these details, you understand. My confederate was empowered to offer him an immense sum for his—co-operation.'

'You interest me.'

'At the time it happened a lamp was broken and useless close to Stanhope Gate. We fixed upon that for our rendezvous. Ay, madame, there is one thing you others do not see—the romance of London; she is illimitable! London has no personification. How can you typify her? Some call her Danaë, ready to give all for golden gain. But London is rather a gigantic burrow—none know its windings. It is a lurid blaze of life where innocence burns to death. It is an all-seeing eye of wickedness flashing beneath the serene forehead of the stars. It is at once a desolate massiveness, a naked desert, and a great furnace of contact blown to white-heat by the wind of ambition and lust. It struggles from its vortex to the lipping river full of black mysteries, its grave face taking shadows from the ever-hovering angel of death! London, she is all these and more.'

Puyfot, in silence, looked for a moment or two between his narrowed lids as though he saw pictured the things he uttered; then, speaking in his usual voice, he continued: 'On a night that has lived in my memory, my colleague was to bring Sir Malcolm Cahusac to the spot where our proposal was to be laid before him. I, on my part, hid among the wet shrubs behind the Park railings. I watched from a point of vantage I knew of. There had been a ball at the Russian Embassy, on leaving which it was arranged that my friend was to intercept and draw away Cahusac. I saw them coming, and slipped back among the bushes and waited.

'My colleague stopped directly opposite to my hiding-place. Cahusac was speaking. "Now, sir, you brought me here to give me what you said was important information. Pray make no delay. If it is important you will no doubt be well paid for it." I can hear his scornful voice now.

'My colleague upon that spoke plainly. He offered Cahusac a fortune, believe me, madame, on the one hand, on the other a threat. Cahusac became angry; he cast back the offer in our teeth, and he, in his turn, threatened. Artistically he was a great figure; not to yield to the temptation would have been something, but he—he did not feel it to be a temptation!'

'Of course not!' Lorrie said impulsively.

'Of course not!' repeated Puyfot in glib scorn. 'That is the puritanical attitude of mind. It is not the result of individual virtue, believe me, madame; it is only a traditional conceit. And now, madame, I come to the end—I hide nothing from you. I was young, and before me was shining the way to great ambitions, and to —*Astoreth*. She, indeed, was yet unborn, but I already dreamt of her.'

Lady Madesson's face became a mask.

'I stood there and saw a vision, a vision of an ever-mounting road—my future! I saw myself crowned with success, made famous in an hour! That incident which had to do with Sir Malcolm Cahusac was to be the beginning—the beginning, you understand'——

'You surely never brought yourself to believe—— What do you mean?' whispered Lady Madesson. A chill of horror was upon her.

'Cahusac stood with his back to the railing. He said I know not what of scornful refusal. My colleague spoke of death. The Englishman laughed in contempt. And I—I waited ready at his back.'

Puyfot stopped and drew a long breath. He related the story as one who relates a noble adventure. 'My colleague raised his hand.' Puyfot's little beard shook with the excitement of recollection. 'It was the signal. I struck at Cahusac's back with my knife, and as I struck he turned towards me as quick as lightning. Perhaps some rustle of the leaves warned him. The knife, with its point in his coat, was jerked from my fingers, but my colleague seized it and drove it down and home. The Englishman sank where he stood, the knife up to the handle between his shoulders. He fell first to his knees, then sideways to the ground. The life was in him for a moment or two, but he could not call

out. He lay there feebly moving—this great man!'

Lorrie felt her throat contract as she listened. This was how Malcolm's father had died, the victim of a double treachery, done to death by those who had hoped hopelessly to tempt him to dishonour. She leant back in her chair with closed eyes; she could not bear to look upon the debased creature who had borne his part in the shedding of noble blood.

Puyfot, it may be, read something of the horror that possessed her. 'Dear lady, like a woman you faint at the tale of a battle!' he began.

'A battle!' she repeated with low, concentrated voice; 'no, the basest murder.'

Puyfot opened his eyes. 'You have misunderstood me, madame, or I have misunderstood you,' he said, after a brief silence. 'I was starving. It was I or he.'

The change in his voice roused Lorrie, reminded her that she must stifle her disgust, affect to look leniently upon his crime, or now, at the very moment of accomplishment, lose the main fact to which all this story led. 'You have the power of the dramatist,' she stammered; 'the details became too real as you uttered them; they overcame me.'

Puyfot glowed. 'Ah, I forgot my powers! Forgive me, madame; it was cruel to use them unsparingly with you! Yet do not shrink from me! Remember, it was not I who was guilty of the fatal thrust; it was not by this hand he died. Yet, as I will show you, I have been the one to suffer!' Bitter resentment woke in him again. 'That devil, the true assassin, has from that hour to this held me at his mercy. By some infernal trick he constructed a proof that makes it appear that it was I who stabbed Sir Malcolm to death!'

'Perhaps he threatens only?'

'Alas! no. Though I do not know what the proof is, I am entirely sure that it exists. For in my misery I have once or twice driven him to the limit. He has no fear of me. By his behaviour then I know that I am but too certainly in his power.'

'And after—what happened after—that night?'

'I fled from England. He drove me back to my old life—my old poverty—in Paris. I have not risen, I have sunk, until now! Curse him! Curse him! Curse him!' He stood up, shaking his hands to heaven in his fury.

Lady Madesson's white lips moved, and though her words were inaudible, Puyfot translated the sound to his own encouragement.

'He is rich; I am poor! But that fair hand of yours, madame, may have the force to weight the balance even between us—at last.'

Lady Madesson started violently.

'But—but what can I do? I am ignorant even of his name,' she forced herself to say.

Puyfot accepted her pallor and her emotion as evidence of a strongly moved sympathy. 'I will tell you who he is; I will confide in you. That traitor's name—it is De Sarsan!'

(To be continued.)

THE CATTLE-DROVER.

AN EXTINCT WORTHY.

By E. D. Cuming.

THERE are few old callings of which we know less than that of the cattle-drover, whose business, like so many others, was extinguished by the spread of railways. It is a pity, for the drover's occupation, if monotonous, was responsible, and the drover himself was a man of character; he was one of a brotherhood which played a very important part in the agricultural life of his time, and whose members often rose to comparative wealth. There are in the eastern counties of England at the present time families descended from Scottish drovers who made money and settled down in the district with which their work had made them familiar.

The cattle-drover formed the link between the breeders of the kingdom on the one hand and the men who fattened cattle for the market on the other. It was obviously impossible for the individual farmer in the Highlands of Scotland or in Wales to devote weeks to the task of driving a score of 'beasts' to the great grazing-grounds of Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, where they were fed up for Smithfield Market (St Faith's, near Norwich, was the principal mart for Scottish cattle). This work was entrusted to the drover, who collected at some convenient centre, usually a fair or tryst, hundreds of cattle into one great herd, and conducted them to their remote destination, receiving from the owners a small sum per head for each beast safely delivered.

The Scots drover took the leading place among the brotherhood by reason of the greater distance he had to travel, and the greater risks of going through wild country in the days of freebooters; and latterly also by reason of the importance of the cattle-trade between Scotland and England. It is worth mentioning that the great landlords of Scotland in the north and west received payment of their rents in live cattle, money being scarce; and these rent-cattle were made over to the drover with as little delay as might be.

The experienced man was suffered to exercise a good deal of discretion in making up his herd for the journey, and this was only just. He was responsible for their safe delivery, and he would not take over beasts he considered unfit to stand the long days of travel; he looked over each bullock offered him, and rejected without scruple any he thought were not in 'good droving condition.' He would not handicap himself with the weakly or the lame.

Mounted on a sturdy pony, with little provision other than a bag of oatmeal, he set out on his tedious march southward, travelling with his charges at a rate of fifteen or twenty miles in the twenty-four hours. He avoided the high-roads as far as possible, high-roads meaning tolls, which on a long journey would swallow up profits. Moreover, the route over the waste lands, which in the eighteenth century formed so large a proportion of the kingdom, provided the needful grazing. There remain in many parts of the country traces of the old droving routes, whose names perpetuate memory of their use, such as 'cattle-way,' 'ox-drove,' or 'drove-road.'

There were recognised halting-places, some within reach of the inns, where the herd, for a small charge per head, might be confined in an enclosure at night; but very often the drover and his men 'rounded up' their charges on some tract of waste land, and slept in the open. The autumn was the principal droving season, the beasts being then in best condition to travel. They lost flesh on the way, of course. An old writer compares the 'native' cattle of Suffolk with the 'starved' beasts from the Highlands of Scotland, and pictures them fattening contentedly on pasture rich beyond their dreams!

For a long journey it was very usual to shoe them with iron plates after the manner of plough-cattle; it prevented footsoreness and made for expedition; but looking out for dropped shoes and discovering the beasts which lost them added much to the work of the drover.

So important was the droving part of the cattle-breeding industry that there were several breeds known as 'droving cattle;' the shaggy, long-horned Highlander was one, and the breed which is now known as the Aberdeen Angus was another. The Highland cattle were greatly valued, but they lacked one characteristic prized by the drover—they stood on short legs, and the drover naturally preferred a big, long-legged beast which could get over the ground faster, and was less easily 'bogged' in soft soil than a short-legged animal.

The magnitude of the trade from Scotland may be measured by the fact that one firm of dealers, Messrs Williamson, during the days of the Regency, used to confide about eight thousand head of cattle each year to the drovers.

It can readily be understood that the work was responsible. The man had to understand his business, and above all to know how to treat beasts on the journey—to begin by easy stages, discover the pace of the slowest, and gradually push the herd forward as it became more inured to travel. He had to guard against its mingling with other herds on the way, and that at the height of the droving season was no easy task; and he had to be ever on the watch to prevent straying and theft.

There were drovers scrupulous and the reverse. A stock story of the latter class describes an interview with the consignee of a herd who remarked that the beasts were in poor condition, and must have been overdriven. 'That's as it may be,' rejoined the drover; 'but there are eighteen more in the lot than when I started'—a reply which suggests the necessity for haste.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the labours of Bakewell and other famous breeders had resulted in the production of vastly improved cattle, demand for these came from Scotland, and the drover who formerly rode home idle found work which made his return journey profitable, taking cattle and sheep for sale to such great marts as Falkirk. There is reason to believe this work was made particularly profitable by some of the fraternity. Too often an English employer was regarded as fair game, and the northward journey was attended by a large percentage of loss by the way, attributed of course to death, straying, or the cattle-thief who hung about the droving routes. The employer had no redress; he might have the best reason for thinking his improved cattle had been sold *en route* by the drover for his own advantage, but he could not prove it. There were no county police, no means of following up suspicion; and the owner who arrived at Falkirk by the coach to sell his stock had to accept what the drover restored to him. National feeling ran high in those days, and some Scots drovers held it no shame to swindle a Southron.

The drovers formed a class apart; when the cattle-trade from Scotland reached the dimensions of a great industry they rose to the occasion, and earned the reputation of trustworthy, capable men. They kept themselves much to themselves; the nature of their calling made them silent, self-contained, and independent. Of necessity they were hardy and robust. There was, as we can imagine, a certain charm about the business, and many of them stuck to their half-vagrant life until they reached an advanced age. The calling was one that made for longevity.

The drover did not always remain a drover, convoying other men's cattle at so much per head. Often, when he had saved a little money, he abandoned the rôle for that of 'jobber,' a business which had the merit of combining a wanderer's life with profitable trading. As a drover he had become known to and trusted by farmers on the line of country he travelled, and the connection so formed laid the foundation of his new business. The jobber bought, on credit if necessary, cattle

from the breeders and took them to market to sell on his own account. Some of the shrewder jobbers made considerable fortunes in this way. The jobber was not always favourably regarded by the farmer, who was too much at his mercy. For example, in George the Third's time there was great demand for Welsh black cattle for fattening purposes. These beasts, known as Pembrokeshires, were small, and the leading breeders wished to improve them by crossing with larger cattle, thinking to benefit the poorer farmers. But endeavours to improve the breed failed; the graziers of East Anglia wanted the beasts they had always known as Pembrokeshires, and the jobbers refused to buy any but the small black cattle. If they consented to buy another, it was done as a favour and at a price 20 or 25 per cent. less than the beasts of the accepted type. The drover turned jobber 'worked' a round in two or three adjacent counties, and in Wales, at all events, often carried on a credit business, paying the farmers after he had disposed of the cattle on the other side of England. It was a risky way of doing things for the farmers, in those days of highwaymen; but they were in the jobber's hands, and had to take chances.

There was, of course, a great deal of local droving, convoying cattle for comparatively short distances; and this business was very generally in the hands of women, an unprepossessing sisterhood, according to the occasional glimpses we get of them in the pages of contemporary writers. Women were liked as drovers by the farmers, as they were more indifferent to bad weather than men, and they conducted the cattle on foot, a method which ensured easy travel for the beasts. We can well believe that they were unattractive, with their weather-beaten faces and the command of language for which they were notorious.

After the drover of grazing cattle came the man who plied his calling principally between the eastern counties of England and Smithfield Market. This business was more tedious than convoying beasts in 'light marching order' from the Highlands or from Wales. Fat cattle must be driven carefully lest they suffer by the way, and the pace approved was funereal. Droving fat cattle for the London Christmas market must have been a dreary task—the miles of slow plodding along roads knee-deep in mire, or over the flat, sodden wastes swept by wind and rain; the continual halts to rest the beasts, whose swagging sides made them the very worst of travellers; the frequent breakdown of the over-fat. The drover, who spent his Sunday in the grazier's fields looking over the beasts, marked for him, must have regarded them with no very friendly eye. By the way, droving on Sunday was declared illegal by an old statute (3 Chas. I.).

A French authority who investigated the economics of droving about the end of the eighteenth century arrived at some interesting results. He found that, on the average, a beast which had come three hundred miles by road to Paris lost from sixty to eighty pounds weight on the journey; but he maintained that this loss to the butcher was the customers' gain, as the beef of a driven ox was much more nutritive than that of one which was killed on the spot where it had been fattened. This was probably true; there is no beef to compare—it is heresy to say so—with that of the ox which, after four or five years of work in the yoke, has enjoyed a few months on good pasture before going to the butcher. That was the 'roast beef of Old England;' but you only taste it nowadays on the tables of French country gentlemen who work their own cattle till they are seven or eight years old, and then 'turn them off' to fatten. The butcher, being human, looked to avoirdupois, and as he bought his meat 'on the hoof,' it was very necessary not to overdrive; whence the old saying, 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,' a well-fed man being less addicted to haste than a spare one.

Lowest in the droving hierarchy came the man of Smithfield whose business it was to take over the cattle when they arrived in the market-place and conduct each lot to its appointed spot in the market. The Smithfield drovers were a class by themselves, and their distinguishing characteristics were courage and brutality. The three and a half acres of which the market-place consisted provided iron rails which would accommodate only about half the number of cattle brought for sale on Monday; and those beasts were fortunate which came early enough on Sunday night to be tied to a rail. Later arrivals passed through an ordeal which became a public scandal. The only alternative to tying up was to form what were called 'off-droves' or 'rings'—bunches of from fifteen to twenty cattle in a compact group, heads inward; and it was the Smithfield drover's task to form these rings when the rails were full. The country drovers made a point of timing their journey to arrive on the outskirts of London on Saturday night for Monday's market. The drove was allowed to rest on Sunday until late in the evening, when the streets were fairly clear of traffic, and then continued the journey to the market-place. Hence the work of the Smithfield drover was performed at night, and pandemonium reigned until the small hours as the men forced the cattle into 'off-droves.' Already excited by the strangeness of the streets, as the cattle were, the methods of the Smithfield drovers—each armed with a blazing torch (necessary to distinguish the mark placed on every beast) and a heavy stick—were not calculated to soothe; and the market-place was a chaos of bellowing cattle galloping blindly to and fro, headed and beaten back with torch and staff by shouting men. The only way of forming an off-drove was to surround the wretched creatures and beat them about the hocks and hind-quarters till they bunched together too terrified to move;

if a beast turned to show its head, it was beaten with staff or torch till it faced about and forced its way into the ring again. It often took an hour to form a single off-drove—an hour of continuous torture for the cattle.

Nor did the beast's sufferings end here. Having learned that immunity from burn and bruise was to be won by standing in a bunch, the bullock had sense enough to object when, selected by a purchaser, the drovers sought to get it out of its ring. Once out, it made frantic endeavours to force its way into other rings, to be beaten about the head until it desisted and could be goaded out into the streets, where fresh terrors awaited it, and, always wild with pain and fright, and often blind from reckless blows, it was itself a source of danger to every passer-by. It was most difficult to get a beast from an off-drove out of the market.

Our ancestors were not particularly sensitive about cruelty to animals in those days of bull-baiting and kindred amusements; but the brutality of the Smithfield drovers was too much for the public conscience, and some sort of control was established about the year 1790, when each man was required to wear on his arm a numbered badge by which he could be identified. We may doubt whether this measure produced any marked results. The market was no place for spectators, either by night or by day, and butchers and drovers had the place much to themselves.

The continuance of Smithfield as the principal cattle-mart offers a striking example of the tenacity with which we cling to old institutions. Though the streets on market-days in the 'twenties and 'thirties were constantly the scene of shocking accidents in which some half-maddened bullock was the actor, though traffic was interrupted, and even the mails approaching and leaving the General Post-Office were delayed, Smithfield held its own. Vested interests were strong, and the stoutest opposition to plans for closing the market came from the occupants of houses overlooking it; no doubt they found compensation for two or three sleepless nights per week in the patronage of butchers and drovers.

A spacious market was laid out at Islington in 1834—Islington was then on the outskirts, and cattle could assemble there from all parts without passing through the London streets—but tradition was too potent. For eight centuries or more—from the time of Henry the Second and probably much earlier—Smithfield had been *the* market, and *the* market it remained, while the weeds grew and the rails rusted in Islington for another twenty years. Then the Corporation, in 1852, came to the tardy conclusion that a cattle-market almost in the heart of London was a public nuisance and a public danger, and under an Act of Parliament it was closed. Islington came into its own; the Prince Consort in 1855 formally opened the 'new'—'neglected' would have been the better word—market, and Smithfield, with its drovers and brutalities, came to an end.

Turning for a moment again to the more pleasant phase of droving as exemplified by the men who conveyed cattle by hundreds the length of the kingdom, it is curious to find that a hundred and twenty years ago the cost of sending beasts by road was almost the same as the cost of sending them by rail in our own day. Oxen could be driven from Dumfries to London at a cost of from eighteen shillings to twenty-four shillings per head; and the cost of sending a truckload the same journey now works out at from seventeen shillings and sixpence to twenty-three shillings per head, according to the number which can be placed in a truck—six to eight, as size determines. In this regard, however, we must bear in mind that the buying-power of money was perhaps double what it is at the present time.

A large number of cattle were driven from the north direct to London or the markets on the outskirts in George the Third's time. They were purchased by the great brewing firms, which found it profitable to turn their 'grains' into beef.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF THE RED SEA BORDERS.

By A. J. Park Crawford.

IT has long been known that the mountainous borders of the Red Sea are rich in minerals, but only within comparatively recent years have the various fields been exploited to any extensive degree. Reliable and fairly exhaustive geological surveys have so far been made only of the Sinai peninsula and the western border, the latter survey extending well inland. The eastern side, being under Turkish domination, is still an unknown region. It is reasonably evident, however, that as the outcrops on the eastern border resemble those of the rich western, many deposits await profitable working under an improved régime.

Each coast is peculiar in that it consists of a chain of hills extending without much break from end to end of the Red Sea, but very little inland. Although many of these hills are of volcanic origin, the bulk of evidence tends to prove the existence of the depression in which the sea is to be due to contraction of the earth's surface or other internal disturbance. At present capital is being lavished on the western Sinai and Egyptian coasts. The recent successful oil-

boring operations, which are being carried on by powerful syndicates, are of world-wide importance, and have caused intense financial interest. These operations are confined to the coast from Suez to as far south as Tor, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, and on both sides of the Gulf of Suez. Tanks are being erected, piers constructed, and everything prepared to supply ships with liquid fuel practically on the spot where the oil is found.

On the Sinai peninsula are found copper, manganese, oil, iron, and turquoise. The western side of the Gulf of Suez is the scene of many activities. The Ataqa Hills, just south of Suez, furnish lime and sandstone and turquoise. A little north-west of Shadwan, on the coast, are found sulphur and petroleum. The latter is being prospected for at Zeitieh, Gaysun, Jubal, Ras Deeb, and Gymsah; at the last-named place several wells are in operation. Phosphates occur at Safaga. To the north are granite quarries, and to the south old gold-mines; in fact, old gold-workings are to be found, mostly quite abandoned, down the coast for about three hundred miles. It is a question if cyaniding would be a profitable undertaking at some of the older workings. Marble is being quarried south of Kosseir, and sulphur is found in varying quantities for some considerable distance along the coast.

It is astonishing that the exploitation of these rich fields has been left until such recent times; but development should be on a large scale, in view of the impetus which has now been given to prospecting. It is a matter for congratulation that British capital has been first on the scene, and there are strong grounds for belief that this enterprise will meet with its due reward.

BRITISH MACHINE-TOOL MAKING ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE most significant factor in the industrial world for a score of years has been the development of the machine-tool—that is, the machine which is used in making another machine or some part of it. Wonderful as the progress of automatic machinery has been in the past, it was never more wonderful than it is now; and it will be more so in the near future.

Of course the term machine-tool is one of wide scope, including the lathe and boring-mill, drilling, slotting, and planing machines, the steam-hammer and powerful hydraulic press, the tool which turns the shaft of a giant White Star *Olympic* or the cylinder of a Great Western locomotive; or, at the other extreme, such minute tools as the tiny revolver-like pneumatic hammer driven by compressed air, and the diminutive lathe turning out the minute screws and wheels forming the components of a watch and similar mechanisms.

While the expansion of machine-tool making has given an extraordinary fillip to industry, it is no new thing, as shown by Nasmyth's steam-hammer, Maudslay's curious lathes, and Sir Joseph Whitworth's masterly inventions. These pioneers in the machine-tool movement produced clever and enduring work, some of which operates satisfactorily to-day. The British inventors made tools to last, unlike their American rivals, who anticipated their production finding its way to the scrap-heap at an early date.

An outsider cannot realise the marvellous ingenuity displayed in most of the machine-tools in use at the present time. These do almost everything but think, and even that specifically human quality seems within the limits of possibility, for machines are now made which select automatically the required article from a number of the wrong size or form. This second aspect of machine-tool design is receiving more attention in view of the fact that repeated endeavours are being made to put on to the machine some of the duties now being performed by the operator, and so enlarging the capacity of the machine and the scope of its functions. In the current language of the 'shop,' the machine must be a good tool and a clean tool, and also do its work accurately and rapidly, with reasonable economy of power and material. But this is not all, say the more progressive inventors; it should be replete with devices for superseding human labour and control, and, still further, do work which is only possible when the human factor is absent or probably diminished.

A new era for the manufacture of machine-tools began with the memorable engineers' strike of 1897–98, which gave an immense spurt to this industry. The British masters, who at the outset bought tools largely from America, quickly recognised their less dependence on the 'human factor;' and, while they admired the marvels of skill in the American tool, they were not slow to copy its good qualities and to abandon its faults. The result was that makers in Great Britain considerably extended the sphere of usefulness of machine-tools. They have, for instance, supplanted the shaping and planing tools with vertical and horizontal milling-machines, and have confined the once encyclopædic operating lathe to lathe-work proper, the processes of boring, polishing, and grinding being better effected on specially made machines. Americans, however, must be credited with the idea of the milling-machine and boring and turning mill, the two former revolutionising practice in the machine-shop. The Briton, too, has improved on them, and a dozen British firms are nowadays making these. Mention should be made of the resourceful turret lathe, a comparatively modern comer,

but thoroughly installed as an important labour-saving tool; the celebrated firm of Messrs Alfred Herbert (Limited), Coventry, excel in captain or turret lathes, in surface-grinding machines, and machines complete with outfits of tools.

Another notable invention by Englishmen consists of the disc surface-grinder, which did away with bygone filing methods, and is now applied to work of the most varied kind once done on milling and shaping machines or by means of the file. Within recent years a number of special tools have come into existence which perform multiple services, in all of which, despite American enterprise, British makers hold pride of place, just as they do in shipbuilding and cotton machinery. This, doubtless, is largely due to their introduction of high-speed steel in 1900, enabling them to outdistance the whole world as specialists in the production of tool steel, in concert with machine tool-builders making the strongest tools for cutting metals at high speeds. One cannot look with other than feelings of admiration upon lathes, planing and milling machines, or drilling machinery, which amaze the casual visitor by their number and variety, and arouse the enthusiasm of the engineer by their design, by the work they do, and by the splendid organisation that has fitted them into an almost perfect scheme of economic production.

Each machine-tool is a record of a triumph. In mining operations, for example, a coal-cutter invented by John Gillott & Son, Barnsley, will cut from twenty yards per hour in the hardest coal, or, as recorded, twenty-one thousand one hundred yards holed in one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six hours, in six months, in a twenty-eight-inch seam of coal, including all stoppages, and producing twelve thousand five hundred tons of coal. Splendid records come from American firms, many railways being equipped with lathes for car and driving wheels doing prodigies of work. Certain lathes turned out from sixteen to twenty pairs of thirty-six-inch car-wheels in ten hours, the fastest performance in the West Albany shops being twenty-five pairs of thirty-six-inch wheels in seven hours and fifty-four minutes, with one operator and one helper. Extremely heavy milling was performed at the American Locomotive Company's works at Dunkirk on a Bennett milling-machine. This machine, during tests, had removed nearly twenty-three pounds of metal per minute, and a practical cutting capacity was stated to be six hundred and seventy-two pounds of metal per hour, the cutter being provided with inserted blades of high-speed steel. The introduction of high-speed steels has been followed by the complete redesigning of machine-tools to secure increased rigidity, power, and facilities for obtaining wonders in production.

Corresponding machine-tool achievements were shown in the drilling-machines of D. & J. Tullis (Clydebank), William Asquith (Halifax), and Drummond Brothers; in the boring-mills of Webster & Bennett (Coventry), George Richards and Co. (Broadheath), and John Stirk & Sons (Halifax); the machines for shearing iron and steel-plate by De Bergue & Co. (Manchester); the milling-machines of Cunliffe & Brown (Manchester); the slotting-machines of the Smith Slotting-Machine Company (London); and the marvellous Drummond-Barreto combination tool or universal screw-cutting, turning, &c., machine. All of these have created a sense of surprise at their fine finish, and amazement at the complexity of detail.

But the Americans continue formidable competitors for a share of the world's tool-trade. Formerly unwilling, as a nation of inventors, to learn anything from across the seas, they are susceptible to-day to ideas from any quarter of the globe, and as willing to cast aside their own inventive 'plant' if a more economical one offers itself. Several of the American firms even specialise on one kind of tool, making it a life-study if need be—a feature, by the way, which a number of British companies are adopting, and thus contributing not a little to give them priority among the machine-tool makers of the countries of the world. We may, in passing, refer to the disuse of the steam-hammer for the pneumatic and power hammer, pneumatic tools, in fact, ever finding wider fields to conquer. It is also noticeable that machine-tools are being increasingly fitted with cutting parts or with drills, milling-cutters, boring-bars, &c., marvels of contrivance which a number of firms produce.

Remarkable to note, textile-machine firms, principally in Lancashire, which are splendidly equipped with machine-tools, are capable of undertaking the complete furnishing of a cotton-mill, and can easily fit out a number of mills in the course of a year.

In every direction inventive genius is increasingly exhibited, the search for simplicity and incredible accuracy being particularly aimed at. By the adoption of the limit-gauge, engineers are able to produce work true to more than one ten-thousandth part of an inch, and as the science and art of correct measurement is the basis of all modern methods of machine-tool industries, a proficient machinist will make this his chief object to understand. Here, again, Britishers have borrowed the limit-gauge system from Brother Jonathan, and adapted it for their own specific needs, recognising that perfect accuracy from start to finish is the only road to final perfection. In illustration of the value of gauges as an accurate measurement, it may be mentioned that at the Villar Perosa Motor Company's works in Turin, where Whitworth gauges are in use, a machine which dominates the whole is used for testing the gauges manufactured on the spot, which measures accurately to one two-millionth of an inch—a sufficient proof, if necessary, that workmen artists yet exist in the world.

It is quite evident that in machine-tool designs finality is an unknown term; nor can it be otherwise with high-speed steels in the ascendant, while the question of correct speeds for machine-tools is receiving the attention of the whole engineering field.

The question of the effect of machine-tool machinery upon the individual workman is not easy to answer. As a rule, the machinist, as distinguished from the labourer and the skilled artisan, cannot find his employment elevating, and, unless he has a soul above it, is not fitted for anything superior. Over against this, however, it is contended, as in the working of the automatic lathe, that the machine does the work and the man supplies the intelligence; so the same thing holds good in case of new tool-steels where operative labour is relatively much more necessary than it was, and a saving in cutting times relatively less important. Significant, too, is the experience that the introduction of up-to-date machines and methods in workshops has a stimulating effect on the mind of the workers, as indicated by several of the most modernly equipped shops containing the best men. This being so, it tends to disprove, in part, the suggestion that workmen are degraded by the use of tools that do everything but think or by machines that are almost human. It is still undeniable that although the machine-tool may subordinate the worker, it cannot wholly surpass human skill and direction.

The influence of machine-tool production upon the labour market is, perhaps, a more complex question. Advance, always, must spell displacement for many of the workers; nor is it possible to introduce new machinery and improved methods of production without this inevitable sequence. On the other hand, there are compensations, inasmuch as labour is being constantly absorbed by fresh modes of industry. The adoption of a new idea, major or minor, for example, generally entails a secondary invention in the form of machinery capable of making the desired part; while the replacing of worn-out machinery calls for vast numbers in the army of industry. From another standpoint it may be noticed for the consolation of the toiler that mechanical facilities cheapen the commodities of life and add not a little to the total sum of happiness. That is to say, the development of mechanical processes spells increasing production.

Meanwhile, amidst the foremost European nations, there is a ceaseless rivalry in the arts of peace; and, although Britons may astonish the world with their mechanical genius, they have more to fear from the army in the foreign workshops than from the army in the foreign barracks. If the British tool-maker is beaten in his own market by the foreigner he will be beaten in neutral markets; but if, on the other hand, he can excel the foreigner in the British market he will beat him in every neutral market.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

I WAS dreaming alone of days gone by,
And of golden lands afar,
(In old gardens, veiled by a summer mist,
Where lilies nodded to roses by dew-drops kissed,)
'Neath the light of an evening star.

Fairy castles my brain had built,
'Mid the scent of the new-mown hay,
(As a bat flittered by till lost to my sight,
And a sleepy bird cooed a soft 'good-night'—)
'Twas a beautiful evening in May.

Golden memories brought sweet enchantment,
We were roaming the world together;
(As a velvety swallow whispered soft to a mate,
And the moonbeams crept down to the silvery lake,)
In the balmy spring-time weather.

Thoughts drifted to tropical nights of white lustre,
Or to Indian sunsets of purple and gold;
(While a fat brown bee went booming along,
And a thrush trilled sweetly his evening song,)
To comfort a heart grown cold.

Sun-kissed palms, wooed by spice-laden breezes,
Seemed to flicker across my sight,
(As some innocent lovers darted by with a scramble—
Just two little field-mice out for a ramble,)
And twilight deepened to night.

I stood with you there 'neath the Austral stars shining,
In the sweet air scented by wattle and musk:
(Then I woke with a start as I heard the kine lowing
In the distant park, where a light was glowing,)
As a soft whistle came through the dusk.

Were we still speeding on past snow-capped Rockies?
Was it only fancy, or was I asleep?
(Tu-whit, said an owl from a quaint old tower,
As an angel's tear soothed the heart of a flower,)
And I too had learnt to weep.

We were sailing just then on a radiant ocean,
Having passed through storm in the China Seas;
(While an inquisitive squirrel peeped down from the cedar
With a whisk of a tail, though none seemed to heed her,)
And some one came swift through the trees!

Over moon-swept lawns he was coming to greet me,
Tender gray eyes beaming soft as a dove;
(The birds were silent, the mice were sleeping,
Only the shy little squirrel was peeping,)
And *he* heard the Whisper of Love!

. . . . . .

Do you wonder what called up these twilight memories
That have come to me in the spring?
(Neither bird, nor bee, nor stars now gleaming,
No—though lovely—*these* things had not set me dreaming,)
'Twas the touch of an angel's wing!

E. A. HENTY
(MRS EDWARD STARKEY).

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THE FUTURE BRIDGE.

By B. S. Townroe.

LABOUR has learnt its power—the power of solidarity—and capital is anxiously seeking for new weapons of defence and protection. Between these two opponents the country suffers, and longs to find some means of stopping the constant industrial strife, and living in unity and peace. Clerk on office stool, shopman behind the counter, doctor in his surgery—all the middle classes, whether upper or lower in rank, whether they be engaged in business or professional duties, are punished by the present rifts in national life. Unorganised, almost speechless, long-suffering, the stratum of Britishers who live on an annual income ranging from one hundred pounds to seven hundred pounds is squeezed both from above and from below. The middle classes must now exert all their influence to emphasise the fact that a nation depends on character, brains, money, and manual toil, and that all these forces must be united in their ultimate aim, or else the nation will be disrupted.

It is, therefore, of particular importance at a time like the present, when our country has been nearer to revolution than at any other time within our memory, that any method for unifying the nation, for keeping open peaceable communication between the divided classes, should be seriously considered by the thoughtful sections of the community.

Except in country districts, rich and poor seldom appreciate each other's good points, and it is this lack of personal knowledge which enables pernicious doctrines of class hatred to find gullible listeners among the crowded inhabitants of our large towns. The semi-educated artisan cannot correct the imaginative description of luxury and capitalistic malice presented to him, for on few occasions does he meet one of the maligned class on any basis of friendly relationship. On the other hand, the well-to-do are often equally ignorant of the conditions of life of their poorer neighbours, and consequently their unsympathetic references to labour questions only make the dispute more bitter.

A good instance of the suspicion felt by the artisan is a significant sentence addressed to the writer by a sergeant in the last Territorial camp: 'I allus tell the men that it does 'em good to speak to an officer, and that the officers ain't bad when you get to know 'em.'

This segregation of classes is one of the most manifest results of the factory system, and daily the distinction is becoming intensified with the conversion of old family firms into limited companies. Under the mediæval guild conditions, when each man rose successively from apprentice to journeyman, and from journeyman to employer, the relations between the three grades were very close; but with the growth of industrial combinations the gulf has widened and deepened to such an extent that a bridge to unite the opposing parties must be discovered if we are to keep our place in the world.

There are, indeed, already many planks across the gulf in the form of scholarships leading from the elementary school to the university, or philanthropic work performed by rich and poor in church or chapel; but these are only used by the cleverest or the most religious, and there is in truth no national organisation acting as a permanent bridge open to all classes. At any gathering organised by political body, business firm, or religious denomination, there is very often a tone of patronage on the one side and an undercurrent of suspicion on the other. From birth to death the gulf remains fixed, and only a few of the best of the weekly-wage earners succeed in crossing. Mr Arthur Henderson, M.P., for example, if placed beside many an employer with whom he has bargained, would be notably the better man in brains, power of expressing himself, and in bearing. Such cases, however, are exceptional, and the present opportunities of intercourse promote mutual sympathy as effectually as a string of beads converts a South Sea Islander into a Christian. The majority of the labouring men never meet their employer face to face. Dividends seem to them an iniquitous tax upon their hard labour, and the hostility grows to such a state of revolt as was witnessed during last August. The street-corner boys are the dregs of one class; the cigarette-nibbling, whisky-tippling, bone-idle youths are the dregs of the other. The hooligans of each class bring disrepute on their respective ranks, and add venom to the old bitterness. Discipline is the surest cure for hooliganism, and personal intercourse the most permanent remedy for class suspicion.

One measure, which for some years has been placed before the electorate by the National

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Service League, provides by means of universal military training a just method of applying discipline indiscriminately to all sorts and conditions of men, and also gives every man an equal standing in the ranks of a citizen army. When the proposals of the N.S.L., modified possibly in detail but not in principle, come into force, every able-bodied young man, whatever his worldly position or title or possessions, will be compelled to receive military training in school, and later from four to six months' training in camp at the age of eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. Promotion is to be by merit only. This has been clearly stated in the official programme, the provisions of which are as follow:

'No person shall be recommended to His Majesty for appointment as an officer of the Territorial Force who (*a*) has not either undergone training as a recruit or held a commission as an officer of the Regular Forces for at least one whole year; and (*b*) does not satisfy the prescribed conditions as to age, educational qualifications, physical fitness, and any other requirements which may be prescribed.'

On this important point there is solid agreement with the bills brought forward in two other democratic British communities, for in Australia paragraph 11a of the Defence Act, 1909, is to the effect that 'all promotions in the citizen forces to the rank of officer and non-commissioned officer shall be from the ranks of those who have served in the ranks of the citizen forces;' and the Internal Defence Bill of New Zealand 'abolishes the selection of officers by popular election, and provides that all commissioned officers in the Territorial Force shall be appointed by the Governor, on the recommendation of a board of selection appointed by the council in each district.'

There is, then, no faltering or doubt on this matter in the official programme of the National Service League, but the vast change proposed is often overlooked or misunderstood. If it is carried into law we shall see the son of a millionaire shouldering his rifle by the side of the son of one of his father's manual labourers. Next to them in the ranks may stand a clergyman's son, next the heir of the local baronet, next a grocer's lad, next a youthful blacksmith. There is to be no unfair discrimination, and the success of the system in other Anglo-Saxon communities affords real ground for trust that even in our class-divided country the just equality of national service may yet be instituted.

In the training-camps, held for the most part during the summer months in rural or seaside districts not too far from the recruit's home, and yet not too near to the temptations of town life, the young men will do similar work side by side, sit at the same mess-table, eat similar food, and sleep in the same tents. Only those who have worked in a boys' club can appreciate the real value of different classes sharing together a life in common. What opportunities there are to see the good points of the manual worker, and *vice versâ!* A fill of a pipe of tobacco, a proffered 'Woodbine,' a novel lent to a poorer comrade, may lead to burning conversations on problems of the day, which will be illustrated by forcible examples from personal experience of modern conditions. Such conversations will foster a spirit of better understanding and increased mutual respect. The performance of a common duty will help to refine the roughness of those engaged in manual toil, and will harden those whose softer tasks incline to effeminacy.

No doubt at the end of the four months' training there will be some topsy-turvy positions. Ability and character must force themselves to the front if given a fair chance. The baronet's heir may still be an unwilling private, while the reliable young blacksmith will wear a stripe. The rich youth, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, unused to discipline, with a tendency to over-indulgence in whisky and musical comedy, may have come to his senses in the fresh air, and be working hard for promotion. The grocer's lad, mind sharpened by business over the counter, and quick to seize every opportunity of advancement, will have risen to be a sergeant. The clergyman's son, who up to the age of eighteen has hung uncertainly in his choice of a vocation between the Church, teaching, and the Colonies, will now discover in himself a taste for army matters and a *flair* for command. He will, therefore, enter a school of instruction, and in time probably obtain a commission.

In short, one object of the advocates of national service is to bring to pass in Great Britain the ideal expressed by Plato in his *Republic*, that in sound social organisation every man should be assigned to the rank and function for which his character and abilities fit him, whatever his parentage may be. Plato and Lord Roberts are alike in their wish to convince their fellow-countrymen that a good citizen must realise that he is first and foremost a servant of the community, and that his position in the State shall be based not on birth but on capacity and attainments. This ideal, consistent with the democratic tendencies of the present generation, forms a necessary counteractive to the dangerous doctrines so prevalent in political circles, which may be summed up as, 'Get as much out of the State as you can, and give as little as you can.' Instead of this popular but unsound doctrine, the National Service League is seeking to forward an ideal which aims at relieving the already overburdened State and reducing the load by compelling every able-bodied Briton to take his share.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—LORRIE MAKES A BARGAIN.

LADY MADESSON went to the theatre that evening with a party of people, and afterwards sat through a supper; but nothing she saw or heard could draw her mind away from the picture of Puyfot raving out his wrongs, his self-pity, and his half-insane desires.

When she reached home, feeling she could not hope for sleep, she wrapped a dressing-gown about her, then flung wide the window and sat by it. Rain was falling heavily. There had been a storm away to the north, and she could still hear the rumble of the thunder as it grew fainter in the distance. The dismal pattering of the rain made a fit accompaniment for her mood of despondency. Existence was a wearisome puzzle—struggles ending in defeat, effort turned back upon itself; no matter how unselfish her aim, disheartenment had concluded each chapter of her experience throughout her life. The last, which had opened with her liking for Malcolm Cahusac, was now about to close with her worse than wasted endeavour to aid him in his difficulties. She had degraded herself to act a spy's part, and, strangely enough, had never seen the blind end towards which she was travelling until Puyfot's words, 'I confide in you,' opened her eyes to the true aspect of her position. In her eagerness as a partisan of Malcolm's she had lost sight of all other considerations, and she now found herself aware of this terrible secret without the power to make use of it! She could not betray Puyfot, not only because she knew him to be in the grasp of De Sarsan, but because, having won his trust and his confidence, it would be unthinkably base to betray him. She could never have done it. She saw that now too late, and shivered at her own folly.

The summer dawn came, lemon-pale, over the housetops into a clear sky before she threw herself upon her bed, tired of thinking. Malcolm had now become closely enshrined in her love; her heart moved out to him in a flame of pity; she could see him, in his loneliness, believing himself too proud to regret the world's esteem, for she could not doubt that as things stood to-day the general verdict would be against him. She blamed herself for not foreseeing how worse than futile was her endeavour to interfere where Puyfot was concerned. Now, the very fact that she knew so much paralysed her. She lay wide-eyed while the summer daylight turned to gold. She comprehended there was no further room for her in the unveiling of the mystery which might yet spoil the life of the man she loved.

Then in an instant she sprang from her bed and stood aghast and cowering, gazing wildly at her own drawn face in a distant mirror. Her personal perplexities, Puyfot, Malcolm himself, were swept from her mind as she recollected that within a few days Alice Lanceley was to become De Sarsan's wife! The horror of it, knowing what she knew! It must be stopped—yes, at once!

Stung by the thought, she hurried through her toilet in a frenzy, and it was only as she passed across the hall that the clock-face brought her to a standstill. Five o'clock! She must wait for hours and hours!

These hours brought her bitter counsel. Alice could not be permitted to marry De Sarsan; but how was it to be prevented? She might appeal to Mrs Westaway, but she could scarcely hope to influence that complacent lady when she had no reason to urge, no excuse to offer for what must appear to be a piece of outrageous interference! She might beg them to postpone the marriage for six months even—to give just a little breathing-time, during which surely something would happen, something come to light. But it was not to be supposed that Mrs Westaway would listen to any such wild request or consent to make the slightest alteration in the present arrangements without very good cause shown; and Lady Madesson could show no cause, could produce no reason. For, even if she repeated the tale Puyfot had told her last evening, De Sarsan was possessed of the power to fasten the guilt upon that wretched man and probably to exonerate himself. She had studied De Sarsan to some purpose, and she was sure that he had not waded into such deep waters without holding in readiness a certain means of escape. She saw no hope whichever course she chose to follow. To tell all she knew would merely raise a purposeless scandal, condemn Puyfot, and leave De Sarsan free; for, unless she could offer sound excuses for her intervention, Mrs Westaway and the Lanceley clan would simply regard her as mad. Possibly, if she had known anything of Lord Lindersmere and his determined methods, she might have applied to him with success. But he was an unknown quantity to her.

Yet Alice must be saved. Of course the fact that Malcolm was deeply in love with the girl added to Lorrie's eagerness; but in any case she would, for the sake of humanity, for the honour of womanhood, have done everything that was possible to rescue her. But to rid Alice of De Sarsan meant to pave the way for the girl's marriage with Malcolm. It was this latter thought that ultimately gave to Lorrie the one suggestion that promised any semblance of success. This, in its turn, carried her mind back to the question she had asked herself on the evening of the Sheringhams' garden-party, when, standing by Malcolm's side, she had felt

willing to give up her life for him. There were other sacrifices harder to make, she had thought; but would any one of them be too much? She was finding the answer now. The only feasible plan would demand such a sacrifice from her, and her whole body and soul revolted. For two days and two nights she wrestled with herself, waiting and hoping against hope that some way of escape might open; but when the time came she knew that she must make the sacrifice.

The wedding was fixed for Monday; thus the Saturday morning brought home to Lady Madesson a conviction that the evil moment was upon her, and must be put off no longer. She sent a telegram at an early hour, to which she received a reply that further discouraged her, a malicious trick of fortune which added enormously to the difficulties she had to face.

Before noon, however, her motor was at the door, and whirled her away to 241 Park Lane. The front of the house, gay as it was with window-boxes, seemed to frown angrily upon her; it looked a fateful house, haunted with the shadows of old sorrows.

Mrs Westaway's carriage was waiting, and Alice met Lady Madesson on the doorstep.

'I am sorry my brother is not well enough to go to Devos Square to see you as you asked him to do,' Alice said coldly. 'He is able to get out every day, but not for long, though he is much stronger'——

'That will do, Alice!' Wil suddenly appeared in the hall behind her. 'Lady Madesson does not want to discuss all my symptoms.—Horrid habit the women in this house have of gossiping about illnesses! Come in here; the library is about the only place where one can be sure of finding peace.'

He followed Lorrie into the room and closed the door.

'Lord, Lorrie, how ripping you 're looking!'

She was very pale but beautiful. She took a chair and gazed silently round the room. Malcolm's story of the events that had passed inside its walls was very fresh in her memory.

'If I had known how ill you were I might have been tempted to pay you a visit,' she said with a slight smile; 'though I am not at all sure how Alice would have received me!'

He frowned peevishly. 'Alice takes too much upon herself. She replied to your wire this morning without asking me. I wanted to go to you. Perhaps you would have allowed me to lunch with you? It seems a year since I took a meal out of this house! Your rooms are always full of sunshine and happiness. Heaven knows, I want a little of both! Alice and Aunt Marion are as cheerful as a brace of mutes.'

'Will you lunch with me to-morrow?' Lorrie said. 'You look much better than I expected.'

He examined his face at a mirror between the windows. His thin cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright with the excitement of her coming.

'By Jove, I don't look half-bad, eh? You have done me good already, Lorrie. You always do!' He would have taken her hand.

'Will you not ask me why I have come?' she said, motioning him to a chair opposite to her.

'I don't care a hang,' he laughed, 'so long as it gives me your company.'

'It is something very important.' The significance of her tone struck him.

'Nothing can be important unless it has to do with myself—or with you.'

An exquisite flush rose slowly into her cheeks; her eyes were hidden from his by their long lashes.

Wil stared at her. Was it even distantly possible, in spite of the hundred refusals she had given him, that she cared for him after all? The bare suspicion that this might be so took his breath away.

'Lorrie, why did you come?'

She glanced at him and looked away.

Wil stumbled forward. 'Lorrie! You can't mean, Lorrie'—— he gasped.

'Come, Wil, you know I hate scenes. Do behave like an ordinary man.'

Her voice fell cold on his ears. He sank into an arm-chair at her side. 'How did this splendid thing come about? Good heavens! I hope I 'm not dreaming.'

'I think you are going a little too fast. I have said nothing yet to make you imagine you *are* dreaming.'

'Don't tell me that I am mistaken! Lorrie, you mean that you have changed your mind—that you care for me more than you used to pretend.'

She shuddered from head to foot.

'After all is said and done, I 'm not such a bad sort of chap, and—and—you might do worse, you know,' went on Wil. The divine moment was over for him, and he was himself again, the same self-conceited Wil she had grown so tired of long ago.

'You are rather jumping to conclusions.'

'By Gad! then I 'll make the matter certain. Lady Madesson, will you marry me?'

'I don't know,' she said. 'I may.'

'Lorrie, do you love me?' He bent forward to look up into her face with a hint of an accepted lover's complacency.

'No.'

The single crisp word took him aback.

'No?'

'No,' she repeated quietly. 'But if I consent to marry you I will make you a kind and indulgent wife—I won't say a good one, because if I really cared for you I should prevent you making a fool of yourself in the dozen ways you incline to.'

''Pon my word, that 's not particularly flattering,' he said on a sulky note.

'By no means; but you 'll find it satisfactory,' Lorrie rejoined with a faint laugh. 'Wil, I may be persuaded to marry you, but only on my own conditions.' She was drawing the gloves

from her hands as she spoke—the well-shaped, fine hands that he had so often watched.

'I'm not afraid of conditions. Go on, dear.' He stretched out his legs to listen comfortably.

'You have often boasted to me of your family,' she said.

'I have good reason to. You can't better us.'

She raised her eyebrows. 'You have told me that they were proud, but I find I am quite a lot prouder than they are.'

'Tell 'em so.' He laughed aloud. 'I bet you'd make 'em sit up!'

'Probably, for in no circumstances whatever will I stoop to become a relative, even by marriage, of M. de Sarsan.'

Wil whistled. 'I say, you don't mean that?'

'Absolutely!' Her brilliant eyes convinced him.

'But, you know, they are going to be married on Monday,' expostulated Wil.

She shrugged her shoulders. 'That is not my business; it's yours.'

He drew in his legs with a jerk. 'But what on earth do you expect me to do?'

'Put a stop to it,' she answered.

'My dear, good girl, do I understand that you expect me at the eleventh hour to put a stop to Alice's marriage?' he exclaimed.

'Why not? I am going to provide for you, so you don't need De Sarsan any longer. And as for Alice, I'm certain she will be only too delighted to cry off her bargain,' said Lorrie casually.

'There are all the hundreds of presents already in the house, and'——

'Stop, Wil! Those are details; we may drop them out. The main point is that you say you care for me and would do anything to make me your wife.'

'I swear that is true! But'——

'Very well. You know my condition. You must stop the wedding, and make Alice promise never to marry that man—that is all.'

Wil groaned. 'It's a pretty big order. I don't know how I shall face Aunt Marion!'

Lorrie sighed impatiently and began to replace her gloves. 'You must make your choice. Either remain De Sarsan's pensioner for life or become mine.'

'I say, Lorrie! I'll be your husband,' he amended.

'You'll be both,' she said with a little, crooked smile. 'As for Mrs Westaway—why, Wil, I thought you had some courage.'

'So I have! I can fight for myself.'

She ceased putting on her gloves to smile at him over her half-gloved hand. 'How about fighting for me?'

Such a look would have conquered any living man. It gave to Wil the desperate courage he knew he should need before he was through with the family feud ahead of him.

'I'll do it! I swear I will! I won't lose you now, Lorrie!'

Lorrie stood up; the colour had entirely left her face; she realised to what she was pledging herself. 'If you break off the marriage with De Sarsan I will keep my word,' she said, and moved to the door. Then she turned back. 'I don't suppose Alice will be very comfortable in this house when all this is done. You'd better send her to me.'

(To be continued.)

'THE SQUARE' AND 'THE CROSS.'

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is nothing perhaps that a criminal is more averse to than having his photograph taken. In *Forging his Chains*, a book written by the notorious George Bidwell* after his liberation and return to America, there is a picture of a convict, held by seven warders at Newgate, screwing his face up into all sorts of contortions in the endeavour to defeat the camera turned on to him. A photograph of a criminal is of immense service to the police, and, when a man is 'wanted,' is forwarded with the utmost rapidity from the Metropolis to seaports such as Liverpool and Southampton, and in like manner from seaports to the Metropolis.

Nowadays, of course, to get a correct representation of a man is simple. A kodak is instantaneous, and can be used to advantage when prisoners are in the exercise-yard of a jail, or with effect on a man walking in the street or looking in at a shop-window. It is only the little click that gives notice of what has been done, and thereby hangs a tale.

One lovely summer day about fifteen years ago I was walking along a street not far from Smithfield Market—through which 'Mr Sikes, dragging Oliver after him,' made his way in the early morning on 'the expedition' to Shepperton—when I noticed a man advancing towards me, a man I at once thought I had seen before, of powerful build, and apparently from forty-five to fifty years of age. After we passed each other, when at a distance of about fifteen yards, we came to the right-about simultaneously and advanced to within speaking distance.

'You are William Blank,' I said.

'And you are Colonel Smith,' he replied.

* Bidwell, with his brother Austin and two others, was sentenced to penal servitude for life in 1873 for obtaining a very large sum of money by forgery from the Bank of England.

I shook his hand most cordially, knowing well that a more notorious criminal never breathed. 'I must have a talk with you,' I continued; 'come up to the public-house at the corner.'

As we entered it was easily seen he was well known there. The place was crowded, and we adjourned to a little parlour behind the bar. I took some silver from my pocket.

But he anticipated my intention. 'No, no, sir,' he said; 'you entertained me once, and rather longer than I wanted to.' I was the means of his getting twelve months' hard labour. 'I am the entertainer now;' and, ringing the bell, he ordered two glasses of gin and water.

'Why shake hands or condescend to drink with a man like that?' I hear some one say. Firstly, because I always endeavoured to find out the antecedents of criminals whom I had been instrumental in getting convicted; secondly, because this man's extraordinary career and his uncomplaining fortitude when he was the victim of judicial error fascinated me; and, thirdly, because, as far as I could judge, he uniformly spoke the truth. I was anxious again to put him to the test.

'I have never lost sight of you,' I said, 'since first we met. You worked out that long ten years in a French prison?'

'I did, sir, to the bitter end.'

'You then were sentenced to penal servitude for life?'

'I was.'

'And having escaped, if all tales are true, you murdered a man in the States?'

'I am no murderer!' he said vehemently. 'He drew on me, but I was too quick for him. It is true I killed him, but he would have killed me; I shot him in self-defence. You say you have never lost sight of me. I have never lost sight of you—believe it or not as you like—for you are almost the only man who has ever said a kind word to me. The first thing I asked when I was once again free was what had become of you. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you, sir.'

'You can easily repay me for any kindness I have shown you,' I said.

'How?' he asked eagerly.

'By going on "the square,"' I replied.

'I'll do it, sir,' he said; 'you may rely on me.'

On leaving the public-house we stood for a minute or two on the pavement while I gave him some advice, and reminded him that were he to go on 'the cross' he would certainly end his days in prison.

'Don't you fear, sir,' he said; 'I'll keep my word.' At that moment we heard the click of the kodak. 'That infernal thing again!' he exclaimed. 'I'll not stand it!' while an evil look came over his face.

'Never mind him,' I said; 'it is worse for me than you. If they've got you, they've got me too; they'll think I've joined the opposition.'

This restored him to good humour. 'That's true, sir; no doubt about it. Good-bye.' He went on his way, and I saw him no more. Up to date he has kept his word.

CHAPTER II.

TWO inches of slush lay in the streets of the City; glimpses of sunshine came at intervals, then rain, then snow, then sunshine again, during which the poor little children, half-starved, half-naked, and chilled to the bone, emerged from the stations of the underground railway, or from doorways where they had taken shelter, to return again at full speed when another gale came on and swept everything before it. A miserable, heartless day—miserable even for those well fed and well clothed. On such a day as I have described, a man of some sixty summers, fairly well dressed, was making his way along Bishopsgate, hugging the lee-shore, breathless from a prolonged struggle with the elements. Halting for a moment to recover himself when he neared St Botolph's Church, he rushed across the street, gaining the narrow thoroughfare of Houndsditch, where, the gale being from the south, he had a better chance of keeping himself dry. Halting again at the corner—for the run had taken a good deal out of him—he looked up, to meet the eye of Chief-Inspector Thomson, let us call him, of the City of London Police, fixed steadily on him—an eye before which he had quailed on many and many an occasion. For a moment the man—a professional pickpocket and area-sneak, who had often been convicted, and, such was his nature, would have stolen the coppers from a blind man's tin (perhaps the lowest form of larceny)—felt inclined to make a bolt of it; but, seeing the inspector looked friendly, he stood his ground and made a sort of half-hearted salute.

'Why, Jim,' said the inspector, 'you're quite a stranger; haven't seen you for a long time.'

'Five years come Christmas since I 'ad a ride out to 'Olloway,' replied Jim. 'I'm a-livin' at my own expense now, not at 'er Majesty's.'

'What! have you retired from business altogether?'

'Yes, I 'ave; I'm on "the square" now. It pays better.'

'Quite right. I'm glad to hear it. You're getting a bit old for the job, and if you've been on "the square" for five years, I don't believe you could pick a pocket now if you tried.'

'Couldn't I?' was the reply. 'Do you see that copper over the way?'—a constable, waterproofed from his head to his heels, battling with the storm, and turning up Liverpool Street. 'Would you like 'is wipe?'

'Yes, I would,' said the inspector; 'fetch it.'

'All right; but bar sells'—*cells* perhaps would be more appropriate—'you won't lock me up if I do get it for you?'

'I promise you I won't,' was the reply.

Keenly watched by the inspector, the erstwhile pickpocket crossed the street, made up to the constable, ran full tilt into him—the gale made a collision excusable—begged his pardon, and returned to the inspector at a trot. 'There 's the wipe for you,' he said.

'Bravo, Jim!' said the inspector; 'beautifully done. Sorry I insulted you. Stick to "the square."' Then, following the constable, he tapped him on the shoulder. 'Is that your handkerchief, my man? I picked it up this minute.'

'Yes, it is,' he said, putting his hand into his pocket. 'It must have fallen out, sir. I know I had it when I left the Division.'

Any one who knows his Dickens well, who remembers how the 'wipes' were looked out, 'ready for the wash'—wipes acquired by 'the Dodger,' Charley Bates, and the other pupils of the 'merry old gentleman' in the exercise of their profession—who remembers young Oliver's first lesson in picking pockets, and the praise he got from the old gentleman in question for his adroitness, and who remembers dear old Mr Brownlow's experience at the bookstall, will readily understand that the scene I have depicted is not overdrawn.

A friend of my own, the late Sir Howard Whitbread, as well able to take care of himself as most men, went on one occasion to the military tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. His watch was in his waistcoat-pocket. Over his waistcoat he wore a jacket, buttoned; and over the jacket a covert-coat, also buttoned. When he got home both coats were still buttoned, but his watch had disappeared, and only the chain remained. I asked him if he had been in a crowd.

'Yes,' he replied; 'and a very rowdy crowd, too.'

'You must have unbuttoned your coats at the turnstile?'

'No; I had a shilling ready in my hand.'

While struggling in a crowd one is apt to raise both arms; and no doubt this robbery was effected by two or three men working in concert.

When criminals showed any desire to reform—when, as far as I could judge, they were really sick of the life they were leading—I was always ready to do my utmost for them. They would now and then apologise for the trouble they were giving me. They gave me little, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, like the dog, they returned to their vomit; and I had nothing more to do with them save to apprehend them again when they gave me the chance.

In the year 1880 I met a man who interested me much, a man of venerable appearance, well over the threescore years and ten, mild, affable, and courteous. He was the lessee of a small public-house in the East end of London, now improved off the face of the earth. One night in going my rounds I saw the place lighted up after closing hours, and thought I would go in and ask the reason why. Though I told him who I was, he showed no signs of confusion when asking me to sit down by the fire. I remained only a few minutes, but promised to look in again when I was passing.

The fact is, I wanted to know more about him before paying him another visit. I found, on inquiry at the Old Jewry, that the house was well known to the detective officers of the City police, and that the lessee had been 'under observation' for many years; that he had been a notorious 'fence' and trainer of young thieves, but had now apparently retired altogether from business, and was living quietly on his ill-gotten gains. Armed with this information, I did not let many days pass before I paid him another visit. The oftener I looked in the more pleased he was to see me and the more communicative he became. Never but once in his long career had he been convicted, and he was proud of having 'bested' the police on many and many an occasion. There were few more comfortable houses than his on a cold winter night. One side of the bar-parlour was completely filled from floor to ceiling with shelves on which some valuable china stood—cups, saucers, jugs, old teapots, &c., all of a blue ware. Several times I congratulated him on possessing such a collection.

'Well, sir,' he said one evening, 'it is a valuable collection, and has been of great service to me. I have managed often with the help of the china to sleep comfortably at home instead of in the cells;' and rising up, with a cunning leer, he inserted a knife into the middle of the wall, exercising a little gentle pressure, when the two halves—shelves, china, and all—separated and ran back smoothly without noise, disclosing a little room where half-a-dozen men might take shelter, and any quantity of stolen goods, such as watches, jewellery, trinkets, or plate, be stowed away should the police suddenly pay his house a visit. This old gentleman may have been, for all I know, the inventor of the sliding-panel—now in constant use in Soho and the neighbourhood of the West Strand—by means of which men, decoyed by women, are robbed of everything they possess and blackmailed 'forby.' Were I sure that my venerable friend had ever used his house for any such iniquity as blackmailing, I should not look back on my evenings in the snug bar-parlour with any satisfaction.

The world is inhabited by so many millions of people—'mostly fools,' said Thomas Carlyle; but when one is young and is accosted by a pretty woman—and there are very pretty women among the blackmailers of the West Strand and Northumberland Avenue—he loses his head and follows her blindly whithersoever she may wish to lead him. 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;' but he consents. 'Among the simple ones I discerned . . . a young man void of understanding, . . . and he went the way to her house.' As it was in the days of

Solomon, so is it now in the days of King George and Queen Mary. The strange woman's ways are 'crooked;' they are not on 'the square.'

But where are the police all this time? When young men 'void of understanding' are decoyed 'with much fair speech,' are the fair speakers not known—where they live, and all about them? Can they not be instantly apprehended and dealt with? The answer, as we say in the 'House,' is in the negative. To obtain a conviction the police must have evidence; and that is exactly what they cannot get. Say that the victim was a boy from Eton or Harrow, would he like his parents to know how he had spent the night? Say that he was a doctor or a lawyer, would his patients or his clients increase or diminish should he appear as prosecutor in such a case?

At two o'clock one winter morning an elderly gentleman called at my office in a hansom. An hour previously he had been robbed of a considerable sum of money in one of the houses such as I have described, and unceremoniously bundled out into the street. I was comfortably in bed; but the detective inspector on night duty saw him, and a man more full of virtuous indignation that inspector had never seen. The victim had not even the excuse that he had been 'dining out.' He was as sober as a judge.

'Very well, sir,' said the inspector, after a detailed account of what had taken place, 'we know the house and the parties—a woman and two men—you have described. You will be at the justice-room this morning at ten-thirty to give evidence against them.'

'This morning! To-morrow morning, you mean.'

'I mean this morning,' was the reply.

After a very long pause, 'Yes, I see now—this morning; but,' confidentially, 'you must do without me. I've told you everything. And the fact is, I dare not appear.'

'It's not easy,' said the inspector—who, in the vernacular, was getting 'shirty'—'to get a man convicted without evidence,' closing his ledger with disgust. 'Go home. I've had about enough of you.'

This worthy gentleman lost over two hundred pounds. Seldom or never do women who ply their trade on the streets take home a man who is not worth robbing. Notes or gold they scent with unerring sagacity. A field-trial winner winds a grouse in the heather, or a partridge in the turnips, and draws the sportsman up to it till the unfortunate bird realises that escape is impossible. So does the lady of the night spread her net and bag her bird.

Does it require any more tales from me to prove that the trade of the blackmailer is not only lucrative, but in the great majority of cases absolutely safe?

'If there were no receivers there would be no thieves,' Mr Justice Blank remarked from the Bench no longer ago than last year; and the remark, though certainly not original, is nevertheless true. Thieves and burglars we have in plenty; but a receiver of the type of my old friend in the far East is indeed a *rara avis*. I believe it is easier now to commit a burglary than to get quit of the proceeds or to face a pawnbroker, whose duty it is, if suspicious, to detain his client while he sends for the police.*

CHAPTER III.

ONCE upon a time the Emperor of All the Russias—which emperor I am unable to say, as the story has probably been told of two or three—visited the great convict prison of St Peter and St Paul in St Petersburg, where, if all tales are true, the inmates, confined in underground dungeons and chained to each other, lie in darkness and filth year after year. This emperor, humanely inclined, determined to interrogate the whole two thousand—more or less—hear what they had to say, and ask them if they had anything to complain of. As man after man was brought up from the fetid atmosphere of his loathsome cell into the royal presence, unable to stand without support, blinking like an owl in God's sunlight, which he had not seen for many and many a month, he vehemently asserted his innocence, and said he had been unjustly convicted. At last there came a change in the programme. An old, old white-haired invalid, old as the 'Abbé Faria,' appeared; and, on being interrogated, he asserted with equal vehemence that he was an infamous sinner, that he was not fit to live, and deserved the punishment awarded him, which was far from commensurate with his villainous deeds.

'Remove him,' said the Emperor, 'and let him go free, lest he corrupt all those innocent men.'

Quite recently I read a book entitled *A Holiday in Jail*, in which the author tells us he was innocent of the crime of which he had been convicted, and for which he had been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. What he says may be true—I know nothing of the merits of the case, and it does not concern me; but the account he gives of his treatment while 'doing time' is a plain, excellently written narrative, bearing the stamp of truth and well worthy of perusal. As regards his food, he talks of the 'delicious' soup he occasionally got; and as regards his treatment in general, although complaining of some of the warders, he admits that prison life was not half as bad as he anticipated. His book reminds me vividly of a certain prison—for obvious reasons it shall be nameless—which I visited on a lovely August day some years ago. I rang the bell about twelve o'clock, and after the usual preliminaries was conducted to the Governor's room. Captain Blank was

* Vide *From Constable to Commissioner*, p. 116.

exactly the man for such a position, of a breed which is now practically extinct. On seeing me he crept into his shell, taking me to be an official from the Home Office, of which establishment he did not appear particularly fond. I soon undeceived him, and told him I had merely come to have a look at his patients and judge for myself of the improved condition of things in convict prisons, on which members of Parliament and others in authority congratulate themselves.

'It's close upon the dinner-hour,' he said. 'I was just going round myself. Come along.'

Preceded by the chief warder, we made our way to the kitchen. I had had a long walk. It was just about my usual hour for lunch, so I was uncommonly hungry, and a more appetising sight I have seldom seen than the viands displayed on a large side-table. On the invitation of the Governor, I tasted a little of almost everything. Meat is only given occasionally, and it was not on the menu; but the bread was quite as good as you would get from Bonthron in Regent Street or my old friend Mackie in Edinburgh. The vegetables were beautifully cooked, not sodden as one too frequently sees, the water being well strained from them; and the pudding was—to put it poetically—'a dream,' and very different from what is met with on board ship, where the plums, as the sailor complained, are 'not within hail of one another.' Bacon, cheese, milk, fresh eggs, &c., all were there.

'Are those worthy people satisfied with their fare?' I inquired.

'Devil a bit of it!' was the reply; 'the complaints are constant. We had a dignitary of the Church preaching to them last Sunday,' he continued; 'and we had a prima-donna singing to them. They had as good music free as you or I could get for half-a-guinea. Many of them shed tears, it was so beautiful and touching. If I had my way I would give them something to cry for!'

On leaving the kitchen we went into the exercise-yard.

'Look at that fellow there,' he said, indicating a short, pot-bellied ruffian with a most villainous cast of countenance. 'He is sixty-four years of age, more than forty of which have been spent in prison. He is more comfortable here than he would be outside, and he knows it.'

No wonder that men wandering about the streets in inclement weather, without a home to go to save a common lodging-house or a Salvation Army shelter, should commit crime solely with the object of getting back to jail. The inmates are infinitely better fed than an honest, hard-working man outside the prison walls. Any complaint as to the quantity or quality of the food, or as to the temperature of their cells, is instantly forwarded to the Prison Commissioners, and frequently an official is sent down to redress the grievances and see to the comfort of those injured individuals. Except for the refractory, who now and again have to be fattened like a Christmas turkey or a heroic suffragette, there is literally no punishment in the place.

Now I was always under the impression that people, male and female after their kind, who had broken the law were sent to prison to be made unhappy, to be punished for their misdeeds, to make them dread imprisonment and resolve to lead better lives on their release. The treatment they receive now cannot have any such salutary effect.

'This is worse even than I expected,' I said to the Governor, who walked a bit of the way with me to the railway station.

'It's nothing short of a scandal,' he replied. 'The other day, after the opera I told you about, one of the philanthropists who had come down with the prima-donna remarked to me, "Well, as you see, everything is done that can be done for the poor fellows. What a monotonous life, and how hard to bear!" What's the use of living on "the square" when you're better off on "the cross"?'

The Emperor of All the Russias let a convict out of prison. My object was to get men into prison, not out; yet on one occasion the Home Office, entirely on my uncorroborated evidence, liberated a young man sentenced to five years' penal servitude before he had been two months in confinement. The details of his trial at the Old Bailey cannot be set down here. Suffice it to say that shameless effrontery, coupled with perjury, led to his conviction. The only question I was asked at the Home Office by one of the senior officials present was: 'Do you guarantee the truth of the statement you have made?' 'Unhesitatingly,' I replied. 'Then you may count on his immediate release.' I had a letter of thanks—a very affecting one—from the convict's parents, calling down blessings on my head for having returned their son to them.

(To be continued.)

CARLOTTA.

PART II.

AN hour later O'Hara was sitting in the gardens at *El Nido*, talking to the two sisters. He gazed down at the Tagus hundreds of feet beneath, and the sight fascinated him. 'I shall remember this spot when I return home, he said, 'and I shall dream of it at nights.' He addressed his remark to Carlotta.

'You will have forgotten it long before then,' she said. 'You English! I have heard tales of you!'

'Then you must not believe them,' he responded.

Anita sat watching them; a smile flickered round the corners of her lips, and a strange look came into her eyes. Always silent and reserved, thinking, while her sister spoke in the heedlessness of youth, she was busy formulating plans in her mind.

That evening, in their bedroom, she turned to her sister with a laugh. 'Congratulations, Carlotta *mia!*' she said.

Her sister looked at her.

'You have made a great conquest. I have heard of the Señor O'Hara. He is thought very highly of in the army, and men say he will do great things.'

Carlotta tossed her head until the curls became disarranged. 'An Englishman!' she said; 'here to-day, gone to-morrow. I care for him! Pooh!' She snapped her fingers in the air.

Anita smiled. One woman can probe another's secret with ease, and Carlotta was too frank, too heedless, to know of woman's guile. Twins in age, in experience the one might have been mother to the other. Nevertheless, she thought over her sister's words, and, girl-like, fell to dreaming wild dreams.

The next few days found O'Hara comparatively idle, and he spent the greater part of his time in the garden talking to Carlotta, gathering flowers with her, and telling her tales of his life.

Once he went into the garden, and, walking along a path by the eastern wall, came upon Anita alone. She looked up, flustered, at his approach, and as he came upon her he fancied he heard the sound of hurried footsteps, and he saw the bushes which bounded the wall shake as if lately and rudely disturbed. But ilex-bushes are thick, and their shadow dark, and, like many another thing in Spain, they can keep their secrets well; and, glancing at them, O'Hara could distinguish nothing.

'You are alone, señorita?' he said.

'Yes,' answered the Señorita Anita, 'and my sister is in the house. It is she whom you want.'

O'Hara smiled; his dismissal amused him. Besides, he guessed the bushes held some *caballero* who had come to keep a secret tryst.

'Thank you, señorita,' he said; 'I will go and find her.'

As he turned on his heel the bushes parted, and a man's face appeared and watched him walk up the path towards the house. Then the figure emerged from his hiding-place. 'Who is that?' he said.

'The Señor O'Hara,' replied Anita. 'Miguel,' she added, as she saw the look upon his face, 'remember he is my father's guest.'

'And my enemy. That Englishman has done more to keep Queen Isabella upon the throne than all the Spanish generals together. If he is alive much longer Don Carlos will never be king.'

Anita laid a hand upon his arm. 'Miguel,' she said pleadingly, 'you will not kill him?'

The man slipped his arm round her waist. 'I would not soil my hands, *mia carissima*,' he said. He drew her closer to him, and, bending down, kissed her. 'But let us forget the Englishman. If you plead much more for him, little one, I shall think you are upon the side of Queen Isabella.'

'But no,' replied the girl vehemently; 'it means so much to us if Don Carlos wins.'

'Yes,' replied Miguel, 'my little Anita will be a great lady when he ascends the throne.'

'And if he fails?'

'Then, *mia carissima*, I shall have to fly from Spain, and start life afresh, alone, in a new country.'

'Not alone,' responded Anita; and, bending down, Señor Miguel saw in her eyes the look that a woman gives only to one man.

'You would leave Spain, home, everything, to go to an uncertain future in another country with me?'

'I would go anywhere—do anything—for you,' she answered.

A pretender, a man who plays the rôle in the history of a country that Don Carlos did in that of Spain, commissions beneath his banner many men who, if they succeed, are regarded in the eyes of the world as heroes, and if they fail are designated adventurers, the knights paladin of modern warfare, ready to draw a sword in any cause provided it is remunerative. Such a one was Señor Miguel Lopez. He possessed the courage necessary to make a soldier, and an inherent craft, acquired from generations, which served him in good stead in the peculiar diplomatic duties he was called upon to perform as a follower of Don Carlos. As he walked from *El Nido* that afternoon into Toledo his mind was full of one thought: how to make the best use of the golden opportunity Providence had thrust upon him, for O'Hara had made a name which was known and feared in the Carlist camp.

The next month was an eventful one in the lives of many. Much Spanish history was made in July 1838. Don Carlos had fought one or two battles with varying success in his stronghold, the Basque provinces, and rumour spoke of a projected march upon Madrid. One or two unsuccessful attempts had been made upon the life of the Queen and of the Queen Regent, for craft and treachery were the weapons with which Don Carlos preferred to wage war.

For O'Hara the month had been a busy one, and *El Nido* had seen little of him; journeys to Madrid, Aranjuez, Alcazar, and Ciudad Real had kept him in the saddle most of the days. Once he had even travelled as far north as Salamanca. In that month he had grown serious; the boyish look of light-heartedness had left his face, perhaps never to return. A man who carries his life in his hand night and day, who has found

traitors where he expected to meet friends, who has killed a man and left him upon the roadside, grows serious. It is one of the blessed compensations of nature. The month had been eventful for him in other ways. Though he and the Señorita Carlotta had seen little of one another, they had learnt each other's secret; for, once the spark is lighted, it needs no word to kindle the flame. A glance, a pressure of the hand, speaks more than uttered vows.

It was in the early afternoon that he rode up the steep path to where, above him, *El Nido* stood bathed in sunshine. A night and day spent in the saddle rendered him weary, and he flung himself down from the saddle with a sigh of relief as he reached the *patio* of the house.

There Carlotta stood waiting, smiling in welcome. 'You are back so soon, señor!' she said.

He bent down and kissed her hand. 'So soon and so tired,' he said with a smile. 'I have travelled night and day upon the Queen's errands.'

Carlotta sighed. 'Ah!' she said, 'I shall be glad when this war is over.'

'Then I shall leave Spain,' he answered, looking at her.

For a second their eyes met. 'You will leave Spain?' she said slowly. Then she smiled. 'Come, you are tired. There is food and wine waiting for you.'

O'Hara entered the *comedor*. 'You are all very good to me,' he said.

'We are all Royalists in *El Nido*,' answered Carlotta. For a second her eyes strayed towards her sister Anita, who was seated before the open window, and a strange light came into them. Love had brought Carlotta to the dawn of womanhood, and with it had come seriousness and understanding.

As he sat at the table, eating and chatting, one of General Gomez's staff rode into the *patio*. 'Lieutenant O'Hara?' he asked of the old woman who answered his summons.

In a few minutes O'Hara stood before him. 'You have returned already!' he said. 'You English know how to ride.'

O'Hara nodded in silence.

'The General wishes to see you as soon as possible—at once.'

O'Hara drew out his watch. 'I will be at the barracks in half-an-hour.' Then he returned to the *comedor*.

'Señorita,' he said, addressing Carlotta, 'there is no rest for the wicked—or the weary.'

'You are not going away again so soon?'

'In half-an-hour I shall be in the barracks, ready to go wherever my General may send me.'

'You will want your horse saddled,' said Carlotta.

'I will see to him myself,' said O'Hara.

'Then I will come with you and help you,' answered Carlotta, a spark of her old love for mischief returning.

They were standing in the stable. Carlotta was holding a lantern, and O'Hara tightening the body-girth.

'Señor,' she said suddenly, 'you know many Spaniards by name. Have you heard of a Señor Lopez—Miguel Lopez?' She saw his eyes harden.

'I have,' he answered, and became suddenly engrossed in his work.

'What sort of man is he?' she asked.

'I do not know much about him,' answered O'Hara evasively.

'But you have heard a lot.'

'Yes,' said O'Hara, 'I have heard a lot.'

'Is he—is he a Carlist?'

O'Hara stood up and faced her. 'Yes,' he answered, 'a Carlist spy.' Then he led the horse out of the stable into the grounds.

Carlotta walked by his side in silence. As he was about to mount she held out her hand, and the light of the lantern fell upon her face. '*Adios!*' she said.

O'Hara put his foot in his stirrup; then he withdrew it, and stood facing her. 'Carlotta,' he said, 'the next few days mean much to Spain. Within forty-eight hours a kingdom may fall and a stranger sit upon the throne; and we who ride upon the Queen's errands ride with our lives in our hands.'

'Yours is in safe keeping,' she answered, smiling bravely.

'And the road to Toledo is dark and dangerous. My horse might slip and throw me. A thousand things might happen. If I do not come back, I want you to remember the Englishman who came to *El Nido*.'

Tears stood in the señorita's eyes. 'I shall never forget you,' she said.

'A month ago I should not have cared, but now I long for life, and I shall fight hard for it. And you, Carlotta, have made me love it.' He bent down, and seizing her hand, kissed it passionately.

'Señor!' she said—'señor!' and then, 'God keep you safe!' She drew a rose from her dress, and, kissing it, handed it to him. 'You will wear this?' she said.

'I shall keep it until the end of my life.'

She watched him ride out of the *patio*, along the path, and into the road beneath. Turning at the gate, he saw her, smiling bravely upon him in the light of the lantern she carried. With a last wave he cantered down the path into the darkness.

As the aide-de-camp from General Gomez passed through the garden on his way back to the barracks he encountered a messenger bearing a letter for Señorita Anita. In a few minutes it reached the señorita, and it gave her no small misgiving as she read the contents:

'DEAREST,—As I told you to-day, the Englishman's hour has come, and for love of me I must

ask you to play a small part in the act which will do much to win freedom for your country. To-night he will return with letters, which he will take to Madrid to-morrow. That much I know, and on our getting knowledge of the contents of those letters depends our success. At eleven o'clock to-night I want you to enter the small *sala* which leads on to the veranda, and call upon him by name. Your voice is so like your sister's—only far sweeter, dear one—that he will come at your call; then you must pass into the garden so that you may not see the end. Wait for me there, for when it is over I shall have played my part, and outside a couple of horses will be waiting to bear us away together—my love, my bride. The room will be full of shadows; but do not fear, *amante mia*, for I shall be there; and as you love me, and dream of our future, do not fail me.

'MIGUEL.'

Though the letter caused her pain, not for one moment did Anita think of refusing the request her lover had made—she was too true a daughter of Spain.

Anita was sitting in the *sala* as she read the letter. When she had finished she thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

Carlotta, sitting with her, saw the letter, and knowing whom it was from, wondered as to the contents.

A few minutes later Anita rose and left the room, and from her dress, where she had placed it, the letter slipped on to the floor, unnoticed by either.

Carlotta lay stretched upon a divan reading. It was not until a few moments later that, lifting her eyes from the book, she saw the letter. Rising, she picked it up, intending to return it to her sister; then seeing a strange sentence, and the words 'the Englishman,' she read it through. Her face was white and drawn when she finished and realised what it meant—her soul full of the passionate love which had awakened towards the man, and of hatred to her sister. '*Mi Dios!*' she said through clenched teeth.

For a moment she stood, holding the letter in her hand; then she realised that to save the man she loved she must act alone, and all her woman's subtlety was aroused. Creeping to the door, she opened it, and flung the letter a few feet along the passage, where, to her intense relief, Anita found it five minutes later. Then she returned to the couch and lay down, waiting until the time should come for her to play her part.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT LONE LAND OF AUSTRALIA.

By F. A. W. GISBORNE.

OF the many serious problems that confront Australia at the present time, that connected with the settlement and defence of the vast region known as the Northern Territory must be regarded as one of the most urgent. A scantily peopled continent possessed of enormous potential resources must, in any circumstances, be an object of desire to the swarms of overcrowded humanity that are pent up in territories separated from it only by a narrow strip of sea. The most alarming features of the present position are the practical emptiness of the most vulnerable portions of Australia, and their complete isolation from the comparatively populous districts. It is not wise for a small family occupying but two or three of the front-rooms of a large mansion to leave the back-door wide open and exposed to the predatory enterprise of the hungry occupants of multitudes of squalid tenements across the road. It is true the police patrol the latter; in other words, fortunately for Australia, Great Britain still rules the waves. But a study of history does not warrant the hope that the immunity from attack so long enjoyed will be perpetual, or that in the years to come no other aspiring Power, European or Asiatic, will attempt to wrest from the hands of Britain the sceptre of the seas.

With the political aspects of the Northern Territory question, however, it is not now proposed to deal, save perhaps inferentially. Our purpose is merely to offer the reader a brief sketch of the history of the territory, and of its present condition; and, finally, to suggest the natural remedies for the lamentable state of things that now exists.

In the year 1863 the Northern Territory was formally annexed to South Australia by Royal Letters Patent. Many years before, ineffectual attempts had been made to establish permanent settlements on the northern shores of Australia. A thorough survey of the coast-line effected by Captain King in the eighty-ton cutter *Mermaid* in the year 1820 was followed four years later by the establishment of a penal settlement on King's Cove, an inlet on the coast of Melville Island. Early in October 1824 a party under Lieutenant Roe, of the *Tamar*, after an ineffectual attempt to form a settlement at Port Essington, landed and founded a colony at a place subsequently called Fort Dundas. The party consisted of detachments of the Third Regiment and the Royal Marines, together with forty-five convicts. Great hopes were entertained for a time of the future growth of the infant colony. Fort Dundas was to become the Singapore

of Northern Australia, the leading entrepôt of trade with eastern and southern Asia. But these hopes were never fulfilled. The natives became troublesome, bad climatic effects began to be experienced, and not a single trading-vessel took advantage of the questionable facilities offered by the new port. In 1829 Fort Dundas was abandoned, and its garrison was transferred to Raffles Bay, thirteen miles east of Port Essington, which in turn was deserted a few years afterwards. In 1849 the last settlers departed from the north coast. Almost the only traces of these early penal settlements to be found now are the large herds of buffaloes, the descendants of animals imported by the original pioneers, that roam about the mainland and islands of the Northern Territory. Their numbers may be estimated by the fact that a couple of hunters a few years ago, in the course of a period of only four and a half months, shot two thousand in Melville Island alone.

After the final abandonment of the Raffles Bay settlement no serious effort to colonise the far north of Australia was made until after Stuart's great journey across the continent, which resulted in the annexation of the entire central belt by the South Australian Government. In the year 1864 a large quantity of land in the new possession was sold by the latter to British and colonial speculators, and an expedition was organised and despatched to found a permanent settlement on a suitable site in the far north. Unfortunately the officer chosen to command the party, under the title of Government Resident, proved hopelessly incompetent. Passing over the magnificent site offered by Port Darwin, comparatively close at hand, the intelligent official referred to selected a spot situated on Escape Cliffs, out of reach either of a good harbour or a safe anchorage for vessels. The place was no Botany or Sorrento, certainly; for the water-supply was ample. At intervals the camp and the surrounding country were completely submerged. The land was unsuitable both for agricultural and pastoral purposes, and the natives soon became obtrusive. Had they known that latterly, owing to the Resident's craze for daily musketry-practice, all the ammunition in the settlement had been fired away, an appalling massacre might have resulted. Happily this knowledge was withheld from them, and a catastrophe averted. But naturally the flagrant incapacity shown by the leader led to friction and insubordination, and finally a small party of disappointed land-purchasers bought a boat, and actually succeeded in performing the hazardous voyage along the coast for a distance of one thousand six hundred miles to Champion Bay, in West Australia, whence the voyagers proceeded to Adelaide and laid their complaints before the Government. The Resident was then recalled, and Escape Cliffs abandoned; the next, and fortunately successful, attempt to colonise the new territory being made at Port Darwin, where the town of Palmerston was founded on a site which is unquestionably the natural gateway of tropical Australia.

The Northern Territory extends from the twenty-sixth parallel of south latitude to the Arafura Sea in the north, and is bounded east and west respectively by the one hundred and twenty-ninth and the one hundred and thirty-eighth meridians. Its area is computed to be five hundred and twenty-three thousand six hundred and twenty square miles, or three hundred and thirty-five million one hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred acres, and is thus very nearly equal to that of the German Empire, Austro-Hungary, and Italy combined. The coast-line extends for a distance exceeding two thousand miles, not including the numerous and large islands adjacent (Melville Island alone embraces two thousand four hundred square miles of country), and good harbours are fairly plentiful. As a rule the coast is low and girdled with belts of mangroves; but at varying distances inland the country rises so as to form an immense table-land, principally of sandstone formation, which stretches away southwards beyond the centre of the continent. There are thus two distinct regions in the territory, differing essentially in climate, products, and physical features. The one consists of the littoral and the river-valleys, which thrust long, winding arms far into the interior; the other embraces the vast inland plateaus. The former is admirably adapted for agriculture, and will no doubt hereafter be utilised in a large degree for the cultivation of sugar, cotton, rice, rubber, and many other purely tropical products; the latter is essentially a pastoral region well suited for the rearing of horses and cattle to supply the home and Oriental markets. In regard to climate, moist heat naturally prevails along the coast, especially during the north-west monsoon, which blows throughout the summer months. Dry heat is the distinguishing climatic feature of the inland region. The disparity in regard to rainfall is very considerable. While in the year 1907 Port Darwin received 60·08 inches of rain, almost one-third of that quantity falling in the month of December alone, a place called Borroloola, in the Gulf country to the south-east, enjoyed the meagre allowance of 17·32 inches, 11 inches falling in February.

In regard to temperature, Port Darwin, for its latitude, enjoys a cool climate. During the prevalence of the north-west or wet monsoon—that is, from about November to March—the maximum daily reading of the thermometer ranges from 65 to 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Of winter there is practically none.

Much of the interior of the Northern Territory is still absolutely unexplored. Major Warburton gave a most woeful description of the country he passed through on his remarkable journey many

years ago (1873) from Alice Springs in the centre of the continent to the head of the Oakover River in West Australia. For eight hundred miles, he stated, his route lay through one of the most desolate regions human foot ever crossed. East of the transcontinental telegraph-line, however, country of a far more inviting nature is to be found, and much of it is now occupied in huge areas by pastoralists. The maximum rent paid by the latter to the South Australian Government is only three shillings per square mile per annum; and leases are granted for periods up to forty-two years, the country leased having to be stocked within the first three years. These liberal terms have naturally attracted a considerable number of pioneers from the settled states, but plenty of good grazing country yet remains available.

Still, failing a climatic revolution or the discovery and utilisation for irrigation purposes of enormous subterranean reservoirs of water, the pastoral division of the Northern Territory can never support a large settled population. *Natura opposuit.* The future garden of the dependency is to be found in the fertile belt lying along the coast and the lower valleys of the great rivers. Thence Manchester hereafter may be able to draw food for her multitudinous spindles, China replenish her rice-pots, and the numerous future dwellers in temperate Australia derive all the tropical fruits, sugar, and cotton they need, and have abundance to spare. The cotton-tree and the rice-plant grow wild, and experiments have shown that the culture of rubber, tea, and coffee, besides a host of other tropical products, might, under certain conditions, be successfully undertaken. Before the wilderness can be converted into the plantation, however, the two most essential of these conditions must be satisfied. The Northern Territory must be linked up with the southern and eastern states of Australia by the completion of the transcontinental railway line, already more than half-built; and, more important still, a relaxation of the White Australia policy must be permitted so as to ensure for purely tropical agriculture a suitable and sufficient supply of tropical labour. The White Australia principle has been practically tested in the Northern Territory now for nearly half a century. The consequences are to be seen to-day in a diminishing white population, now numbering barely one thousand souls, in heavy financial loss, in strangled development, and, worst of all, in imminent and increasing danger to the inhabitants of the whole Commonwealth.

The rivers of the territory deserve some notice. Of these the largest is the Victoria, discovered and named by Captain Stokes, of H.M.S. *Beagle*, about seventy years ago, and this fine stream claims, together with the two Fitzroys of Queensland and West Australia respectively, the distinction of ranking as the second river of the continent. Navigable for vessels of large size for a distance of fifty miles from the sea, and for a farther distance of sixty miles by vessels of shallow draught, the Victoria will no doubt some day be a river of great commercial importance. At present the rich plains along its lower course are wholly unoccupied by civilised inhabitants, there is no trace of agriculture, and only cattle-stations embracing huge areas of country inadequately stocked are to be found far up the river. Apart from its magnitude and length, the Victoria bears a sinister reputation for its extraordinary tides and the shifting nature of its sandbanks and islands. A recent visitor records the remarkable fact that when he was descending the river the tide on one occasion rose no less than twenty feet within two hours. Similar peculiarities mark, in some degree, all the rivers of the territory; but bars, fortunately, appear to be non-existent. At Port Darwin itself during spring-tides a difference exceeding twenty-six feet between low and high water is observable. The Roper River is navigable for vessels drawing fourteen feet of water for ninety miles from its mouth, which is a mile and a half wide. Alligators of great size, said to be as much as thirty feet or more in length, are numerous in this and indeed all other northern rivers. The Daly, the third of the great rivers of the territory, is two miles wide at the mouth, and can be navigated by suitable vessels for sixty miles. The country along this river is peculiarly beautiful, dense jungles alternating with natural parks where grasses grow luxuriantly. The wild cotton-tree abounds, and every facility exists for irrigation. The valley of the lower Daly seems indeed to be a veritable planter's and sportsman's paradise, rich soil, abundance of water, and vast flocks of wild-fowl being found there. At the Maraki cattle-station, on the Adelaide River, experiments have shown that coffee and india-rubber—both trees which are immune from the attacks of the planters' worst enemies, the white ants—thrive excellently. Rice, too, might be cultivated to an unlimited extent. A few years ago the Hon. J. Parsons, then Government Resident in the territory, wishing to encourage the cultivation of this cereal on a large scale, took a party of Chinese merchants up the river last mentioned. The visitors, who represented a powerful syndicate of Canton capitalists, were delighted with the country, which they said 'was all same Saigon,' the rice-field of the East; and on behalf of their principals they undertook to grow rice in the locality inspected on a very large scale, provided the Government granted the necessary concessions in regard to the importation and employment of suitable labour. These the Government refused, and negotiations were thereupon broken off. Neither the European nor the Asiatic capitalist is yet prepared to employ the white working-man humble enough to undertake manual labour of a very low class

at eight shillings a day, with the probability of a strike for more each harvest season.

A description written in 1888 by Mr D'Arcy Uhr, a noted Queensland pioneer, of the surroundings of Florida Head station, on the Goyder River, a comparatively small stream flowing into Castlereagh Bay, in the far north of Australia, conveys a vivid impression of the natural resources of the country and the attractions it offers to foreign enterprise. 'At the foot of the slope,' he writes, 'below the station, and bordering the lagoon, a small garden had been formed, which, although only two years old, is a surprise in itself, for the growth of the various plants and trees has been simply marvellous. There are mulberry, orange, lemon, mango, paw-paw, and several other kinds of fruit-trees, coco-nut palms, bananas, pine-apples, and numerous other fruits and vegetables. The soil is a black, friable loam, equal to anything I have seen in Australia. . . . A crop of maize that I inspected, although sown only seven weeks before, was then over seven feet high, and the cobs gave promise of a most prolific crop. The plains around the station are covered with wild rice, and the Chinese gardener asserts that the rice will do better here than in China or Saigon. The rainfall is pretty regular all the year through, and since the station has been formed there has never been more than two months without rain. . . . The country all round the station is alive with game and wildfowl, while the lagoon teems with a number of varieties of fish. . . . Mosquitoes are the bane of one's existence here, keeping up their activity night and day. . . . The cattle I have seen look remarkably well and healthy.' Here, evidently, is a land of future promise for the enterprising planter, whose potential riches will be garnered when Australian electors and politicians shall have acquired the knowledge they now sadly lack as to the conditions imposed by climate on labour.

The prospective emigrant to Northern Australia must not, however, think that life there is all unbroken enjoyment. By no means. The mosquito pest in itself is fatal to perfect comfort; and those who have experienced the misery inflicted by these execrable little blood-suckers, the scourge of human life in the tropics, will realise the force of this drawback. White ants, too, are very destructive to buildings and vegetation, and to check their ravages special precautions have to be taken. Malarial fever prevails in certain localities, though not in an acute form. In the wilder parts of the country the natives are both treacherous and hostile, and have a delightful habit of fashioning most artistic spear-heads out of fragments of glass bottles, especially for the benefit of white men. But perfect bliss cannot be expected anywhere on the surface of this planet, and under the necessary conditions, and with the indispensable conveniences of life in the tropics, the settler in Northern Australia can exist in tolerable comfort. The region, however, is certainly not yet a poor man's refuge. To live there under the rude conditions to which multitudes of working-men have to submit in the temperate portions of the continent would mean utter wretchedness, followed by an early collapse of the physical powers.

Space will not permit more than a mere enumeration of the various industries that flourish, or rather might flourish, in the Great Lone Land of Australia. The waters that wash its shores swarm with fish. Rock-cod have been caught up to three hundredweight, groper up to six hundredweight; gray, red, and golden schnapper; barramund, an extraordinary form of highly edible marine life which frequently attains a weight exceeding forty pounds; mullet; and many other varieties. Turtle, both of the green and hawk's-bill kind, are numerous and easily caught. Pearl-shell and trepang are gathered in large quantities by Malay and other fishermen. Dugongs, valuable for their hides and oil, besides furnishing meat described as equal in every respect to well-fed pork, haunt the estuaries and shallow bays in great numbers. Inland indications of valuable mineral deposits are widely distributed, but only a small quantity of gold, tin, and copper is now produced. Valuable timber-trees, such as the ant-proof cypress pine, are also plentiful in certain districts. Thousands of buffalo-skins are exported annually, and a limited—far too limited—number of horses and cattle are shipped to India and the eastern markets. Still, the hidden springs of wealth in the territory remain untapped. Brown or yellow hands, directed by white heads, are needed to release the pent-up waters of life that remain stored and sealed within one of the fairest regions of the globe.

For the materials used in preparing this condensed description of the Northern Territory the present writer is particularly indebted to Mr Alfred Searcy, whose recently published book, *In Australian Tropics*, deserves the earnest attention of all who have the interests of Australia at heart. Mr Searcy lived for fourteen years in the particular portion of the continent he describes, and travelled widely throughout it. After recommending that the whole portion of the territory lying north of the twenty-second parallel of latitude should be proclaimed 'tropical country' and developed under tropical conditions —that is, with the help of indentured coloured labour—and advocating the early completion of the transcontinental railway, Mr Searcy remarks: 'I do not suggest that white men should actively engage in the cultivation of tropical products on the coast or rivers or swamps, for I am of opinion that that can only be carried out by coloured labour.' With this important reservation, he adds: 'To my idea there is no finer country, or place with circumstances more favourable for steady, reliable young men to

open out, than the Northern Territory, provided that, after having paid their passage, they have enough to keep the wolf from the door for a period during which they could look round and decide in what direction they would put forth their energies.' Artificial restrictions, unhappily, now grievously limit the scope available for the exercise of those energies. When a more enlightened public opinion shall insist on the removal of those dangerous and impolitic disabilities, and when the legislature shall bestow due encouragement on the tropical planter and pioneer, the hour of Northern Australia's awakening will strike.

A NOVEL FORM OF CHIMNEY CONSTRUCTION.

TO those connected with collieries and factories the provision of the necessary chimneys, often of a great height, is a very important question, and a new method of chimney construction recently introduced into this country should prove interesting to them. The new form of shaft is termed monoshaft, a word coined from the two words 'monos' (single) and 'shaft.'

The chief drawback to the employment of ferro-concrete for chimneys has been the great cost for the necessary centring to hold the concrete together till it has set; while if, to economise, the centring is slid up as the work proceeds, the result is a chimney, with perfectly upright walls, which has a top-heavy appearance. This difficulty is obviated in the monoshaft system by the use of a special concrete block invented and patented by a Belgian engineer, the principal feature of which is that it has a claw-shaped socket at one end. The blocks can be cast in moulds on the site, and are usually ten inches deep, with a width and length which can be varied for each particular chimney.

The foundations and base of the shaft can be constructed in the ordinary way, the special form of block being utilised for the shaft proper. The internal part of the claw receives the plain end of the adjoining block, and in each course the plain end can be pushed a little farther in than was the case in the course immediately below. Only a very slight difference in each course is required to give a taper to the chimney; but any taper can be arranged for. When the end of the block will go no farther into the claw socket, the blocks of the next series are made slightly shorter, and the process repeated.

Round steel bars can be placed vertically through the sockets, thus securing a good bond between successive courses, while in addition horizontal reinforcement is placed in small semi-circular grooves left in the blocks and tied round the vertical reinforcement. Concrete is employed to fill the interstices between adjoining blocks, and this leaves the whole one solid mass. The outside of the claws coming at each external angle forms a series of effective vertical ribs round the shaft, extending from the base to the summit, and gives a pleasing effect quite absent from brick chimneys.

All expensive exterior scaffolding is obviated by a system of telescopic centring on to which a timber flooring of the area of the chimney is laid. Two sets of centres are used, being moved up every four or five courses. A trap-door is fixed in the flooring, and through this the blocks, mortar, and men can be wound by a rope passing round a winch attached to the higher centring.

In a paper read some time ago before the Concrete Institute it was generally agreed that, up to about six hundred degrees Fahrenheit, concrete was a perfectly safe material to use. As a precaution, monoshafts are sometimes lined with firebricks, but in the case of a monoshaft at Haren, Brussels, where the temperature at the summit is thirteen hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the lining is only continued upward for a distance of fifty feet.

Briefly summarised, the advantages of a monoshaft—which has aptly been likened to a split cane steel-centre fishing-rod—are as follows: In addition to being more ornamental than brick shafts, monoshafts can be erected more expeditiously, are more economical, and require little annual upkeep. A monoshaft is only about one-third the weight of a similar brick shaft, and this naturally conduces to the total economy of the construction, as less expensive foundations are required.

The system has only recently been introduced into this country by Messrs Monoshaft Limited, of Leeds; but already chimneys have been erected at Nuneaton, Hanwell (near London), Wallsend-on-Tyne, Poole, Bristol, and Shoreham. The latter is the highest so far erected in this country, the total height being one hundred and eighty-seven feet.

THE CURLEW'S CALL.

'Twas a balmy breeze, one day in June,
Which over the mountain softly blew,
And bore on its wings from yonder peak
The call of the wild curlew.

A lone, sweet note from the giddy steep
Rang out so weird in the sombre dell;
A far-off cry from the curling mist,
A voice from the hoary fell.

Sweeter and sweeter onward it rolled,
Away, away o'er the dusty plain;
Then one note more, and the curlew's call
Was back in the mist again.

ALEXANDER GRANT.

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THE ASSOCIATIONS OF THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, writing in the last book which formed part of that remarkable trilogy of political novels, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*, remarked that 'the Strand is perhaps the finest street in Europe;' and, as all the world knows, Dr Johnson and Charles Lamb were never tired of extolling those characteristics of Fleet Street which appealed so forcibly to their otherwise diverse tastes.

Compared, of course, with certain famous thoroughfares—the Boulevard des Italiens, the Nevsky Prospect, The High of Oxford, or Princes Street, Edinburgh—neither the Strand nor Fleet Street can be said to stand out pre-eminently. Their relative narrowness, their lack of any special architectural qualities (although in this respect the former is gradually forging ahead), the absence in them of any very arresting vistas such as are afforded by the chief thoroughfares of St Petersburg and Edinburgh, or of that graceful curve which makes The High *sui generis*, would at once put them out of court in such a connection. No; when Lord Beaconsfield called the one the finest street in Europe, and Johnson agreed with Boswell that the other was more delightful than Tempé, both these great judges had something in their minds more intrinsically noteworthy than the accident of architectural lines or the beauty of distant prospects. They saw in these twin streets the essence, as it were, of the great capital of which they form the most notable arteries. It was the associations of Fleet Street and the Strand, the famous people with whom they have been connected, the historic scenes which have occurred in them, that called up this pæan of praise. It was that fullness of life, not merely the life of their own day, but of past centuries of civic activity, that caused them to praise and love the thoroughfares; the same fullness of life which drew tears from Charles Lamb, and has something in it which touches, on occasion, the least emotional of us. In truth, for historic memories, for crowds of illustrious ghosts which seem ever to be present, for the more intimate associations which cluster around the sites where the taverns and coffee-houses once stood, what streets can equal them? I have been recently engaged in trying to recall the annals of the Strand and of Fleet Street; and, although before I gave special attention to the subject I knew something of its history, I was astounded by the wealth of association with the past which I found crowded together between Charing Cross and Ludgate Hill. Certainly no equal distance in any other thoroughfares in London, probably in Europe, can equal it.

What has caused this? some may ask. Well, I trust they will buy my two books, which Messrs Chapman & Hall have published, to find out; but I shall not, I hope, be taking the wind out of their sails if I try to say something here about those points in the streets' history which is responsible for this unequalled reputation.

In the first place, let us picture the Strand and Fleet Street as they were in the Middle Ages. In those days the roadway certainly must have been indifferent enough, for we have evidence in the State Papers and elsewhere of this, continual complaints being made about its unsatisfactory condition, which in the time of Edward the Third rendered it almost impassable. But the residences of certain great people were already situated here, between the street and the river, chiefly those of such powerful ecclesiastics as the Bishops of Worcester, Chester, and Llandaff, for in those times few of the great nobles dared to dwell outside the bounds of the City itself, and the wealthy Churchmen of the period had what were then the suburbs practically to themselves. There was, however, one layman whose greatness and importance were a sufficient guarantee for his safety even beyond the City's boundaries—notably, Peter of Savoy, who in 1245 received a grant of land from his nephew Henry the Third, on which he erected the Palace of the Savoy, whose site is to-day partly occupied by the Savoy Hotel, and whose rebuilt chapel still exists in a quiet nook off the Strand where birds sing among the branches of welcome trees.

In those early days there was a stone cross close to the Bishop of Chester's 'Inn' (about where Somerset House is now), and at this cross justice was administered at stated intervals by itinerant judges. At a later date the famous Maypole, commemorated by Bramston in his

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Art of Politicks, stood on the site of this cross, and remained a noticeable landmark until, in 1717, it was removed to Wanstead by Sir Isaac Newton, who had somehow obtained possession of it.

As the citizens gradually migrated northward, Fleet Street and the Strand became the chosen homes of some of the most illustrious families in the land. The Cecils had at various times two London residences here, one in Fleet Street, where Salisbury Square is now, the other in the Strand, whose approximate site is marked by the great buildings of the Hotel Cecil. At the latter Queen Elizabeth was a frequent visitor, and she was present at a great house-warming given there in 1602. Another great mansion was Durham House, once an episcopal palace, but later occupied by the ambitious Duke of Northumberland (when his son was married here to Lady Jane Grey), and later by Sir Walter Raleigh, whose study overlooked the Thames, and whose servant is said to have thrown water over his master on discovering him smoking there. The Earl of Arundel's mansion, and that of the Earl of Essex (who stood a siege when cannon were pointed at his house from the tower of St Clement Danes), were close by the spot where Temple Bar once stood; and the Russells, the Percys, the Exeters, the Cecils, and Villiers all resided in splendid homes which the devouring hand of time or the vandal has destroyed. In fact, the Strand particularly was a veritable street of private palaces until the close of the seventeenth century, when all of them, with the exception of Northumberland House (which remained till our own day), had disappeared.

But many other notable men besides those who lived *en prince* are closely connected with the two streets. The Paston family, whose *Letters* are such a unique means of information about medieval times, lived in Fleet Street; Milton, Ben Jonson, Izaak Walton, Samuel Pepys, Francis Bacon, Lord Strafford, Andrew Marvell, and Archbishop Sancroft—I make a selection haphazard from a hundred illustrious names—all resided here or in the tributary streets. Peter the Great stayed in the Strand; the Prince Charles Edward visited Lady Primrose, incognito, here; and, if the story is to be believed, Napoleon Bonaparte sojourned for some weeks in George Street, on the site of the once splendid York House.

It is, however, with literary men that the Strand and Fleet Street are perhaps most closely associated. Pages might be filled with the names of those who have lived in these streets or have been connected with them in other ways. The towering figure of Johnson and the Quaker-like form of the gentle 'Elia' are, perhaps, the two that most vividly strike the imagination in this roll of illustrious men. But others are almost as familiar: Chaucer pacing the gardens of the Savoy, or beating—if he really ever did so—the Franciscan friar in Fleet Street; Francis Bacon meditating in York House, or conversing with the fishermen from the riverside parapet of its grounds; Izaak Walton keeping shop at the corner of Chancery Lane, or stealing away for a day's sport on the Wey; John Locke working at his *magnum opus* in Essex House; Edmund Waller drinking not wisely but too well at Somerset House, and Denham in a frolic blotting out all the signs between the Temple and Charing Cross; Voltaire visiting Congreve in Surrey Street, and offending the author of *The Plain Dealer* because he insisted on treating him as a great writer rather than as a man of fashion; Steele and Addison and Swift in saturnalia at the Kitcat Club, or holding their literary courts at Dick's Coffee-House or at 'The Grecian' in Devereux Court; Gay, who has told us how to walk the streets in safety in his *Trivia;* and Shenstone, who lived on a shilling a day at 'George's.'

The whole of the spacious eighteenth century seems revivified as we call to mind the older landmarks of these two thoroughfares, especially if we add to the names here set down those of the men of the latter part of the century whose connection with this part of the City is as close and as memorable: Goldsmith writing the *Vicar of Wakefield* in Wine Office Court, or being dunned in the Temple; Burke learning oratory at the Robin Hood Club; Reynolds, Beauclerk, and Nugent; Boswell wherever his idol was; Porson, and Godwin, and Coleridge (who once, as a boy, was accused of trying to pick a pocket in the Strand, and explained that he thrust forth his hand, which had inadvertently come in contact with a gentleman's person, imagining he was swimming the Hellespont). And in later days: Dickens miserably employed in the blacking warehouse near the Adelphi, or wandering among the mysterious recesses of the Dark Arches; Herbert Spencer and 'George Eliot' pacing the terrace of Somerset House; or Tennyson taking his pint of port at 'The Cock.'

What ghosts haunt the main streets! What phantoms crowd down their exiguous byways! Once Flaxman, a delicate child, might have been seen sitting over a book in his father's shop in the Strand, and B. R. Haydon, with his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, hurrying from his lodgings in Catherine Street to visit the Elgin Marbles. Mrs Siddons's majestic form must have often passed up and down the Strand when she was living at No. 149, and Charles Mathews must have haunted the precincts of No. 18, where he was born.

The Strand is, in truth, as much a street of histrions as is Fleet Street of journalists. Not only were, and are, innumerable theatres there—the Lyceum, but little altered externally; the Gaiety, now moved and transformed into a monument of magnificence, so that the dancing of Kate Vaughan and the inimitable raillery of

the one and only Nellie Farren seem things of the remote past; the Opera Comique and the Vaudeville; the Olympic, once a venture of Astley of equestrian fame; and Terry's, a modern product, but standing on the site of the former majestic Savoy Palace—but great actors have lived, as well as played their several parts, in its precincts. Mountfort, the playwright of Charles the Second's day, was murdered by the notorious Lord Mohun in Howard Street—a fate which befell Terriss not so many years since in Maiden Lane; the great Garrick lived and died in Adelphi Terrace; and Edmund Kean, fresh from his initial triumph, rushed back to his lodging in Cecil Street, and flying headlong up the stairs, shouted out to his wife and son, 'Mary, you shall ride in your carriage; and you, Charley, shall be an Eton boy.'

The taverns and coffee-houses within our area alone afford sufficient data for a good-sized volume. What associations cannot these precursors of the modern club boast! With the exception of Button's in Covent Garden, and certain famous ones in the farther west or the farther east, nearly all the most notable resorts of this kind congregated in Fleet Street or the Strand. Their number is legion; every by-lane boasted one or more; many of the alleys and courts took their names from the presence in them, or close by, of some noted house. In Crane Court was the 'Ship and Shovel,' at one time supposed to be a corruption of the name of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the noted naval commander; near Temple Bar was the 'Devil,' where Ben Jonson ruled supreme, and where Randolph by a lucky impromptu won the suffrages of the assembled wits. The 'Fountain,' closely connected with the politics of the eighteenth century, and giving its name, indeed, to the club founded to oppose Sir Robert Walpole's measures, was in Fountain Court, whither Dick Steele often came, having, to be sure, penned an excuse to his 'dearest Prue.' In the Strand, too, was that 'Canary House' which took its name from the beverage most in vogue there, and which was, we know, one of the many resorts of this character patronised by the ubiquitous Pepys. The 'Young Devil,' opened in opposition to Ben Jonson's old house, was on the opposite side of Fleet Street, and the 'Cheshire Cheese' still remains to bear eloquent testimony to the fact that, if not so gorgeous, these older taverns were every whit as comfortable and far more picturesque than their ornate successors. Many of the sites of these inns I can trace; but where, I wonder, was the 'house in the Strand called Jerusalem,' thus referred to in 1632? Was it identical with that 'Holy Land's Tavern' which George Borrow refers to in *Lavengro*, and where, entering, he ordered a bottle of claret, and showed the waiter by his manner of drinking it that he was used to such wine?

Most of these once favourite resorts are now with yesterday's seven thousand years. But the Strand and Fleet Street can still show buildings which have witnessed the doings of many centuries. Above all there is the Temple, much rebuilt, largely altered, but still preserving many of its earlier characteristics, and enshrining that church (one of the five round ones in England) in which the monuments of Crusaders now lie peacefully, after their life's fitful fever, in calm and undisturbed repose. Then there may yet be seen one or two old houses which have survived the ravages of the builder, more insidious than those of Time himself. Clifford's Inn, too, has been preserved at the eleventh hour from a threatened demolition; and the three churches, St Mary-le-Strand, St Clement Danes (where Dr Johnson had a sitting), and St Bride's, with its incomparable steeple, one of Wren's masterpieces, still stand to show us what the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries could do in the way of ecclesiastical architecture. Henley called the tower of St Bride's 'a madrigal in stone;' one might, I think, carry on the idea, and term these three buildings, varying in outline but all characterised by similar sentiments, as it were, a sonnet sequence in architectural expression.

We have these things still with us, and we have something in another way as fine—I mean Somerset House. True, the Strand front is relatively unimportant; but this was not the fault of Chambers. He did what he could with a restricted site, and he did it well. But it was when untrammelled by such considerations that he gave a loose rein to his invention, and produced, if not actually the finest, at least the best-built, and in many respects the noblest and most dignified, structure in London. If Fleet Street cannot show anything to equal this, it has, as I have said, the Temple; if Temple Bar is removed to a sylvan but alien retreat, it possesses a Griffin so ugly and purposeless as to make even those who thought the older structure cumbersome regret its disappearance; if it has a block of buildings in the Law Courts which are internally the despair of judges and litigants, it can take heart of grace and remember that only a few paces up Chancery Lane it still preserves the red-brick entrance to Lincoln's Inn, where Thurlow lived, and Cromwell's scheme to entrap the sons of Charles the First was frustrated.

In recent days the great Aldwych and Kingsway scheme has enlarged and beautified the Strand out of all seeming. Large gaps, unoccupied and apparently forsaken by all but the bill-sticker, yawn before us like a partly denuded jaw; but what beautiful new teeth, few as they at present are, have been introduced! And, above all, when we see this and wonder how much yearly is being lost in rents and rates, let us remember what was there before; let us call to mind the squalor and the filth, the immorality

and the crime, that lurked in our midst in this area which had once been the home of fashion, but had gradually become a hotbed of iniquity and a menace to health.

After all, what have I said about the Strand and Fleet Street? Not too much, I hope, to weary the reader; relatively to the supremely interesting associations of the streets and the wealth of memories connected with them—nothing.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE KNIFE.

ON this same Saturday Malcolm Cahusac was still enduring the comforts of the Hôtel Maraviglia. Zalpini had developed for him a sincere liking. But in spite of Malcolm's efforts, Puyfot remained as unapproachable as ever; the little man was completely absorbed in himself and the coming rehearsals of *Astoreth;* besides, he never could rid himself of a deep-seated distrust of men of British blood. Thus Malcolm saw the days slipping ruthlessly away, each one bringing nearer the date of Alice's marriage, which was now publicly announced as about to take place on Monday of the coming week. And already Saturday was come.

Alice's state of mind could never be written down. Although her will was not strong enough to withstand the combined wishes of those about her, she unfortunately possessed a power of suffering that was intense. Her trouble was like a child's trouble; she grieved without hope, unable to look beyond the present. By degrees her abhorrence of De Sarsan, her wretchedness at passing for ever out of Malcolm's life, her sheer dread of the future, fused into one overmastering feeling, a devouring fear. One might have thought her unhappiness must have moved any human soul to pity; but, with the exception of De Sarsan, those whom it concerned were far too busy with their own aims and affairs to pay her more than the most perfunctory attention. But De Sarsan understood; he fathomed her misery and her terror; he resented the first, but rather gloated over the second. The gentle nature of the girl bred in her no idea of resistance; she submitted without a struggle and without complaint.

It may be that some faint hope had been stirred by her recorded conversation with Lord Lindersmere, but it died away very soon. Under Mrs Westaway's adroit management he was kept at a distance, and indeed never so much as had sight of her again until the morning of the same Saturday with which this chapter is concerned. Then he saw her crossing the pavement from a fashionable dressmaker's to Mrs Westaway's carriage. Alice did not see him; but he was shocked at her appearance, not only because she seemed ill and frail, but still more because of the driven look in her blue eyes.

Thus, though any such fact was far from Alice's mind, three people in London were in their several ways made greatly unhappy because of her. Malcolm Cahusac and Lord Lindersmere were two of these persons; but the third was the most deeply troubled of them all, for Lorrie knew what Malcolm only suspected, and Lord Lindersmere's worry arose entirely from his suspicion of Alice's disinclination and the generally objectionable personality of the bridegroom.

At this juncture Chance took a hand in the game and opened with a new suit. Cahusac had fulfilled his jesting promise to Detching to push acquaintance with the whilom patient of Parrot's Place. He met in Jarné a man of concentrated ideas and a terse manner of expression which he found attractive. Those things that Jarné knew he had sifted out to the bone, and Cahusac's knowledge of life was immensely enlarged during his visits to the low-browed shop that may still be found in an alley not far from Wardour Street.

Zalpini had developed for Finch that liking which often arises for the absolutely unfortunate. In spite of many efforts, it seemed impossible for the young man to find work; also, Zalpini did not scruple to make use of him in many ways. On this particular Saturday afternoon he asked Malcolm to take some damaged knives from the restaurant to Jarné for repairs; and he further hinted that he would be still better pleased if they were brought back by dinner-time.

Malcolm, who saw no more bearable way of putting in the next hour or two, consented.

Jarné was in a silent mood. He looked the knives over with dissatisfaction, but he began work upon them, and after a while spoke. 'There is a short road to happiness.'

'I wish I could find it!' said Malcolm absently.

'It is quite simple. Choose a fad and gratify it.'

'Shall I choose to start a racing-stable?' asked Malcolm with a slight smile.

'Must one squander money to obtain happiness?' retorted Jarné contemptuously.

'It is the general idea.'

'Bah! Waste buys only trouble! Mark, I did not say choose a hobby—that is a serious affair; but a fad—a little fad which, see you, gives content. For the true happiness is ever cheaply bought, quickly enjoyed, and soon forgotten.'

'Who would care for a happiness that lasted five minutes and was over?'

'Is there a happiness which endures?' questioned the old man with a cynical lip.

'Yes!' exclaimed Malcolm in a sudden outburst, like a man smitten with a conviction.

'As for me, I have never met with it. I have never even heard of it,' said Jarné. 'I prefer to speak of that which I know. Happiness is not sown broadcast upon the world; if you chance on the smallest grain, swallow it—you may never find another.'

Cahusac agreed, too preoccupied to argue.

'I tell you again,' said the other, mollified, 'a fad that can be gratified without much cost or trouble gives a man satisfaction—for the moment, it may be; yet it is a moment snatched from the tyrannies of fate.'

'I wonder if I could raise a fad of the right kind,' smiled Cahusac languidly.

'Perhaps not! It depends entirely upon the temperament—on a quality which is sometimes absent, though most men have it. Here, for example, are those knives, more expensive to mend than to throw away; nevertheless Zalpini pays me a trifle if I patch them up instead of dropping them where they should go—on to my scrap-heap. He imagines an economy, and is happy for a whole evening. See.' Jarné held out the article upon which he was working. 'This carving-knife has cost him nearly twice its value, but I mend it yet again.' He stopped in the middle of a chuckle to stare at his visitor. 'What is it? You are ill?'

Cahusac got up and went to the shop-door. 'Probably the heat; the day is sultry,' said he.

He stood for a minute or two looking out into the little street, noisome with its summer odours. In the midst of his thoughts, which, in truth, were very far removed from Jarné's discourse, the white-handled knife thrust almost into his face had given him a curious shock. With just such a knife had his father been stabbed to death.

'I am growing morbid,' he reflected angrily. 'This won't do!' He went back to his chair and took up the conversation again.

'You have made a study of fads, monsieur?' he said aloud.

'But yes; they amuse me.' Jarné worked on for some time before he resumed. 'These knives remind me of a sufficiently odd case. A gentleman entered one day with a penknife on which he desired to place a secret initial. The job was one of difficulty, for the knife was of a delicate and beautiful make. However, I suggested a plan, and he told me to try it. My eyesight was good then. I succeeded. The initial was concealed by a strip of metal so finely adjusted to its socket that nothing short of a microscope could detect it. He became a customer, for he had discovered in me a person who had the skill to gratify his fad. He employed me to write words, initials, and names upon the most ordinary knives of various kinds—one being precisely such a carver as this which I show you, but almost new and in good condition. What do you think of it?'

'It seems to me the fad of a stupid mind,' Malcolm replied.

'Ah, there you touch the point! We had many talks, and I can assure you that he was altogether a man of the world, astute, and of a strong intelligence. Yet he possessed a weakness which appears almost imbecile to us.'

'Does he still bring you his little commissions?'

Jarné shook his head. 'He ceased to come after six months, and it all happened very long ago, a year or two after my paralysis bound me a prisoner—for ever, as I thought.'

'A long imprisonment! It must have been hard to bear,' said Cahusac, who, keen as he was to elicit more, knew that he must not show eagerness in a district where men had frequently good reason to be chary of imparting personal information.

'Suffered? Ah, *mon Dieu!*' exclaimed Jarné excitedly, 'for twenty-five years I was a cripple; for a quarter of a century I never crossed my doorstep! My customers' talk distracted my mind from my troubles, as yours does. I welcomed him, as I welcome you, for that.'

Cahusac took out a packet of cigarettes, the best that in the character of Finch he dared to smoke, and offered one to Jarné before he asked carelessly, 'Was he an Englishman?'

'No, no; from my own country. He made me insert his name in the handle of the knife that I tell you resembled this one—a beautiful piece of work of which I was proud, and which occupied me for two whole days all wasted on an object of so paltry a nature!' He flung the carving-knife contemptuously to one side.

Cahusac took it up. 'In the handle?' he inquired, turning it in his fingers.

Jarné responded at once to this show of interest. 'Yes, just here. A slip of steel shot into a hollow at the back in this manner, with a microscopic spring.'

Cahusac put down the knife. 'Concealing a microscopic name?'

'No; in good lettering, for the name was short—Ulpien Puyfot.'

Cahusac's heart jumped. 'What a memory for names you have!' he said at once. 'A week rubs them clean from my mind.'

'I engraved this one myself; perhaps that fixed it. Though it is true that I forget little, since there is little to remember inside my four walls, within which until now I have endured my life.'

'Then why not make use of your freedom? Come, dine at Zalpini's; do me the pleasure of dining with me,' proposed Cahusac; he had come to know Jarné's thin-skinned nature pretty well.

Jarné glanced at his companion from the corner of his eye. 'Pardon, but you are not a rich man!'

Cahusac laughed shortly. 'No; but I am a very dull one. You will be doing me a favour.'

So Jarné of the proud spirit was tempted, for Finch had given him proofs of his liking before now; he had often turned into the dark shop for half-an-hour, as if he liked the company he found there. All things considered, Jarné felt he could accept the invitation without loss of dignity.

As for Malcolm, after six years of blind seeking, it seemed as if chance had thrust a clue into his hand; he was shaken with impatience until he could bring Jarné within sight and hearing of Puyfot, for even though time may alter a man's appearance, his voice remains the same, and Puyfot's was of a peculiar quality.

Now, since the author of *Astoreth* had begun to believe his star in the ascendant, he had acquired some of the habits pertaining to better fortunes. For example, his table at Zalpini's was reserved unless he gave notice that he would dine abroad, and to it he invited such congenial individuals as his mood prompted to take their meal in his company. Cahusac secured seats for his guest and himself in close proximity to the honoured table, and they were already dining when Puyfot came in with a couple of acquaintances and took up his usual position.

Puyfot was in tremendous spirits, and at once attracted Jarné's attention. Cahusac watched anxiously for some sign of recognition on the old man's face, but he saw none whatever. Jarné was obviously interested in the brilliant talk of the little, pallid wit, but no more.

It appeared that the first rehearsal of *Astoreth* had just taken place; and Puyfot, uplifted to a delirious height of joy, talked and laughed wildly, and declaimed speech after speech from his play.

Jarné was enraptured. 'He has brains, this one!' he exclaimed suddenly in French to Cahusac.

'But you have seen him before and heard him, surely?' said Cahusac.

'But never! It is an experience, a pleasure for which I thank you, monsieur,' replied Jarné. 'I am proud of him, this inspired man of my race!'

A clatter of applause went up from the neighbouring tables as Puyfot concluded the lover's appeal that Malcolm had first heard him recite in very different circumstances. A fat man beside Puyfot filled his glass.

'I call upon you, gentlemen, to drink to the success of *Astoreth*, the work of a great genius. To Ulpien Puyfot!' he roared.

Jarné joined the toast with enormous enthusiasm; then he fell abruptly silent, and turned to his host.

'Ulpien Puyfot? Why did you invite me to dine with you, monsieur?' he asked suspiciously.

'Because your companionship pleases me,' replied Malcolm; 'you must know that, since I have so often bored you with mine.'

'Ta-ta-ta! But what of Puyfot?' Jarné's bushy eyebrows bristled outwards with his frown.

'I knew he was living in the hotel, and it struck me he might turn out to be your old customer, and that you would like to see him again.'

'He bears the name of my customer, it is true; but I can give you my word, monsieur, I never beheld this personage in my life before to-night,' said Jarné sourly.

Here was a check. It seemed hardly possible there could be two Ulpien Puyfots in the world. But Cahusac did not waste more than a thought upon that conjecture. Another explanation at once occurred to him. 'Yet Puyfot is an uncommon name,' he said aloud. 'I wonder if the Puyfot you knew had'—he held out his little finger—'a twisted nail?'

Jarné flashed a quick, startled look at him, but made no reply.

'I see he had,' said Malcolm with a grim laugh.

'Have I denied it? I did not know that monsieur was a detective,' whispered Jarné with concentrated disgust.

Cahusac shook his head. 'No, I am not a detective. If you will have the goodness to cast back your mind over the last couple of hours, you will remember that it was you, not I, who began the subject of Puyfot and the knives.'

But Jarné had not passed three decades of his life in a quarter where a ready self-protective instinct against the law is the most common quality without having grown his own share of distrust.

'Yet you also know something of the two Puyfots! There is more in it than you admit.'

'I hope before very long to do myself the honour of calling upon you, M. Jarné, and will then give you a full explanation of anything I have said or done this evening,' said Cahusac with the ceremoniousness dear to the heart of such men as the one with whom he was speaking.

But Jarné still scowled. He rose with something of dignity. 'In the meanwhile I will thank you for your hospitality, and bid you good-evening,' he said and limped out of the restaurant.

On his way home he had to pass the door of the hotel, and he proposed to himself a moment's converse with Zalpini in the bureau; but as he reached the meagre entrance he glanced back, and, seeing Malcolm standing out on the pavement and looking after him, he deemed it wiser to postpone his inquiries. He made his slow way through the hot streets to his dwelling, jarred, irritated, and certain that in some manner he had been deceived.

(To be continued.)

TAY PEARLS, AND A FEW FISHERS WHOM I HAVE KNOWN.

By W. Dow.

FEW who have visited Perth—that city which is so charmingly situated on both sides of the river Tay, and which has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott—but can recall the magnificent landscape which is presented whilst one is looking north from the Perth Bridge.

Far away stretch the Grampians in majestic grandeur, surely fitting background for such a panoramic scene. To the left is the North Inch, famous as the scene of battle between the clansmen Chattan and Kay (1396), and now as one of the most beautiful and popular playgrounds in the British Isles. To the right are private mansions with fine situations. But the most fascinating object in this vast and varied view is the noble river Tay, which flows silently and swiftly beneath us. It is quite true that above the Perth Bridge it is not deep enough for navigation; but it may interest some to hear of an industry which, like the ebb and flow of its tides, is carried on quietly and often unobservedly, and which gives employment to not a few.

Pearl-fishing is still extensively carried on in this river, and, like all games of chance, proves to be so alluring that those who follow this calling seldom give it up for any other trade. Like those who dig with the hope of finding gold, so the pearl-fisher toils on, ever with the hope of finding *the* pearl which is to make his fortune. Any summer evening, whilst crossing the Perth Bridge or wandering by the riverside, one may see him peering through his strange little wooden box which he holds in one hand. It has a glass bottom, and is roughly made, for the pearl-fisher cannot afford expensive implements. In his other hand he holds a stick which is split at one end like a clothes-pin, and with which he picks up the shells. He may lift hundreds of shells, and yet fail to find the gem for which he so patiently seeks. I should say that the virtues required by pearl-fishers are patience and perseverance.

At a considerable distance below the Perth Bridge is a very deep pool known locally as the Pat Hole. One pearl-fisher of my acquaintance, who had found many really good pearls, confided to me that he was 'saving up' to realise his great ambition—namely, to buy a diver's suit and explore the said Pat Hole. Unfortunately, having a little 'weakness' which affected his throat as well as his pocket, so far as I am aware his ambition is still to be realised.

The question may be asked, how is a pearl formed? On this subject there have been various ideas. The theory long generally accepted was that it was due to the lodging of a foreign substance, such as a bit of grit, a speck of gravel, or a grain of sand inside the mussel-shell. Now the scientific view is that in most, if not all, cases the cause of pearl-formation is the presence of the dead body of a minute parasite—trematode or cestode—within the tissues of the mollusc. Though not having the power to remove the irritant object, the mussel has another and far more wonderful power—that of being able to cover the inside of its house with a lovely iridescent substance. So now it proceeds to cover the intruder with this same beauty, and layer after layer is added till a most exquisite pearl is formed. This can clearly be shown by cutting through a pearl, when the circles are as visible as those on the cross-cut trunk of a tree.

We hear much in these days about environment and adapting one's self to it; but surely in the formation of a pearl, which is one of the most lovely of gems, we have one of the grandest lessons in making the best of one's circumstances.

The value of a pearl depends upon its size, shape, colour, lustre, and freedom from blisters or marks. The pearl of highest value must be perfectly round and of good size, and these two facts are well known to the most ignorant pearl-fishers, even to tinkers, who often 'tak' a turn at the fishin'.'

Some years ago I was visited by a whole tribe of tinkers—men, women, and children; but then the occasion required such state ceremony! They arrived in great excitement, and produced a bottle of water which contained a fair-sized pearl. It is well known by those in the trade that a pearl in water, or even in a moist state in its shell, is much improved in appearance, though not a whit enhanced in value. On my asking the price desired for the specimen produced, after having carefully dried and examined it, the sum was so exorbitant that I failed to make a purchase, and the whole tribe left me in high dudgeon. Within an hour they returned; and when I mention that their price was not again quoted the reader may guess that my offer was accepted. But then a difference arose amongst themselves as to which of them should receive the money, and as the altercation was prolonged and became somewhat heated, I suggested giving it to the oldest member of the tribe. This idea was at once grasped by the female element, who shouted, 'Ay, ay, faither, tak' the siller!' The astonished, and withal 'monarch of all he surveys,' expression of his countenance as he retired I shall never forget. Later the same evening I again encountered the tribe; but as each and all seemed to have spent their gains generously, but not wisely for themselves,

I surmised that 'faither' had not long enjoyed his sole possession of the company's wealth.

The great difficulty in connection with Scottish pearls is to find two or more of the same size, colour, and brilliancy, and it takes many years to collect a strand worth looking at. Many years ago a highly respectable, young, and good-looking pearl-fisher called to show me five pearls as well matched as any I have ever seen. He came to crave my opinion on the gems, for he had spent years in fishing for them, and intended to have them mounted as an engagement ring for his 'lass.' When finished it was indeed a beautiful ring, and a fitting proof of his patient devotion and industry; for without these he could not have presented such a handsome love-token to the maiden of his choice.

One of the most honest pearl-fishers of my acquaintance had followed this calling for years, and knew every inch of the river, with all its peculiarities, from Loch Tay to the Perth Bridge. He was most industrious, and, unlike many of his brother-fishers, most thrifty. Unlike them, too, he hoarded the pearls for which he had fished all summer till the winter months, when competition was not keen and he had the field to himself.

Many an interesting pearl-fishing yarn we had together, and I came to look forward with pleasure to his visits. The last time he called he said, 'I'm dune wi' the pearl-fishin', for I'm nae langer fit for the watter.' This indeed was too true. The long exposure to all weathers had made him stiff of limb and stone-deaf. He did not long survive after that visit, and he now rests within sound of the murmuring river of which he loved to talk, and where he had spent many a long day.

Now, while the life of a pearl-fisher may appear most fascinating, as indeed it is, I would advise no man who already has steady employment to abandon it for such a precarious means of livelihood as pearl-fishing. I may also be pardoned if I give a word of advice to men who are already in the ranks of those who follow this interesting calling: Never disturb small shells; in fact, never remove any shell from the water if it is not three or four inches in length, for although small shells may contain pearls, they are so small as only to be called seed-pearls; but these if left alone might one day be of value.

We have heard much lately of proprietors withdrawing the privilege of pearl-fishing in the waters on their property, and here, I think, the fisher has himself greatly to blame. When pearl-fishers endeavour to respect the great privilege bestowed upon them by landed proprietors we shall hear less of interdicts and other minor troubles.

'THE SQUARE' AND 'THE CROSS.'

By Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B.

CHAPTER IV.

TO get people into jail is easy; to get them out is a different matter; but never, save in the case before mentioned, have I played the rôle of benefactor to the incarcerated. Long long ago, when I was a boy, a man named O'Connor was brutally murdered in Bermondsey by a married couple named Manning, whom he looked upon as his best friends, and with whom he used to dine every Sunday. Suspecting they were 'wanted,' the pair separated, and fled from London. Manning, I believe I am correct in stating, went to Ireland. Mrs Manning made her way to Edinburgh, where eventually she was apprehended and lodged in the Calton Jail. My father was eager to get a sight of her, and calling on Bailie Tullis, one of his intimates, asked if he could get him into the jail. 'I'll warrant I can dae that,' said the bailie, 'but am no' sae sure aboot gettin' ye oot again.' My father saw the woman, who was beautifully gowned in black satin, a fabric that was out of fashion for years thereafter—a *fact*.

The particulars of this murder are worth recording. Full details and how it had been done came from the man, who confessed as soon as he was apprehended, and seemed rather proud of the part he had played in the tragedy. The woman neither admitted her guilt nor denied it. Unlike most of her sex, she could hold her tongue. Not one word did she utter, and not one word did she say to her husband when they were standing on the scaffold together. She thought, presumably, that if he also had held his tongue 'Not guilty' might have been the verdict.

O'Connor, as I have already said, used to dine with his 'friends' every Sunday. He had eaten 'bread and salt' with them on many occasions; but the sacred laws of hospitality obtaining in the East were not recognised by his worthy host and hostess. The house in Bermondsey consisted of two rooms—the couple had no family—a flight of steps leading down to the kitchen, in which there was a 'sink' used for purposes of ablution. On going downstairs one Sunday for 'a wash and brush-up,' O'Connor found that a pit some three or four feet deep had been dug in the middle of the kitchen floor. 'What in the world is this for?' he asked. 'Oh, it's the drains. There's a terrible smell sometimes,' said Manning.

'We have had men in working for three or four days. It will be all right by next Sunday.'

After the lapse of a week O'Connor returned, to find the pit still open and a couple of feet deeper. Getting behind him as he was looking down and expressing astonishment at the depth the workmen had to go, the woman knocked him head-first into the hole, and, jumping down after him, Manning finished him. With delightful naïveté he confessed, 'I never liked the man, so I battered in his head with a ripping-chisel!' The motive for the crime, as far as I recollect, was to get possession of a watch and some trinkets—not of much value—which they knew their victim was in the habit of carrying about with him. But I should add that, as far as my recollection carries me, O'Connor's life had been insured by the Mannings, and also that he had some securities, besides the trinkets he carried about with him.

Manning and his wife were hanged at Horsemonger Lane Jail.

About the same year—if my memory serves me right, but these are old stories—two men named Jones and Harwood were hanged at the same prison for the murder of a clergyman, the vicar of Frimley, near Aldershot. This murder was marked by extraordinary ferocity. There were then no houses in the immediate vicinity of the vicarage. Things are changed now. The men broke in about midnight and were masters of the situation. They had only to see that the other inmates—two maids and a boy—did not give the alarm. Murder was unnecessary, yet they preferred to drag the vicar out of bed and hammer him to death in presence of his wife. When at Aldershot, some twenty years after the crime, I attended service in the pretty little church, and read the tablet on the wall placed there by the parishioners in loving memory of their murdered vicar.

Sympathy with criminals such as Crippen,* the Mannings, or the Frimley murderers is, I admit, beyond my comprehension. Although I have often been accused of undue severity, my heart, I claim, is a tender one; but as regards such fiends in human shape adamant is soft in comparison.

Some years ago there lived in the outskirts of Hammersmith an old woman with only a 'general' to attend to her. One winter morning a tradesman's boy calling for orders could get no response to his repeated knocks, and, with unusual promptitude, ran along to the police-office to intimate as much. Breaking open the door, the officers found the 'general' in the kitchen comparatively uninjured, but firmly secured to the dresser. 'See to the mistress,' she said; 'never mind me.' Entering a little parlour next the kitchen, they saw the mistress lying on the floor, bound hand and foot. Cords, almost cutting into the flesh, were round her legs and arms, and a gag had been forced into her mouth and tied tightly at the back of her head with a handkerchief. The officers were just in time. She had lain there for six or eight hours, and was on the verge of suffocation. The crime was not committed in my jurisdiction, but I earnestly prayed that the men — two in number, the 'general' said—might be apprehended. After a weary wait of three weeks, the Metropolitan police captured them; and, the sessions being 'on,' the ruffians, after a very short trial, were found guilty on a Saturday afternoon, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. I had promised to spend the week-end in Hertfordshire, and had left town at 11 A.M.; but I got a wire with the result almost as soon as I reached my destination.

Go where he may, in town or country, an officer of police generally finds some one thirsting for news of the last sensation. The last was certainly the Hammersmith case; but as I gave details of it I admit I scarcely expected what followed. During that beautiful little dinner at Attwaters, where 'sherry, hock, and claret succeeded each other, and the Farallone champagne 'brought up the rear with the dessert,' R. L. S. tells us that Herrick got unduly excited. 'Murderer and hypocrite!' he exclaimed, screaming at his host. I certainly was not addressed in similar terms; but a 'merry widow' of some five-and-forty summers went for me rather viciously. 'Will those poor fellows be shut up for life?' she inquired. 'Certainly for twenty years, when their case will be reconsidered,' I replied. 'It's infamous! The men may have wives and families. Such cruelty is shocking!' 'Had you spent seven or eight hours in agony, would you still plead the cause of those injured innocents?' I asked. 'Of course I should.' 'Good-night,' I said, shaking her hand affectionately. 'If you are awakened in the middle of the night by a couple of men at your bedside, with masks on, don't be afraid, and don't call to me for assistance.'

Next morning she was honest enough to confess that as regards punishment inflicted on the poor burglar, her views had already undergone considerable modification.

CHAPTER V.

MORE than half a century ago, in the days of the 'Tipton Slasher,' Ben Caunt, 'Bendigo,' Tom Paddock, *et hoc genus omne*, I, with some sporting companions pugilistically inclined, used to attend a good many fights. The start was always early, and on a cold winter morning far from agreeable. It was safest, also, to get yourself up in the most disreputable suit you could lay your hands on. Any one who has seen detectives of the City police issuing from the gate of the Old Jewry in

* *Vide* 'Executions,' in the *Times* of December 16 and 27, 1910.

the early morning of Lord Mayor's Day or some great public function will understand what I mean. So admirably and appropriately were we dressed on one occasion—if I recollect rightly it was on the morning of the fight between Welch and Massey in July 1851 at Long Reach, a bend of the river Thames about a couple of miles from Chatham, the excursion being an aquatic one—that, as we were making our way over London Bridge to the steamer, a man, an early bird walking with some others Citywards, ejaculated in our hearing, 'Here's roughs, by jingo! Here's roughs, and no mistake!'

There was always a delightful uncertainty about everything connected with these excursions. You didn't know whether the fight was on 'the square' or whether it wasn't; you didn't know where you were going; and if news came that the police were on the alert, the venue might be altered at the last moment. When one decided on attending a fight, the usual preliminary was to purchase the colours of one of the men—the man you thought likely to win, and whom you meant to back—at his headquarters, always a public-house. The 'Inner Ring Ticket,' bearing the words 'There and Back,' per steamer or rail, was obtained from the same source. Here again the element of uncertainty came in. If you were popular with the fraternity, and had found some of the money, you would probably get 'there;' but if the ring was broken into by the roughs—as in the Sayers and Heenan fight—you might not get 'back.' Sometimes there was not even a defined inner ring, and if the gentlemen of the East End of London took it into their heads that the battle was not to be to the strong, but had been 'sold,' you might find yourself not only attending a fight, but engaging in a fight, and a dangerous one, too. Patrons of the pugilists who had had experience of such scrimmages were getting sick of the brutality and lawlessness that prevailed, and their numbers at the ringside were fast diminishing, when Bob Brettle, himself a pugilist, who had determined to stop the rot, rose to the occasion. He organised a body of 'ring-keepers' to preserve order as far as possible; to beg, borrow, or steal hay or straw from some neighbouring stackyard, on which the Upper Ten might sit comfortably; and to stand by the 'blokes' ('toff' was a word unknown in those prehistoric days) who valued their teeth or who were particular about the colour of their eyes, and averse to having them closed up. Bob, determined to do things well, drew up a code of instructions of the most drastic description for his band. One of them was that 'No ring-keeper presenting himself in a state of inebriation will be allowed to act;' and as the normal condition of Bob's underlings—pugilists or public-house loafers who had sold everything they had to sell, fights included, for love of liquor—was inebriation, most of us used to regard this as a grim joke on Bob's part.

In the *Pirate* the 'Great Unknown,' speaking of Old Goffe, captain of *The Fortune's Favourite*, during Cleveland's absence on shore making love to the beautiful and passionate Minna, tells us that 'it was the gracious custom of this commander to mix his words and oaths in nearly equal proportions, which he was wont to call shotting his discourse.' Two of our fellow-passengers from London Bridge on the morning to which I have alluded would have run Old Goffe pretty hard. The principals, with seconds, the ring-keepers, and the men who 'found the money' had gone down quietly some hours before us; and it was just possible we might miss the fight altogether. There was some delay before we started, and this drove the two ruffians perfectly wild. The guard, who, with the other officials, was panic-stricken at their blackguardism, tried to appease them, but with little effect. The climax came near Woking, less than an hour from Waterloo, when we were shunted and kept waiting quite twenty minutes. The language and fury of our fellow-passengers was awful. 'Oh gentlemen,' replied the guard in his most conciliatory tone, 'you really must be patient; we have to stop a few minutes; the mail is just in front of us.' This did little to appease the two men, but we were in time after all, and saw the fight from start to finish. There is no doubt whatever that fight was on 'the square.'

William Thompson of Nottingham, *alias* 'Bendigo,' one of the heroes of bygone days, was a most puzzling antagonist, a hard nut for any one to crack. He was left-handed, and fought right foot foremost, with his left arm across his chest. Whenever he won a fight—he seldom or never lost one—he would post off to Nottingham as hard as he could to tell his mother. 'He's so darned fond of his mother!' said the 'Slasher' to me on one occasion when we were on our way back.

My memory is a wonderful one; but, needless to say, in detailing events of half a century ago it sometimes plays havoc with dates, names, and places. I think we went from London Bridge to the Welch and Massey fight, and from Waterloo to the 'Tipton Slasher' and Tom Paddock encounter; but I may have reversed matters.

The fight between Jimmy Mace and Tom King, four of us, all pupils of 'Young Reid' (vide *From Constable to Commissioner*, page 169), determined to see. 'Well, gentlemen,' said Reid, 'there's likely to be some rough work. I can't go down with you, but I'll see you safe into the train;' and off we went together. As we were approaching the barrier a man standing on the platform held out his hand, exclaiming, 'Tickets, gentlemen.' He did not get the tickets, but he got something else; for just as we were preparing, in the innocence of our hearts, to hand them to him, out went Reid's murderous 'left' to our unutterable surprise, and

down fell the man on the platform. 'He's no official of the railway. I know the blackguard well,' said Reid. 'You'll get your seats now; but you would have seen little of the fight if I had not been with you. I must get back to Air Street. You'll look in to-night, gentlemen, and tell me how you got on.'

The fight we got to—and most exciting it proved to be—was for fifty pounds a side—that is, fifty pounds for the winner and nothing for the loser. When King was deaf to the call of time, I well remember, as we were still seated on our trusses of straw, Mace going round with the hat for the loser. The generous—I believe I was one—gave half-a-crown, others shillings and sixpences; and at last, by reason of much importunity, about thirty shillings were collected. Offer thirty shillings to Johnson or Jeffries and you would probably be told to 'keep it to pay for your washin',' as a cabman said to his fare when dissatisfied with his remuneration.

The 'Tipton Slasher,' by name William Perry, from the waist upwards was a splendidly built man; but he was spindle-shanked and knock-kneed, standing, as *Bell's Life* had it, on 'K-like pedestals.' His profession apart from 'the Ring' was lucrative, and, being an independent sort of ruffian, he used to find a good deal of his own 'money.' He had a 'shoulder-of-mutton fist,' which proved too much for Tom Paddock. Before the fight between these celebrities commenced I recollect the 'Slasher' walking round the inner ring supremely confident. 'I foights for the championship,' he said in his uncouth Midland dialect, holding out a bundle of notes—'I foights for the championship, and I mean to win. I lay two 'undred pounds to one 'undred I win the foight.' I suspect Messrs Johnson and Jeffries would have treated the two hundred with as much contempt as the thirty shillings.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis—changed indeed with a vengeance! Last autumn the prospect of the great Johnson-Wells fight eclipsed even the Moroccan crisis. The men were to meet on 2nd October for a purse of eight thousand pounds—six thousand pounds to go to the winner and two thousand pounds to the loser. It was enough to make Johnnie Broome, Nat Langham, Tom Sayers, and Tom Paddock turn in their graves. Dignitaries of the Church, members of the Upper House, and members of the Lower House were all writing, some for and some against the coming struggle—the nigger *versus* the bombardier. How intensely pleased and proud of themselves the two gentlemen in question must have felt! In the dear old days—would that they had to come again!—I saw nothing half so brutal with the 'raw uns' as the gory and sickening 'set-to' I witnessed some years ago on the outskirts of the 'one square mile.' Both men were terribly punished, knockdown after knockdown followed in quick succession, blood was running down their chests, and before the end came they were creeping about on all-fours like a couple of gigantic apes and grabbing at their seconds in the effort to get on two legs again. The ropes, which in their exhausted condition they frequently clutched, were, like the 'forms' at Do-the-Boys Hall, 'steepled in gore.'

The 'shoulder-of-mutton fist' reminds me of F. P. Miller, the Surrey cricketer, who led his eleven to victory against All England in 1861, and, though pugilism and cricket are wide asunder as the poles, I must tell the story. Miller's hands were elephantine; he was a tremendously hard hitter, and hit nearly every ball that was sent down to him. On his coming to the Scottish capital with the All England Eleven about the same year, or perhaps later, it is reported that by one terrific swipe he hit a ball from Edinburgh to Glasgow! I do not vouch for the truth of the story; but I do vouch for it that he lifted a ball clean out of the Grange Cricket Ground, which ball has not been fielded from that day to this. 'What's become of that ball, Mr Miller?' shouted old Clarke after the batsmen, by mutual consent, had stopped running. 'It will be half-way to Glasgow by this time,' was the reply. F. P. was a bit of a humorist, and may have drawn his own conclusions as to what had happened. The ground was bounded on one side by the railway; a long goods-train was travelling westward, and the most probable solution of the mystery is that the ball landed in a truck and eventually reached the Second City of the Empire. (*N.B.*—Birmingham has now, I am told, given Glasgow the go-by, and surpasses it both in area and population.)

Before taking leave of 'the Ring' let me revert once more to 'Young Reid.' Though by far and away the most respectable and pleasant-mannered pugilist I ever met, he was—who isn't?—keenly alive to his own interests. Before I knew him he had been presented with a gold watch costing something like fifty guineas by his 'friends and admirers.' Watches were dear in those days. 'It ain't the value of the thing, sir,' he said to me as he held it out for my inspection; 'but it shows respect.' One generous donor told me that Reid himself started the testimonial, and played off one subscriber against another till he got enough to pay for the watch and the inscription! Testimonials were few and far between in those days. They are common enough now, as we all know; and were inquiry made it would be found that many of them are started, financed, and carried through on precisely similar lines.

Reid charged five shillings a lesson. I used to take two a week, walking home thereafter in an exceedingly limp condition, for the lessons were no joke. After sparring for five minutes, and frustrating every attempt you made to 'land' on him, he would sit down and enjoy himself. Dumb-bells were there, and a heavy sack stuffed

to the bursting-point suspended from the roof. 'Ave a turn with the bells, sir,' he would say; 'there ain't nothing like the bells for condition.' Or, 'Now, sir, you just imagine that sack's my 'ead; let 'im 'ave it, sir.' And while I was pommelling the sack for all I was worth, with the sweat running off the end of my nose, he would sit imbibing quietly, needless to say at my expense, 'mild an' bitter,' or 'Guiness's best,' or ''arf-an'-'arf,' whichever he might happen to fancy. But I become tedious.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE not seen any wrestling for thirty years, and have no idea how it is conducted now—whether it is always on 'the square' or whether it isn't; but of this I am certain, that the sport in the Borderland when I was a boy was absolutely above suspicion. And thereby hangs another tale.

There is a hill called the Dunion a short distance from Jedburgh, in the beautiful county of Roxburgh. At the foot of this hill—its summit is quite one thousand feet above sea-level—the Jedburgh games used to be held annually about the end of July or the beginning of August. There was running, high jumping, long jumping, hop, step, and jump, &c.; but far the most attractive part of the programme for me was the wrestling, in the Cumberland and Westmorland style. The prizes being good, the best men in the Borderland were sure to put in an appearance. When I was about fifteen years of age I was living with a farmer within a mile and a half of the Dunion on the day the games were held. Having other fish to fry, he could not go himself; but he set me a bit on my way, and told me above all things to be in time for the wrestling.

Just as I arrived at the scene of action the men, clad in the scanty costume which wrestlers affect—a thin, sleeveless jersey, with drawers reaching to the knee—were lying round in a ring ready to be called up when their turn came. The heat was tropical, and glad I was after my walk to throw myself down on the dry grass.

Immediately in front of me lay a young fellow of some twenty summers—I took him for a Gipsy, so dark was he in complexion, and possibly he had Gipsy blood in his veins—assiduously engaged in chewing a straw and seemingly unknown to most of the athletes present. I could not see what he was like till he stood up to face his first opponent; then I noticed what limbs he had, and what a reach. The bout, when they got to grips, did not last three or four seconds. The swarthy one's opponent was off his legs—not thrown heavily, but gently laid on his back—before I could realise what had happened, and the conqueror was lying down again in front of me. The next bout was exactly a repetition of the first, the second opponent being as easily defeated and as mercifully dealt with. Like a boy, I was roused to enthusiasm, and determined to speak to the victor. 'How splendidly you floored those two!' I said. 'Oh,' he answered, looking rather pleased, 'that was nothing; they're only two young herds frae aboot Jedburgh. They'll come on; they're learnin'; but they hadna a chance; they should have lain down to me.' 'What is your name?' I said. 'I'm Dick Wright,' he replied shortly. 'You're sure to win.' 'I scarcely expect that. I'll do my best, but Ben Cooper's here.' 'Is he a great wrestler?' I asked. 'Yes; he has been winning everywhere. He won at Carlisle and Penrith; but I think I am a bit stronger since he threw me.'

To end the story, Wright and Cooper, having disposed of all their opponents, met in the final; the man winning two out of three falls to be champion of Scotland.

Scott tells us how John Balfour, called Burley, threw Francis Stewart of royal blood, known as Sergeant Bothwell in John Graham of Claverhouse's regiment, in Niel Blane's on the evening of the day when young Milnwood won the popinjay, and how surprised the sergeant was 'that any crop-ear could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house. Bothwell had some advantage in the first and also in the second struggle; but he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth, and in the third close was hurled to the ground with such violence that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless.'

What happened in Niel Blane's public room happened, and for the same reason, on the Roxburghshire hill. Cooper, fresh from his triumphs over the Border, did not think there was a man living who could lay the best wrestler in Cumberland on his back. He was too confident, and was determined to show what short work he would make of this youngster who had the temerity to oppose him. After a very prolonged struggle he gained the first fall. There was evidently no love lost between the men, for, without waiting to recover their wind, they at once got to grips again. Here Wright's youth and grand condition stood him in good stead, and after a struggle not half the length of the first he threw his man very heavily. The issue was no longer in doubt. Wright had lots left in him, and was full of confidence; Cooper was badly shaken, and would have been wiser to acknowledge defeat; but that would have been too humiliating. He came up again, but was instantly floored, and the victor returned to lie down and receive my congratulations. He was in great spirits, and much more communicative. He told me he was a native of Longtown, and had been wrestling since he was twelve years of age. 'Ben has got a lesson,' he said, with a laugh. 'I'll throw him now, you'll see, every time we meet.'

Wright's star from that day forward was in the ascendant. Wrestling in the Cumberland and Westmorland style was far more popular then than it is now, and I used eagerly to scan the pages of *Bell's Life* to see, in the numerous matches that took place, who among the competitors 'stood' and who 'fell.' In the former category the name of Richard Wright of Longtown was always found, as also was that of William Jameson of Penrith. For quite fifteen years or more these two men threw every one, and came together in the final, in the Borderland, at the Agricultural Hall, and, I believe, in Paris also. They were good friends, and, like James Braid and Harry Vardon, were absolutely above suspicion. Sometimes it was Dick Wright's day, sometimes Jameson's; but, win or lose, each, you may depend upon it, did his best.

Both Richard Wright and William Jameson, I hear from the lessee of the 'Graham Arms' at Longtown, joined the majority 'many years ago.' Would that they were with us now! Such men are sorely wanted. Were the Sauerkrauters to land on the treacherous sands of the Solway, I should pity the man who got to grips with honest Dick Wright.

(To be continued.)

CARLOTTA.

PART III.

AT a quarter before the hour Carlotta made the last few preparations. Going into a room which her father was pleased to term his library, and which he seldom entered—for Señor Carrillo was not passionately devoted to reading—she took from a corner a long, thin sword, which she secreted in the folds of her dress.

Passing on to her own room, she put on a heavy riding-cloak; then, a sombrero in her hand, she waited in the shadows of the passage outside the *sala*. Within all was darkness and silence, and more than once she shuddered as she peered through the half-open door and thought she saw shadows faintly moving—shadows that were waiting for her. She heard O'Hara enter, and heard him speaking to her father. A few minutes later she saw her sister creep down the passage.

Carlotta was standing before a heavy tapestry curtain, and she stepped behind it. She saw her sister enter the room, and heard her call, 'Señor! señor!' Carlotta waited a second, then stepped forward and into the *sala*.

. . . . . .

General Gomez was seated at his table when O'Hara entered. 'I am sorry to call upon you again so soon,' he said in not unkindly tones; 'but these are days when there is rest for no one.' He unlocked a drawer and drew out a heavily sealed packet. 'To-morrow morning, before sunrise, I want you to take these to Madrid. They must reach General Esparta without fail. You understand?'

O'Hara took them.

'In your hand,' said General Gomez, 'you are holding a kingdom.'

'It is safe,' said O'Hara with a quiet smile.

'I know,' answered the General, 'or I should not have entrusted the papers into your care. You will start'——

'Before sunrise.'

'Good. The papers must be in General Esparta's hands by eleven o'clock.' He held out his hand. '*Au revoir*,' he said. 'It is a thousand pities we have no equivalent for that; it is so expressive.'

Buttoning the papers in an inner pocket of his coat, O'Hara mounted and rode through the town to the narrow path which led upwards to *El Nido*. There he suddenly stopped. Through the bushes which flanked the road, in the shadow of an old half-broken wall, he caught a glimpse of a light, and the faces of three men sitting round it.

Tethering his horse to a tree-trunk, he crept near to the trio.

The men were muleteers, who daily rode between Toledo and the outlying villages at the foot of the hill. Two of the men were strangers to him; the third he knew as Manuel, a Carlist.

It was Manuel who was speaking as O'Hara came within earshot. 'Yes,' he said, daintily withdrawing a cigarette from between his lips with fingers brown as a berry from smoking, 'we are to be at *El Nido* at half-past ten, hidden in the grounds. You will come with me, *mia caballeros*, and I will hide you. I know how to hide.' He laughed, and the sound was not pleasant to hear. 'And the señor will take us into the *sala* when it is time.'

'The *señor?*' asked one. 'Señor Carrillo?'

'No, dolt,' answered Manuel. 'Señor Carrillo is a Royalist, curse him! No; Señor Lopez, who is for Don Carlos, as all good Spaniards should be.'

'And the rest?'

'The rest is in the hands of God, and in yours and mine, and Señor Lopez's, so it will be pretty safe.'

'And the Englishman has papers upon him?'

O'Hara leant forward, careful not to lose a word.

'Yes,' answered Manuel; 'papers that mean

much to Spain, and if we get them a hundred golden *doblóns* to each of us.'

'And the señorita will call him into the room, and then we shall'—— The speaker finished his sentence with a very realistic and horrible representation of garrotting.

Manuel blew a cloud of smoke into the air. 'Exactly, my friend,' he said; 'and the next morning, or perhaps two mornings later, his body will be found in the Tagus.'

O'Hara swayed, not from fear—he knew not the meaning of the word—but from a sense of a broken trust. He remembered his adieu to Carlotta, the look in her eyes as she bade him farewell, the while she was playing the part of a Judas, playing with him, leading him on so that she might deliver him to Lopez. Like a flash there came to his mind the memory of the moment when she had mentioned the Carlist's name to him. However clever they may be, all men are fools when they fall beneath the influence of love; if they show not their folly in one way, they make it apparent in another.

There was a look of anguish in O'Hara's eyes as he crept softly away, albeit his face was hard.

Reaching his horse, he mounted and galloped past the men. As he approached them he saw the light go out, and knew that three pairs of eyes were watching him in the darkness, eyes that were trained to such work, as their owners' hands were trained to strike from amidst shadows.

For a couple of hundred yards he galloped madly on, regardless of danger or direction, of everything save his wounded pride and sorely stricken heart.

Then there came to his mind a remembrance of the papers he held within his cloak, papers on which a throne depended, and he reined in and rode more carefully up the slope.

At *El Nido* he found Anita awaiting him in the *comedor*.

'I will call for food,' she said as he entered. 'We did not expect you back to-night, or it should have been ready for you.'

O'Hara smiled. 'You are all too good to me,' he said—'so good that I do not know what direction your generosity will take next.'

Anita started, and a fear seized her that he knew everything. She clutched at her dress where the letter lay hidden, terrified lest she should have dropped it a second time.

O'Hara glanced at his watch when he had finished a light meal. The hands pointed to ten o'clock, and he knew that he had half-an-hour before the moment when Señor Lopez and his hired executioners would be waiting in a darkened room for him. A darkened room! He smiled cynically at the thought; it was so typical of Spain. He rose. 'I miss your sister, señorita,' he said.

Anita smiled. 'You miss her always now, señor, unless she is at your side.'

'A wanderer like myself has not many friends; therefore he cherishes the few he possesses.' There was a sadness in his voice which puzzled the Señorita Anita.

Leaving her, he went to his room, and hiding his precious papers between the sheets of his bed, wrote a short note to Señor Carrillo, telling him where they lay hidden, and beseeching him, as a gentleman of Spain, to see that they reached their proper destination. In the letter he implicated no one, but said that he knew an attempt was to be made upon his life that night in order to obtain the documents.

Sealing the letter, he addressed it to the Señor Carrillo, and left it upon the table in his room.

Taking a sword from a corner of the room, he slipped it down the leg of his trousers, so that it might be hidden until the fateful moment. Then he walked back to the *comedor* and waited. The room was empty, and he sat down on a lounge, and taking out a cigarette, lighted it. His mind was bitter as he sat there waiting for the voice of the woman he loved, which should call him to his death. At any rate, he said to himself, 'I will show her how an Englishman can die.'

More than once he fancied he heard stealthy footsteps and whispered voices in the adjoining room, and he smiled—this man who knew not the meaning of fear, and was going to his death as a lover to his bride.

Breaking in upon his thoughts sounded the bells of the city churches striking the hour of eleven.

He rose. As he did so there rang out a woman's voice, clear and distinct in the stillness of evening. 'Señor,' it cried; 'señor, I want you.'

He walked quickly out of the room, and, drawing his sword, entered the *sala*.

There a scene of confusion greeted him. He saw three figures rushing upon one who stood with drawn sword waiting for them.

Señor Lopez was always unlucky. He himself affirmed the fact, so there must have been a vestige of truth in the assertion. The moon was at its height, and shone from a cloudless sky full into the room. It shone upon the face of the cloaked figure.

'Carlotta!' cried O'Hara, and in that second he learned wisdom and cursed his past folly. He rushed forward, and, seizing the girl round the waist, thrust her behind him.

The Spaniards were three to one, but they were no match for the Englishman. He had learned his fencing in a hard school, and a sudden deep longing to live seized him. He thrust, and his sword passed through the arm of one of his assailants.

The man dropped his weapon with a scream.

'That is you, Manuel,' panted O'Hara. 'You are more handy with a mule than with a sword.'

He caught sight of the Carlist. 'Ah, Señor Lopez,' he cried, and pressed forward, 'it is man to man!'

Their swords crossed. Señor Lopez was no coward. 'On him!' he cried to the third man; but his call met with no response—the man had fled.

For a few minutes they fought, while Carlotta stood by, watching, in an agony of fear.

Slowly the Spaniard edged towards the veranda; and O'Hara, divining his intention, pressed him harder. A sudden quick pass, a lunge, and it was all over.

'You devil!' screamed Lopez, as he sank upon the ground, clutching at his heart.

As if in answer to his, another scream rent the air, and Anita, bareheaded, her hair dishevelled by the wind, her eyes wild and staring, rushed from the balcony into the room. 'Miguel!' she said, falling on her knees beside her lover.

But Miguel Lopez made no reply. He had paid the price of his treachery.

For a few moments she knelt by his body, vainly trying to win him back to life, moaning piteously the while. Then she rose and faced O'Hara. 'You killed him!' she said in a voice from which all life was gone.

'Yes,' answered O'Hara, 'I killed him in a fair fight, man to man. I am sorry, señorita.'

In the midst of it all Señor Carrillo entered. He looked in dumb amazement at the scene—at O'Hara, the body upon the ground, his two daughters—the one with a drawn sword in her hand, the other wild-eyed, standing beside the body of the slain man.

'There has been an attempt made upon my life to-night, señor, and your daughters have saved me. The Señorita Carlotta even risked her life that mine might be spared to save the Queen's, an act for which I shall be for ever in her debt.' O'Hara bent low over the Señorita Carlotta's hand.

A look of pride came into the señor's eyes. Then he crossed the room and surveyed the body upon the floor. 'Ah, that man Lopez!' he said—'a Carlist spy. Señor, you have placed Spain for ever in *your* debt to-night.'

And the Señorita Anita, hearing her father's words, was stricken dumb with grief, which was perhaps as well, since it enabled her to keep her secret.

The next morning before daybreak O'Hara started for Madrid.

Three days later he returned. The back of the Carlist plot was broken. Don Carlos had been forced into open fight and defeated.

Señor Carrillo met him in the *patio*, and O'Hara noticed that in the few hours they had been parted he had grown old as if with a sudden weight of years. Deep lines showed upon his forehead and around his mouth. A look of sadness had come into his eyes. 'You have come back with news of victory,' he said, leading O'Hara into the *sala*.

O'Hara nodded. 'Yes,' he said. 'And where is the Señorita Carlotta?'

'You will find her in the gardens.'

O'Hara walked on to the balcony.

Then Señor Carrillo saw him stride down the ilex-bordered path. His thoughts wandered to a body which lay in a room above the one in which he was standing, and he sighed heavily. 'And I am to lose both my children,' he said; 'but, thank God, Carlotta has not had the same fate as her sister.'

O'Hara found the Señorita Carlotta at the bottom of the garden, looking down upon the Tagus, far beneath.

At the sound of his footsteps she turned sharply round, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

He rushed forward and seized her hands in his. 'Señorita—Carlotta,' he said.

She read the question on his face. 'You have heard, señor?' she said.

'No, Carlotta—what?' he answered.

'My sister—she is dead. Her body was found in the Tagus this morning.'

O'Hara understood what the words implied. 'I am sorry, señorita—more sorry than I can say, for I have brought trouble upon a house that has been good to me—more than good.'

The señorita laid a hand upon his arm. 'Don't, señor,' she said. 'That—that Señor Lopez was her lover, and he asked her to call you into the *sala* so that he might kill you.'

'And you went in my place to save my life!'

'And you killed him in a fair fight instead, not as he would have killed you—with a knife in your back.'

The señorita's face was averted. O'Hara slipped his arm around her waist. 'Carlotta,' he said, 'I overheard three men talking of the plot as I was riding back from Toledo that night, and I thought it was you who were going to betray me.'

'Señor! And you would have gone to a death to which I had called you—like that?'

'Yes,' replied O'Hara, 'if you wished it so.'

'You know I would not—you know'——

She stopped suddenly, and would have turned her head away had not O'Hara bent down and pressed his lips passionately to hers. 'Yes, dear one, I know,' he whispered.

They were standing on the verge of the garden. Far away flowed the Tagus, its waters tinged a gorgeous red with the reflection of the setting sun.

'When I heard Anita was missing, the morning you left, I came here, for I knew where she had gone. It is where I should have gone had I lost you.'

'But I have come back, dear one,' he answered. 'The war is over, and there lies nothing before us now but happiness.'

'Yes,' answered the Señorita Carlotta softly, 'happiness!'

THE END.

THE DIESEL ENGINE VEGETABLE OILS.

IN a paper recently read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers by Dr Diesel (whose name has become so familiar in connection with the development of the internal-combustion engine on constant-pressure lines), the author, in pointing out the adaptability of the Diesel engine to various kinds of fuel, stated a few facts which, though they did not announce any far-reaching developments in the immediate future, may in the long-run quite possibly alter the entire geographical distribution of the world's industrial centres.

Such huge possibilities lie merely in the fact that the internal-combustion engine, on Diesel lines, is capable of using vegetable oils as fuel. At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 a small engine of this type was, at the request of the French Government, working on oil obtained from the *arachis*, otherwise known as the 'ground-nut,' 'earth-nut,' or 'pea-nut,' which is largely grown in the French possessions in Northern Africa. Further, engines on this system have been run successfully in Russia on castor-oil, and even on animal oils.

Let us consider what this potentially means. Our present stores of fuel obtained from beneath the earth's crust represent the heat given out by the sun probably tens of thousands of years ago, and transformed into the energy of the vegetable growth represented by the forests from which our coal-measures are formed; for it must be remembered that heat and work are practically the same thing—they are mutually convertible. Work generates heat, as one may see for one's self in looking at the showers of sparks derived from the work done in stopping a train by the application of the brake-blocks to the tires of the wheels; and, on the other hand, heat generates work, as is impressed on one by the locomotive. Even the human body is nothing more than a heat-engine in which the fuel, in the shape of the heat-giving constituents of the food, is converted into work. But there is this difference between the mechanical and the human engine: the former at present derives its supply of fuel from underground sources that, as has been shown, represent the heat of past ages, while the human engine obtains its working heat from sources derived practically from the warmth of the present. In other words, at present we are deriving our fuel-supplies, in the main, from resources culminating in last year's harvest. If, therefore, in the distant future we make ourselves dependent for our fuel-supply on crops grown from year to year on the earth's surface, instead of on our steadily decreasing reserves of underground fuel, the economic possibilities and importance of such developments need but little explanation.

The manufacturing industrial greatness of any district is practically dependent on its fuel-supplies; and if the possibilities foreshadowed by Dr Diesel are realised, it may in the long-run quite possibly mean the transference of industrial centres to the agricultural districts, probably as far as Great Britain is concerned to the vast spaces of her more torrid colonies. Such a tremendous evolution is not likely to take place to-day, nor even to-morrow, for there are present-day methods of utilising our coal and oil supplies far more economically than can yet be done through the medium of the trusted steam-engine; but, none the less, the remoter possibilities outlined by Dr Diesel afford a very interesting field for speculation. Of course the whole matter depends entirely on underlying economics, and an evolution like this can only take place if the vegetable fuel, heat-value for heat-value, can be produced at a lower price than our mineral fuels; but, obviously, as our underground resources become more and more depleted the conditions in favour of vegetable fuel become more and more favourable.

THE TWEED AT DAWYCK.

THE beech-trees in thy placid stream
Dip their sweet leaves,
And to the morn with silv'ry gleam
Thy bosom heaves,
And upward from earth's sunlit ways
To heaven the lark, with song of praise,
His passage cleaves.

A plover lifts her plaintive cry
On summer air;
And, where the river passeth nigh
Those meadows fair,
Knee-deep the kine in pasture stand
Among the flowers of our dear land,
Contented there.

Here, like the hush of evening calm
On hearts opprest,
In silence falls the healing balm
Of quiet rest.
And softly from the shadows deep
The river sings the soul to sleep
On Nature's breast.

GILBERT RAE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

WHAT is called the London season is properly established again, and in parts of the West there is a kind of activity and a measure of display that are not there at all other times, even if only such as are most concerned would notice the little change that has taken place. The men who daily walk that way might observe that not so many blinds are drawn in the region of Park Lane as is commonly the case, and there may be more people out riding in the Row in early mornings, doing exercise according to the system of what is known as 'the liver brigade.' In these days you do not realise the presence of the season by the unusually large number of carriages that are drawn with a dash by prancing horses about the streets of the West and through the Park, as was once the way, for they have given place to motor vehicles which, however splendid their design and sumptuous their fittings, are not so readily distinguishable from all other motor-cars as to call for special observation. For the rest, we know of the existence of the season chiefly through the medium of the newspapers, a little extra activity in matters theatrical, and the fact that the opera is in full swing at Covent Garden, with Wagner and his *Ring* in strong blast from early afternoon until late at night. Yes now, I think that on the whole perhaps the average London man and woman realise that the season is upon them when they know that the opera is being nightly done, and that the fine folk who support it because it is expected of them are often to be seen in their private boxes, said average man and woman being impressed with these circumstances while never going to Covent Garden themselves, but always merely intending to go. In other respects what does the season matter to you or me—the scheduled season of society? We may just have come back to town from a far-distant part, and we see little change in it; and it is much the same to us whether it is June or November, because questions of light and dark, and wet and fine, matter less in the metropolis than they do anywhere else on earth. One's attitude to London, as you might put it, may change a little with the months. You may ease from attachment to it during summer days, and nothing is more positively true than that the lives of the real Londoners are stronger, keener, and that the work in the town is done with more fire and enthusiasm, in October and November than at any other period of the year. That is the real season of the old Londoner, and in a general way he is not disturbed very much by any other season, even though he is assured in this present case that it is to be more brilliant than ever before, and all the better for the fact that there are no abnormal disturbances such as coronations.

* * *

We are persuaded that despite all the strikes and anxieties that ever were or are, there is plenty of money about for everybody, and indeed there is much evidence that this is the case. At this moment London is supposed to be richer than ever before, and she is certainly disposed to make display of her means. I saw it stated in the papers the other day that a poor woman who had got into the police court for begging had only five shillings a week upon which to live and support one other who was dependent on her, and generally she maintained a position of decency and respectability nobly, as officers testified in the court. A week later it was reported in another court that a family of five were living in one room measuring eleven feet by seven, and had been doing so for a long time. If you have a sensitive mind, with much of the warmth of kindly human nature in it, you must decide to shun such news as this, or else to face it in the hardened practical way that a surgeon would face his thousandth operation; for those who cannot do so, but weakly fret at the horrors and miseries they see about them, may find London unbearable. No place like town for making a cynic of a man; and in some respects the difference between the Chinese and the Scottish peoples is not greater than the distance in thought and feeling between the men and women who live on northern hills and their brothers and sisters in London. Might it be accepted as evidence that money is plentiful everywhere that the lenders of it in these days display a strong anxiety to let it out to all and sundry as they never did before? It may be merely the improving organisation of their business, or their naturally increasing enterprise; but there is the fact that these people, although their names

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seem to be less in the courts for grossly extortionate interest than was the case not long since, are active as never previously. The ordinary middle-class householder will receive on an average—I do not exaggerate—at least two or three facsimile private letters from money-lenders in every week, assuring him of their desire to accommodate him to any extent whatever, with no troublesome formalities. I could quote the case of a man who has had seventeen such letters in one week, and he a man who had no need of such assistance nor had ever borrowed a coin in his life from such a source. They are very ingenious these people, and they must have a beautifully perfect system of inquiry and discovery, for whenever the Londoner makes a change in the circumstances attending on his daily life, or has such a change thrust upon him, the money-lenders, seeing that, to use a homely phrase, it is 'money every time you turn' in town, beseech him to take their willing help. A pretty little illustration is furnished to me in my own experience once in every year. I have no dealings with these people, nor ever had; but they have taken some little trouble to know of me, and once every year, a few days before my birthday, there is a firm that writes to warn me that old Time is going imperturbably on his way, never halting; that another year of my life will be done for on a certain date; and that surely I shall be disposed to mark the event in some special way, or by a change of manners or habits, and that, if such is the case, they will be glad to assist me with gold for my pleasures and satisfactions. For some years past they have been the first to inform me that the birthday is coming, and sometime I will write back telling them that on such occasions I make only the best of resolutions and shun new ways of danger. But, again, let a man change from one house to another, that is but a trifle more rent, and the money-lenders make a paper shower through his letter-box. They assure him that they are most anxious that he should experience no embarrassments at such a time. Then I have a friend who from the most modest way of travelling about the town, doing his little journeys by railway and taxicabs, came out one day in the full joy of possession of a new seven-hundred-guinea motor-car, upon which many 'uncles' besought him to take a little advance. If a new baby should be added to the household, there again will be the money-lenders clamouring to be allowed to give their assistance. It is a little uncanny, and it is a murderous system of temptation; for it begins to seem that if for one passing moment at night the hard-working, careful man permits himself to wonder whether all the game is worth the candle, and if thrift is so properly remunerative to each and every one, there is the devil listening to his unuttered thoughts, and in the morning comes a letter.

There are two reasons why this kind of business is increasing so much, why it is so enterprising, and why it flourishes exceedingly. One is embraced in a suggestion already made that, take them for all in all, the folks of the metropolis have far more money now than they used to have; they have grown richer, and therefore, when they borrow, they can pay back, great as is the price that may be exacted from them for the accommodation. The money-lender, therefore, does well, and wishes to extend his business because, in the main, the risk that he runs is small. Next, London life at these times is unsettling; it is not conducive to economy; it is full of temptations as never before, and the habit of luxury, the example of which is set in a grand way by the richer classes, has permeated down until everybody is desirous of doing more and spending more. The money-lenders know very well of this inclination, disposition, or temptation. They know everything. I verily believe that for their numbers they know more of the secrets of more middle-class lives than any other persons to the same number. I have been assured that there is even a firm existing for the help of the money-lenders, whose business it is to get to know all about people who are likely to fall into the hands of the said lenders, and to hold ready the essential facts for instant reference. They know everything, all about your possessions and their value, your income and expenditure, your prospects, and especially the most intimate details about your character and habits. Thousands and thousands of persons are thus treated, and particulars concerning them duly filed. Then by-and-by, when one of the fish is caught and a visit is paid to a money-lending establishment, the manager, after receiving the applicant graciously, may ring the bell for a clerk and pass a slip of paper to him, and the clerk finds out from this special inquiry agency through the telephone all that it is necessary or desirable to know about the man. It is all done in a minute, and the manager continues in easy conversation with his client until the clerk lays before him a little paper with everything written on it that is good for a wise money-lender to know.

* * *

This is one way in which a trade is being done in money more extensively in London now than ever before—a mere exchanging of money without any production or work done being represented. There are several others. Just at the present time there is something of an outcry being made against the increase of private gambling establishments and the remarkable character of the business that is transacted at them. There can be no doubt that during the last few years these places have very much increased in numbers; and, little or no action having been taken against them, they have become bolder in their ways and their operations

until it is felt that the time has come when some strong measures should be adopted even though personages of some eminence might more or less accidentally become involved. Houses in the West End are taken for a time by people who are quite well known in the 'smart set,' and thence invitations are issued for gambling orgies, with the host or proprietor quite openly taking large profits. Sometimes a warning is conveyed that the situation is a little unsafe, and the establishment is moved from one house to another. Again, such a business is sometimes made to follow society in the round of its pleasures from London to the country and elsewhere. A statement has lately been made about the methods of one of these proprietors of gaming-houses near Piccadilly which is particularly interesting. In the ordinary way, when a man loses all his immediately available money at gambling, unless he is among friends he has to stop. He does not at the time regard this as a very good arrangement; but unless he is very stupid, he sees later that it has its good points even for him. Consequently it is the general rule at these places that when a man has lost all that he has got about him, and has no friends available, he must cease to play; the proprietor of the house, the 'host,' will not help him. The latter might do so if he felt there were a very good chance of getting his money back, or if his debt were regarded as other debts are; but he knows the meaning of the Gaming Act and the powers of repudiation that are vested in the borrower at such times. Therefore he does not lend. But the man who keeps the gaming-house near Piccadilly has found an ingenious way out of this Gaming Act difficulty, and is benefiting accordingly. He has got himself registered as a money-lender, and consequently when any of his visitors fall into the unhappy state of being 'stone-broke,' he is most willing to advance them money according to their needs 'on a simple note of hand alone;' for if it is not repaid with interest, it can then be sued for just in the ordinary way as money lent and not as money belonging to a gaming transaction, which the law does not recognise. A description has been given of an incident at a gaming-club that is carried on in a flat near Grosvenor Place which is said to be quite commonplace so far as that flat is concerned. A man who looked in there lost a little matter of two hundred pounds in ten minutes, and thought nothing about it. Some rather high play was being done at one of the usual games when he entered, and he took ten five-pound notes from his pocket, and with them challenged the fifty pounds in front of the banker. When he lost he did the same thing again, and a third time, with the same result in each case. These were supposed to be the private apartments of a person of fashion, moving in the best society and having the nicest taste; but when the man who had lost his hundred and fifty pounds and found he had no more money took from his vest his gold watch and chain, and stripped some handsome rings from his fingers, handing them nonchalantly to the host, the latter received them with perfect composure and a gracious smile, and gave to his guest sufficient funds for a final cast, the issue being the same as before. Why not, indeed? This is plain, straight gambling, and there is just as much friendly feeling in the matter as there is in the Casino at Monte Carlo between the croupiers and yourself. Having lost all he had with him, and having no means of raising any more, the man departed with as little concern as if there had been but a sixpence gone, and it is said that the same thing happens quite frequently in his case. It is a custom. He is a retired publican.

* * *

Semi-private gambling of this kind is no new thing; but evidently, after being many times cut down and stopped in the past, it has grown to full bloom again, and these wealthy but nervy times are eminently suitable for its sustenance. Sir Robert Anderson, who was once assistant-commissioner of the Metropolitan Police and head of the C.I.D., relates in his published experiences, from which I once before made some quotation, the particulars of a great raid which he made upon these institutions. He tells us that he ascertained that there were West End clubs frequented by 'swells,' middle-class clubs run by snobs, and also houses for folk of a lower class in the social scale, just as there are now. 'I determined to begin at the top,' he said, 'for though the lower-class clubs were far the most mischievous, I was not going to incur the taunt of chevying the humble folk and leaving the toffs alone. So I held my hand until I was ready to raid the most fashionable club of the kind in London—a house in Park Place, St James's. . . . My inspector in the C Division was a man of exceptional fitness for such work, and on the appointed night he found himself in the middle of the gamblers before any of them spied a stranger. The necessary evidence being thus obtained, every person present had to appear before a magistrate. And, if the bar and club gossip of that day may be trusted, during the few minutes necessarily spent in preparing for the raid two men passed out whose arrest would have added to the gaiety of nations. The indignation of the members, of course, was great. Several of them called at Scotland Yard to make terms with me, or at least to draw me; but all they could get was a declaration of my intention to enforce the law. The first ruse they attempted was to take a private house in the name of a lady of title, and to arrange a weekly meeting there for gambling. I adopted new tactics; and, instead of maintaining secrecy, I announced my intention of raiding the place, and the scheme collapsed at once. We then

went for the minor clubs scattered throughout London, and one after another was successfully raided by the police.'

* * *

When you have been travelling in foreign places in the winter-time, and get back to London about the middle of April, an impression is conveyed to your mind just for the first fleeting moments that will never arise again until the travel and the return are repeated, and that is the impression, as you glance again at the familiar buildings and streets and the general style, of the plainness, the strength, and the coldness of everything. It is so different from Italy and France. London is a town that is more easily kept clean than other capitals, and in the early summer it is splendidly clean and assumes a special brilliance. One can condemn and hate London for its dirt in January; but there are few things in the world that give a better impression of cleanness, neatness, and order than our town on a bright morning of early summer, and all the powers we have at our disposal are exerted to improve and justify this impression.

* * *

The visitor who is out walking very late often wonders at the thoroughness and completeness of the washing that is given to the streets at night as soon as the traffic ceases. Walk down Whitehall between one and two in the morning, and you will perceive such a street toilet being done as nowhere else in the world. And how splendid the streets look after it! The hotter the weather the more washing is done, and you would be surprised to know what trouble and expense the municipal authorities put themselves to in this way. I have been assured that the annual cost of keeping quite clean the square mile of the City is sixty-four thousand pounds, that over seven hundred persons are employed in the work, and that over a hundred million gallons of water are used every year in washing the fifty miles of the City streets. In Westminster there are ninety-nine miles of streets to be dealt with, including the wide and noble Whitehall just mentioned, and really magnificent are the arrangements for cleaning them. Of motor water-vans, dust-vans, flushing-trucks, and the like there are some five hundred employed, and in addition to the dust and the dirt which are washed away down the drains by the hose-pipes, an average of a hundred and twenty loads of dust and refuse are taken from these streets every day, and much more than that from the houses, so that it has been calculated that over a hundred thousand tons of dust and dirt are got rid of in this way every year.

* * *

See our London at eight o'clock on some of these fine mornings when she is just stirring to her full life, and you may say that she is just as clean and nice as a new pin or as the bonny baby after his morning bath. And she hums and sings. The birds of London! Books could be written about them—and as a matter of fact I think that one book has been; and there will be need for some of them in the future, for do you know that it is a fact that we in London have more kinds of birds than any country place in Britain, and not merely birds in museums, but those free to the air to fly according to their will? The feathered tribe have come to understand that life in London has for them advantages that can be gained nowhere else. The only serious drawback to it is the increased risk from cats and rats. The testimonials that Dr Johnson gave to London seem to have spread among the birds; they are letting it be known among their class that there is no place like the metropolis. How else can you account for the fact that the number of species to be found in town is constantly increasing? More than sixty varieties have been noted already. Rooks in inner London are scarce in these days. The little colony in Gray's Inn is almost the only one of consequence that is left, and fears are often entertained for even that one; but wood-pigeons are now everywhere in town. When the wood-pigeons come to London they adapt themselves to circumstances very quickly, just as the young man from the country does. They lose all their shyness; and if you walk along Piccadilly in the early spring you may find them nesting among the bare boughs of the backward plane-trees in the Green Park. Their nests are very flat and shallow things, and these pigeons do look odd nesting there in such publicity when in their country homes they take pains to ensure the utmost privacy. But there are stranger things in birds and their habits to be found in London. Kingfishers have been seen in Battersea Park, and nightingales have been known to warble there. It has been said that nowhere is there so much nightingale music to be had in the proper season as on the outskirts of London. Deep in the night herons sometimes beat up to the Serpentine in Hyde Park; they come from Richmond. Lounging in the parks, it seems to us that these birds of ours sing better and with more enthusiasm than other birds, but that may be because we of the town like their music so well and appreciate it so much. Amidst this maze of buildings, among all these human millions, this rush and roar of traffic, this gorgeous display of fashion and wealth, and all the intricacies of advanced civilisation, here is the sweet, the simple singing of God's birds; and you can even catch a trilling note above the din of Piccadilly. That is a wonderful thing, and a joyous. It seems to whisper to us of the woods and hills and forests that are far off, but for which the man of town has yet a strong affection.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—SCOTLAND YARD.

WITHIN half-an-hour Malcolm Cahusac was recounting to Detching all that he had learnt from Jarné.

'It 's a queer sort of story,' said Detching when he had finished. 'What do you make of it?'

'I make this. In the first place, the knife shown me by Jarné was precisely like that one at Scotland Yard which you and I have seen more than once, and I am pretty sure that we shall find Puyfot's name upon it. Of course the value of Jarné's story all hangs upon that. In the next place, we already have every reason to believe that Puyfot was in some manner engaged in my father's assassination. He himself, when I saw him in Paris, boasted to me that he knew more about it and the motives that led up to it than I did. But, on the other hand, he was not such a fool as to have used for such a purpose a knife on which his name was engraved; therefore some other man had that done, some one whose policy it was to implicate Puyfot very deeply.'

'The individual, in fact, who took the trouble to personate Puyfot to Jarné?'

Cahusac nodded.

'But wait a moment,' objected Detching. 'At that very period Puyfot was not only in London, but living in the near neighbourhood of Jarné's shop. Was there not an even chance, a chance which the impersonator must have realised, that Jarné might come across the actual Puyfot and give the whole show away? For Puyfot is not the type that can be hidden under a bushel.'

'Well, there might have been a chance of it had Jarné been a man who mingled much with his own sort or frequented the restaurants in that quarter; but Jarné was at the time a cripple who never left his shop, besides being of too dour a disposition to attract casual visitors. He was chosen to do the work for this very reason, I think; it enormously discounted the risks of discovery.'

'That 's so.'

'My father's death was planned beforehand. This engraving of the knife proves premeditation. Puyfot was the tool to be employed. Whether he was so employed we cannot tell. But it is on the other man that I must lay my hand, the principal in the plot, the man who afterwards blackmailed my stepmother.'

'You don't think Puyfot'—— began Detching.

'No, he knew nothing of Lady Cahusac's connection with the business. If he had known he would have twitted me with it the first time I visited him. Of that I am quite sure. He had lost control of himself, and his one desire was to make me feel, to hurt me if he could. It is the other man, the man behind him, that I must reach.'

'De Sarsan!' interjected Detching.

'Who can say?' Malcolm was white to the lips. 'But whoever he was, he tormented Lady Cahusac into her grave. Poor woman! I 'm glad she could never know how she has handicapped me. She left me to face great odds, to fight like a man with one hand tied behind his back. I have hardly dared to make a move lest I should bring out this wretched story about her.' He pushed his chair violently back from the table. 'But there is no use theorising until we can make sure that the first step is on firm ground.'

Although Cahusac was speaking in his usual quiet tone, that one rough movement betrayed the fever of his mind, it was so entirely at variance with his habitual deliberation.

'What do you propose to do?' inquired his friend.

'See the knife. I 'm off to Scotland Yard.' He rose as he spoke.

Detching scanned him critically from the depths of an arm-chair. 'May one ask if you intend to visit Scotland Yard as Malcolm Cahusac or as Ambrose Finch?'

Malcolm looked down at Finch's shabby attire with a slight laugh. 'I had forgotten.'

'As Ambrose Finch came into being under this roof, you 'll find the kit you left behind in your portmanteau in there.' Detching pointed to the next room.

'Good! I remember. Then, with your permission, I 'll go and change.'

When he reappeared Detching left his chair.

'You know they are sure to make difficulties about your seeing that knife to-night,' he said.

Cahusac frowned; his mind was evidently running ahead of his actions. Then he returned to the question in hand. 'Why, it must be done, that 's all!' he answered impatiently. 'Anyhow—somehow—I don't care how—I 'll make them do it. We have not an hour to spare. I 'll bring them to reason.'

'But look here, Malcolm, won't this lead to just what you have all along wished to avoid—the intervention of the police?'

'I hope not. Not if I can help it. But still it has to be done whatever comes of it.' Malcolm dropped his voice. 'Don't you know that De Sarsan is to be married the day after to-morrow?'

Without more words Detching reached for his hat and stick, and they set out together.

The delays and difficulties of the next hour tried Malcolm to the limit of endurance; but at length he succeeded in impressing upon the official consciousness that important issues hung upon his being permitted to examine the knife then and there. He neither could nor would give them further information at the moment;

but he warned them that justice would be defeated if he were denied.

The inspector who was on duty at last put the knife into his hand, and stood watching the young man as he turned it over and appeared to be measuring the blade. Detching saw his difficulty. If the police once learnt the name hidden in the handle the arrest of Puyfot must be the immediate result, and that would inevitably throw out whatever course Cahusac had made up his mind to follow. By an adroit inquiry, Detching drew off the attention of the official for a brief moment or two, while Cahusac, with the help of an oily rag from his pocket and the haft of his penknife, managed to work the spring and read the concealed name. All doubt was at an end. The man who had personated Puyfot was the man who was primarily concerned in Sir Malcolm's assassination!

The click of the spring as the slip of steel returned to its socket brought round the inspector's head with a jerk. 'Found out what you wanted, Mr Cahusac?' he asked.

'I think I may say I have,' replied Malcolm. 'I am much obliged to you, and you shall hear from me the moment I think it will serve any useful purpose.'

'You don't believe in the police, any more than Mr Sherlock Holmes and all others of his kidney—in books?' remarked the inspector with a smile.

'On the contrary,' exclaimed Cahusac convincingly, 'I'd give all I'm worth to be able to put the case into your hands this minute, and never have more to say to it. Only I can't! Good-night to you.'

Detching looked back through the door as he went out. The inspector was weighing the knife in his hand and looking it over. Detching made some allusion to this as he joined Cahusac.

'I'm not much afraid they'll discover the spring. Even I, who knew its exact position, could hardly find it. You got the inspector off splendidly, Detching; it just gave me the minute I wanted.'

They walked along in silence until they came in sight of Westminister Tower.

'What's to be the next move?' inquired Detching.

'Puyfot,' said Malcolm, and with the word glanced up at the illuminated face of the clock. 'It is just about ten now. No use trying to find him yet awhile. But he'll go back to the Hôtel Maraviglia in an hour or two.'

'Better come to my diggings in the meantime,' suggested the other.

'Thanks; we can't do better.'

To Detching's surprise, Cahusac was in a talkative mood; in all their long friendship he had never before told his friend so much about himself.

'My mother, who died soon after my birth, came of an old Baltimore family. They are nearly all gone; I alone am left, with the exception of an old great-uncle, who has promised that I am to inherit his charming little house and estate about four miles from Baltimore,' ran on Malcolm. Then an odd look passed over his face. 'I tell you what, Detching, if this—business I am on to-night fails, I'll go there and bury myself.'

'By the way,' said Detching after a silence, 'I have often wanted to put a question to you. Do you think it possible that Lady Cahusac was suffering under a delusion, and that she only imagined she gave secret diplomatic information to De Sarsan?'

'I wish I could think so; but among her papers I found one or two that proved beyond doubt that unfortunately she was under no delusion at all. She made it her business to interest herself greatly in all diplomatic transactions, and I am afraid gave the impression that my father had trusted her with his entire confidence. This was far from the case. He had a deep affection for her, but he knew her too well for that.'

'Still, I can't even now understand how she collected such information, for you can judge from your own experience how carefully it is guarded.'

'Ah, you did not know her! She was, in her way, a wonderful woman. In looking back over the days when I was a lad, and with her a good deal, I comprehend things that meant nothing to me then. She had extraordinary charm; not the soft charm that makes a man's home happy'—Malcolm lingered on the words, and Detching knew of whom he was thinking—'but the charm that wins everything in society. Her mind seemed to catch up and reflect the colour and variety of each man's mood. She had the power to draw confidences, she was always on the alert, and she learnt more from a hint or a careless word than you can imagine. I feel certain that many from whom she picked up her knowledge were far enough from realising how much she had cajoled from them.'

'I had had some hope that she deluded herself.'

'No. Besides, her relations occupied all sorts of convenient positions for her purposes—her brother, Lord Luxillin, for instance, though he was very wary and very taciturn; and there were others. I have never undervalued the penetration and sagacity of De Sarsan, for he chose the one woman in England who by her qualities and her circumstances was best fitted to carry out his plans. I am almost persuaded that he got rid of my father with a view to blackmailing her in this manner afterwards.'

Detching looked sharply at Malcolm, who spoke with the quiet deliberation of a man whose mind is made up. 'You have some plan. What is it?'

'My plan may not seem very clear to you,

but it is to me. I am going to face Puyfot with this news about the knife. He may already know of it, and that would account for his subservience to De Sarsan. But in any case it is a strong hold to have upon him, and I don't know myself if I can't force him to give me the name of the man who was the prime mover in my father's murder. Once I have that, I can finish the matter in my own fashion.'

(To be continued.)

'THE SQUARE' AND 'THE CROSS.'

CHAPTER VII.

ONE Saturday, many years ago, I went down to Putney to see the University crews at practice. As I made my way across the bridge it was blowing half a gale, with showers of sleet and snow—a day well fitted to test the watermanship of the men. The Oxford crew, of which I had heard great accounts on the home waters, and in which I took much interest, had gone out earlier than was expected, and I was only in time to get a look at the men as they were lifting their boat out of the water. Bitterly cold though it was, the sweat was pouring off them. One man in particular attracted my attention—the heaviest oar in the boat, a splendid specimen of an athlete, straight as a dart, a young giant rejoicing in his strength. The *mens sana in corpore sano* was evidently there; it was a pleasure to look at him. There must be, I said to myself, a bright and prosperous career in front of such a man. Generally speaking, the face is an index to the character. One meets in the streets of London, of Edinburgh, or of Glasgow men whom no one could mistake for anything but what they are. Those inherently vicious, who prey on their fellow-creatures, are easily recognisable; they bear the hall-mark of crime; their faces are stamped receipts for wasted lives, idleness, drunkenness, and brutality. But it requires one of more than human intelligence to detect the plague-spot in the young. The tiger-cub is playful until his claws are grown, till he scents blood; the cruelty is dormant, but it is there, and only requires the match put to it to set it alight. So it is with the human being—*Quem deus perdere vult, prius dementat*, is the most charitable way to put it. The next time I met that undergraduate was at the Central Criminal Court, where he got eighteen months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences. Still young, but scarcely recognisable, he was shrunken in figure, sallow in complexion; but it was the face that struck me. The honest, straightforward look I had seen on the towing-path was gone, and a furtive, hang-dog scowl had taken its place.

The case of a woman whom I met many years afterwards was still more striking, and made a greater impression on me. She was of good family; her childhood was happy; she had loving relatives and kind and influential friends. Found guilty, as she was, on the clearest possible evidence, of the murder of her husband, and condemned to death, her sentence—why I never could understand—was commuted to penal servitude for life, and she was sent to a prison in the south of England to serve her time. No man save the governor and the surgeon is allowed to see, much less to speak to, female convicts; but having obtained a special permit, and being anxious to see this woman, I travelled down by rail to the prison where she was confined. Looking to the cold-blooded crime she had committed, I wondered whether or not she would have an unmistakably criminal face.

Giving two loud taps on the enormous knocker which one invariably finds on the door of a jail, I was at once admitted, signed my name, and was taken to the governor's room, where he was waiting to receive me.

'You will get a surprise when you see Mrs Blank,' he said.

'How so?' I asked.

'Well, simply because, whenever I look at her, I cannot believe she is guilty, but you shall judge for yourself. I can make no exception in her favour, and must put her to the work the others do; but it is terrible to think she should have to herd with the women here, some of them the very worst we have got, foul-mouthed brutes, hardly human, who fight with one another like devils.'

'What is she engaged in now?' I asked.

'Ropemaking.'

Entering a long shed like a skittle-alley, we found a gigantic wardress standing behind the door superintending the work of eight female convicts, of whom Mrs Blank was one. Although prepared for a surprise, I gazed at her in astonishment. I sought in vain for any trace of evil in her face. It was the face of a bright, happy, and innocent girl. At the time of her trial, four months previously, she was twenty-two years of age. I should not have taken her for more than eighteen. She had all her weary time before her, yet she was contented and in excellent spirits. There is a great deal in the voice as well as the face. Her voice was low and musical, not a harsh note in it. Shaking hands with her after a long talk, I said, 'Good-bye. I hope I shall find you well when next I come this way.'

'Good-bye,' she replied with a smile; 'but I hope you won't find me here.'

Sad to say, in her case also the vice was only dormant. It lay under the surface ready to break out and sweep everything before it. Four

years passed before I handled the big knocker again.

'Well,' I said to the governor, 'how are things going now? Mrs Blank is still here?'

'Ah yes,' he replied, 'and will be here for more than fifteen years yet. When you saw her she knew that superhuman exertions were being made to get her a free pardon. She was confident they would be successful, and every night she lay down to rest she hoped next morning to see the hated convict dress removed and her own clothes ready to put on, with a cab in waiting to take her back to her long-lost friends. Now hope is dead within her. You will find her terribly changed.'

'Has she behaved well?'

'Yes; she has got all her marks, and will be entitled to a small sum of money on the day of her release, if she lives till that day. Would you like to see her again? She is employed as a cook now.'

Making our way to the kitchen, there we found her engaged in scouring out a copper vessel. The change in her appearance was positively shocking—so shocking that, though she evidently recognised me, I passed through without saying a word to her. She had greatly aged; but that was a small matter. The face was altered beyond description. There stood the woman who had done the deed!

CHAPTER VIII.

WAS the Oxford undergraduate treated badly? Was any one, I mean, responsible for his downfall? I know not. Happy is the man who can say to himself, 'I have never treated any one cruelly; I have always given a fellow-creature a fair chance; I have never started a man on the downward path.' I cannot, I must admit, say as much for myself.

One Christmas morning I stood on my own doorstep; the sun shone brightly; the thermometer registered twenty-five degrees of frost. Looking eastwards, from which airt the wind blew bitterly, I saw a man making his way up the avenue. I was warmly clad; he, apparently, had not enough on to protect him from the cold. There are two ways of doing everything, the right way and the wrong; and well do I remember the 'wigging' I got from the adjutant for the way I came to the salute on approaching my superior officer. 'Walk up to him,' he said, 'as if you were going to knock him down, halt when you are within three paces of him, bring your heels together, then raise your hand to the salute.' Evidently the man who approached me that morning had been similarly instructed. Saluting as a soldier should salute, he stood at attention.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' he said, 'but I am looking for work. Could you give me a job?' Eight long miles he had walked to see me. The weather was as I have described. It was Christmas morning. All this I should have remembered, and all this I forgot.

'What made you come here?' I said. 'You could easily have got a job in Hawick. If I gave you work you would not do it.'

I expected a volley of abuse. Not one word did he say. Saluting again, he turned on his heel and went quietly away.

Going indoors, I sat down and came to my senses. Remorse is the most severe of all punishments. I treated that man infamously, I said to myself; and, ringing the bell furiously, I sent a messenger in pursuit of him. 'Bring him back,' I said; 'tell him I spoke hastily, and am anxious to hear what he has to say.'

But the messenger failed to find him. I circulated his description among shepherds, keepers, and others in the district; but from that day to this my efforts to discover him have been unsuccessful, and remorse is still with me. I hate to think of that morning. Like the Spartan boy, I carry with me what gnaws into my vitals.

CONCLUSION.

One who goes on 'the cross' does so with his eyes open. He counts the cost and makes up his mind to it, and he deserves no consideration or sympathy from honest men. He is a danger and a menace to his fellow-creatures, and must be removed from society. The jail is the place for him. On the other hand, one who begins on 'the square' should not have any difficulty in remaining on 'the square.' No one can force him to leave the paths of rectitude. Should he fall away it is his own fault. He deserves no pity. All this sounds like common-sense; in fact, it does not admit of argument, and yet the story of a hideous tragedy comes back to me—a tragedy of many years ago, brought vividly to mind by memories of the Coronation year, when King George and his Queen had such a glorious reception in the Emerald Isle as they drove through Phœnix Park to the Viceregal Lodge amidst shouts of welcome and boundless enthusiasm.

On Saturday the 6th of May 1882 Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and Mr Burke, the Under-Secretary, were done to death in Phœnix Park. This atrocious and cowardly murder was committed between seven and eight o'clock in the evening—a lovely summer evening it was—actually within sight of the windows of the Viceregal Lodge. Lord Frederick had arrived in the morning to be present at the entry of the new Viceroy, Lord Spencer, and he and Mr Burke were to dine with his Excellency that evening. The perpetrators of the crime were four in number, and they had, through their accomplices, found out that their intended victims meant to

cross the Park on foot, and had driven up in a car to lie in wait for them, the driver of the car being the infamous 'Skin the Goat.' The ruffians, armed with knives, suddenly rushed on the two officials. Lord Frederick was stabbed and mortally wounded, and Mr Burke, who apparently made a desperate resistance, had his throat cut from ear to ear. Many people were comparatively close at hand, and an officer of dragoons stationed at Island Bridge Barracks actually saw the struggle, but had no suspicion that anything serious was happening! The whole story seems incredible. The deed being done, the men jumped on the car and drove rapidly away into the town through Island Bridge Gate. At that time there were—and presumably there are still—grassy stretches bordering the wide highway, the scene of the crime, with trees here and there.

Four days after the event, a young Irishman, Fitz-Gibbon by name—a more honest or more loyal subject of the Queen Dublin did not contain—having visited the scene of the murders, was walking home in the gloaming in ignorance that a man leaning against one of the trees had been watching him. Hearing footsteps rapidly coming up behind, Fitz-Gibbon thought it prudent to stop and have a look at his follower or followers. Putting his back against the rails, he waited, intending to let whoever it was pass him.

Only one man appeared, and, instead of passing, stopped in front of Fitz-Gibbon. 'I saw you up the road there,' said the man in a low tone. 'You stayed a long time about the monument. What were you thinking of—the wrongs of Ireland? Those wrongs will soon be over now. I am working in the good cause, and have been so working for many years. If you are an Irishman—and you look like one—join us.'

Fitz-Gibbon, awaiting further development, said nothing.

'That was a glorious deed on Saturday night,' the man continued, 'fearlessly done by men ready to die for their country.'

'I hope they will die,' said Fitz-Gibbon, speaking for the first time, 'and shortly, too, on the gallows, as they deserve. I know nothing of your brotherhoods or secret societies, or whatever you call them, and don't want to. Have the goodness to leave me.'

'No,' was the reply in a threatening tone, 'I don't mean to leave you just yet;' and as Fitz-Gibbon resumed his walk towards his home at a rapid pace in the endeavour to shake him off, the mysterious stranger walked step by step by his side. Passing through Island Bridge Gate, they pursued their way, Fitz-Gibbon making rapidly for home, and feeling in his pocket for his latch-key. On reaching his house, as he was putting the key in the door, he was alarmed to see another man, who had evidently followed them, or had been awaiting their arrival. Both men quietly but determinedly forced their way in, shut and bolted the door, and confronted him.

'I thought,' said the man who first accosted Fitz-Gibbon, 'that you were one of the right sort. I find that you are not; but join us you must, or take the consequences. You know too much now; we can't trust you.'

To refuse meant certain death by assassination. Here was a man, honest, true, and above-board, who had entered the 'narrow way,' whose only desire was to continue in it, and to whom the wide gate was detestable; but circumstances were too strong for him. He deserves not condemnation; he merits our pity and sympathy. . . . 'Enter ye in at the strait gate.'

THE END.

WHEN PRIVATE STUBBS SMILED.

By C. Benbow.

'ACCUSED and hescort! 'shun!' roared the sergeant-major in a voice like a fog-horn. 'Right t-hurn! Left wheel! Quick—ma-arch!' The little party filed into the orderly-room, its loud-voiced shepherd following briskly as far as the open door; thence he roared in the same stentorian voice, 'Halt! Left t-hurn!' With a final resounding crash three pairs of ammunition boots came simultaneously to the boarded floor. 'Private Stubbs, sir,' announced the sergeant-major with a salute and in a voice which was comparatively speaking subdued, but which might still have been heard across the barrack-square.

The colonel, who was seated behind the office table not six feet away, acknowledged the salute with a slight movement of his right hand towards his khaki cap, and then turned to the 'soldier in arrest,' who stood between the two drawn bayonets of the escort. The prisoner was a little man, thickset and bullet-headed, and the absence of his cap disclosed the fact that a not inconsiderable length of his 'cockney wisp' had escaped the vigilance of his company colour-sergeant.

While the commanding officer noted these details, the adjutant, who stood behind his chair, proceeded to read aloud the statement of offences from a yellow form technically known as a 'crime-sheet.'

'Number 739, Private J. Stubbs, B Company, sir, Borden, June 17th, 19—. First offence—striking his superior officer. Second offence—using insubordinate language to his superior officer, and creating a disturbance during band practice. Evidence for first offence, Corporal Tomkins.'

'Corporal Tomkins!' thundered the sergeant-

major from the doorway. There was a scurry of doubling feet without, and a grizzled non-commissioned officer entered hurriedly, brought up with the usual crash, saluted, and remained standing at attention with his eyes fixed apprehensively on the commanding officer.

'Give your evidence,' said the latter laconically.

'Yesterday afternoon, about 3.30 P.M., sir,' began the corporal in a voice of honeyed sweetness, 'I went into the barrack-room, an' found this 'ere private a-settin' on my box. I says to 'im, "Please, Private Stubbs, will ye be so good as to get off that there box, as I want to get out me 'at to go on parade?" 'E jumps up, usin' proper Whitechapel language, sir; an' I says to 'im, "If ye don't stop swearin' I shall 'ave to put ye under arrest." 'E says, "Ye ——, take that!" an' strikes me with 'is fist. I put 'im under arrest, sir.'

While this accusation was being made Private Stubbs's face underwent a series of contortions which would have turned any music-hall comedian green with envy. Injured innocence, burning indignation, unutterable contempt, were but a few of the emotions silently conveyed by the working of his Bill Sikes-like physiognomy.

'Are there any more witnesses to this offence?' asked the colonel, turning to his adjutant.

'None who saw the offence committed, sir,' replied the latter, handing his senior the crime-sheet.

The commanding officer took it, and after studying it for a moment with a frown, turned once more to the prisoner. 'Well, what have you got to say in defence of this charge?'

The little cockney's face was by this time positively purple with suppressed emotion. 'Please, sir, yesterday afternoon, sir,' he burst out, 'I was settin' in the barrick-room a-readin' on—I didn't know as it was this 'ere corporal's box; 'e comes up be'ind me, gives me a suddink root up be'ind, an' 'e says, "Hout of the light, yer little buffer, or I 'll knock yer bloomin' 'ead off!"'

At this juncture the adjutant abruptly turned about and busied himself with some papers on a side-table behind the colonel's chair.

'This yer corporal,' continued Private Stubbs excitedly, ''as got a fair down on me, sir. Only larst week 'e said as 'ow 'e 'd chance 'is arm [risk losing his corporal's stripes] to git me in quod; 'e 's an old soldier, sir, an' the likes o' me don't git a chanst wi' 'im. There 's a good many blokes in the rigiment wot could prove wot I said, an''——

'That will do,' interrupted the colonel.

But Private Stubbs's emotions were now nearing boiling-point, and the flood of his eloquence was not thus lightly to be dammed.

'This yer corporal 's a fair disgrace to the rigiment, 'e is, sir,' he continued earnestly, raising his voice, 'an' a bigger liar never'——

'Silence!' thundered a terrible voice from the doorway a few feet off.

'March him out,' said the colonel quietly. When the door had closed he turned to the adjutant. That officer's face arrested his attention; its expression was one which told of severely repressed anguish, as of one who suffers acutely in the central region below the diaphragm.

The colonel's grizzled face relaxed for a moment as far as it was possible for it to relax in the orderly-room. 'Yes,' he said quietly, 'those two versions of the same story were really quite good. I think it is obvious that Corporal Tomkins is to blame. You may strike out the first charge. I must stop these old-soldier tricks. I will see Tomkins separately later on. Now, if Private Stubbs has had time to pull himself together we 'll have him in again.'

The adjutant strode to the door, opened it, and made a sign to the sergeant-major; that worthy saluted, and, to the accompaniment of the usual cataclysm, Private Stubbs was once more marched into the orderly-room.

The adjutant now read out the second charge, that of creating a disturbance at band practice, and called as evidence Bandmaster J. Dunrogan.

Dunrogan, a short, stout man with a large head and an extremely pompous manner, seemed literally to swell with indignation as he gave his evidence. The adjutant's eyes were fixed upon the straining buttons of the bandmaster's skintight tunic; he seemed to be meditating subconsciously as to whether they would stand the strain.

'Sir, during band practice, at about 11.30 A.M. yesterday,' began the bandmaster, speaking slowly and with great deliberation, 'I had occasion to reprimand Private Stubbs for inattention and irregular conduct. He answered back repeatedly, and had the gross impertinence to say that I was taking the "Soldiers' Chorus" at the wrong time, sir. He had the impudence to inform me, sir, that he had played the said piece with the Houndsditch Hippodrome orchestra very frequently, and had set the time as first cornet. I told him that so long as he was a member of this regiment's band, sir, he would have to play it as *I* instructed. After that he continued to drag when playing the piece, and I had to speak to him again on several occasions. I may say, sir, that this is not the first occasion on which I have been obliged to reprimand this man. I have always had this trouble with him, particularly when playing the "Soldiers' Chorus," sir.'

Several other witnesses were called in support of the bandmaster's indictment, and finally the colonel turned to Private Stubbs with the usual, 'Well, what have you got to say?'

Private Stubbs's defence was spirited but unconvincing. He stated that up to the time when he had enlisted for the regimental band, three months previously, he had been a professional musician, and enumerated in rapid succession the various distinguished bands and orchestras of which he had been a shining light. At none

of these places had he ever heard the 'Soldiers' Chorus' taken in the extraordinary time given by Bandmaster Dunrogan. The bandmaster, in short, had no idea of music, and had made the band the laughing-stock of the brigade.

The colonel cut him short with a curt 'That will do.' The adjutant produced a large blue form from a portfolio which contained a number of similar forms. The colonel glanced at the document for a moment, and then turned again to the prisoner.

'I see from your conduct-sheet,' he said with a portentous frown, 'that you have had no less than four entries for insubordinate conduct, and five for drunkenness since you joined—that is, within a space of three months. This sort of thing has got to be put a stop to. Twenty-one days C. B.'

Now Stubbs misunderstood this sentence, which probably accounts for the astonishing incident which followed. He thought he had been awarded twenty-one days' detention—that is, imprisonment—instead of the comparatively mild punishment of twenty-one days' confinement to barracks. He expected to be punished for what he termed 'back-chattin'' the bandmaster; but this sentence obviously included punishment on account of that other charge of which he was innocent. Corporal Tomkins had been the aggressor, and after assaulting him had proceeded to charge him unjustly, and now this iniquity was to succeed; he was to be placed in durance vile for twenty-one days. Twenty-one days!—three weeks! It was insufferable. His long-simmering indignation suddenly shot up to boiling-point.

'Twenty-one days!' he shouted. 'Well, I'll *buy* it, anyhow!' He accompanied the words by raising a foot to the edge of the table; in an instant, before the escort could prevent him, he gave a vigorous and vicious push which tilted the table over and sent its paraphernalia of office partly into the colonel's lap, the remainder to the floor with a crash.

Thus ended ingloriously the brief military career of Private Stubbs. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, to be followed by dismissal from the service. All those with whom he had come in contact hailed his departure with unalloyed joy. The colonel was glad to get rid of a ne'er-do-well, and, moreover, one who had placed him in an extremely undignified, not to say ridiculous, position. As an irresponsible subaltern had put it, 'The old man came out of the orderly-room looking like a Red Indian in full war-paint!' The composite ink-pot, containing two wells of ink, one red and one black, had been responsible for this. The adjutant was more than pleased to get rid of Private Stubbs, for he was the stormy petrel of the band; and the band, as all the world knows, is the adjutant's company. But happiest of all on the occasion of the departure of Private Stubbs were the bandmaster and his particular myrmidons in the band. Stubbs had been the seditionist and organiser of revolt, and his searing tongue had turned dislike to hatred not unmixed with fear. Apart from all this, his fellow-bandsmen knew that the man was an outrageous though very clever thief.

There was no doubt whatever that the Blankshires were delighted to see the back of Private J. Stubbs. About a week after his departure the commanding officer had good reason to congratulate himself once again on having got rid of him, for a detective called from Scotland Yard and inquired anxiously after the original of a certain photograph which was undoubtedly that of Stubbs, although taken in another and more distinctive type of uniform. In fact, Stubbs was most emphatically 'wanted' by the police.

It transpired that he had enlisted to escape from London and in the hope of getting abroad. Unfortunately his partner in the burglary had been captured, and, to use the technical term, had 'split on his pal.' Thus it came about that fate laid a heavy hand on Private Stubbs, for on emerging from his three months' confinement he was met by two burly detectives, who removed him to a police-station. He was tried at the Central Criminal Court and sentenced to three years' penal servitude for burglary. This sentence was, for some unknown reason, commuted by the Home Secretary to one year's imprisonment.

At the end of that time the colonel commanding the Blankshires met Mr Stubbs again, this time under peculiar circumstances. The place of the meeting was in the colonel's own study, and the time was about 3 A.M. Ex-Private Stubbs, with the colonel's famous collection of Chinese gold plate under his arm, regarded the colonel by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, and the colonel regarded ex-Private Stubbs with one eye, the said eye being cocked over the sight of a large and ugly-looking revolver.

Once again Stubbs was consigned by a judge to durance vile, this time for a period of five years' penal servitude. Once again a kind-hearted Home Secretary befriended him, and commuted the sentence to eighteen months' imprisonment. On the previous occasion no reason had been given for clemency, but on this occasion it was stated clearly that the Home Secretary had commuted the sentence on the grounds that the motive of the burglary appeared to be revenge rather than theft. In the opinion of the Home Secretary it was necessary to take a modified view of the heinousness of the offence, as ex-Private Stubbs had probably been incited to commit it by a quite comprehensible if erroneous hostility to one who had been his military superior, and had possibly treated him with undue harshness.

The colonel of the Blankshires possessed abnormal powers of self-control; to the men he was

known as 'The Iron Duke,' and when the nickname spread abroad through the service, as such nicknames frequently do, it was universally avowed that it 'hit off' the colonel of the Blankshires to a T. During the whole tenure of his office the adjutant could only remember two occasions on which the colonel had completely lost his temper. On the first occasion this unfortunate event was due to the report of the Home Secretary's action in the case of Private Stubbs, an action which practically amounted to public censure of the colonel of the Blankshires. The second outburst was due to the receipt of a memorandum from the Brigade Office which ran as follows:

'PRISON REFORM.—In accordance with instructions emanating from the Home Office, the band of the battalion under your command will be required to play at His Majesty's Convict Prison at Blackmoor on the following dates: . . . Programmes of the music required to be played on each of these occasions will be forwarded from the Home Office at a later date.'

After reading this memorandum through twice, the Iron Duke leapt up so suddenly as to overturn his chair, then strode up and down the orderly-room, and, as the adjutant afterwards put it, 'literally raved.'

'Good G—d! Good G—d! this is the limit!' he almost shouted, and every word came to the astounded officers who stood in the anteroom without. 'This is the very dregs of the cup. I am ordered to send my band—the band of the Blankshire Regiment—to Blackmoor Jail to play to the convicts. I *cannot* believe it; there *must* be a mistake somewhere. Good G—d, man! it *can't* be true. Soldiers in uniform, clean, honest men, to be forced to disgrace their uniforms by being sent to a prison to play for the amusement of a lot of jail-birds. Faugh! they'll stop it—you'll see they will stop it—it would be a d—d insult to the regiment and the whole army. I suppose they call it "prison reform." Prison reform! It's part of the general scheme of currying favour with the mob. It has come to this, that the honour of the service is to be prostituted to rake in the votes of the hooligan class. But they will never carry it out; the public won't allow it; they will *never* allow it!'

The public has allowed it.

The large and brightly lit hall of Blackmoor Jail was crowded to its fullest capacity. One of the bi-weekly entertainments of the 'bright and elevating' type ordered by the Home Secretary was in full swing. The rows of hammock-like deck-chairs were occupied by beaming convicts, each supplied with his ounce of tobacco and his mug of beer. Miss Lottie Bobkins had just finished her dance entitled 'Springtime,' and after three encores, to which she had gracefully responded, had flitted off the stage blowing fairy kisses with both hands to the 'boys' below.

Ex-Private Stubbs, who reclined in a deck-chair in the front row of that part of the house which in a theatre would be termed the 'stalls,' consulted his programme with an air of languid boredom. Stubbs looked fit and well cared for; in fact, he had grown positively stout. Like the majority of the audience, he had the general appearance of one who, after years of turmoil and trouble, had at last found a haven of rest. Suddenly he sat up with an air of alert expectation. 'Number 5, ain't it?' he asked the man next to him.

'Yes, Number 5,' replied the other in a husky voice; he glanced at his programme and read aloud, '"The Soldiers' Chorus, from *Faust*, played by the band of the First Blankshire Regiment." Wish they wouldn't put on these 'ere rotten turns,' he growled. 'Why, what's up, matie?'

Convict Stubbs was sitting bolt-upright, his eyes fixed expectantly on the wings of the stage. 'Krikey! this is a bit o' orl right,' he exclaimed. 'I reckon *I* come on in this hact. This is a bit o' *orl* right, I tell yer. I wouldn't 'ave missed this yer, no, not for all the swag in London. Lawd! 'ow glad I am I put off goin' to the Isle o' Wight 'Otel till to-morrer!'

The band of the Blankshires trooped dejectedly on to the stage from the wings. The men kept their eyes on the floor in a shamefaced way, with the exception of one or two who glared angrily and contemptuously at the audience. The last to appear was the bandmaster. He advanced to the footlights and bowed to the audience preparatory to beginning, when the face of ex-Private Stubbs caught his eye.

''Ullo, Rogy, me boy,' said the convict, ''ow are yer?' Lieutenant Dunrogan's jaw fell; for a moment he stared at ex-Private Stubbs with an expression bordering almost on horror. Then he turned to the band and rapped on his music-stand as a signal to the performers to get ready. He was obliged to rap several times, for the band too had caught sight of Stubbs. The convict's face was wreathed in smiles; his prodigious mouth was stretched from ear to ear in one vast triumphant grin. He kept up a running fire of comments *sotto voce*, to the evident delight of his fellow-sufferers.

'Well, Rogy, me lad, I see they 've been an' gone an' made a bloomin' hofficer o' yer. Well, well, who 'd 'ave thought it! Oh lor', oh lor'! 'ow long shall the wicked prosper? as the parson said larst Sunday. An' there 's old Sargeant Siffkins. 'Ow are yer, me lord? Blimme! but ye 'ave got fat, Billy—sargeant, I should say, beg pardon. W'y, ye 're like a porpoise, me lad; that trombone 'ave blown yer out somethink awful. Chut! chut! keep away from the canteen, an' join the A.T.A., or the drink 'll be the ruin o' yer. Look out for yer eyeballs, me lad, or they 'll bu'st! W'ere 's yer manners, a-glarin' at the haudience like that? It 'll spoil yer encore for a dead cert;

an' there 's a bloke from the 'Ome Office about somew'ere at the back of the 'all, an' don't forgit it!'

The band struck up and drowned ex-Private Stubbs's further remarks. But he was by no means reduced to inaction; he lay back in his chair still smiling broadly, and proceeded to beat time emphatically with an upraised forefinger. An indulgent warder who observed his antics wagged a warning finger at him; but Stubbs merely grinned and continued his caricature of the bandmaster's conductorship. At the end of the piece there was a round of applause, in which Stubbs joined vociferously. The bandmaster advanced to the footlights and bowed his acknowledgments. As he turned to go his one-time second cornet said in a patronising *sotto voce* which was heard with merriment all over the hall, 'Rogy, me lad, you ain't got that time *quite* right yet, yer know.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMATEUR KINEMATOGRAPHY.

THE amateur photographer has long anticipated the arrival of the day when he might be able to improve his still-life snapshotting by an animated photographic record of a particular event, and be able, say, to re-run the Derby or the University Boat Race, replay the Football Final, and so on, just as he felt so inclined, in his own drawing-room, with as much facility as at present he can turn on the melodious notes of our operatic nightingales, the speech of a notable politician, the strains of a famous band, or the latest patter of a popular comedian through the intermediary of the talking-machine. A French inventor appears to have realised the amateur photographer's ideal, inasmuch as he has devised an apparatus as compact, light, and convenient as the ordinary camera, whereby photographs in motion may be obtained with practically no more expenditure than single still-life pictures. What is more to the point, ordinary sensitised glass plates are utilised for the purpose. Hitherto attempts to press this photographic surface into service to accomplish this have proved impossible, for the simple reason that the inventors attempted to achieve success upon the one plate one picture basis—a hopeless proceeding. This inventor, M. Georges Bettini, has succeeded where all previous experimenters failed. He does not attempt to take only one picture, but several images, upon one plate. In fact, upon a plate measuring only a few inches square he obtains no fewer than five hundred and seventy-six separate and consecutive images, each measuring about five-sixteenths of an inch in width by seven thirty-seconds of an inch in depth. The pictures are taken one after the other across the width of the plate, similar to the setting of a line of type, the camera starting from the left-hand side. When the bottom of the plate has been reached there is no need to stop photographing, because another plate can immediately be slipped into position to follow the preceding plate, and the recording of the motion being photographed is now commenced without any interruption. In working out this highly ingenious invention M. Bettini has adopted an entirely new principle, which is diametrically opposed to that prevailing in the general kinematographic process. In the latter it is the celluloid film which travels before the lens, the images being recorded upon successive areas of film as it is jerked into position by the movement. In the Bettini *kinema à plaque*, as it is called, the plate is rigid, and it is the lens which moves to and fro. Another point which will make a strong appeal to the amateur is the fact that the instrument which takes the photographs is used for throwing the positive pictures upon the screen with the adjunct of an ordinary oxyhydrogen lantern such as is used in ordinary lantern-slide entertainments. The mechanism and the principle of the system are extremely simple, and there is no doubt that when shortly it appears upon the market the invention will stimulate amateur kinematography very decisively.

THE WHISPERPHONE.

The necessity for loud talking through the telephone partially destroys the serviceability of this instrument, as it often prevents business being transacted. Now, by means of an ingenious little device, it is possible to speak through the instrument in little more than a whisper, and yet be heard clearly and easily at the opposite end. The device comprises a small mouthpiece, wrought in aluminium, which is slipped into the existing transmitter and held in position merely by pressure. At the inner end of this detachable adjunct is a small coiled spring which seems to accentuate the power of the diaphragm in the telephone, rendering it more sensitive. All that one has to do when desiring to maintain a perfectly private conversation is to press the mouth against the opening of the attachment and then to whisper. The vitiated breath exhaled in the process of such talking finds an escape through a ring of small holes placed around the coiled spring. An additional improvement in this device is its hygienic safeguard. The mouthpiece is fitted with a small annular pad which has been treated with lysol, and this germicide is so powerful that the mouthpiece is

rendered absolutely antiseptic, no germs being able to live within two inches of this ring.

SOFT WATER IN THE HOME.

Soft water may be obtained easily and quickly by the Maignen process, a simple device which has recently been placed on the market. This comprises a pan or pail of five gallons capacity, which is filled with water, and to which is added a small quantity of a patent preparation known as Maignen's anti-calcaire. This specific has the property of removing from the water all the lime-salts, making the water absolutely soft, and leaving in solution three or four grains of sulphate of soda, the principal ingredient of Carlsbad and other similar waters which have been recommended for so long in the cure of gout. The quantity of this powder necessary to bring about softening is very small, though of course it varies according to the hardness of the water treated. The liquid is then well stirred, and permitted to stand for six hours at least. At the end of that time the injurious ingredients present in the water are precipitated and the softened liquid is drawn off through a tap, to be passed through a special filter, upon issuing from which it is ready for use. The sediment in the softening-pan may be emptied every week or ten days. Although certain chemical products are added to the water by the addition of the anti-calcaire powder, no apprehensions need be entertained, as they are absolutely harmless when the water is drunk. The apparatus is inexpensive and practically everlasting, the sole subsequent expense being the periodical purchase of the requisite softening powder.

THE PHOTOSTAT.

A novel photographic apparatus has recently appeared in this country, the purpose of which is to make photographic copies of prints, maps, documents, books, catalogues, and so forth in the minimum of time and with the least expense. It comprises a camera mounted on a stand, together with a developing-tank, and a flat table upon which the subject to be photographed is laid. The photographs, which are positives, are made upon paper which is carried in a continuous roll, instead of upon glass plates. The table is divided up into squares or parallelograms, each of which coincides with a fixed position of the lens, so that in photographing one has no need to focus up on a ground glass. All that is required is to ascertain the position of the camera in relation to a certain square on the table, and then to adjust it to that point. The resultant picture is certain to be in focus. The lens is fitted with a prism, so that the picture is not reversed, but is an absolute positive facsimile of the original. When the exposure has been made—this varying from eight seconds upwards—the handle of the roll of paper is revolved an inscribed distance coinciding with the dimensions of the picture, a handle is sharply depressed whereby the length of the paper is cut off by a knife, and the sheet of paper is then immersed in the developing-tank forming part of the apparatus. The paper is left in the solution for about half-a-minute, and is then withdrawn and placed in the fixing-bath. The *modus operandi* is so simple and automatic that a photographic copy of a document may be taken, developed, and fixed in less than a minute. The results are strikingly clear. If coloured prints are to be copied, screens are employed so as to secure the true colour values, as the ordinary photographs are naturally black-and-white records. Where only a single copy of a document or letter is required, the process is far cheaper than duplicating or carbon manipulation; while the fact that it is photographic renders it far more valuable, as it offers a complete safeguard against subsequent tampering or alteration. The apparatus has been employed in various departments of the United States Government for copying purposes, and within six months it showed an economy of nearly three thousand pounds over the former copying methods in vogue. It has been found highly valuable and efficient in the Naval Department for copying specifications, drawings, and other details. A novel application was demonstrated to the writer which should recommend its adoption in large mercantile establishments. Where a long correspondence takes place in connection with a certain transaction, whenever reference has to be made thereto it is requisite to carry out a search for all the letters despatched and received, so that the correspondence may be followed in sequence. By means of the photostat a new filing method is possible. All the letters, both those written from A. to B., and the replies from B. to A., are laid on the table in order, and photographed in miniature. The whole correspondence is thereby reduced to a single sheet; and although the reduction may be great, the calligraphy or typewriting is perfectly distinct.

A PAPER-TRANSPORTER.

An invention which should appeal to those accustomed to storing and handling paper in bulk or piles is the Vickery transporter. It is designed to act in conjunction with the well-known Vickery layers now in universal use. The transporter is intended to do the work of a number of ordinary trucks. The paper can be stacked until required, and may then be moved quickly from one place to another without touching the stack or pile by hand. When the transporter is in use the paper is stacked upon a number of inexpensive pieces of wood which can be adjusted to size. When the pile of paper has to be removed it is only necessary to run the transporter under the pile, lower the handle, which action serves to lift the stock of paper

from its supports, and then to wheel the pile away.

HUMANE SLAUGHTERING.

Demonstrations are being carried out in this country by the Council of Justice to Animals with a new slaughtering system which has the recommendation of being instantaneous, clean, simple, and efficient. The instrument consists of a small weapon resembling a pistol, carrying a steel bolt which is attached to the barrel, and which is discharged by a small smokeless-powder cartridge. The muzzle of the weapon is placed upon the forehead or the back of the head of the animal to be killed, according to whether it is a bullock, pig, or sheep, and the trigger is pulled. The discharge fires the bolt into the brain of the animal, killing it instantly, and after completing its work the missile returns to the muzzle. The instrument requires no skill in its manipulation beyond the close pressure of the muzzle against the animal's head in the most vulnerable position. The report on firing is very slight, and there is little chance of a misfire or accident. Unless the muzzle is pressed against the body it cannot possibly inflict any injury; while, should the slaughterer slip or the animal move its head during the operation, there is no danger of a bullet ricochetting to inflict damage upon any persons in the vicinity. The Council above named is carrying out an active campaign to demonstrate and urge the employment of this simple method, which has been in vogue for some time in Germany as a substitute for the primitive and uncertain pole-axing or the use of a bullet. The weapon is made in two sizes, the larger for cattle and pigs, the smaller for calves, sheep, dogs, &c.

THE SMOKELESS CITY.

Some time ago Professor Fessenden advocated that, in the interests of the community, instead of small towns and cities being supplied with electricity from scattered electric stations situated within or near their boundaries, extensive central electric generating stations should be erected upon the coalfields, and the current supplied over a wide radius. When he made his statement it was regarded somewhat as a utopian dream. But one city has determined to test the feasibility of Professor Fessenden's idea upon a practical scale. This is Boston, U.S.A. A scheme has been formulated for establishing a huge generating station upon the extensive Pennsylvania coalfields, so that the current may be generated at the mouths of the mines, and the energy transmitted by overhead wires over a distance of several hundred miles to Boston. The station is to be of sufficient dimensions to meet every need of the city, such as domestic lighting, heating, and cooking, street lighting, and the operation of tramways and railways. The promoters of this daring enterprise hope to supply electricity at such a low figure as to put coal out of the question, so that the total abolition of smoke within the city's limits may be achieved. Success may bring about the wider utilisation of water-power, which—to the amount of many millions of horse-power—is in these islands now running to waste.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN ELECTROPLATING.

Recently we described in 'The Month' the invention of the brothers Martino, who have perfected a system of depositing various metals not only on one another but upon various other materials. The keen activity that is being manifested in this sphere of industrial endeavour is borne out by other two developments which have achieved commercial success. The first is named kupronising, which is mainly confined to the electric deposition of copper upon other metals, and upon such substances as wood and plaster—in fact, practically upon any material. The process is quite simple, though carried out at a very slow rate to secure the best results. One of the most interesting applications of this process is the deposition of copper upon ironwork exposed to the action of the weather, such as window-frames and so forth, whereby a surface is obtained which is rustproof, and does not require periodical painting to secure preservation. Then, again, it has been applied to the rams of pumps. The deposition is carried out so as to secure a thickness of about one-sixteenth of an inch of copper, but may be increased to a quarter of an inch or more. The copper adheres so tightly and closely to the treated surface that it can be machined afterwards if desired. When woodwork and non-metallic surfaces are plated a preliminary treatment is required, such as flashing with plumbago or impregnation with metallic salt, and then a perfect deposition of copper may be secured. Mr Sherard Cowper Coles, the well-known metallurgical chemist, has also been concentrating his energies upon the perfection of a simple and inexpensive method of coating iron and steel with lead, and has recently announced the completion of his labours. This process is secret at present, but it is carried out in such a manner that the weight of lead can be varied from a fraction of an ounce to any weight up to several pounds per superficial foot. The perfection of this process will be of far-reaching value to a variety of industries, as it will enable the costly solid lead piping to be replaced with lead-coated iron piping, wherever the former has hitherto been imperative, at a fraction of the cost of the solid metal.

SOURCES OF MALARIA.

Dr Woods Hutchinson has pointed out that malaria has probably killed more human beings than all the wars that have ever devastated the globe. In India alone over a million people may perish annually from its ravages.

Mr J. Grant Smith, who has been resident in Hong-kong for forty-eight years, while allowing that the mosquito may be a carrier of malaria infection, is inclined to believe, from a long course of observations and experiments, that the malaria which has devastated the colony from time to time is due mainly to exhalations from the soil arising out of local chemical combinations. Nitric acid (present in the atmosphere), acting, under the hot rays of the sun, on the rocks of Hong-kong, which contain the metal osmium, produces the poisonous vapour of osmic tetroxide. The key to malarial poisoning, he believes, rests in the oxidation of osmium. The mosquito acquires and distributes the poison from the pools thus tainted. He has also found the antidote to such poisonous vapours, but does not mention how it may be applied. It has been noticed that labourers employed in deep mines worked by shafts suffer less from fever than do those engaged in stripping off alluvial deposits. The higher one sleeps above tainted ground the greater the exemption. The theory that the source of malaria was poisonous gases from the decomposed rocks, soil, and poison-impregnated swamps and water is an old one, but hitherto attempts to prove it have been unsuccessful.

THE CAUSE OF THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

In a lecture to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society Mr H. M. Cadell traced the interesting and chequered career of the river Forth, and showed how valleys were made by rivers, and how two rivers, the Clyde and the Forth, had competed to the disadvantage of the latter. The Clyde managed to draw off many tributaries of the Forth, particularly in the Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire districts, and completely altered the river system in the west. The old watershed of the Forth lay much farther west in early times than it does to-day. When the buried valleys were occupied by swift rivers the North Sea had no existence, and Scotland was but an outlying corner of the European continent. There was a practical advantage in studying these buried river valleys. Various proposals had been made to drive tunnels across the Forth before the Forth Bridge was built, but fortunately none of these had been attempted, and an accurate knowledge of the subject was of great advantage to mining and civil engineers before any such schemes could be considered. The terrible fall of the first Tay Bridge in 1879 was partly due to the engineers' ignorance of a buried channel under the Tay. When the plan was originally made it was supposed that the solid rock foundation on the north shore would be found extending continuously across the estuary, on which strong brick piers could be securely built; but after the fourteenth pier from the north side had been safely sunk, the edge of the buried channel was reached, and the rock surface suddenly sloped steeply down to an unknown depth. A lighter superstructure with cast-iron columns was then substituted for the brick piers; and at the Board of Trade inquiry it was reported that this it was, and not the girders, that had given way, and primarily caused the collapse of the structure.

RACE SUICIDE.

Dr Schlapp, head of the department of Neuropathology in the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital of New York City, and a specialist in nervous diseases, has a powerful indictment of the evils attendant upon the tension of modern life in the New York *Outlook*. Under the title of 'The Enemy at the Gate,' he says in effect that the commercial ogre, our industrial system, is sapping the strength of the race. Some of the results of it are newly born criminals or newly born imbeciles in every grade of life. The human family is breaking itself down. Dr Schlapp says that the strain of modern industrial life is having an effect upon men, and especially upon women, that can be traced biologically; that it is such as to impair the vigour and the faculties of a great proportion of children that are in these days being born into the world; that the effect is seen in injury to motherhood, in a reduced birth-rate, in an increase in the proportion of the mentally defective, the mentally unbalanced, and the delinquent; and that the resultant conditions are such that only by a radical change in the present tendencies can modern civilised peoples be saved from going the way of the Greeks and the Romans. The tendency to fly to alcohol and narcotics only makes things worse. An aid to resistance and the removal of wrong conditions is that children should be taught the art of repose and the art of acquiring and storing energy.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE GHOSTS AT DUDDINGSTON.

(*Written amongst the poppies at Duddingston Cottage, where a part of the Jacobite army encamped during Prince Charles Edward Stuart's residence at Holyrood.*)

THE footprints of the Forty-five are poppy-clad;
Here paced Clanranald and the brave Lochiel.
Name you their patriot cause as good or bad,
I am content it served their Prince's weal.
Here Cluny backed the oath that Appin swore
To purge the Saxon troth with Celtic blood
(Ere rose above Culloden's fretted roar
The death-knell of a cause scarce understood).
Still here to-day their shades a vigil keep,
And dream their ancient dream in vain;
I hear 'neath sighing leaves thin wraiths that weep
O'er fortune pawned for hungry pleasure's gain,
Mourning the precious hours their Prince's mood
Laid waste in cruel ease at Holyrood.

A. STODART WALKER.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE ROOTS OF HONOUR.

By Mrs J. H. NEEDELL, Author of *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*, *The Story of Philip Methuen*, &c.

PROLOGUE.

TWO men sat in the window of the Travellers' Club. The one, rugged and bronzed, was sunk in the depths of his comfortably padded chair absorbed in the after-dinner enjoyment of his meerschaum stuffed with some fragrant exotic tobacco; the other, twenty years younger, a fine type of the golden youth of the period, had left his cigar unlighted, and was turning over the sheets of the *Times*. Presently he uttered a sharp exclamation.

'My God,' he said under his breath, 'what a tragedy! And I missed seeing it this morning.' He dropped his face in his hands for a moment, then drew the paper to him again for closer inspection.

The other glanced towards the open sheet. 'What's wrong, Dalzell? Where does the tragedy come in? Births, Deaths, and Marriages—it's always an open question to my mind under which heading the expression is most appropriate.'

'Read this, and this;' Dalzell indicated it with a shaking finger: '"June 10, near Cortile, Tyrol, the wife of Colonel Lucien Sartoris of a post-humous son—still-born."' The pointing finger travelled lower. '"June 12, near Cortile, Tyrol, Winifred, widow of Colonel Lucien Sartoris, aged 22." Of course,' said Dalzell, looking up, 'you know nothing. It was only the other day you set foot in civilisation, and somehow, Keith, you explorers seem to lose touch with humanity; but this means as sad a story as was ever told.'

'Tell it comfortably, Dalzell! It will lose nothing if you sit down and light a cigar. They were friends of yours?'

'Friends!' repeated the other bitterly. 'She was the wife of the man of whom I told you yesterday when you twitted me on my low spirits—the finest fellow, the best friend any man could have. Friend!' he repeated again. 'He was more than friend, more than brother; he held my heart-strings in his hand!' He got up and stood by the window.

Keith watched him curiously; sentiment, as he often took occasion to remark, was not in his line. 'I remember, though the name had escaped me. Tell me how it happened.'

'He was mountaineering in the Tyrol, slipped on some crag or spur only twenty feet above the ground, but was picked up a dead man; his neck was broken. See here, Keith; it was the very irony of fate. This man had beaten all records of Alpine climbing, and done some daring feats amongst the Himalayas, to meet death like that! He was a soldier, too—though he had left the service when his father died, to do his duty as a great landholder—and had won his V.C. by some astounding act of gallantry—I forget the details. We were neighbours down in Devon. I have got a blow, Keith, that staggers me. I thought we should have gone through life together. It is little more than a week since the news reached London, and now'——

'And it killed his wife and child?'

'So one concludes.' He touched the paper. 'She was a fine creature; they had only been married a year, and she was with him in this remote Tyrolese hamlet when the accident happened. One shrinks from realising the situation. The news was telegraphed to London—one wonders by whom—and his brother and his wife went over at once to bring the body of poor Sartoris to be buried with his fathers, but have not yet returned. This explains delay. Husband and wife will not be divided.'

'And the brother comes in for the property? Has he a son?'

'He has, a child some four years old. It is a piteous story, Keith.'

Keith smoked thoughtfully. 'Is the heir a good sort?' he asked.

'I have scarcely any acquaintance with George Sartoris; he was not on good terms with his father, and could not get on even with Lucien. He has lived much abroad.'

There was a pause of deep feeling on Dalzell's part, and then the talk drifted to other topics.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE silence reigned throughout the house. The upper servants were gathered together in the housekeeper's room discussing in careful whispers the probable results of the master's death, now daily expected. Zest had

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been added to the conference by the entrance of the nurse, who had come down for some special requirement for the sick-room, and who, her duty done, could scarcely be induced to stay and answer the eager questions pressed upon her.

'No, no, there is no change for the better, no hope of recovery! It will be well when it is all over, or our lady's precious life will be the sacrifice. A wife can carry devotion too far; for a month she has scarcely stirred out of reach of the master's hand.'

'Nor you either, Mrs Benson,' interjected the butler.

'That goes for little; it is my paid duty and my heart's duty too. You know I came with my lady from her father's house, and we have scarce been parted since. It was I who helped to bring her through her terrible time with Master Hugh, and no other nurse has ever touched him. I love both mother and son as though they were my own kith and kin.'

'And what of the master,' asked a smiling parlour-maid; 'and why don't you have trained nurses night and day, as the people had in my last situation, instead of you and Mrs Sartoris wearing yourselves out as you say? It stands to reason it would be better all round.'

Mrs Benson turned sharply upon the maid; her face was suffused with anger. 'Know your place, girl, and mind your own business, part of which, I take it, is to keep your cap straight upon that tousled head. If my lady were about she would soon give orders to set that furze-bush to rights.—A new-comer, I see,' nodding to the housekeeper, 'and one who needs to learn manners.' And she disappeared.

As she re-entered the sickroom the lady, who was sitting by the bedside, rose up. 'He has fallen asleep,' she said, 'so that you will be able to rest a little while I go away. I must speak to Hugh; his father wishes to see him.'

She went out slowly and shut the door noiselessly behind her; then she stood still as if some spell arrested her footsteps.

Mrs Sartoris was of that type of women whose beauty is more absolute in maturity than in youth, and with whom distinction of bearing is even more striking than beauty. The severity of her clinging black gown served to accentuate the fine lines and gracious curves of the tall, slim figure, and the pallor of her face proved that features so nobly modelled could dispense with colour. The eyes were very dark beneath level brows, the expression thoughtful to seriousness, but as though thought were veiled.

To her right as she now stood a wide corridor ran the half-length of the house, pierced at equal distances by heavy latticed windows with a cushioned seat beneath each; on the opposite side were doors leading to the principal bedrooms, and at the extreme end a little study or smoking-room beloved by the dying master of the house.

The sickroom she had left was in semi-darkness, with carefully lowered blinds; but the corridor was flooded with the effulgent glory of the meridian sun, and a glance at the outside world showed gardens and park-lands, pastures and wooded heights, in the fresh fullness of early June.

Perhaps it was the severity of the contrast, the incongruity of nature, that made her pause so long, or it may have been to give fuller play to the conflict she was waging in her mind while striving to disavow it.

There are crises in human experience, turning-points in life, when it seems that the old allegory is verified, and that good and evil spirits meet to fight for victory.

Presently she drew a long breath as of relief in decision, and then moved swiftly to the staircase leading to the room where she expected to find her son.

It was the library of the house, and the young man was sitting before a writing-table, his elbows propped upon it, his head between his hands, and his eyes upon the book open before him. At the sound of the opening door he glanced up, but rose as he recognised his mother.

'Reading!' she said a little reproachfully as she advanced to the table; 'and yet I am glad.'

'Why not?' he asked lightly. 'You let me do nothing, and yet keep me a prisoner. I have had to turn my back on the open window. It is old Montaigne, you see,' he continued, as she glanced at the open volume. 'I like to get my experience in advance, and enjoy the bite of cynicism just because I have not an ounce of it in my own nature. Things have gone too well with me for that, not to mention that I have a mother that will sweeten life all through.'

He pressed her affectionately into a cushioned chair as he spoke, then stooped and kissed her.

'When is this to end?' he asked more gravely. 'You are overtaxed, worn-out. Why not have help, as the doctors advise, or let me watch at nights? Would not my father bear it? Has he not yet asked for me?'

'He has asked for you to-day; he is sleeping now, but you shall go to him when he awakes.'

'I am glad! I am very glad! I think I am just as anxious to be of use to him as if he had loved me as other fathers do.'

'He has always loved you.'

He shook his head. 'As a proof of it'—he spoke a little bitterly—'he has never asked for me throughout this long illness until to-day.'

'Then my love has not been sufficient for you?' There was a note of poignancy in her voice.

His eyes kindled. 'Mother, you know what I feel for you. It's little short of worship; but it could not make up for the loss of what I had a natural right to claim, for the love that all my life I have longed to give in exchange.'

'I did not know you felt so strongly.'

'I scarcely knew it myself; but the last few

weeks have given us all time to find things out that we overlook or forget in the hurry and bustle of life. Why has my father never cared for me?'

She rose and put a caressing hand on his arm. 'It grieves me that you are grieved,' she said, 'but I repeat that you are under a mistake, that your father loves you. A wife's lips are sealed, and ours has been a fairly happy marriage in spite of things that you did not know of—a certain vein of eccentricity that has shown itself in more ways than one—his reserved attitude towards you, for instance. You know'—— She hesitated a little.

'I know,' he answered, 'that yours is the stronger brain, mother, and that my father has always had the grace and the wisdom to own it and yield to it; but of eccentricity'——

She interposed with a patient smile on her lips. 'I repeat that the eccentricity was most marked in his feeling towards his son. He loves you, and has always loved you; but he labours under the impression that there is some flaw in the succession, and that you are not entitled to your rights. It is a curious hallucination that I have laboured against in vain, and it has hampered your relations. I have concealed it from you until now, when the explanation seemed necessary. You find it hard to believe?'

'It seems incredible. He succeeded his brother, who died childless, and in due course I must succeed my father.'

'Precisely. But there lies the eccentricity, the delusion, call it what you will. It is a secret, Hugh, that I have kept for years; and if I have spoken now it is because I feel it my duty to put you on your guard. Naturally, I do not know what he will say to you. Sickness has weakened him very much, but if he should harp on this string you are forewarned.'

Hugh did not answer immediately. His brows were knitted in painful perplexity; then his face cleared, and he met her eyes with a smile. 'The thing is inexplicable,' he said; 'it must have cost you a good deal.'

'More than you know; but, to spare you, there have been secrets even between us.' Her eyes softened to tenderness; she gazed at him as he stood with a steadfastness that was almost disconcerting, as though—and indeed it was so—she were appraising him for all that he was worth.

Six feet of vigorous manhood, the comely head and neck finely poised on broad shoulders, the faint bloom on the cheek, the ruddy lower lip of the clean-cut mouth, and the light of the well-opened eyes, dark as her own, were each and all indications of perfect physical health. The spirit within seemed in happy equipoise; freedom of gesture and the tones of the voice showed that joy in life, that proud confidence in the future, that should be the prerogative of youth and strength.

She let her eyes fall, and resolution stiffened within her; every charm of the promise of his youth gave her a separate pang and made the thing impossible if she could avert it. 'I will go now and see if he is awake, and let you know when he will see you,' she said. She touched his forehead with her lips. 'Do not consider the matter too seriously,' were her parting words as he opened the door for her exit.

He caught her hand and kissed it; then, as the door closed upon her, he threw himself into the chair before the writing-table, with his head again clasped between his hands; but there was now no book before his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

THE fires of sunset were burning low before Hugh had permission to enter his father's room. There had been the delay of a deep sleep which was said to have refreshed the patient less than was to have been expected, followed by a visit from the family physician, who saw the sick man twice daily. There had been specialists from London in consultation again and again, with the uniform result that Dr Stanhope's diagnosis and treatment were fully endorsed, and the conduct of the case pronounced to be safe in his hands.

As Hugh approached the room his mother came out.

'It is your father's wish—therefore it is mine—that he should see you alone,' she said; 'but I shall not be far off. If you should be alarmed or distressed in any way, a touch on the hand-bell on the table by the bedside will bring me to your help.' It was on her lips to add a further warning, but she forbore; she watched him go in, and then turned away. 'It is the crisis of my life,' she said to herself.

The blinds were raised and the curtains drawn back to admit the grateful cool of evening succeeding a day of sultry heat. It was an hour of exquisite beauty; the sky still retained its sunset glory, the blended perfume of innumerable flowers came up through the open window, and a thrush was singing rapturously in a neighbouring tree. The sickroom was large, and there was a judicious absence of superfluous furniture and of all appliances suggestive of ill-health and medical treatment. There was not a physic-bottle to be seen; on the table by the bedside were an antique hand-bell, a jar of fragrant violets blue and white, and a silver goblet half-full of generous wine. The spacious area served to throw into relief the massive carved bedstead on which, propped by pillows almost into a sitting position, George Sartoris was lying.

As Hugh's eyes when he entered fell at once upon the wan and haggard face and frail figure a spasm of pity took him, and a sense almost of compunction as he realised his own health and vigour

in contrast. He went close up to the bed, and put his hand gently on the sick man's arm. His father had not spoken, though the wide-open, pain-stricken eyes had watched his approach with eagerness.

'I am here, father,' Hugh began, and then a sense of his own helplessness in the presence of what he saw was the irrevocable defeat of human love and human aid choked his words, and he added a little lamely, 'You sent for me; can I do anything to help you?'

'That remains to be seen,' was the answer. 'Hand me the cup of wine; the sight of you unnerves me, and I have a good deal to say.'

Hugh held the wine to his father's lips, but he barely tasted it.

'Put it down,' the invalid said impatiently, 'and sit close. We are alone, I know; but it is still possible to be overheard.' He paused and looked at his son intently, who was now kneeling close to his side; then he added, 'I am going to deal you a blow.'

The tone of the voice and the expression in the eager face were so charged with intense feeling and the attack was so sudden and unexpected as to cause a sensation of shock; but the effect was only momentary, as Hugh recalled his mother's warning. It was evident he was to be at once faced with his father's mania, and in such cases opposition was always to be deprecated. 'If so,' he said quietly, 'I will do my best to bear it.'

'Your best! We shall see how far that will go. I have been a craven all my life, and why should I reckon on a better temper in you? But I am going to put it to the test at last—at last!' He spoke with such energy, despite his weakness, that drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead.

Hugh felt painfully distressed. 'Is it quite necessary,' he asked, 'to tell me this now? Will it not try you too much?'

'Probably; but that is no reason against speaking, only I will not waste words and time in wrapping up the truth. What I am going to tell you, Hugh, I have desired to tell you years ago, and to stand by the consequences. It would have been easier for you had I taken the right step, but your mother opposed me. God forbid that I should speak against your mother save in this one thing, and it was love for you that betrayed her. She would have laid down her life for her boy—her beautiful boy! That was not wanted, so she laid down her honour instead.'

'Father!' interjected the young man.

Mr Sartoris laid his hand heavily on Hugh's shoulder. 'I know, I know; the truth will cut deep, but there is no escape from it. It was she who planned the scheme, and God is my witness that I knew nothing until you were ten years old. Then an accident revealed it—that the son born to my brother, Colonel Sartoris, after his death did not die at the birth, as was supposed, but was alive and well.' He leaned back on his pillows and closed his eyes. 'I have dealt my blow,' he said almost in a whisper as exhaustion succeeded excitement; 'it remains to see how you will bear it. I will give you time.'

It was needed, for the rush of conflicting feeling that surged in the young man's mind baffled the faculty of clear, coherent thought. He got up from his knees and sat down in the chair beside the bed, and covered his eyes with his hands. He recalled his mother's warning; but, more than that, he recalled the consistent integrity and nobleness of her character which had joined reverence to love until his devotion bordered on worship. To cast upon her so frightful an imputation was not so much a matter for indignant repudiation as for profound pity and regret that his father's mania should be so influential and injurious. That it was mania, as he had been advised, his whole soul protested. Memory sent a flash over childhood and youth, and he could not remember act or word or look of hers that was not in harmony with the highest conception of moral excellence. If he loved truth, revered purity, and held fast on honour, it was the outcome of his mother's teaching, the influence of her example. The thing was morally impossible. He dropped his hands and looked up to find his father's eyes fixed upon him.

'I see,' said Mr Sartoris in a calm, judicial tone, 'that you do not believe me, and I am not surprised. Indeed, it is to your credit. It is hard, Hugh, I allow, to find that our idol has feet of clay. You may also very justly reproach me for keeping silence all these years. My answer is that I loved her, and was overruled. We are equal criminals, your mother and I; but it is you who will have to pay the penalty. There comes in the eternal injustice—the sins of the fathers are visited on the children.'

'You mean'—— and Hugh stopped short. It may appear strange, but in the strong revolt of his mind against what he felt to be an infamous accusation he had not grasped the material aspect of the matter.

'I mean that for more than twenty years we have kept and distributed that which we had no right to keep, and that restitution will have to be made. I mean that the peasant lad in that remote Tyrolese village is the lawful owner of the houses and lands and all that appertains thereto which I have fraudulently held, and you in ignorance expect to inherit.'

Hugh sat speechless. He had thought credence impossible; but a misgiving fraught with shame and loss was slowly shaping into form as a possibility, and if verified would change the face of existence. Worse than social ruin would be the bankruptcy of faith and love. Ay, and another thought quickened within him and stung him to bitterness.

The eyes he turned upon his father blazed with indignation. 'If this is true,' he said—'though God forbid that it should be true—it means that you have lived in dishonour all your

life, and speak now because what you have held you can hold no longer. It means that I have been brought up on false pretences; that instead of wealth and good repute you will leave me for legacy nothing but shame and misery.'

'You are absolutely right,' was the answer; 'but there is an alternative. The world knows nothing; the boy in the mountain valley knows nothing, and is content; keep the secret; do as I have done, and continue to walk in the way your mother thinks straight.'

Hugh's anger cooled, but the pain that succeeded it was more poignant still. His mother! He dropped his face in his hands. 'How shall I bear it?' he cried.

The sick man moved restlessly. 'It is harder than I thought,' he said; 'but ask yourself what else could I do. A man may live a lie, but he will not take it down to the grave with him; and it has been the canker of my life. I tell you, Hugh, that as the challenge of each new day smote me I have sworn a thousand times that the sun should not go down on my wrong-doing; but, I repeat, I was overruled—I was overruled!'

Hugh lifted up his head. He was scarcely like the radiant youth who had entered the room. He was very young; care had never touched him; he had thought that all that was lovely and of good report was his portion, and still more his mother's; and now the iron had entered into his soul. 'Tell me,' he asked dully, 'what proofs there are of what you say, and where they are.'

'My wife holds them. They consist chiefly of a correspondence between her and the woman who has been foster-mother to the boy. You will also find amongst my private papers two or three letters addressed to me by the village curé giving information about the lad. These letters are duly labelled.' He paused and touched his son tentatively. 'You cannot forgive me? Yet I have suffered. It has come between us, for the sight of you was a daily reproach; it has soured my temper and made me the man I have been, outside love and liking. I go down to death knowing that I have spoilt your life. It might have been better if I had not spoken.'

Hugh did not contradict him; in his present confusion of mind nothing was clear. He passed by the appeal, and asked in the same muffled tone as before, 'How could the thing be done?'

'So easily as to tempt a noble woman to her fall. We found all confusion when we reached the rough hospice into which the tragedy was crowded. My brother's body had been brought in, and the sight was his young wife's death-blow. She lived two days in anguish of body and mind, and died a few hours after giving birth to a son who was pronounced still-born. The peasant-nurse into whose hands the child was given found a spark of life in it, and cherished it till the flame burned feebly. She begged my wife to let her keep the babe as its foster-mother, having lost her own month-old infant only a day or two before.'

Mr Sartoris panted, exhausted, and Hugh held the wine-cup to his lips, but it was with a shaking hand.

'And the child died subsequently,' Hugh asserted fiercely.

His father regarded him anxiously and shook his head. 'So your mother told me. We were not there when those things happened, and we started for England as soon as possible with my brother's remains and those of the poor young wife. They lie together in the family vault, as you know.'

'On what grounds do you venture to believe that my mother deceived you?'

'I opened by accident a letter addressed to her by the child's foster-mother, and it revealed everything. It was an acknowledgment of the half-yearly payment agreed upon, and it stated that the boy was still sickly and passed for her own. Do you see the strength of the temptation? We were poor, in difficulties, and there was nothing but this feeble life between us and the succession.'

A silence fell between them; then the sick man spoke again almost as if talking to himself. 'It is hard lines for the boy. I escape by death, while he lives to fight—for our redemption.'

A sob rose in Hugh's throat. Yes, if this thing were proved he would fight—for his mother's redemption. 'Father,' he said, 'my mind is not made up to believe what you have told me, as there may be error or delusion in your mind; but if I find it true—and I will search to the bottom—I will do what an honest man should do.'

'You will find your cousin?' Mr Sartoris spoke with painful eagerness.

'My cousin! Yes, I will find my cousin.'

'Prepared to give up all that we have robbed him of?'

Hugh winced, then answered gravely, 'Prepared to give up all to the uttermost farthing.'

Then the other broke down, his feeble frame convulsed with emotion, and Hugh again knelt by his side to soothe and console. How could he reproach or condemn when the chief sinner was the mother he adored?

'Go now,' his father struggled to say; 'I can bear no more. You have made my deathbed easy; only, deal gently with your mother. God bless and prosper you! We part friends, eh?' There was a pathetic wistfulness in look and tone.

'Father! yes; but I shall see you again.' And he went out of the room, for he too could bear no more.

(To be continued.)

MOTHERS OF MEN.

By Mrs ARCHIBALD MACKIRDY, Author of *The Soul-Market*, *A Year and a Day*, &c.

IN great cities summer comes so laggingly that she appears like an unwilling captive, making here and there a furtive appearance, only to disappear from our ardent gaze when over all falls down again the wet, cold cloak of wintry days.

A few evenings ago, while the rain came steadily down, I hurried through Oxford Street and dived into one of those busy arteries which lead to little hidden worlds in London. Great Titchfield Street, leading out, as it does, from one of the greatest and richest thoroughfares in the world, presents a motley and curious appearance. One end of it is thronged with a poor, unkempt crowd huddling about barrows aflare with naphtha-lights, upon which are displayed the myriad cheap wares which the poor of London buy as bargains. But passing through this busy part, I entered on what the inhabitants call the 'select end' of Titchfield Street.

The houses here are larger and better, and there are no vendors of goods on the pavements. But whatever time of night or day one enters here, there always seem to be some children and some women about—living evidences of the fact that the population has not altogether ceased to increase.

At the better end of Titchfield Street is found Mackirdy House, and already within these walls are human recruits who are making silent history for the nation. As I go in from the cold, wet street I am greeted by the cheerful Salvation Army Sister, who knows me well, and her smiling face and kindly manner impart a grateful warmth after the dreariness outside. I enter the little office where Major Hillyer, our matron, holds her court—a small room, clean and snug. And what stories have not been revealed in the sheltering warmth of this little sanctuary! We may not tell you of them all, for it is part of our principle that all those who come to us revealing their tragedies and confidences shall not be betrayed by name or spoken of, so that any one could point them out in the crowd. All day and all night there is some officer of the Home on duty, and whenever there comes a knock at the door, be it morning, evening, or midnight, the summons is answered, and so far, thank God! that blessed door has never been closed in the face of any woman or girl coming to us in need.

In 1910 there appeared in the pages of this magazine, under the title of 'London's Unwanted Women,' an appeal for a shelter for women and girls in London. The most curious thing that ever occurred in all my experience of work used to be the extraordinary ignorance and indifference displayed by the public towards the woes of the homeless woman and girl. But history is changing. When we first began to agitate for this Shelter—for this Home if you will—we were met by the most extraordinary difficulties and unbelievable opposition. We were told first of all that there were no women who required such refuges. That objection was met by the personal testimony of scores of workers who actually had cases in hand which they were unable to provide for. Then we were told that women ought to be content to stay in their own homes or in the homes of their relatives. We patiently proved that most women in need have neither homes nor relatives willing or able to keep them. Then we were told that if they had no homes, they ought to have them! After that there was nothing for us to do except to cease listening to any more objections, and go forward with the work which our own experience and conscience had proved to be right and urgent and just.

Over eight years ago I began the actual battle for establishing lodging-houses which would be cheap and clean and pure in atmosphere, and reserved for women and girls only. In my wanderings among the poor I had gone into some of the existing lodging-houses, and the conditions were so appalling that when I escaped from them I resolved that I would never rest until public opinion had been awakened to the necessity for providing for women who were poor, homeless, and friendless a place other and better than the workhouse and the casual ward, where they might find a clean and respectable refuge.

Scotland, pioneer as she is in education and in many other matters of municipal and social reform, gave us an example of a municipal lodging-house for women in Glasgow. I have not personal experience of this establishment, but I have been told that it does not meet entirely the needs of the homeless and moneyless woman. Also, it is open to this objection—if objection it be—that there enter and find refuge here those women who are earning their living in the sad byways of life where the sacrifice of the body, the torture of the heart, and the wreckage of the soul bring some small price to those who sell in the market of shame. These poor sinners are not the safest and best companions for respectable young women whom misfortune has thrust out to face the world alone. It must always be remembered that municipal lodging-houses for women are occupied very often by women of an undesirable class, and by vagrants and criminals. But for a girl who suddenly finds herself forlorn, and with but little or no money in her hand, there has been for many years no

place of refuge to which she could go and hope to be received immediately without references or friendly influence. If there has been anywhere some little-known shelter where a girl might be taken in without money and without references, the provision was totally insufficient for the need. This I proved myself (see *The Soul-Market*) when I was wandering in poverty-land; and many others have proved it too. It has taken a matter of nearly eight years' working and waiting and pleading the cause of the homeless women before we have been able at last to complete one house which is sacred to the use of good women and girls. And if any proof were needed of the necessity for such a shelter, we have it here in Mackirdy House and the daily records of those who come to us in their sorrow and their need.

Now I want to tell you something about a few of these sad people who have come to us for shelter and comfort. The house was opened on the 2nd of November 1911 by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, one of the sweetest and most womanly royalties. The more I know of her life and work and her personality the more I must love and admire her. It is not because she is *royal*, but because she is so sweet and good and noble a woman that I rejoice she has become patron of and is actively interested in Mackirdy House.

The first week the house was opened, as if to give us a passport to the sympathy and interest of the whole Christian world, there came to us for refuge and help some of the most amazing cases that it has ever been my lot to hear of. But before I tell you little personal incidents and stories of various women who have come to us, I would like to say this for the gratification and pleasure of all those who have helped and aided in this work: three-fourths of the cases who have come in have gone forth again 'new-made' to take their places in the world, to work and to serve and to be happy. The progress of the work has been so thrilling that I never find myself thinking of it, speaking of it, or writing of it without a sort of exultation and boundless gratitude for the privilege of having been allowed the smallest part in such a national endeavour.

One night a little girl, not fifteen years of age, was brought into the home by one of our midnight workers, having been found in the streets aimlessly wandering about alone. She had no money and no friends in London. She had had some sort of quarrel with her people in the country, and had come, poor little fool, to seek work for herself in London's wilderness. Those of us who have been out in the midnight streets know what sort of fate is likely to befall any defenceless and hard-pressed girl. There are prowling about human creatures of prey more dangerous and terrible than any wild beast to be found in the forest. A wild animal slays its prey at once, but these human ghouls decoy and cajole their prey away to some den of infamy, where they are sold into a slavery that cannot be described. There are men and women who make it their business to go out night after night prowling about the streets of all our great cities where the industrial conditions press heavily upon women, simply on the chance of picking up some stray woman or girl who is pure and good; the undefiled woman, especially if she be young, being far more valuable in this dread market.

The little girl who was brought into the Home settled down to work with astonishing cheerfulness. In fact, she announced that she liked scrubbing and 'doing things.' She had all the officiousness of childhood, and as long as she was busy and useful she was happy. Through the kindness of friends who have sent us various garments which could be made suitable for those who need them, we were able to dress her nicely, and after a period of training she was sent out to a situation, where she is giving great satisfaction.

Another woman, a poor tailoress, came in without any money. Hope had slipped from her, and life seemed too difficult to endure. A place was found for her where she earns one hundred and fifty pounds a year. This was worth doing, was it not?

Of all those who come we can only tell of a few, but there was one who passed so heroically through her sorrow, and her splendid courage has been such an inspiration to me, as it must be to all who have hearts to feel, that I would like to say something about her. Here was a woman who, from a comfortable, happy home, married in girlhood a man whom she loved most dearly. Both were young and full of hope, but owned no fortunes save their own youth and courage and the work that the man had secured. For a few years all went well, although the struggle for life was hard enough, for there came a little son to be fed and clothed. But to the woman nothing seemed too difficult, and her labour was always a labour of love for the two whom she held very dear. Then fell a frightful blow. The husband was struck down with paralysis, and the child too became delicate and ill. And this woman, unequipped with any trade, unaccustomed to work out of doors, having no friends who could help her, had to find means whereby she might support these two and hold together the home they had made. Her struggles would make a book full of tears and laughter, for even in the grimmest tragedy there come little gleams of humour; and she, being cheerful, always tried to make the best of circumstances, and she related with pathetic humour her struggles with work of which she was quite ignorant. But her strength grew less, because she never had enough to eat, and she was always overworked. Still she kept her husband and her child; and then the little work she had was lost. With a superhuman effort—God knows

where or how—she got food for those two, but she herself had nothing to eat for some days. She travelled to London, and found herself there starving and helpless and heart-broken. However, she found a place in a shop at ten shillings a week, and she came to Mackirdy House, where the comfort and sympathy she received seemed to be too much for her overtired heart, and she simply sat and wept, so glad was she to find a refuge and gentle friends. The quietness and sweetness of the place helped and comforted her, and she was able to keep her husband and child and have enough food for herself, so that she grew stronger and better; and then she got a place with better wages, and passed once more through the Gates of Hope. Was it worth while to succour and help such a one as this—the mother of a son who, if he inherits his mother's pluck, will make a useful man?

Then there came another from a distant country, with halting tongue and frightened eyes, who knew but little of our language and less of our ways, and what she did know of this country was only cruel and dreadful. She was rescued from a dangerous place, this young and pretty and defenceless girl, having no wish to go wrong, but terrified and helpless. She also is doing well.

One woman came in with a little child. She is an Australian, and very well educated. But her husband having failed in his work, they lost all the money they had, so he was obliged to go back to Australia on an emigrant-ship, and she was left with us until he could send for her. She too has found friends and comfort.

When I looked into the common-room that evening I saw gathered there in the cheerful light a company of women and girls of whom this nation might well be proud. Each one of them had proved herself courageous and virtuous under circumstances where even you and I might tremble if our resolutions were so tried. They had been tempted and been lonely, all had been hungry, and all had been cold, friendless, and desolate, and yet at the first touch of kindness, the first ray of hope that they had flashed upon them, they blossomed out, showing such splendid possibilities of service and affection that we who have seen them feel that no work can ever again call to us with such an insistent and appealing cry as this which comes to our ears, 'Save us before we fall.'

Mackirdy House holds fifty beds. One lady who came to the opening wrote me a letter in which she said: 'I have never been to a single place which has touched me more, and because a little good-fortune has come to me I hasten to share it with you to be used for this beautiful Home.' It is not that this place is merely a shelter; it has proved a Home and a Station of Hope. The appointments are simple, but the purity and cleanliness, the sweet colouring of the rooms and the pretty curtains, and the homeliness of the whole place strike every one who sees it. There is something gentle about it. To women who have no homes, who are deprived of those most precious things that the world can give—love, shelter, and children—what comfort shall we offer? Ought we not to be very merciful to them, and save them from temptation and want when we can?

If you think of the cost of such a place as Mackirdy House, and compare it with any charity you know, it will strike you, as it strikes everybody who knows the facts, that the amount of real service that can be done to the nation, and to these good yet friendless women, for a small sum of money, is simply amazing. It will only cost two hundred and fifty pounds a year to keep the house open, and it would not cost so much were it not that we have to pay ground-rent, and so many of the women and girls who come in possess nothing at all, and are unable to pay anything for themselves. But when they go away and get work, some of them do send back small sums of money as tokens of gratitude for what they have received. It is a marvellous thing that for a little over two hundred pounds a year we can shelter and befriend fifty girls or women every night in the year. When the house is full, this means that some thousands of deserving cases might be comforted and helped at a cost of two hundred and fifty pounds a year! I dare say many people who read this story could give that sum straight off and never miss it.

But there is something else. Now that this House is open, we have set ourselves to complete the Second House which forms part of our original Shelter Scheme. The Second House, which, I think, has come to us by Providential means, seems to have been built exactly for the purpose for which we want it. It is really two houses thrown into one, and it has a little chapel. There is an assembly-hall which would hold two hundred people for meetings and cheerful gatherings, and there are rooms enough to house comfortably about one hundred women and girls. We propose to divide the place, keeping half the house for girls who are very poor, but who are in work, and who can only pay a few shillings a week, and yet long to live in decent surroundings; and the other side can be devoted to the casual cases who come in for a night or two at a time. We have bought the house and paid for it, and now all that we require in order to complete it and open this garden for souls, as we may call it, is about a thousand pounds.

This Second House will be worked by the Sisters of the Church Army. They are sweet and gracious women, who love their work and love the poor. They have had long years of experience and training, and the way in which they achieve great results with small expenditure appeals to the hearts and heads of those who

like to be sensible and practical in their giving. When we can finish and open this House I have no doubt that the history of it will be as sweet and beautiful and as useful as the history that is being written daily in the first shelter—a history written in living souls. You see, therefore, we want you very much, if you can, to give this House for the use of the women and girls who so far have belonged to nobody, and who have been nobody's care and in nobody's charge. In all misfortunes they suffer most, and in all blessings they share least; but, now that we know them, let us try to show them that all our kindness and generosity are not kept for fashionable charities, but that it is the mothers and the sisters of our nation whom we love also, and wish to help in their need.

When I saw in Mackirdy House these many heart-hungry, lonely women crowding round a dear little child, each trying to win from it a kiss or to coax it to accept a caress, I turned away with tear-blinded eyes, longing to give all, who so yearn, the love of a child to keep pure for; and there came to me the old, old words, 'A little child shall lead them.'

As we go to press comes the news that Mackirdy House is now full. We have applicants daily whom we must somehow help. A lady from the ill-fated *Oceana*, having lost all she possessed, arrived in London merely in her nightdress, in which she made her escape. She has come to Mackirdy House, and is staying with us till other arrangements can be made.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD, Authors of *Roving Hearts*, *Don Q*, *Tammer's Duel*, &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MIDNIGHT VISITORS.

AS soon as the management of the Athenia began to prepare for the production of his tragedy, Puyfot engaged the single private sitting-room the Hôtel Maraviglia boasted, and there studied the English translation of *Astoreth*, and altered and retouched the acts as became necessary or as his growing stagecraft prompted. There also he wrote innumerable letters and his contributions for those newspapers with which his contract had not yet run out. Often he burned the midnight oil.

He was thus employed when, late on Saturday night, Cahusac and Detching entered his room without announcement, and closed the door behind them.

'I beg you will excuse me for a moment,' said Puyfot in French, without looking up, and his busy pen scratched on.

The two visitors glanced about them. The room had been furnished from the spoils of a demolished theatre; the chairs, old and stained, still showed glories of gilt and crimson plush; the carpet had once been barbaric in its opulence; and in the midst Puyfot bent busily over his table, on which stood a lamp bearing a huge shade of gauzy blue spangled with stars, and beside it a tumbler of dark-red carnations.

The men at the door both recognised the blue as a curious tint often worn by Lady Madesson, and the flowers were of the kind she most liked; but, while Detching half-smiled, to Cahusac they brought a feeling of angry shock.

'But seat yourselves, messieurs,' interjected Puyfot politely. He still had no idea who his visitors might be. When he had finished the sentence he flung down his pen and peered curiously through the shadowy light at the two men, who had remained standing. 'Who are you?' he asked with quick annoyance. 'I cannot see.' He sprang up, and snatching the shade from the lamp, sent a flood of brilliant light through the whole apartment.

'I imagine you recognise me now,' said Cahusac, as their eyes met.

Puyfot was a little taken aback, but he masked his surprise very well. '*À la bonheur*, M. Cahusac again!' he exclaimed insolently. 'To what do I owe this pleasure?'

'You owe it to the events of the night of the 16th March, twenty-two years ago.'

Puyfot turned away. 'Bah! we have discussed this little matter before to no purpose,' he retorted.

'But the circumstances have now changed,' continued Cahusac with a cold steadiness. 'When I saw you in Paris I could only appeal to your sense of justice, and, as you say, to no purpose. But to-night I no longer need to *appeal*.'

Puyfot nodded his head derisively. '*Sapristi!*' he cried.

Cahusac continued, 'You told me in Paris that you knew the details of my father's death as you know the palm of your own hand.'

Puyfot saw that the situation as between himself and Cahusac had in some way entirely changed. He shrugged his shoulders. 'One utters banalities in a moment of—enthusiasm,' he returned. 'I can recall that I was much amused that you did me the honour to believe me.'

'I do you the honour to believe you still, because I happen to have evidence that you spoke the truth—on that occasion.'

Puyfot stared from one to the other of his visitors strangely, for a sudden horrid suspicion

was twitching at his heart. 'Evidence! It is impossible!' he said with a half-hearted laugh.

'On the contrary, I already hold it, and it is evidence that even you cannot gainsay.'

'Where—from whom?' asked Puyfot, his black eyes flickering. It is the curse of crafty natures to be ready to doubt all humanity to their own misery, as this man doubted now.

'I don't think it is necessary to tell you,' replied Cahusac, little thinking what interpretation his hearer put upon his words.

To the astonishment of the two Englishmen, Puyfot sank back a limp heap into his chair, his sallow, peaked face gone livid like a man who has received a death-blow. He read a significance and colour of his own into Malcolm's reply, and had leaped to the conclusion that Lady Madesson must have betrayed him. 'It can't be true!' he gasped.

'I am here on the strength of it,' Malcolm assured him.

This only added conviction to Puyfot's doubt. There were but two persons in the world who could give evidence of his guilt. De Sarsan, for his own sake, was out of the question; and the other was the woman in whom he had trusted. He sat dazed and sick under the shock of his imagined disillusionment, but before the others could speak he had braced himself again to fight for dear life. He saw in a flash that his line of defence must be denial complete and absolute of any confidence given to Lorrie, on whom, moreover, he meant to heap the vilest aspersions that his tongue could frame. His chivalry, alas! was a veneer, only skin-deep. He knew the value of discrediting a witness on any point of life or conduct, however far removed from the question in hand. 'It is necessary to tell me, since I am perfectly at a loss to imagine what you have heard,' he said, 'and from whom you got your information.'

'All that is beside the question, as you will comprehend in a few moments,' said Cahusac in the same steady, deliberate manner that of itself chilled the Frenchman with apprehensions. 'On your own word I have it that the circumstances of my father's murder are intimately known to you; I now hold the next and conclusive link which proves that you were personally connected with the actual crime.'

Cahusac paused, his hard gray eyes fixed upon the man opposite, his will bent upon wringing the whole truth from the other's lips.

'My word is as good as that of the man—or woman—who accuses me,' said Puyfot contemptuously.

'Is there a woman in the affair?' asked Detching suddenly.

Puyfot turned to him almost with a start. 'Why not? There is a woman in very nearly every affair.'

Cahusac still watched him narrowly. 'Not in this one, however,' said he.

Puyfot drew in a sharp breath, the strained expression on his face softened, and he laughed out with a ring of relief in his laugh. She was true after all! Nothing mattered now. He was safe.

'So much the better; we shall be saved complications,' he said, and added a ribald remark upon the sex in general.

Again Cahusac waited. He saw that his method of deliberation told upon the other's temperament. 'I hold proof that you stabbed Sir Malcolm with your own hand,' he said at last.

Puyfot snapped his finger and thumb. 'That for your proof! Since I am innocent, there can be no proof.'

'Then who was guilty?'

'Ta-ta-ta!' he scoffed; 'you credit me with that knowledge?'

'You boasted to me that you possessed it. Besides, if you are so ignorant as you now choose to assume, from whom did you learn the facts that you have published in *L'Œil* and elsewhere?'

'All the world'——

'You are wasting your breath. I can pick out phrases and items that point to very particular information. A libel action would very quickly fix the fact of your authorship and responsibility.'

Puyfot grinned slyly. 'But you have taken no such action. Why?'

This was precisely the moment that Cahusac had feared. He would now make it certain, once and for all, if this detestable creature had knowledge of the blackmail levied on Lady Cahusac. 'Do you know why?' he asked with ominous quietness.

'Probably because you are well aware those little paragraphs are not fables, *hé?*' retorted Puyfot.

Cahusac's turn now came to feel a relief no words could fathom. It *was* the other man implicated in the crime who had dealt with Lady Cahusac. 'You are wrong. I delayed because I was not satisfied to win a mere action at law against slanderers. I have waited until I could exact full penalty for my father's death.'

Puyfot sat down at his table. 'Words, my excellent M. Cahusac, are not discomposing to me. I understand bluff—but perfectly! I will consider what you say when at long last you see fit to act—to act.'

'Are you so impatient to be arrested?' Cahusac turned to the door. 'You shall have your wish.'

Puyfot bounded to his feet. 'But this is monstrous! Am I to be placed in prison on a trumped-up accusation?'

'No,' cried Cahusac, swinging round on him—'no, but because your name is absolutely on the knife that was found in my father's body!'

Puyfot fell back a step. There was nothing

vague about this fact that had fallen upon him from the blue. An hour—half-an-hour—ago life was full of roseate visions—fame, love, all that man triumphant can demand! A rush of thoughts tossed him. *Astoreth!* Lorrie! 'You lie!' he shouted.

'I have just read your name upon it myself,' said Cahusac.

'*Sacre Dieu!* how easy, how simple that trick you have devised! You—you yourself—have engineered this thing to regain all, to revenge yourself on me.'

'The knife has been in the care of the police since it was taken from the wound. It has not left their possession for an instant.'

The relentless simplicity and certainty of Cahusac's talk worked upon Puyfot, but he was quick to perceive the flaw. 'If it is true that my name is on the knife, why was I not arrested, accused, long ago?'

'Because it was only discovered to-day. Your name is engraved on a slip of steel that sinks into a socket cut in the handle of the knife. It is very nearly invisible, and escaped notice until now.'

As he listened a dreadful look fastened itself on Puyfot's face.

Half-strangled with rage, Puyfot realised that this explained the threat with which De Sarsan had cowed and compelled him through so many crushing years! And now—now when *Astoreth* —the child of his brain, the darling ambition of his dreams, whose being seemed woven from the very fibres of his body—was at length flushing to life, a Galatea long and cruelly frozen by neglect, her author, creator, worshipper was to be doomed not to prison only, but perhaps to the gallows! He was to suffer for De Sarsan's sake! From his youth up he had been ground under De Sarsan's heel, and now at the culminating moment of his life he was to die, to go into nothingness.

In a flash Puyfot's imagination had conjured up before him the events of that rainy March night; he felt the damp shrubs about him, he smelt the wet earth, the cold drops were streaming upon his face and neck, and yet he was burning with excitement while he listened to the sharp interchange of talk between Sir Malcolm and De Sarsan. Carried beyond himself by the conflicting tempest of his feelings, despairing and maddened, he fell back upon his last stand. 'It was not I who drove down the knife! It was not by my hand that he died!'

Malcolm gripped him by the shoulder. 'Who drove down the knife?' he shouted.

Under the powerful hand and tone Puyfot's overwrought nerves gave way. He screamed like a snared rabbit. 'What would you do? Would you kill me?' he shrieked.

'Who was the man—the man who drove down the knife?'

But a revulsion of anger had followed the cold fit with Puyfot. 'I will tell you no more! Your father's blood is not on my hands. Is not that enough?'

'No.'

'I might mention one of half-a-dozen names, and you'—Puyfot pointed a shaking forefinger —'you would be none the wiser.'

'You are mistaken. I am able, as it happens, to test the truth of whatever you choose to tell me. I have another witness—a man.'

This last sentence had a curious effect upon Puyfot. His black eyes flickered over Malcolm's face with a searching glance.

'How do you know he is not making a fool of you, deceiving you?' he said.

'Because I put his statements to the test, and found them trustworthy. Who was the other man?'

The persistent question stung Puyfot to fresh resentment. He hated Cahusac from every point of the compass, racially, temperamentally, as class hates class, as the weak hate the strong, and above, or rather below, these, with that fundamental hatred of man for man which evoked the rhyme of Dr Fell, and is the most deep-laid, the most lasting, and the most incurable of all. 'Go and ask your witness; he must know,' he replied with an indescribable rancour.

Cahusac turned quickly to the door. 'I will do as you suggest.—Come, Detching, we will go to De Sarsan.'

With a cry like a wild beast, Puyfot flung himself upon Cahusac and dragged him back into the room.

'He—he—he—De Sarsan! He your witness! But I will not give to him that triumph over me! You shall hear it—the truth.' Shaking, cursing, blaspheming, even weeping, he poured out the story. To Detching it was a terrific scene, though his calling had inured him to many a strange unveiling of the heart of man. But he belonged to a trade that best know and pity most. He had long ago learnt that, in reading from this document the Book of Revelation of the inner life, one must interpret it by the cryptic code of the Ego, or for ever fail to reach its meaning. He forgot Malcolm as he listened to the eloquence inherent in the Frenchman's genius, native to his pungent tongue. The whole plot of those bygone years was laid bare, at least as far as Puyfot had knowledge of De Sarsan's designs. If his own part in the last fatal incident was glossed over, described on somewhat differing lines from those followed in Lorrie's drawing-room, it is scarcely to be wondered at.

Cahusac stood, his shoulder against the wall, with his face half-hidden; while Detching, leaning over the back of a bulky chair, hat and stick in hand, presented the incongruous aspect of a man paying a casual call.

Puyfot moved between his writing-table and a

couch. He worked himself to a frenzy as he talked, gesticulating, acting out the scene with a volcanic power. Question and answer, threats met by contempt, it was thrust and *riposte* as the rapid words fell from his lips, till he stood poised as the murderer might have stood above the fallen man who lay dying at his feet. A second's pause, and he flung himself face downwards on the couch and burst into hoarse, hysterical sobbing. Detching turned away. It was too much. And then he saw that Cahusac was already gone. Softly he too opened the door and stole out.

(To be continued.)

WORK IN OUR WOODS: WHAT MIGHT BE DONE WITH THEM.

By F. E. Green, Author of *The Awakening of England*, &c.

IT was on New Year's Day that I first stumbled upon Tom Capon's hut in the heart of the woods. The woods were then whelmed in the misty romance of snow. Snow covered the dead, brown leaves and the purple underwood. Even the topmost branches of the highest oaks wore a mantle of white fur. In the midst of a white clearing stood Tom's abode.

A dead silence reigned in the woods as I, heavy-footed, yet without a sound, trod their white depths. As soft as the winnowing plumes of sleep fell the snow around me as I approached the hut. This was in all exactly six feet square! The walls consisted entirely of material that Tom had cut with his bill-hook, whilst a few sheets of galvanised iron formed the roof to keep out the snow. The house was built and furnished by him unaided in six hours on Boxing Day. The whole of the timber used for the framework was fashioned of stems of oak and ash which he himself had cut. Bean-sticks and pea-boughs padded with dry bracken constituted the walls. His bedstead consisted of bundles of faggot-wood evenly laid out on the floor, on the top of which was strewn a mattress of dried bracken.

Tom declared that he lay 'warmer close to the ground than when cocked up in an iron bedstead in a brick house.' Snow had given even the roof of iron a touch of beauty, save where the smoke from the fire crept out of the hole in the roof, ringing it with black. His fireplace stood in the form of a gipsy tripod, where an iron pot hung from the hook. This was in truth the 'simple life,' not the make-believe of the week-ender from town. Imagine sleeping in the heart of the soundless woods, where even the poignant cry of the cock-pheasant is smothered, after a night spent in a room overlooking the Strand!

Tom's work was to cut the underwood of hazel and beech, hornbeam and oak, and make of it pea-boughs, bean-sticks, thatching-rods, poles, hoe-handles, and faggots for burning in the baker's oven.

In another part of the woods is a gang of more skilled craftsmen, over which Robert Rowland —he of the gray beard and long, sinewy arms— acts as captain. In this clearing the workshop is roofed with a white flaky material, as though a number of enormous white woodland birds had been moulting and dropped their feathers there. The feathers are the shavings from the hoops that are whittled on the 'brake' inside the hut. It is only the skilled workman who knows how to cleave hoops with an adze on a stump, those hoops which you see tied up and staked into neat white bundles standing out so vividly against the background of hazel and beech. Here, too, wattles are made with slats cleaved from the larger timber, and hurdles for sheep, woven with wands of hazel. In frosty weather these wands are held over the woodman's fire to render them more supple, for when they are not pliant the work of weaving a hurdle becomes toilsome. These skilled men may earn four shillings a day; but it is hard work, and they earn every penny of the money. They are the aristocrats among those who labour in the woods.

In midwinter no woodman feels really happy without a fire. A robin will keep him company with an ever-watchful eye; but a robin is reticent, and its eye is coldly critical. If it speaks it is with the thin, meticulous voice of the candid friend. The wood-fire warms you; it prates to you with its lively tongue of flame, while its coil of smoke clothes the naked branches with a garment of soft gray.

Robert, a king amongst woodmen, has every tool a woodman requires. He has the long two-handled saw, the long-handled felling-axe, the top-axe, the wedges, and the punyards and spuds requisite for tree-felling and 'flawing,' which is the woodmen's term for bark-stripping. A good many trees are now felled in the winter, owing to the decline in the demand for oak bark for tanning, for which chemicals are now commonly substituted; and each man of the tree-felling gang will pay Robert a shilling for the use of his saws, which he has to keep sharp with a file.

Bark-stripping takes place in the spring as the sap begins to run riot in every limb of the tree, for it is then that the bark comes off with greater ease than at any other time of the year.

It is a strenuous job, performed with a feverish intensity, and one, too, which seems to necessitate a certain ritual performed with frequency around a barrel lying under the cover of lopped-off branches. 'Go out ripping, and you 'll come in ragged; go into it ragged, and you 'll come out of it naked,' is an apposite saying amongst woodlanders.

'To see this bark being stripped from the living tree,' writes Mr Eden Philpotts in one of his novels, 'struck the imagination as some appalling torture upon quick, sentient beings. The integument was shredded away in great flakes, torn by strong hands, and a sharp odour infused the air. The perishing coppice exuded a death-scent, and the naked poles stood livid and shining in their colourless life's-blood as the skin was ripped in dull silver flakes from every limb.'

Before the sawing begins the tree is 'breeched' —that is, the tree is chopped at the base. But this operation does not mean investing the tree with more clothing, but rather divesting it of all the bark and much of the fibre at the base, so that when the tree finally lies prostrate on the ground after felling, the trunk will cock up, giving room to strip off the bark at the nether end. Higher up the standing trunk, shredding off the bark is called 'taking off its waistcoat.' When the bole has been undermined on the side on which it is intended that the tree shall fall, and the claws (surface roots) of the tree are dismembered, then the sawing begins. As the saw cuts into the heart of the oak, wedges are inserted into the gaping wound; then more sawing, then the shriek and the final crash. The whole gang immediately falls to and strips the tree of its bark with the punyard and the spud, leaving it like some stranded sea-monster dripping wet and naked in every limb.

Last year my friends had a bad time of it 'flawing.' They had to work from 5 A.M. to 8 P.M. to earn one pound a week for five weeks, and obtaining at the sharing out of the surplus, when the stack of bark had all been weighed, only three half-crowns each. Late spring frosts seriously retarded the work, for in the night the sap retires, hugging closer to the bole of the tree for warmth, and the bark has to be drummed with the back of the axe to make it peel off, even then leaving many a strip of flesh on the trunk.

The axe, as Walt Whitman says, has been the servant of all great works on the land and all great works on the sea. Is it not a pity, then, that those who use the axe in England are nearly all old men? And the worst of it is, we do little toward the training of woodmen in our country, our single State school being that in the Forest of Dean.

Unfortunately for the nation the new race of squires, the wealthy merchant-princes of the cities, regard their country estates largely as sporting preserves, and in these the forester is always subservient to the gamekeeper. This new race of landlords is forgetful of the great heritage passed on to them by the feudal chiefs who planted for posterity. Out of the little acorn arose those wooden walls of Old England which gave us the supremacy of the seas. Forgetful, too, are they of the extraordinary part the woodman has played in the civilisation of the world.

'Let us remember,' writes Dr Alfred Russel Wallace, 'that before the dawn of history down to about the middle of the last century every ship in the world was built of wood. Had no wood existed for sea-going vessels the whole course of history, and perhaps civilisation, would have been different. Without ships the Mediterranean would have been almost as impassable as was the Atlantic. America would have been still unknown, as well as Australia, and possibly South Africa; and the whole world would be for us smaller than in the days before Columbus.'

Now this is not a sentimental question, but a financial one in which is involved our racial virility and development. We can no longer look to the private landowner to cultivate our woods either scientifically or with commercial intent. It is the State alone that can step in, as it has stepped in in countries like Saxony and Hungary, to the enormous advantage of those nations. Saxony now owns over four hundred and twenty-eight thousand acres of State forests, which yield a net return of over one pound an acre, whilst only sixty-seven thousand acres of British woodlands belong to the State, a percentage far lower than that of any European State.

In the Royal Commission Report of 1909 it was averred: 'Afforestation being practicable and desirable, and nine million acres being available without material encroachment upon agricultural land, the best rotation to secure sustained timber yields is one hundred and fifty thousand acres to be afforested annually.' Since this report we have had that of the Rural Commissioners in July 1911, which beyond subsidising a few agricultural colleges with small amounts for the Forestry Departments, attempts nothing in pointing the way towards making a start in the reafforestation of our waste places. Yet to-day we are face to face with the dramatic situation that the foreign countries on whom we have been largely dependent for our timber are themselves running short. Indeed, in the whole of Europe there is now a shortage of three million tons of timber, which have to be imported from either the United States or from Canada. Even the United States are working with a heavy deficit, and have already commenced to draw on Canada. In Canada, too, the Government is beginning to realise that something will have to be done to check reckless cutting in its immense woods.

We ourselves do not produce at home more than two million tons of timber, and we import rather more than ten million tons; and 90 per cent. of this timber, according to Sir William Schlich, our greatest authority, could be grown in this country, and would represent a value of twenty million pounds. Besides this, there is the half-million tons of wood-pulp for which we pay annually some two to three million pounds; and if we can grow anything, we can grow timber for wood-pulp. Perhaps English matches would no longer have to be made in Sweden had we a policy of practical State forestry.

The Development Commissioners state in excuse for their policy of alert inactivity that expenditure on an enterprise so new and so strange in modern England must be preceded by careful survey. One would naturally have imagined that, following the report of 1909, with its strong recommendations, a survey would have immediately followed.

What, it may be asked, is the most practical thing to do at once for the reafforestation of waste lands?

We might begin in a small and exceedingly useful way with afforesting the catchment areas which form the gathering-ground for water for large towns. Many thousands of acres in North Wales and in Yorkshire are used as catchment areas for waterworks, affording no return to the municipality which owns them save to give an occasional day's sport to a few Town Councillors and their friends. It has been proved by the effects of having the gathering-ground on the banks of the river Gileppe for the town of Verviers in Belgium under forest that this is the best means of keeping the water pure and of regulating its flow. Then there is the revenue to be derived in the future by the sale of the timber. The ratepayer of to-day might say that this is all very well, 'but I shall never derive any benefit from the afforestation of the catchment areas.' One might, however, point out to him that one means of getting the unemployed in the town off his hands as well as off his conscience is now presented to him. For when unemployment is at its acutest, then is the time that labour is wanted for draining, fencing, digging holes, and planting. But if the town corporation is still unconvinced as to the civic wisdom of increasing the value of land situated in a different county, probably the best way would be to induce the Imperial Government to give a grant in aid to Town Councils which are enterprising enough to afforest their catchment areas. There is no doubt that our Government would be striking a valiant blow at the social canker of unemployment had they the courage to start a large and comprehensive scheme for the reafforesting of our waste lands.

Nothing is more compelling than the words of Mr John Nesbit, the distinguished editor of *The Forester*, concerning this problem: 'The annual bill for wood is rapidly rising,' he says, 'and is certain to increase very greatly in future, although a very considerable proportion of what we need for pit-wood and pulp for paper might very well be grown on our waste lands and on low-grade pastures, while at the same time such woodlands would provide other special advantages in affording increased employment, shelter to crops and live-stock, and in tending to prevent floods and soil erosion, and to regulate and purify the water-supply throughout all well-wooded catchment areas.'

THE SACRIFICES OF THE BOOK-LOVER.

By A. Stodart Walker.

LORD ROSEBERY, in an address on Books recently delivered before the Bishopsgate Institute, told the story of an Aberdeen student, who afterwards became a professor there, and 'who, in that keen and wintry climate, hesitated for some time between a new suit of clothes which he sorely wanted and an old Hebrew Bible—he was a Hebrew student—for which he had acquired an avaricious attachment. He chose the old Bible; and,' added Lord Rosebery, 'I am sure that every time the keen wind of Aberdeen whistled through him that winter it inspired him, not with a chill, but with a feeling of exultation when he thought of the Hebrew Bible which he had acquired through his sufferings.'

Another Aberdeen student, who also became a professor in the University, puts on record a very similar instance of the book-lover's choice. In a letter to Miss Stodart, sent from Berlin in 1829, John Stuart Blackie wrote: 'I must make a confession of negligence in respect to an important point to which I ought to have attended long ago—namely, that of consulting a doctor; yet, to tell the truth, I had not forgot the matter. . . . I secured the name of Dr Behrens. But it most unluckily happens that there is a classical bookshop just in the same street where the said doctor lives. Into this shop I went, and found several books which I had been seeking. Now there happened to be only a single louis in my pocket. This I had destined for the physician. Here, therefore, was an auction in my head—the books and the physician bidding for the louis. The claims of the one were in my estimation much greater than those of the other. The consequence was the doctor lost his prey. Was there anything here extraordinary? Though the

matter was not conducted according to the principles of stern Stoicism, yet it was natural—very natural—was it not?'

Such sacrifices as these are probably writ large over the history of many who have climbed to distinction in the world of letters. Mr J. M. Barrie's quaint conceit, in *What Every Woman Knows*, of making the ambitious John Shand, with whose career nothing was to interfere, burglariously enter the Wylie house every night when the lights were out, and there use the library for the purposes of his self-culture, is a parable with many applications. When I was a student at Edinburgh University I came across many instances of this sacrifice of comfort and possible sacrifice of worldly esteem for the sake of learning. I never met any of the oft-quoted instances of men conducting their studies by taking free readings of books at the second-hand dealer's box; but I knew a man from the far north who used to go round to a brother-student's rooms at midnight, when the friend had finished his work for the day, borrow the necessary books, and work on into the early hours, returning the books next day to their owner. This lad was so poor that it was absolutely impossible for him to buy even a text-book, and he attained his degree by working during the daytime in the University library and at night in his own squalid room, with the assistance I have named. Whether in after years he sat empty-stomached on the slopes of Parnassus I cannot tell; but I do know that in journeying towards the height of his ambition the amount he put into his brain was in inverse ratio to the amount he put into his œsophagus. There was a student of a more fortunate nature whom I met in the course of my studies, and who once asked me up to his room. From what he told me I gathered the allowance from his parents was a generous one, more generous indeed than my own, which was quite sufficient for my needs. But I wondered much at the poverty of his wardrobe, and I marvelled more when I climbed four flights of stairs to his dingy little bed-sitting-room, up somewhere near the stars. After much speculation I discovered the secret of his domestic economies in a row of shelves where rested a set of fine first editions. As I sat talking to him a parcel was brought into the room, and I was not blind to the glow of satisfaction with which he handed to me the four precious volumes which it contained. What has become of that man I do not know. Perhaps he still goes about in a rickety bowler and a seedy overcoat and spends his substance on the glories of rare editions. Or has fate proved hard to a man who took little exercise and a spare diet, and have his heirs realised a fine library at Christie's or at Dowell's? I had never, personally, any penchant for first editions as first editions; but with more than a proper share of my pocket-money I purchased from time to time books that interested me. I remember once going into a shop on George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, and coming out with two volumes which, I think, cost me only a few shillings. One of these was the then recently published *Travels with a Donkey*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the other a first edition of *The Shaving of Shagpat*, by George Meredith. Some years later, having a call for ready-money, I sold the first for twenty-seven pounds and the second for fifteen pounds; and I suppose, during the several years in which I was a student at Edinburgh, I might have given either of the volumes away to a friend without realising that some day they would prove so useful to a temporarily embarrassed purse.

There is a very successful physician practising to-day in London of whom I can tell a story with a happy ending. He was a book-gourmet and a book-gourmand. Cricket, football, and all forms of sport he abjured so that he might use his spare cash for the purchase of tempting volumes. He was quite well off, but his lunch consisted of a bun and a glass of milk instead of food more nourishing to his hard-worked brain. He pawned his dress-suit, his microscope, even his silver cups won at school, and sold his stamp-collection and everything with which he could reasonably part, so as to buy more of his treasured editions. This man had been up for his final examination in medicine, and had failed. Just at that time a severe financial eruption took place in his father's affairs. He wrote to me and asked me to come and see him. I found him in the depths of gloom. His father was utterly unable to make him any further allowance for the twelve months necessary before he could reappear for his examination. His career seemed ruined. I was too young to offer him much practical advice. Suddenly my eyes lighted upon his well-stocked shelves with their valued contents. To shorten the climax, I need only say that after much tearing at the heart he consented to negotiate for the sale of some of his treasures. He sent them to an auction, selecting sufficient to realise a hundred pounds. The outcome of the sale was three times that sum, and probably about six times what the books had cost, taking them as a whole. Amongst them I remember a first edition of Shelley's *Alastor* which he had picked up for a shilling in an old book-box, and which realised, I think, thirty-five pounds. I remember that volume particularly, for about the same time I found in an old book-shop in Leith Walk a first edition of *The Revolt of Islam*, for which I paid ninepence—selling it later for thirteen pounds ten shillings.

In the more ambitious walks of book-collecting have been many pathetic tragedies. I know of one collection of books which was acquired by its owner by every form of self-sacrifice. This friend of mine cut down his personal pleasures to the finest point so that he might accumulate

around him the books he loved. He did not buy with his eye upon the market, looking for a day when the auction-room would return him a hundred or several hundred per cent. upon his purchases. He bought what he liked, and, as is often the case in matters pertaining to the arts, the purchases he made became in time comparatively valueless. But the library was personal; it represented his life's endeavour. His books were his friends, much more faithful than human friends had ever been to him. His library was his sanctuary, its contents his dearest possessions. He died, and before he had been long in the grave his son sent off the library, without even going through the shelves, to an auction-room, and with the proceeds bought a new motor-car. 'The old man was a bit of an ass,' he said to a friend, 'collecting all this rubbish. Why anybody buys a book when he can subscribe to a library I don't know;' and probably he will never know. And yet I have seen this man spend five or six shillings at a railway bookstall buying illustrated papers, which at the end of a journey he left in the train! So it is through life. One man collects pictures, which his son sells to breed pheasants. His son succeeding, the shooting is let and the money is laid out in armour. The next generation sells the armour and buys postage-stamps, and so on; each without much consideration for the ambitions of its predecessors.

One of the first books I bought as a boy was an anthology called *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, edited by my friend Mr Alexander Ireland. It is a chorus of praise sung by a choir, each individual of which is a voice famed in literature. And the song is this, that it is really no sacrifice that we make for our books. It is not simply buying bound leaves, but territory which is ever fruitful. The man who is rich in books and the use of them is a Crœsus who need envy no one. In that volume I came across again a familiar page from an old and well-beloved friend, *Dreamthorp*, by Alexander Smith: 'I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales and to the laugh of Eve. I see the pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theatre; the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! I hiss or cry "Bravo!" when the great actors come on shaking the stage. I am a Roman Emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the outcomings and ingoings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in those old books as of a half-peopled world, what bleating of flocks, what green pastoral rest, what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. Oh men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known! by what miraculous power do I know ye all? Books are the true Elysian fields, where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? what school of philosophy such wisdom? The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe; there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages; they are ghosts. I take one down, and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No one sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees.'

That is why, from ages past, there have been men who have sacrificed the world for the library, and have found the sacrifice cheap.

PRESAGE OF STORM.

THIS roadway stretches to the sunset's porches,
Built in the west with many a changing cloud.
Thither the trees, like princes bearing torches,
Sweep their procession proud;

Bronze, golden, scarlet, how their tabards glisten,
A varying splendour in the western glow!
Silent, they seem to halt, to lean, and listen
Till the wind-bugles blow.

Arrayed are these for sacrifice, they hearken;
Hushed and resigned, they wait the votive hour.
Who knows, when the storm wakes and skies shall darken,
Which may withstand his power?

The sun is gone, the sere leaves move and flutter,
Out of the moor a little wind begins;
Black on the pure, pale sky they move and mutter
As dying men of sins.

'This night! this night! the last!' I hear them sighing—
All the frail leaves around the tremulous tree;
To-morrow's dawn shall see them swept and flying
Far, far by land and sea.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE WRECK OF THE 'LIMA.'

LOST AT HUAMBLIN ISLAND, PACIFIC OCEAN, ON 5TH FEBRUARY 1910.

By ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

PART I.

ON the 23rd December 1909 I left the port of Liverpool on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's intermediate liner *Lima*, Captain P. M. Jacobs, bound for Callao, Peru, *viâ* many intermediate ports. We had nearly a full cargo, as well as about twelve saloon passengers on board, and called first at the port of La Pallice, France, to embark more cargo and a few emigrants for Chili, and left on Monday 27th December for Bilbao.

At the port of Bilbao about three hundred more emigrants were embarked, some of them seeming to be of a very low type. We also shipped here some hundreds of cases of champagne cider, which proved very useful later on. When we left Bilbao there were about three hundred and ninety souls on board the vessel, and we steamed direct to the port of Montevideo, Uruguay, a run of twenty-one days, through fine weather and smooth seas.

At Montevideo, where we arrived safely, some twenty of the third-class passengers left the ship. We then proceeded to Bahia Blanca to discharge about one thousand tons of cargo. At this port the vessel was moored alongside the wharf of the Great Southern Railway; and as the emigrants could walk ashore at any time, some of those who were bound to Chili, at the expense of the Chilian Government, thought that they would be better suited in the Argentine, and so left the ship. Some were discovered, and the captain had them brought back again; but about fifteen got away altogether, leaving their baggage on board the *Lima*.

From Bahia Blanca we went to Puerto Madryn, where all the cargo had to be worked by the ship's crew; but a number of the emigrants were also employed at this work. After finishing at Puerto Madryn, we left for Punta Arenas, and had a fresh gale of wind on the voyage, with bitterly cold weather as we entered the eastern end of the famous Straits of Magellan. Our captain was evidently thoroughly well acquainted with the route, as we continued navigating through the night, arriving at Punta Arenas early in the morning.

The scenery was very grand, high mountains capped with snow and ice appearing on every hand; but we were all busy at cargo-work, discharging into lighters and embarking between five and six hundred live sheep for other Chilian ports.

On the night of the 1st February 1910 we left Punta Arenas for Conal. Our captain continued to navigate through the night, and about 7 P.M. on the 2nd February we cleared the dreaded Cape Pillar, and went out into a big sea with a moderate north-west gale, which by midnight had increased to a full gale, with a very high sea. The *Lima* was labouring and plunging heavily, and every one was uncomfortable, especially the emigrants.

Our vessel was well found in every respect. Boat-drill had been frequently practised on the voyage, not by just mustering at the boats, but by actually swinging them out. Two minutes were allowed to muster and swing out boats; if we did not do it in that time we had boat-drill again the next day, and the commander's remarks were by no means flattering. There was a very large number of life-belts on board, and everything was in good condition.

At noon on the 3rd February the gale outside the Straits had moderated, and we started to make better headway; but by ten o'clock that night it was blowing harder than ever, and as the vessel was making little headway, her bow was turned to the westward, off the land, and we hove-to for four or five hours, water pouring over the decks.

Next day we were away again, with a strong wind and very high sea, but making good progress. The weather became finer during the day, and was moderate throughout the night. Early on the morning of the 5th the weather was fine and clear, so the course was altered to sight the land of the peninsula of Tres Montes; this we saw, and passed at a distance of about ten miles. At noon that day the company's mail-steamer *Ortega* passed south, and we exchanged the usual signals with her. Towards four o'clock the weather started to get bad again, with very heavy rain and rising sea, wind about north-west by west. The course

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was accordingly altered five degrees more to the westward to guard against any set of current toward the land. By 7 P.M. the sea was getting very high. The captain was on the bridge with the chief mate, and both seemed satisfied that the vessel was well clear of the land, and had fifteen miles to spare. At eight o'clock the watch was changed, instructions were given to make a 'weatherly' (westerly) course, and all had settled down for another night of pitching and rolling in a heavy seaway, when suddenly a wild shout of 'Breakers ahead!' came from the lookout man, and almost at the same moment, with an appalling, crashing, smashing, and grinding, the *Lima* struck the rocks.

Orders rang out clear and sharp above the roar of the wild sea breaking on the rocks. The captain, rushing up, ordered the boat-station bell to be rung and the watertight doors to be closed. He took in the situation at a glance, and was immediately as cool and collected as though all was going on as usual.

From the emigrants' deck, with wild screams of terror, poured forth two hundred and ninety half-clothed people in one yelling mass; women tearing their hair, men brandishing knives, children screaming, all running toward the boats. A wild scene of panic.

We were already busy at the boats when the full force of this senseless mass swarmed over the boat-deck and crowded into the boats we had ready to swing out. It was useless to try to persuade them to get out again, and so the boats had to be swung full of people—a very heavy job. During this we heard the captain's voice, 'Steady, now, men! Steady! Take it quietly.' He directed a couple of stewards to pass out life-belts, himself tying one round a woman frantic with terror, and walking amongst these panic-stricken furies and quieting them down with calm authority and words of encouragement. Then, the water having reached the dynamo, the lights went out, and all was confusion.

The yells of men, the screams of women and children, the roaring of the wild seas breaking over the vessel, and the bellow of escaping steam made a babel none of us will ever forget. Meanwhile the vessel pounded and rolled on the rocks as each sea struck her. But even against panic-stricken emigrants discipline prevails in the end, and within a couple of hours all the women and children were in the saloon, lighted by a few candles, and the second cook of the ship was playing the banjo to them. The boats on the starboard side were out, and hanging in the davits full of people; but, as the vessel had taken a heavy list to starboard, the port-boats could not be swung with the people in them.

Soundings had been taken of all the holds, and also all round the ship. It was found that there was water in every hold but No. 2; also, that the vessel was resting on the rocks all along the port side, but only at one place, about the engine-room, on the starboard side, and that there were six fathoms (thirty-six feet) of water on the starboard side forward. Had she slipped off into this six fathoms she would have sunk. With each sea the forward end was bumping heavily on the rocks; accordingly the anchors were let go, with chains hove tight, to keep her on the rocks, and the No. 2 watertight door was opened and the hold filled with water.

Heavy seas were breaking over the vessel's stern and sweeping right along the decks, washing us from side to side, whilst some of the helpless passengers were swept overboard. The starboard after-boat was torn out of the davits and destroyed. Orders had been given that no boats were to be lowered, the captain evidently thinking that in such a wild sea those who stuck to the ship had the best chance so long as she held together. The few lamps that could be obtained were soon blown out and smashed as we stumbled against things in the black darkness. The vessel lurched violently and threw us off our feet; the seas smashed over everything. Our chances looked very poor indeed, unless the good ship could stand the fearful pounding she was getting, and hold together for daylight and finer weather. That night was one long horror of suspense. Only the calmness of our officers and engineers kept us together, and banished the mad panic that would have destroyed us all. May I never have another night like it!

When daylight came the emigrants ceased their wild clamour to be sent away in the boats. No one could look upon the third of a mile of rock-strewn, seething breakers and wish to be amongst them in a frail boat, even if the boats could be got away from the ship, which seemed almost impossible, as the sea was running along on both sides and giving us no 'lee' to protect a boat in the lowering. Seas were now smashing up the boats in the starboard davits, so we swung them inboard again to try to save them; but during the day they were all smashed up and washed away. Only those who have experienced it can realise the enormous hitting power of a heavy sea.

We were all gathered at the safest part of the ship, forward on the port side, where we were continually deluged with salt-water as it came roaring over the decks. Orders were given for all hands to construct rafts, and all available wood was torn down for this purpose. We made the rafts in triangular form with empty barrels or oil-drums lashed at the three corners. It was decided to make an attempt to take a small line on shore with one of these rafts, this small line to haul a larger one on shore, with which to rig a rocket-line and traveller to our masthead. Volunteers were called to make this attempt, and three — the boatswain (J. M'Cluskie) and two A.B.'s (W. Martin and J.

Cameron) were chosen as the ones to make the first attempt. About noon, when all was ready and gallons of oil had been poured on the sea, these brave men were lowered over the bow by the anchor-davit. They shook hands with the captain, who said, 'Put up a good fight, men;' they answered, 'We will, sir.' Down into that boiling water they went, and unhooking the tackle, were carried far away by the next sea. We all watched anxiously, and slacked away the line as they went farther from us. The raft was thrown here and there, round one rock, the other side of the next, and over a third. Several times we saw one or the other of these brave men washed off, but always climbing back to his place again, and steadily paddling on towards their goal — a model of pluck and endurance!

About three o'clock we saw them thrown up on the rocks, where they lay for a spell completely exhausted. Then they commenced to pull on the line. We saw them tug and tug, and then realised that the long seaweed (kelp) was going to defeat us; it was so wound about the line that it eventually broke, and we were left as before. The three men on shore were on an uninhabited island, with no food and thoroughly exhausted.

We on board had been getting scraps of sodden food during the day; but where was the water to come from, all the tanks being in the bottom of the ship and now full of salt-water? Fortunately the cider shipped at Bilbao could be reached, and about a hundred cases of this were secured and stored on the high side of the bridge, as far out of the reach of the sea as possible.

We made no further attempt to land this day. The vessel was still holding together. Women and children (there were one hundred and six children on board) were crying out for water, but we had little to give them. Our officers seemed to be everywhere, attending as far as possible to the comfort of these helpless people. Night came and found us still holding out against the heavy seas; but about twenty souls had been washed away and lost.

We had some biscuit soaked with salt-water, tinned meats, and the cider for our supper; then settled down to pass the night as best we could in any sheltered spot we could find. Eager lookout was kept for any passing vessel, and about 9.30 P.M. a shout was raised from the bridge of 'A light in sight!' Every one's hopes ran high that we should obtain assistance. Distress-rockets and gun-cotton detonators soared into the air, and dozens of turpentine flares were burnt in the rigging, on the bridge, and up the funnel. We could plainly see the masthead and port sidelight of a steamer steering south, and could not understand how she did not see our signals; but no notice was taken of them, and the vessel disappeared in the darkness. We once more crawled away to shelter from the cutting wind and stinging spray, with evil thoughts against that steamer which passed Huamblin Island about 9.30 P.M. on Sunday, 6th February 1910.

Daylight came on the 7th about 5 A.M. It was decided to make another attempt to establish a line-communication, this time with one of the lifeboats. Several of the emigrants maintained that they were fishermen used to handling an oar in heavy seas, and volunteered to take a boat on shore with a line. Six of these men were picked out, and the third officer put in charge of the boat, with the fourth engineer to assist him. A drum of turpentine and some matches were also put in the boat, with instructions that if the line failed they were to try to set fire to the side of the hill at night, with the hope of bringing in some passing ship.

It was necessary to drop the boat into the water just in front of a big sea, which would jump her over a reef of rocks standing four feet out of the water and coming close up to the port bow. All was prepared, a quantity of small line being coiled in the boat and more on the forecastle-head. The captain took charge of the lowering, and with one final yell of 'Let go!' she took the water, was instantly unhooked ahead of a big breaker, and with one wild leap shot like a destroyer right over the reef, and rode, half-full of water, but safe, behind the rocks.

We soon saw that some of the self-named fishermen were not very much at home in such a sea. They tugged frantically at their oars, but without much method; one man had his oar torn away. The third officer, who was steering, was caught with a turn of the line round his right ankle, and was dragged half over the rail of the boat; but as we slacked away Mr Gray, the fourth engineer, slipped the turn off and hauled him back. The boat was forging towards the shore, but was making a very bad course for the line amongst the rocks. When about half-way to the shore she was flung on the side of a big rock. Four of the emigrants dropped their oars and jumped on the rock. The next sea carried the boat away again, and these men were left. Then they took to the water to regain the boat, but only three reached her; the other was drowned.

The boat passed out of our sight behind some rocks, and presently we saw the crew on the rocks, hauling on our line of communication. The line had been buoyed with small pieces of cork cut from spare life-belts to try to float it over the rocks; but, alas for our hopes! as they pulled on shore the line was cut on the jagged rocks as before, and once again our communication was broken.

Our chances were now looking desperate. The heavy seas had smashed in the stern plating and were running along under the 'weather' deck, forcing it upward and gradu-

ally tearing away the starboard side. No one could say how long the amidships-part would stand; and if the vessel broke there both ends would slide off the reef and sink, and we should nearly all go to a watery grave, for a few minutes in those breakers would smash the strongest swimmer.

It was now decided to make a desperate attempt to get a boatload of women and children on shore, with four of the crew and six male passengers to pull the oars. This boat, the No. 6 port, was loaded with thirty-five souls all told whilst hanging in the davits. She had to jump the reef previously mentioned in the same manner as the other boat. All the passengers were strictly enjoined to remain in the bottom of the boat, just keeping their heads out of the water when she filled. We got her away from the tackles beautifully, and she took a flying leap over the reef, which carried her a third of the distance to the shore, but full of water. We watched anxiously as they struggled along, and saw first one and then another of these poor frightened people stand up, until presently all were on their feet, and some even standing on the thwarts; and then the inevitable happened—a sea rebounding from a rock she had passed struck her on the side, and, to our horror, we saw all our fellow-voyagers thrown into the sea. A groan escaped every one, we were so helpless. Only five of the thirty-five souls reached the shore alive. One Spanish woman was under the boat as she turned over, her life-belt keeping her afloat in the air-space underneath, and she sat on the underpart of the thwarts with her head out of water. Three hours afterwards she was thrown up on the rocks with the boat, still alive—surely one of the most wonderful escapes ever made at sea. All our attempts to get through those terrible breakers seemed doomed to failure.

About 5 P.M. a shout was raised of 'A steamer in sight!' Flags of all sorts—tablecloths, blankets, and sheets—were hung up and down the masts, funnel, and over the bridge. A fire of oakum soaked in turpentine was made on the engine-room skylight. We could see the two masts, the funnel, bridge, and forecastle-head of the steamer; but they did not see us, and once again our hopes fell to zero.

All of us were now showing signs of the hardships we were enduring—scanty food, wet clothes, exposure, and bruises from being knocked about by the sea. The captain was limping from a damaged knee, the chief officer's hands were badly torn, and cuts and bruises of different kinds were distributed amongst us all; but we were all in the same fix, and our officers were firm in keeping every one well in hand for the good of all concerned. No lights of passing vessels were seen this night.

(To be continued.)

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE RECKONING.

DETCHING ran quietly down the stairs, and under the glimmer of a turned-down gas-jet caught an impression of Zalpini dozing upon a couch jammed in behind the office-stool of the bureau, and so passed into the street.

Loitering on the pavement outside, he encountered a man to whom Cahusac had said a word or two when they entered the hotel earlier in the night. Detching thought it safe to accost him.

'Can you tell me which way my friend went?' he asked.

The man made a gesture of the thumb by way of answer, and Detching presently overtook Cahusac.

'I couldn't have kept my hands off him if I had remained,' said the latter abruptly. 'I had heard all I wanted.'

'I have no wish to interfere with your arrangements,' said Detching; 'but it seems only likely that Puyfot will make himself scarce, and you may need him. I don't suppose there is a burrow in London he is not familiar with. Is it wise to'——

'That's all right. The first thing I did after seeing Jarne was to get hold of a private detective to keep an eye on Puyfot. I spoke to him at the door of the hotel as we went in.'

'You are not so much of a fool as I feared,' said Detching with a jangled laugh.

The moment was acute, and Malcolm felt grateful for the light hand his friend laid upon it. Across the street the tower of a narrow-chested, smoke-blackened church gave out the hour of two on a dismal bell.

'I am going to De Sarsan. I don't care what the hour is! Between Puyfot and Jarne I hold the case complete against him.'

'Where does he live?'

'I know. There is a night-porter. Let's get on.'

They walked the full length of a street in silence, Cahusac striding ahead, and every now and then quickening his pace as his furious thoughts drove him.

'Do you imagine he will refuse to see me?' he questioned angrily after a while. 'There is no fear of that! My name will be a danger-signal to him.' And he fell back to brooding.

In spite of his absorption he kept a keen lookout for a cab. He hailed three at various points, but all were engaged, and each disappoint-

ment seemed to work him up to a more acute impatience. But it appeared as if Fate took pleasure in baffling him, for suddenly upon the quiet of the night rose a loud clatter and cries, and round a dark street-corner a horse and hansom swung into view, swayed, and crashed over. A hubbub and loud talk mingled with the kicking of the fallen horse, and a policeman blew his whistle.

Detching turned towards the crowd of night-prowlers that had materialised from the shadows with the unaccountableness of a conjurer's trick.

'Look here, Detching,' Malcolm stopped short, 'if you are going to be mixed up in that accident I'll leave you.'

'I must certainly see if it is necessary for me to be mixed up in that accident,' said Detching. 'And what do you propose to do?'

'To face De Sarsan! I have waited day and night for this hour for more than seven years, and I swear I won't delay now—not one instant!'

'I've waited too in my own way,' urged Detching, knowing that Cahusac in his present mood would be the better of a witness, 'and I feel as if I had a claim on you. You'll wait for me?'

'No, not even for you, Detching.' He shook away the other's hand. 'I must get on!'

'Go, then! It's the first favour I've ever asked of you, and it will be the last.'

Detching walked away briskly; persuasion was of no use with a man in Cahusac's state of mind, but he hoped his final words might have some effect even now.

A full half-hour later Detching, having washed his hands under the outpour of a jug of water produced from a friendly house, joined the tall figure he had watched as it paced feverishly up and down during the interval.

Not trusting himself to speak, Cahusac hurried on. By this time all the sweetness and the promise and the glory of a summer dawning was in the air. The sparrows were making chattering toilets on the house-eaves and in the dust; upper windows reflected a pale saffron glow from the east; some stood open, hot gusts of wind fluttering their curtains; and in the near distances hung the faint violet mist with which London the sorceress veils her face from the gaze of man.

After walking for a mile they reached a broad street that lies alongside one of the parks.

Cahusac nodded towards a massive pile of flats. 'Here we are—Belvedere Mansions.'

A drowsy man in a sleeved waistcoat took them up in a lift floor by floor, stopped it with a jerk, jingled the gates open, and preceded them to De Sarsan's hall-door. All was everyday and commonplace.

The porter pressed the bell. It sounded with a startling loudness.

Detching, who was nearest to the door, gave a sudden rough order. 'Go in, man; go in!' he said. 'Can't you hear? Don't you see? The door is open;' and he thrust the fellow before him.

'I don't know as mounseer would like it. I might be sacked over this!' protested the other in a sulky whisper; yet, though Detching was a short man, his hand was not to be gainsaid.

The corridor was dark, but a door flung wide on the left threw a broad wedge of daylight across it.

The porter tiptoed to this and looked into the room. 'Well, I'm blowed!'

It had been a richly furnished room, but now it seemed as if a herd of cattle had stampeded through it. Chairs and tables fallen over, curtains torn and trampled down, china, picture-frames, silver knick-knacks, cigars, broken glass, matches, all mixed in confusion upon the carpet.

The porter stared round, and suddenly his vacuous features lit up with a grin of delight such as some natures display at the sight of wanton destruction. 'Mounseer's been 'avin' a rare old shindy! My heye! won't the two old ladies downstairs lay a complaint against 'im!'

Detching and Malcolm exchanged a look.

'There's something very wrong here; can't you see that?' said Malcolm, turning sharply on the porter. 'You don't suppose M. de Sarsan allowed all this damage to be done if he was here to prevent it? My friend and I will stay in the hall while you go through the rooms.'

They stood without speaking in the corridor, while the man opened the other three doors and made his search.

'He ain't there,' he reported as he rejoined them. ''Is bed's been slep' in an' 'is clothes is layin' about, but nothin''s upset.'

'Where's his man?'

''Is valet sleeps out. 'E'll be along at seven.'

'Then we will have another look round the sitting-room.'

'All right. There's w'ere the rumpus was.' The porter passed in first, but as they followed they heard a loud noise as of a fall, and he dashed out again with a face like dirty chalk, his mouth working.

Seizing him by his arms, Detching and Cahusac forced him back into the room. A screen near the door had been overturned by the man on his entry, and from behind it they were confronted by a dreadful face—its chin upon the floor—that seemed to scowl up at them.

Detching sprang forward. 'The man's been strangled! His body's warm. Perhaps we're in time. Heavens above! do you see who it is?'

It was De Sarsan; though Cahusac found it difficult to recognise the suave, pale Belgian in the empurpled mask with its distorted features across which an early ray of light suddenly glinted.

'Look here, Cahusac, go and ring up the first doctor you can find. The body's quite warm. The police should be informed. Hurry! The porter will stay with me.'

'All right.'

Detching glanced up at him. 'You need not come back unless you want to,' he added.

Cahusac nodded and turned to go. As he picked his way across the floor he caught sight of an object among the litter that shocked him to the point of nausea. He stooped swiftly, furtively, and snatched it up, crushing it between his hands, and when he gained the hall he thrust it into his pocket.

As he emerged from the great portico the delicious beginnings of a summer day seemed to surge around them. Opposite, in the Park, the dew still lay heavy upon grass and flowers; far off, under a droop of green branches, water moved in glittering ripples where the sun touched it; the fresh breeze of dawn blew in his face. But, in the midst of all the gushing beauty of life, the horror he had just beheld fixed his senses. He could not respond to the appeal of earth and sky, while he still shuddered with a remembrance of the fury that had possessed him during the long hours yesterday as he linked up the chain of evidence against De Sarsan, and then rushed in search of him with a thirst for vengeance that might well have had a culmination which he dared not now contemplate.

He left nothing undone that should be done. Then he betook himself to Detching's rooms. There at last he plucked out from his pocket the thing he had hidden in Belvedere Mansions. He smoothed its broken edges with one hand on the palm of the other. It was a portrait of Alice that had been riven from its broken frame while De Sarsan fought for his life. She was as fair, as sweet, and as dearly desirable as he always pictured her. He looked long at it, for he had never possessed any likeness of her, but before long the thought recurred of where he had found this one! That De Sarsan should have owned it seemed desecration, pollution. Lighting a wax taper on the mantelshelf, he held the picture in the flame, and with the fervour of a man offering a sacrifice watched it curl and shrivel. The fire seemed to burn from her the contamination of that unthinkable engagement.

(To be continued.)

THE SOLAN GOOSE.

By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S.

THE gannet or solan goose (*Sula bassana*) is perhaps the most interesting and amusing of our sea-birds to study during the nesting season. It is so absurdly confiding that it views with little or no fear the proximity of the human intruder, but is often aroused to a state of fury by the too near approach of the bird-photographer, and may make a determined onslaught on him, stabbing hard and repeatedly with its sharp bill, which is capable of inflicting severe wounds on the legs of the unwary ornithologist who mistakes the confiding manner of the solan for an attitude of quiet friendliness.

The range of the gannet is a wide one. It is met with nesting in certain favoured districts of England and Ireland, but is more abundant in Scotland. On the Bass Rock it is found in thousands during the nesting season, arriving at its nesting site in February and March, and taking its departure seawards in September and October. Its scientific name, *Sula bassana*, makes it evident that this colony is very widely known. Another interesting nesting haunt of the solan is Ailsa Craig, off the coast of Ayr; and on the St Kilda group of islands are immense colonies, the birds rising from the cliffs on the approach of a steamer and darkening the air with their numbers. Farther afield, the gannet nests on the Faroe Islands; and in Iceland there are several colonies, the birds remaining in their Arctic quarters throughout the winter months. During the cold season the solan goose has a very wide range, being met with over the Atlantic down to North Africa and Madeira on this side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. It rarely enters the Mediterranean or the Baltic, however; though why this should be so is somewhat difficult of explanation.

One of the most interesting, and certainly the most accessible, colony in Scotland is found on the Bass Rock, a 'stack' rising from the waters of the Firth of Forth to a height of between three and four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The rock is distant some two miles from the nearest point of the mainland, and can be reached with little difficulty during the summer months. The history of the Bass is a varied and ancient one, but from earliest times the gannets seem to have had their home on the rock, and probably more than once stood the starving Jacobite garrison in good stead. Until comparatively recently hundreds of young solans used to be captured every season when they were in the downy stage, and are said to have made quite good eating, though, naturally, their flesh had a somewhat fishy flavour. The month of August was generally selected for the battue. Men armed with large sticks descended the cliffs and knocked off its ledge any unfortunate gannet they could reach. The birds thus rudely disturbed either fell into the sea beneath or were killed on the lower rocks. In the former case they were picked up by a boat, in the latter they were collected by the men at the close of the day.

After several interesting visits to the Bass we decided, near the close of last summer, to spend a few days on the rock in order to

study more or less intimately the home-life of the birds.

It was on a fine and quiet September evening that we left the mainland and set out for the rock. The strong land-wind which had prevailed during the day had now died away to the faintest of breezes, and the surface of the Firth was calm and placid as a mirror. Even from the mainland we could see the white forms of the solans soaring round their nesting cliffs, and long before we reached the rock their harsh cries were borne across to our ears. As far as our experience goes, the gannets are rarely seen over that part of the Firth lying to landward of the rock, though they circle round the rock itself freely; and the result is that on an excursion from the mainland one comes upon the solan population with little or no warning.

On the rock, then, we landed shortly after sunset, to make it our temporary abode during the next few days, and to study, as thoroughly as possible during the short time that was permitted us, the habits of the solan goose. A thoughtful reader will probably pass a mental criticism at what appears at first sight to be the somewhat unsuitable time of year which we chose to visit the rock. It should be explained, however, that the solan goose is in all probability the only British bird which has still young to tend during September. In fact, a goodly number of young gannets are unable to leave the rock until well into October, and sometimes, in isolated cases, until early November.

Soon after our arrival the revolving lights of the lighthouse were flashing out over the Firth, and were lighting up mother-gannets brooding on their young. The lighthouse-keepers informed us that the birds were in no way inconvenienced by the constant flashes of light during the hours of darkness; though we must confess it appeared to us that sleep under such conditions must be none too easy to obtain!

Next morning we descended to what is locally termed the west rookery. Here the rock slopes abruptly seawards; but by exercising a certain amount of care we were able to reach a ledge on which a number of gannets with their young were assembled. The immature birds varied greatly in size. Some were fully fledged, and made as though they would fly at our approach; others again were half-grown and clad in thick coats of white down; while one individual, which we promptly christened the Baby of the Rock, was only a few weeks old, and its little skin was still naked and black, and quite devoid of the white down with which its elder cousins were clad. It may be explained that in the case of the solan the white downy coat is a secondary growth, and is assumed only a month or so after birth. The young gannet thus differs fundamentally from the young of the Falconidæ—for instance, the golden eagle—whose children are ushered into the world warmly clad in a thick coat of down.

To the Baby of the Rock, which we mentioned above, we devoted a considerable amount of time, and obtained many photographs of it in charming and characteristic attitudes. Like many parent gannets, its mother treated her offspring with a certain amount of indifference, and only occasionally put in an appearance while we were in the vicinity. On one of her rare visits she arrived in a very bad temper, and calmly alighted with both feet implanted squarely on her chick, who looked quite miserable and too crushed even to complain! Up to midday the baby solan was sheltered from the sun by a projecting rock, and passed the morning in dozing or playing childish games. When it slept it presented a ridiculous picture, for it rested on its side with its small body in the nest and its large head laid on the edge of the structure, which it utilised as a pillow. There it lay, supremely content, reminding one rather of a new-born puppy in its comical expression. At times it would rouse itself, and would pick up feathers from the nest, throwing them feebly into the air and making half-hearted efforts to catch them as they floated earthward. Usually it was unsuccessful in this, but on one occasion its delight was great, for it succeeded in retrieving the elusive feather before it touched the ground. Occasionally it tossed straws into the air, but soon became *ennuyé*, and yawned heavily from sheer boredom. It seemed to take surprisingly little interest as to whether its mother put in an appearance or not; possibly it held somewhat painful memories of her last visit and the weight of her feet!

Towards afternoon, when the sun beat full on its nest and it was unable on account of its extreme youth to walk to shelter, the Baby of the Rock became more and more uncomfortable and distressed. Opening wide its large bill, it panted pathetically and constantly changed its position in its endeavours to find relief. We were informed by Mr Campbell, the head lighthouse-keeper of the rock, and an ornithologist with a most extensive knowledge of the solan, that he had actually seen baby solans killed by the heat of the sun. He was one day engaged, he informed us, in photographing some of the birds on an exceedingly warm summer afternoon. Near him were two baby chicks which he noticed in great distress. By placing his cap over one of the sufferers he was able to save it, for the time being at all events; but the other was past help, and on picking it up he found it had absorbed so much heat, owing to the attraction of its black skin, as to be quite painful to hold! A few yards from the baby gannet a mother bird was still patiently brooding on her solitary egg. Considering that the date was 3rd September, her period of incubation must have been a very protracted one; but then the egg on which she

was brooding was hopelessly addled. During one of our visits we removed an egg from a neighbouring nest and deposited it in the nest of the unlucky bird, in exchange for her rightful property. We imagine that she must have realised the deception, for although she was usually in the vicinity of her nest during the following days she rarely brooded over the egg, contenting herself with standing quietly, and for hours, at the edge of the nest. Unlike the other members of their order—for instance, the cormorant—the gannet lays but a single egg, and on this she sits patiently for six weeks before she hatches out her chick. A few of the birds commence to sit in April, but it is not until May is a fortnight old that most of the population of the rock have eggs. Occasionally the first egg is destroyed, and then the bird will deposit a second, or even a third, egg.

Gannets have a particular hobby for which they have a passion, and that is nest-building! We had ample evidence of this during our visit to the rock last September. After a series of bright though windy days, we descended to the west rookery one calm sunny morning, to find a number of newly constructed nests on a ledge which had been quite bare the preceding afternoon. The nests were in various stages, some fairly substantial, others consisting only of a few straws loosely put together. We imagine that the gannet is the one bird to build nests merely *pour passer le temps*, for we were informed that nests constructed late in the season were never destined to receive eggs.

Golfers on the neighbouring course of North Berwick may be interested to hear that gannets look upon any golf-ball floating in the sea—probably as the result of a bad slice from the second tee—as their own special property, and carry it, we know not how, to their nests on the rock. The stealing propensities of the solan are well known, and we had, while watching the birds, several instances of this regrettable trait. During the absence of the rightful owner—in all probability away on a fishing expedition for its young—an old gannet would stalk solemnly up and carry off in his bill a large quantity of decayed seaweed, which he would bear in triumph to his mate. On one occasion we saw such a bird pick up a large feather, and, walking triumphantly to where the hen was sheltering her young, lay the trophy at her feet. His better-half showed no sign of pleasure, but picked up a feather near her and tossed it into the air, explaining, without the least doubt, that she had ample nesting material handy without the well-meant efforts of her husband. One constantly saw gannets circling round and alighting on the rock carrying long ribbons of seaweed in their bills, and often on settling they would indulge in the harmless amusement of throwing the seaweed into the air and catching it deftly until a gust of wind swept it out of their reach and into the sea beneath. Sometimes an individual would toss the seaweed over its back.

Often we were witnesses of charming scenes of affection between two birds. Suddenly, and without warning, one of the pair, which had in all probability been away fishing, shot up to the nesting ledge and alighted beside its mate and young, to the accompaniment of wild and excited cries. Then the parent birds would fondle each other with their bills in the most ridiculous manner; and, this ceremony having been gone through, the male bird would half-expand his wings and execute the most complicated manœuvres. Shaking his head solemnly, he would every now and again lower and half-conceal it under his left wing, the bill for the moment almost touching the ground. As far as our observations went, the performer invariably bows his head towards and below the *left* wing on these occasions. The notes, repeated more or less constantly, are loud and grating, sounding like *kara, kara, kara*, and the bird works himself into a state of great excitement during what is probably his love-song. We were interested in discovering that a bird, immediately before leaving the rock, made use of a special note which we never heard used under other conditions. For a few seconds before its departure the solan became uneasy, craning its head repeatedly over the ledge, and then, suddenly extending its neck to its full capacity skywards and uttering a low moaning cry, spread its wings and sailed out over the sea.

The young gannets were usually fed just after daybreak, and we only once succeeded in watching this interesting operation. For some time before it was actually fed the youngster pleaded for food, tapping on the bill of the mother-bird and showing unmistakable signs of hunger. At length the parent solan opened her bill, and the youngster inserted its head and part of its neck, and extracted the fish from the crop of its parent. Then both birds swallowed hard and repeatedly, and the fledgling nestled down comfortably into the nest.

During our stay on the rock we saw several full-fledged young birds take the momentous leap from the ledge where they had been brought up. Many reached the sea safely, but others, losing their nerve and being unable to maintain an even balance, were dashed against the jagged rocks below, being instantly killed by the force of their impact.

Curiously enough, the young are completely ignored by their parents from the moment they leave the rock, and have to fend for themselves from the very first. When they leave the nest they carry a great amount of superfluous fat, which, it is said, is sufficient to last them for a full week, and by the end of that period they are probably able to pursue herring and saith with a certain amount of success. We saw one young gannet leaving the rock during a strong

westerly gale. It reached the water safely after a narrow escape, and then, diving repeatedly, swam out from the shelter of the rock with great energy. Considering that a heavy sea was running outside, we imagined that the adventurer would have been better advised had it remained in the shelter of the Bass; but probably the one idea of the newly flown young bird when it reaches the water is to put as great a distance as possible between itself and the point from which it took so nerve-testing a leap.

Gannets are extremely powerful and graceful fliers. In comparison to their easy sailing the flight of a gull seems unsteady and uncertain. To see the solan at its best one must penetrate to its nesting haunts during a day of storms, when the westerly gale strikes full on the rock, and it is with difficulty that one can make headway against the tempest. During times such as these solans passed us within a few feet, and quite careless of our proximity. One bird we admired as having executed a most complicated manœuvre with complete success. Soaring past, it quietly scratched the back of its head with one of its feet, the while maintaining a perfect balance and progressing evenly in its flight! At times, however, even the gannet is beaten by the wind, and cases are on record of individual birds, caught up in an 'air-pocket' while soaring near the ground, being dashed violently to earth and lying stunned for a considerable time.

When the weather is fine and calm, and the gannet wishes to alight on the water with as little trouble as possible, it sails down to near the surface, skims for a little way above the water, and then, closing its wings, shoots through the sea a few feet below the surface until its momentum is exhausted, thus avoiding the ungainly splashing with which most duck take the water. Sometimes the solan may be seen glancing through the sea after surface-swimming fry, but more often it prefers larger prey. Its usual method of attack is to shoot down like an arrow from a considerable height, entering the water like a bullet, and swallowing its catch before emerging on the surface. The depth to which gannets penetrate on these occasions must be very great, for we have seen the bubbles coming to the surface for a considerable time after the solan itself had emerged.

Fights, fierce and long-lasting, are common on the rock. After struggling for a long time on a narrow ledge the combatants perhaps lose their foothold, and, still hanging grimly on to each other, are precipitated into the water beneath, where the fight continues. Such a fight produces a certain excitement in the colony, and quite a number of birds remain in the vicinity watching the course of events and perhaps — who knows? — seeing that fair-play is observed. After a time one of the combatants is usually thankful to make the most of an opportunity to escape, and flies heavily off, the victor refraining from pursuit.

The gannet probably lives to a great age, for five years elapse before the young birds assume full breeding-plumage, though many return to the rock for several years before they are able themselves to take part in household duties.

Confiding, humorous, and with many fascinating characteristics, the solan must rightly be a favourite with the bird-lover, and a visit to its nesting site is productive of many an interesting sidelight into the life of a bird which in its nature shows such a many-sided and varying disposition.

THE ROOTS OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER III.

THERE are some blows of fate so sudden and severe that the strongest nature staggers under them. What strength Hugh Sartoris possessed had not as yet been put to the proof. Up to the hour of his interview with his dying father he had lived in the careless acceptance of the fortunate lot which he had been taught to consider as his birthright, and when he forecast the future it was in the confident expectation that not only the same happiness awaited him, but that it would be reasonably enhanced by the larger capacities of manhood.

Until within the last few months his affections had been centred in his mother, whom he regarded in all points as the crown of womanhood; the closest ties had bound the two together, for his father had always seemed to hold him at arm's-length. Her devotion had been of no common order; the boy remembered her as his tireless nurse in all his childish disorders, and as he grew older it was not only maternal tenderness that he received, but so minute a comprehension and so close a sympathy that, while he adored her as his mother, he confided in her as the most intimate of comrades and friends. Her beauty, too, appealed to his imagination, and locked the bond between them with a golden key. And now—false! living as one crowned with honour, and all the time an undercurrent of dishonour ran below the fair seeming. She had loved him; yes, but she had deceived him all his life, and made him the unconscious participant in a gigantic fraud. She had shut his father's heart against him, and coerced a weaker nature into persistent sin.

He sat in his bedroom with his face hidden in his folded arms while all the waves of his misery passed over him; it was as if the keystone of the

arch of life had fallen through, as if the light of the sun had been eclipsed. Where, then, was faith to be found, or on what foundation was love to be built? His was the anguish of the devoted follower who has lost his leader, of the saint who believes that his God has betrayed him. A sense of desolation possessed him.

It may be thought strange that he accepted so implicitly the accusation against his mother; but not only had conviction sat on the lips of the dying man, but Hugh had a sense that this momentous statement gathered confirmation from vague impressions and shadowy incidents that had now and again perplexed him in the past, and been dismissed as of no account. No fraud has ever yet been accomplished without a flaw.

After the young man had left his father he did not again see him in life. Mr Sartoris sank rapidly, and fell into unconsciousness, his wife never leaving his side till the last sigh had been breathed; the crisis, too, had been so sudden and imminent that mother and son had no opportunity to exchange confidences, even if that had been the wish of the latter. So far from that, he felt the paramount necessity of evading observation until he had had time to readjust thought and action. It seemed as if the impulsiveness of youth had already been arrested.

He had not, as we have seen, advanced far to any conclusion; his mind still seethed in passionate disorder. There was another side of the question to face—that of disinheritance; but, to his honour be it said, this consideration was felt to be secondary until another arose and smote him. Disinheritance in itself might be, and was, of less consequence than this bankruptcy of love and faith, but it would carry with it still further ruin to his happiness. Margaret Dalzell, that pearl of girlhood whom he desired to win, and had hoped in all humility that he might win, would be set far out of his reach—impoverished, outcast, dishonoured!

Thought had become intolerable; he got up and walked to and fro in the room. It was already past midnight, but the season touched on midsummer, and sunset and sunrise, with the mingled radiance of retreat and advance, almost joined hands together; he had wanted no light to see his wretchedness by, and now he paced to and fro in the gloom, or stood by his wide-open window looking out upon the shadowy landscape.

The house had been full of stifled noises, and he had identified them all: the opening and shutting of doors, Dr Stanhope's arrival and departure after the last duties to the dead master of the house had been fulfilled, the whispered voices of servants and their quiet movements to their respective quarters; and now a hush had fallen.

It was at this moment that footsteps he was keen to recognise approached his room. His first impulse was to lock the door and excuse himself to his mother on the plea of indisposition. But when had such a plea served as exclusion?

As he heard her gentle tap on his door a sense of compunction wrung his heart. She had come to seek him, warm, no doubt, with mother-love and solicitude, and knowing nothing of the spiritual cataclysm that had separated them.

She opened the door and entered, and no impulse prompted Hugh to go forward to meet her.

The room, as we know, was in obscurity; but she switched on the light as she advanced, and then paused, regarding her son with grave intentness as he stood revealed. There was no need for him to speak; she read in his changed aspect the answer to her consuming anxiety. Her task, then, would be harder than she feared; but her courage was of the kind that finds strength in emergency. There was no change to be detected either in the serene dignity of her mien or the tender modulations of her voice.

'Dearest,' she said, 'it is all over, and I did not send for you; the end was a painful struggle, and I know that you must have suffered enough.'

'You mean that my father is dead; but, oh, I should have dearly liked to see him once again!'

There was a bitterness in the cry that, to her quickened perceptions, bore witness to recently excited feeling.

'The end came suddenly at last. Dr Stanhope was with us, and nothing was left undone to make the passage easy; but it is a strait passage, Hugh, and each one of us must pass through alone.'

'And in his case,' said Hugh, 'his last hours—rather his whole life—was embittered by the knowledge of a colossal fraud.'

He had not meant to rush the situation by such sudden and uncompromising speech; but the words seemed to force their way almost against his own volition, and the eyes that were fixed on his mother were full of anguish and appeal.

Mrs Sartoris met them with a look of quiet surprise. 'My poor boy, is it so with you,' she asked, and the inflection of her voice showed sorrow touched with indignation; 'and was my warning so entirely in vain? You are too hasty, Hugh; you insult the dead, which is an outrage, and you accuse the living, for if your father sinned I must have sinned with him. My son, have I lived and loved so utterly in vain?'

Where was the conviction that a few hours previously had gripped his mind and poisoned all the springs of joy? Now, as he looked into the beautiful pale face of his mother a doubt, a blessed doubt that love and memory hailed with rapture, contended against it. The touch of her hand upon his arm melted his soul.

'No, no,' he answered brokenly, 'nothing shall come between us. There is some monstrous

mistake. You will explain later. I can wait—I believe—mother!'

Her arm had stolen about his neck, and her lips pressed his forehead. 'If,' she whispered, 'I could have spared you the shock of that cruel interview I would have done so; but I could not deny his urgent desire, though I knew there was danger in it. I mean danger to himself, as it proved, for it hastened the end; but I did not think that there was danger to you and to me—that your father's strong delusion would be instantly accepted to my condemnation. Yesterday I would have staked my life on your fidelity.'

'Mother,' he pleaded, 'only one word.'

'No further word to-night, if you still love me,' was her answer. 'Let me rest, Hugh! For the first time for many weary years I know that my dear husband is at rest, and I am comforting myself with the hope that even already the freed spirit has dropped the harassing delusions of mortal life. I am very weary and very sad, and so are you, my son. Let us say good-night.'

'But I cannot let you go like this; you must let me explain.' He was still restless.

'Dearest, not to-night! You shall explain, if you insist—though no explanation is wanted—at any length at a more suitable time; but that, Hugh, will not be till after your father's funeral. You must not forget that you are now the head of the family, and are bound to act as such. Take those weary eyes to bed. Once more, good-night.'

She held out her hand, and he clasped and kissed it in a tumult of feeling.

At the door she stopped and looked back. 'God bless my son whom He has preserved to me!' she said solemnly, and went out.

For a few moments the young man stood as she had left him till the sound of her footsteps had died away and he heard the door of her bedroom opened and shut. Then he turned and sat down as before with head buried in his hands, miserably aware that while the spell worked hope had dawned; and now that it was withdrawn, in spite of himself, the horrible misgiving was at work again.

The sun was high in heaven before Hugh Sartoris threw himself on his bed to sleep the profound sleep of mental exhaustion.

(To be continued.)

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE OLD TOWN BY THE SEA.

PORTSMOUTH, New Hampshire, like its noble old namesake on Spithead, owes its importance to the fine navy-yards which make it a centre of industry and interest to the whole of the United States. Not that the famous old city deserves to be left in a backwater; but in these recent years busy life in this great continent has gone 'out west' into the new lands teeming with wealth undiscovered in the days when the commerce which enriched all the coast-towns on the shores of New England was the most prominent in the land.

Still the fine old town holds her own, although no longer do her swift ships sweep the seas, and steam, with its developments, has metamorphosed the ocean trade. The shipbuilding for which she once was celebrated has moved elsewhere, and those old 'greyhounds' of the Atlantic which sailed proudly from her quays have drifted into oblivion. But she is an important place still. Here, seven years ago, delegates from two nations, one of which was a mystery and a romance when Portsmouth was a flourishing city, met to arrange a peace in which not America only, but the whole civilised world, was interested—the close of a great war whose magnitude and far-reaching results we have not yet had time to estimate. In the centre of her splendid navy-yard, on Kittery Island, we visited the fine room in which the Russo-Japanese delegates met and debated terms, ending the war that meant so much to the whole world. But for the moment we are dealing with the past and not the present of the venerable community, which is one of the oldest in New England.

The discovery of the river on which it stands dates back to the year 1603, the year of Queen Elizabeth's death. To that queen's far-reaching spirit the vision of empire was dimly revealed, to be realised in the reign of another queen whose memory is still fresh with all of us. In that year some merchant-adventurers of the good city of Bristol fitted out a very small expedition under the command of a certain Martin Pring. It was a small venture—two little ships, one of fifty and the other of twenty-six tons burden, manned by fifty-four stout mariners—with which to exploit a new world! These worthies had heard of the abounding wealth, more necessary to life than the silver and gold which the Spanish and Portuguese had discovered in the south, that was afforded by the great fisheries already opened up by the discovery of Newfoundland, and sent the little ships and handful of brave men to search for it.

Cruising along the dangerous coasts of the unknown land, Pring succeeded in making the mouth of the Piscataqua River, between what is now Maine and New Hampshire. He and his men penetrated only a short way into the country; and not finding the sassafras-tree, then considered the next best thing to the elixir of life,

he went farther south. But the good report of the river and its banks which he had discovered lingered in the minds of men; and eleven years afterwards John Smith, that most doughty of pioneers, ranging the coast from Cape Cod to Penobscot Bay, came upon the country of which Pring had given so good an account. He was struck with its beauty, and wrote about its 'sweet air' as well as its rich fisheries. He made a map of the coast, which he presented to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the First of tragic memory, who bestowed upon the fair new country the name which it will bear while its mountains stand in their places and its magnificent rivers run down to the sea—New England.

Although Smith gave such a glowing description of the new territory, it was not until nine years afterwards that steps were taken to utilise its vast resources. Men were not then living in a hurry, and things were done with deliberation. At last the shrewd merchants of England awoke to the facts of the case. Not only were the fisheries of enormous importance, but a great trade might be done with the Indians; furs were costly things, and hard to procure; the natives were friendly and inclined to do business. Those who had seen the land pronounced it to be marvellously productive; therefore a certain Captain John Mason, whose name figures largely in the early history of the state, headed a coalition of adventurers, financed by the rich corporations of London, Bristol, and other cities of the south, who were willing to take part in the enterprise, and in the year of grace 1626 the first 'Great House' of the new settlement was built on a hill overlooking the beautiful tidal river, with its rich store of fertile islands. Mason was a thorough man of affairs. He built salt-works that were an absolute necessity to the trade upon which the new colony most relied, and erected a sawmill, then a new and wonderful invention. He established the trade with the Indians upon a secure basis, and so the little cluster of log-cabins that gathered round the 'Great House' expanded into a flourishing town. In fact, it did so well that even in times of scarcity it was able to help a less fortunate sister-settlement.

So the youthful city grew steadily into a vigorous prime; and although there were some difficulties with the settlers on account of the vast grants of land bestowed upon individuals amongst them by persons and corporations ignorant of the enormous size of the country with which they were dealing, not more than an ordinary quarrel or two ensued. Mason, although Charles the First bestowed princely territories upon him, died poor, leaving little more than law-suits to his descendants.

They were a rigidly righteous community, those early inhabitants of the good town. Although the men who founded the colony were no Puritans, the spirit was in the surrounding air, and we find enactments against the 'drinkinges of healths' and the 'wearing of long haire' (which is called 'ane abomination') amongst the laws enacted by the sapient town council. Also grave debates were held as to 'the making of a cage' containing 'a goodlie pair of stocks and a stout pillorie,' to be erected at the west side of the chief 'meeting-house' for the 'punishment of such men as take tobacco' and were guilty of 'the falling asleep in church-time'—a severe punishment for such offences. Later these sentences were mitigated to a 'fine of five shillings' for each transgression. But they were a fine set of men, those stern Puritans of the forties of that century. Portsmouth was the first amongst the coast cities to declare against 'the keeping of negro men and wenches as bought-servants,' a law enacted and enforced in 1645. That some of them had not much cant about them is proved by the story of how, when one of their most 'acceptable' preachers was dilating upon the zeal for pure and perfect doctrine and worship which had brought them overseas, a member of the congregation stood up and spoke out boldly, saying, 'Sir, you entirely mistake the matter. Our ancestors did not come here on account of religion, but for fish and trade'—an interruption which must have greatly disconcerted the preacher.

The dreadful delusion of witchcraft fell upon the town, as it did over the whole of New England at the time; some wretched men and women were hanged, flogged, and persecuted because of it. It is pitiable to read the brief accounts of the trials and the puerile evidence upon which the wretched beings were tortured and put to death. In some instances it is not very difficult to read between the lines personal spite, rancour, and revenge. But the illusion passed away, perhaps because the colonists were brought face to face with a more real terror. The Indians, who hitherto had been friendly, incited by the French of Lower Canada, and also enraged by offences done by the baser sort of colonists, became, as an ancient record of the town relates, 'troublesome.' Portsmouth did not suffer as terribly as other towns (some of which were almost wiped out), possibly because when a regular attack was made upon the town a cannonade from the walls so terrified the red men that they never again approached within range of those dreaded weapons. But the outlying hamlets and farms, which had multiplied with the passing of the years, were kept in constant terror, and more than one appalling massacre took place. The story of one such dark deed had so strange a sequel that it deserves to be recorded. The Government had established sundry small garrisons for the protection of these homesteads; but frequently they proved unable to prevent disaster, so treacherous and so wily were the savage foes. One June night, just at its darkest hour, the inhabitants of a thriving township were roused from sleep by the dreaded war-whoop. The women and children fled to

the nearest garrison, while the men made what stand they could against a swarm of foes. The unfortunate settlers were beaten back with terrible loss, but they had the satisfaction of knowing that their wives and little ones must have had time to reach the garrison. Alas! the survivors found that a horrible massacre had taken place. The red men had fallen upon the defenceless fugitives on their way to the place of refuge. From the heap of slain Richard Brewster drew the apparently dead body of his young wife Mary. She had been scalped and deeply wounded by a tomahawk; but—and it appears almost too wonderful to be true—she survived, shortly afterwards giving birth to a daughter. Later she became the mother of four stalwart sons, whose descendants are respected burgesses of the town to this day. Mrs Brewster lived to her eighty-sixth year, and always wore under her 'seemly wig' a silver scalp. The Indian 'trouble' lasted until the Peace of Utrecht, when France, worn out with protracted warfare, gave up the game. The red men, no longer supplied with arms and ammunition by their European allies, ceased to invade the colonies.

From the dawn of the eighteenth century Portsmouth took the place which she held for more than a hundred years. Already she had provided the Old Country with two fine men-of-war, and in 1745 she built and fitted out another larger than either of these. This was the *America* of forty-four guns. Her own swift barques sped across the Atlantic laden with the produce of the state, which yearly increased in value. Her commerce with the West Indies, like that of Portland, Maine, was most valuable. The river-front, now so picturesque in its decay, then throbbed and teemed with busy life. Her warehouses were packed with goods either fresh from Europe or waiting for exportation. A very productive source of wealth was found in the magnificent forests clothing her hills and valleys from the mountains to the sea, and from them rare and precious woods were sent to the Old Country to be transformed into that beautiful eighteenth-century furniture which fetches such fabulous prices at the present day. Another great export of hers were the tall masts and spars for the navy that went across to the British royal dockyards month after month. When the Revolution burst out in the brave old town several barques laden with these munitions of war lay in the harbour; but it is scarcely necessary to remark that they stayed there.

As we stand upon the empty wharves a very slight stretch of the imagination will again crowd them with busy life. A few old sea-dogs are lingering about. They look like ghosts of olden days, but they are not grumbling old men; they have had their day, and now enjoy a quiet evening-time. Close your eyes for a moment, and call up other old men, stately, proud, and dignified, pacing along in their three-cornered hats and carefully dressed wigs, plum-coloured coats, and handsome gold-embroidered waistcoats, picking their steps as they pass by in trim buckled, square-toed shoes—the merchant-princes of old Portsmouth, for whose benefit the now deserted wharves are thronged with busy workers loading and unloading the ships that lie thickly in the harbour. The air is full of 'the busy hum of men.' There are the shouts of workers hustling and pushing along, the chanty of sailors winding or unwinding the capstans, the constant hubbub that accompanies such active life; and now there is a silence everywhere. But let us think of those fine old men a little longer. There are sundry portraits of them in the Town Hall and the Athenæum—handsome, courtly old fellows, who took life easy until the revolutionary times were upon them, and then they proved their metal nobly from their own point of view. But at this time, while they were making great fortunes and building great houses, separation from the Old Country was far off.

These houses, erected when the prosperity of the town was at full tide, are singularly attractive. The finest of them stands at some distance from the town. This is the Wentworth House, which is almost opposite to the splendid Wentworth Hotel, in which the Russian and Japanese envoys sojourned during their stay in Portsmouth. It is a most noble example of the way they lived 'when George the Third was king.' But Longfellow has written such a perfect word-picture of the house in his 'Poet's Tale' in *The Tales of a Wayside Inn* that it would be impossible to better that description. He made it the background of the pretty romance which has haloed the spot.

There are several other romances hidden in the history of the old town. The old churches, too, are full of interest; not certainly for architectural beauty, as they are all of what may be termed the 'barn-door' order, and save for their histories they might be passed by. The old church of St John, which stands on an eminence commanding a view of the river, is about the oldest of them. It dates back to 1638. It was burned down and rebuilt as the Queen's Chapel in 1732, when Queen Caroline of Anspach, that wise woman who for many years ruled England in the name of her commonplace husband, gave a beautiful communion service of fine silver to the church. She also presented it with handsome service-books which bear her name. A 'Vinegar' Bible is reckoned amongst the treasures of the church; as is also a most lovely font of porphyritic marble of the most exquisite shades of faint rose and gray, taken from a Spanish ship, and presented to the church by the daughters of Captain John Mason, a descendant of the founder of the colony. The old chair in which George Washington sat when he attended service here is a handsome

piece of furniture, very carefully preserved, and is a genuine relic.

Not far from the church stands the oldest house in Portsmouth, a fine specimen of colonial domestic architecture. Built of bricks which the owner procured from Holland at great expense, it has stood the wear and tear of well-nigh two hundred years, and looks still sturdy enough to last two centuries longer, even if the fashionable residential quarters of the present day have drifted away from its leafy corner. Indoors it has many attractions. The great hall which runs through the building, after the pleasant colonial fashion, was painted in fresco by no unskilful hand long ago. The pictures lay forgotten for generations under successive layers of wall-paper until, by an accident, they were discovered. The handsome living-rooms are panelled with wood that time has tinted to a beautiful rich shade. The old-fashioned open fireplaces are ornamented with antique Dutch tiles. On the western side of the house there is an historical memorial—the lightning-conductor placed there in 1762 under the direction of its discoverer, Benjamin Franklin. Modern science has in a measure slighted the invention, but it was a step towards the marvels of electrical magic in the present day. Down a quiet little street close at hand there is a modest and unpretentious house which Portsmouth, and indeed all New England, regards as a shrine. This is the Aldrich House, the home in which the man of letters of whom Portsmouth is so proud dwelt in his happy boyhood—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose early history, written by him under the title of *The Story of a Bad Boy*, has long been the delight of young America. A fertile writer, a critic of the highest order, a distinguished man of letters who was the friend of all the great writers of his time, the sight of his early home enables a thoughtful visitor to realise his character and understand how it came to pass that the child who lived and dreamed his dreams in that spot grew into a man universally beloved. Here, in the small fireproof building attached to the house, the relics of his long and useful life are gathered. It would require a whole article to enumerate the names of those famous men of his generation — and what a generation it was! — with whom he was in constant correspondence. Splendid gifts were presented to him by those who loved him. Longfellow was in constant communication with him, Tennyson valued Aldrich's appreciation of his works, Robert Browning and his gifted wife were amongst his friends, not to mention the great scientific men of the time. In Scotland his writings are but little known; and, after all, it was as a critic that his greatest fame reached him. But give any Scotch lad his *Story of a Bad Boy*, and ask him what he thinks of it, and perhaps you will understand something of his charm. Here is his little bedroom where he slept and dreamed his dreams, here the attic in which he erected his stage and acted his plays with a few chosen companions; here is the identical old hair-trunk over which he poured a libation of a famous hair-restorer, and found his first bitter disappointment in the result. Down in the 'parlours,' primly arranged as in the former days, with the furniture of that date carefully preserved, is the little chair he sat in listening to his grandfather's tales of adventure on the seas. Here are the books which aroused his early imagination; and here, in the low kitchen, repose the utensils with which a negro 'mammy' much beloved cooked dainty morsels to tempt a delicate appetite. They do these things well in America, and honour the memories of their leading thinkers by preserving their simple relics. There is something very touching in the usage.

Another native was James T. Fields, the friend of Charles Dickens, the publisher of the works of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, and Whittier, and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1862–70).

HENRY HILLS, PRINTER TO CROMWELL.

By J. B. Williams.

OF the hypocrites and time-servers which the seventeenth century brought forth in such numbers there are many who are in turn to be placed on both the Royalist and the Puritan sides; but the typographical vicar of Bray called Henry Hills is unique in that he not only figured on both sides, but also as a Roman Catholic. Nor is this all; for right up to the Restoration he actually contrived to remain the official printer to each of the rebel parties as they attained the supremacy. Owing to the disgust which he inspired it is possible to trace his career with great detail.

Hills was the son of a ropemaker at Maidstone. Sent to London to earn his living, at the commencement of the Great Rebellion he obtained a situation as postillion to Harrison the regicide, and was passed on by him to the notorious John Lilburne. Lilburne was so pleased with what he saw of the lad's disposition that he apprenticed him to Matthew Simmons and Thomas Payne, two disloyal and disreputable printers then in partnership in a small way of business. Payne was the man who, in the year 1642, printed the *To your Tents, O Israel!* of Henry Walker, and for so doing

accompanied the apostle of Drogheda and Dunbar to prison. The connection with 'Oliver's priest,' his 'maker and forger of lies' (as Fox the Quaker calls him) having thus proved disastrous to Master Payne, there was nothing for Hills to do but to run away and join the rebel army; which he accordingly did, and fought at Edgehill in the same year. Henceforward he appears intermittently as soldier and printer to the rebel army, at one time carrying on business in Pennifarthing Street (now Pembroke Street), Oxford.

At the end of 1648, when Cromwell needed a printer for that *Remonstrance* (that is, Declaration) *of the Army* which was to precede the king's murder, 'out steps honest H. H., briskly saying, "My lord, I am a printer," and for that piece of villainy he was made printer to that rebel army.'

Having thus approved himself in Cromwell's sight, Hill's future career henceforth became assured, and he now joined that sect known as the Anabaptists. But at the end of the year 1650 he gave a revelation of his character which, if common-sense had accompanied the religious fanaticism of the times, would at once have ended his prospects. He induced the wife of Thomas Hams, a tailor living in Swan Alley, Blackfriars, to quit her husband and to live in open adultery under his protection. Hams knew what an iniquitous sham was the Act punishing that crime with death, and that nothing but an acquittal would follow an indictment; and therefore sued Hills for damages, recovering a sum of two hundred and sixty pounds. As Hills could not pay the damages, he was then thrown into the Fleet Prison.

To obtain his freedom Hills had now to persuade Hams to pardon him, and he had also to acknowledge himself a backslider in order to procure the forgiveness of the Anabaptist congregation. So on December 12, 1650, he wrote Hams a letter, which it is just as well not to set out in full, in which he pleaded that he had nothing 'except the mercy of some creditors, not the worth of a penny, nor wherewithal to get a penny,' and therefore was unable to treat with him. Finally, he pleaded for his poor wife and six children, and signed himself 'unworthy' to be Hams's 'slave.' Readers of the satires by the Royalist side in the great Rebellion will find a great many allusions to this episode in his life.

The Anabaptist congregation he dealt with in characteristic fashion, needing their help in order to raise his damages for Hams. He published a pamphlet—or rather sermon, for that is what it amounts to—entitled *The Prodigal Return'd to his Father's House*, and prefixed to it an epistle dated from the Fleet Prison, 28th January 1651, addressed 'to all the saints in general distinguished by what name or title soever,' and commencing, 'Dearly beloved in the Lord.' In this pamphlet he gave a great amount of pious and profitable, if somewhat unnecessary, and one would think impudent, advice to the 'saints' who had not distinguished themselves in the manner in which he had, and succeeded in creating such an impression of his *bona fides* that the Anabaptist leaders William Kyffin and Daniel King each contributed a preface to the work. A Catholic enemy states that Hills, having thus obtained his release from prison, became printer to the Anabaptist congregation, and, in company with one Ives, misappropriated the Anabaptist funds.

While all this had been going on Hills lost none of his official appointments; and when, in 1653, Cromwell conferred on himself the title of Protector, Hills was appointed printer to his Council of State.

After this he seems to have led a decent life; for in 1656 Cromwell ordered the copyright of the Bible to be entered to him and to John Field of Cambridge in the Stationers' Register. All the endless mistakes and misprints to be found in the Bibles of the pseudo-Commonwealth period are due to these two most incompetent printers. Field had distinguished himself and raised a storm of sarcasm by printing in his very first Bible (1653) the text of 1 Corinthians vi. 9 as 'Know ye not that the *un*righteous shall inherit the kingdom?' &c.; but he was eclipsed by Hills turning one of the commandments, in a pocket Bible of 1659, into 'Thou shalt [not] commit adultery.' Perhaps, however, the malice of an employé is to be suspected in both cases.

One reason why Hills and Field contrived to retain their posts during all the party changes is to be found in the fact that, by way of bribes, they paid salaries and fees amounting to no less than five hundred pounds per annum to various Cromwellian officials. In addition to this, Hills was compelled to pay one hundred pounds a year to Marchamont Nedham (the 'author' of the official news-books) and his wife.

After the Restoration in 1660, though he was no longer printer to the State, he was dexterous enough to become king's printer; for, as one of his biographers remarks, he had 'a soul of no common temper. He ever made it his business to be of the rising side; let what card would turn up trump he would still follow the suit, his heart and hand were always so well furnished.' Then 'he became a kind of Church of England man, or a modest Presbyterian, where he continued, when profit and interest offered, a zealot till the year 1678,' the year of Titus Oates's popish plot. When he heard of this he marched into his printing-house with 'Gentlemen, are there any papists here? If there be, you must turn out; for the King's Printing-House shall be no shelter for such vermin!' One man, Simon Chamberlain, was thereupon ejected. At the same time he and one of his sons, a glazier by trade, succeeded in procuring the stock of a Catholic bookseller—one James Thomson, of Eagle Court, Strand—consisting of '*Turbervile's Catechism*

and other good Catholic books,' to be confiscated and burnt at the Royal Exchange.

When Dangerfield the perjurer wrote his abominable *Narrative*, Hills of course printed it, and as a result was sued for damages by Lord Arundell of Wardour. Again did the verdict go against Hills, and again was he cast in damages, a Catholic peeress at the same time obtaining a verdict against him for *scandalum magnatum;* and then the same comedy as in the case of Hams the tailor was gone through once more. The 'good man became,' as he says, 'a zealous Catholick.' But, notwithstanding his conversion, this new proselyte most zealously took the sacrament in the Church of England to qualify himself for the office of 'Master' of the Stationers' Company when Charles the Second granted that company a new charter in 1684.

The Catholics do not all seem to have been so gullible as the Anabaptists, and the result of all this was a broadside printed in the year 1684 'for the use of all those who do anyways believe the real conversion of H. H.,' and entitled, *A View of Part of the Many Traitorous, Disloyal, and Turnabout Actions of H. H., Senior, sometime Printer to Cromwell, to the Commonwealth, to the Anabaptist Congregation, to Cromwell's Army, Committee of Safety, Rump Parliament, &c.*

When James the Second came to the throne, on 6th February 1685, he employed Hills to print and to publish the two papers of reasons for the acceptance of the Catholic faith which Charles the Second wrote, and which were found in his strong-box after his death. But a bookseller had received encouragement to publish them as well; 'which being done, H. H. (still the same) sends one on purpose to trepan not only the said bookseller but the printer, and used all underhand means to ruin them.'

A reprint of his *Prodigal Return'd*, with a copy of his letter to Hams, was a fitting reply to this last exploit; but the king nevertheless took him into favour, and actually appointed one of his sons to a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford. Great as was the folly of James the Second in his dealings with his Protestant subjects, it must not be inferred that he was quite so idiotically stupid or so easily hoodwinked as this at first sight seems to imply. There was, after all, something to be said for this last appointment; for Hill's second wife Elizabeth (as she herself states) was a Catholic, bred and born abroad, and it was one of her two sons that the king provided for in this manner, and not one of the elder children by the first wife.

Nemesis at last overtook Henry Hills. On the 11th December 1688 James the Second fled from Whitehall, and in the same week a London mob, after destroying the Catholic chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as well as those of St John's, Clerkenwell, and Lime Street, sacked Hill's printing-house, set fire to it, and burnt it. Nor was this all. On 25th April 1689 a warrant was issued by William the Third for Hill's apprehension on suspicion of high treason. Hills fled to St Omer's, where, being an old man by now, he died, whether as a sincere Catholic or not it is impossible to say. But as in his will he bequeathed his interest in the King's Printing-House to that 'notorious papist' his wife 'and his two sons brought up in that way,' it is possible that he was sincere at the last. As recusants, the legatees forfeited their interest in the King's Printing-House—an interest which, apart from this, lapsed by non-user. Henry Hills, junior, his eldest son, petitioned William and Mary for his father's patent on 13th August 1691, setting out these facts; but his request does not seem to have been granted. Two years previously he had been appointed a 'messenger to inspect printing-presses for the discovery of unlicensed books, pamphlets, and newspapers'—an odious employment.

There was no doubt about this son's Protestantism; for in 1699 he reprinted John Taylor the Water-Poet's *Dialogue between a Pedlar and a Popish Priest, in a very Hot Discourse full of Mirth, Truth, Wit, Folly, and Plain Dealing;* writing a preface in which he dedicated his reprint to the Worshipful Company of Watermen, and said that the book showed Taylor's 'steadfastness in the Protestant religion, which all his time he laboured both by his exemplary life and pen to testify.' John Taylor certainly was a Protestant, but he was a staunch High Churchman and a very strong anti-Puritan.

THE FOREIGNER.

FAR across the mountains flames the sinking sun,
The shadows longer grow.
Across the valley the dark hilltops rise
On the wondrous depths of the turquoise skies,
Faintly the fireflies glow.

But a sadness creeps, as the twilight steeps
The slumbering landscape; clear
Comes a memory keen of the days that once have been,
Comes remembrance of such sacred things and dear
That the cricket's chirping cry is as but a mockery.
All these dark, dim hilltops tall
But awaken the desire: Oh the heather's purple fire,
And the flats where the curlew call!

The night-breeze hushes, and a host of stars
The widespread sapphire fills,
Bright wardens of the sky; comes the iterated cry
Of the distant 'whip po' wills.'*
The lights gleam yellow, and the watching air
The cadence carries far
Of a careless strain, and the tinkling light refrain
Of the frivolous guitar.

Yet the heart grows weary for the stiff north breeze,
The white scud flying, and the groaning trees,
The breaking billows' roar;
The stern gray cliffs where the sea-fowl swarm,
The friends so true and the hearts so warm
Of the days that have gone before.

G. F. GROGAN.

*The *tuesto ruis* of Northern Mexico. The cry is better described by the Spanish than the English name.

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AUSTRALIAN CRICKET IN SCOTLAND.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING, Author of *Cricket of To-day and Yesterday*, &c.

'YESTERDAY se'nnight a match for twenty-five pounds a-side was played between the Brunswick Club of Edinburgh and the Western Cricket Club of Glasgow,' stated the *Weekly Dispatch* of June 26, 1831, 'when, after a keen contest, the latter were thoroughly beaten. The majority was two notches, the numbers being Glasgow 104, Edinburgh 106, and the latter had eight wickets to go down.'

Although the above announcement was prefaced with the statement that 'cricketing is gaining ground in the North,' the late Mr W. W. Read, the famous Surrey cricketer—who in 1892 made scores of 156 and 33 in two matches, entitled Surrey *v.* Scotland, played in Edinburgh and in London respectively—was himself emphatic in the opinion that the national game of England would never really make much headway north of the Tweed. Mr Read once wrote, indeed, that 'with the exception of a few old-established clubs in the South, Scotland never seems to have taken kindly to the game. Amongst the rustics this may be on account of the general absence of greens and commons such as one finds attached to every English village, and also to the difference in the course of cultivating the land, which seldom remains down to grass for any length of time. Again, the country up north is so hilly that unless a gentleman interested in the game goes to the expense of laying out a ground, play is practically impossible, although it is pleasing to observe cricket, golf, quoits, and "putting the stone" all being played together upon the links at Aberdeen, which are tolerably level in some parts.'

The fact remains that the Australian Eleven of 1912 are to devote a week to playing two three-day matches in Edinburgh and Glasgow, an occurrence which ought to give a decided and flattering impetus to cricket in Scotland. But before saying a few words as to the performances of former Australian teams upon Scottish playing-fields, it may be of interest to revert briefly to another issue of the *Dispatch*, also for 1831. It will be observed that in those days the pernicious practice of betting on the game was at its height. Under the engaging heading of 'Scotland takes to Cricket,' the journal from which we are quoting gives prominence to a match between Glasgow University and Perth Club. The latter being, we are told, 'comparatively in its infancy,' its members were animated, 'not with any sanguine anticipations of success, but only with a determination to do their best.' On learning the full facts the visitors did not feel particularly hopeful, as they found they were to be opposed not only by the best players of the University Club, but by a reinforcement from the Western Club. Nothing daunted, Perth batted first and scored 62, and in response three of the University batsmen fell in rapid succession without a single 'notch' to their credit; 'betting, 5 to 2 on the Perth Club, and no takers.' As fieldsmen, however, the Glaswegians seem to have outshone their opponents, so much so that 'an apparently magical sympathy appeared to exist between the ball and the hands of the scouts.' Eventually the victory rested with Perth by a narrow margin, and the game terminated 'after more than five and a half hours' incessant exertion.' The cricketers most distinguished were Jephson and Wilkinson for Glasgow, and Simmonds and Bernal for Perth.

The world-famous Australian Eleven of 1882—the combination that won an historic victory over the full strength of England at Kennington Oval—appeared at Glasgow in September at the wind-up of their tour. The weather conditions were by no means all that could have been desired, and it says much for the Eleven of Scotland that they managed to compile 100 runs at their second attempt against an Australian total of 155. They were too late, however, to make up for their miserable display in their first innings, when they permitted Mr Spofforth, 'the Demon Bowler,' and Mr Boyle to bowl them all out for the wretched total of 32! The most successful Scottish bowler proved to be Buchanan, the local professional, and by far the best batting form was displayed by Mr P. H. Morton, generally renowned for his slow bowling for Cambridge University.

A two days' fixture was also engaged in at Edinburgh by this '82 team against a combination known as Gentlemen of Scotland, who were badly beaten, although the visitors were minus the services of their great fast bowler, Mr Spofforth. Their one total of 159 included some brilliant hitting by the captain, Mr Murdoch. For the

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Gentlemen's Eleven, Mr Leslie Balfour was top scorer with 13 and 24. The match was a one-sided affair. If name and birth go for anything, the late Percy M'Donnell ought to have been playing for Scotland rather than for Australia; in point of fact, he was almost the best batsman in the latter's ranks.

About three years subsequently, a Scottish cricketer—Mr J. S. Carrick, to wit—was responsible for an extraordinary batting performance, which gave an undoubted fillip to the game in the North. 'Tis true that this mammoth score was not put together on Scottish soil, but it was made for that famous club, the West of Scotland, on the ground of the Priory Park Club at Chichester. It was found impossible to get Mr Carrick out at all, and his unfinished 419 lowered all then existing records, including the 400 (not out) of Dr W. G. Grace at Grimsby in 1876. The Scotch amateur's effort would have constituted a record, indeed, for something like twenty years, had it not been exceeded, in the very following season, by Mr A. E. Stoddart's epoch-making 485 for Hampstead *v.* a club whose title was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion—the Stoics.

Financially Australian games in the North were a great success. Nevertheless, during some seasons the practice of arranging one or two Scottish matches for our colonial visitors was discontinued, and I find little of interest to record in this connection until 1902, the year of a very memorable tour. Meeting an Eleven of Scotland in the capital on the eve of the England *v.* Australia match at Sheffield, the colonials made so light of their task that after putting together the highly satisfactory total of 303, they dismissed their opponents twice for 109 and 91, Mr J. Anderson alone batting well for 33 and 24. It is satisfactory to note that Mr Gregor M'Gregor—the greatest amateur wicket-keeper we have ever known, given by Scotland to England—was available to play for his native land when, three summers afterwards, the formidable Australian Eleven of 1905 spent a week in playing two matches at Edinburgh and Glasgow. The future Earl of Rosebery was also a member of the Scottish team which opposed them in the first of these encounters, and which was fairly well equipped at all points. It is noteworthy that at the time Lord Dalmeny and Mr M'Gregor were captains of the Surrey and the Middlesex County Clubs respectively. 'The visit of the Australians to Scotland,' said a distinguished writer on cricket, 'proved a distinct success, great interest being shown in the doings of the team. The Scotsmen made a very creditable fight; and although at one time in great danger of having to 'follow on,' and at another of being beaten, they succeeded in effecting a draw, having one wicket to fall and being more than 150 runs behind when the match came to an end.' M'Gregor proved a tower of strength, and it was thanks mainly to his exertions that the side were not compelled to follow their innings. As wicket-keeper he was responsible for five victims (twice dismissing the famous R. A. Duff), while his scores of 33 and 34 represented the highest aggregate of runs on the side, though Mr M. R. Dickson played a fine not-out innings of 62. As in the match of 1902, Mr Anderson distinguished himself, this time chiefly as a bowler. It must, however, be admitted that the Australians were not represented by all their best men.

The second half of the week was devoted to Australia *v.* Fifteen of Scotland at Glasgow, where several thousand spectators assembled. It was almost the only occasion on which a Colonial Eleven of recent years encountered odds, and 'they adopted vigorous methods all through the game.' Showery weather on the third day prevented a definite result being recorded; but the scratch combination displayed really admirable form, and might very well have snatched a victory had the clock permitted. As it was, Mr G. W. Jupp, with vigorous contributions of 39 and 74 against such a trio of bowlers as Cotter, Howell, and M'Leod, established a record for individual aggregate in run-getting against an Australian team in Scotland. With the ball, the professional Nixon, a medium-pace bowler, met with considerable success, and finally, when the game was abandoned, the Fifteen required but 45 runs, with three wickets in hand.

It will be of interest to see, in the light of the Australians' appearances in the two northern cities this year, to what extent cricket has taken a firmer hold of the popular imagination than formerly. Certain it is that the movement now has the benefit of powerful local support, and there is every reason to suppose that the two fixtures will be for the highest interests of the game's future advancement and enhanced popularity in Scotland. It is a year unique in the history of the pastime, when Elevens representative of the full strength of British, Australasian, and South African cricket are for the first time competing against each other on equal terms.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE END OF THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

THROUGH the long, quiet Sunday forenoon Malcolm Cahusac sat alone and waited for the return of Detching. But the bells rang out and ceased, the hot silence of the day followed, until once again the streets were full of footsteps and voices as the congregations from the churches made their way homewards or to the parks. These sounds of life passed also as the hour of the midday meal approached, and the pavements, hushed and deserted, almost seemed to smoke under the flood of July sunshine, for with every faint breath of wind the dust stirred and rose upon them.

Still Detching delayed, while Malcolm, sunk in a chair, watched a square of sky intensely blue and pierced by the shaft of a church tower. At length the door opened.

'Well?' asked Malcolm sharply.

'De Sarsan? He was dead.' Detching helped himself to a long drink, and then turned back to his friend. 'We did all we could, but he was dead—quite dead.'

'Another London mystery!'

'Well, no'—Detching gave him a quick look—'they've nailed the man who did it.'

Cahusac looked up. 'You don't mean'——

Detching nodded. 'Yes, Puyfot.'

'The porter said nothing of any one else having gone up before us this morning.'

'No, for it appears that Puyfot passed in with some other people; and while the porter was busy with them, in the lift, he slipped up by the stairs. De Sarsan must have got out of bed, put on a dressing-gown, and let him in.'

'How did they fasten it on Puyfot?'

'Oh, your detective, of course. He says that Puyfot left the hotel almost immediately after we had gone, but the delay of the cab accident gave him the advantage of half-an-hour in reaching Belvedere Mansions. As a matter of fact, he could not have been out of the flat more than five minutes when we turned up.'

Malcolm shook his head. 'There must be some mistake in this business,' he said. 'You won't make me believe it possible that a weakly creature like Puyfot could—could have any chance against a thickset, strong man like De Sarsan.'

'Not in ordinary circumstances—no; but, to begin with, he was nearly insane with excitement, and his fury against De Sarsan would give him abnormal strength for the time being.'

'Still, if he had no weapon?'

'Well, he had—a natural weapon. It appears he is an adept at that French art of attack and defence that consists in kicking. Why, you remember that man Deffand? You saw him exhibit?'

'Yes, yes.'

'De Sarsan made a great fight for his life, and pulled down everything he could lay hands on to save himself from those murderous kicks. They were locked into the sitting-room, for there was a loaded revolver in the bedroom, so it is evident De Sarsan could not get at it. Puyfot must be as active as a cat, judging from the damage he inflicted. I've never seen anything at all like it. De Sarsan was literally kicked into helplessness, and then Puyfot got at hand-grips with him, and throttled him with his own dressing-gown cord—silk, you know, and very strong.'

'Good heavens! did no one hear?'

'The flat above is empty, and the flat below is occupied by a couple of old ladies with a bunch of women servants, and they did nothing, of course, but keep their own hall-door safely bolted. Besides, Puyfot gave them very little time. He must have known that if the throttling failed one or two of the kicks would be fatal, so he made off. The detective, meanwhile, was waiting in the street to pick up his trail again; but he had no idea of what had occurred in the Mansions, so he simply followed his man.'

'How did it happen to come out about Puyfot, then?'

'I'll tell you. At first he started back for the hotel, but all of a sudden swung round as if he'd been stung, the detective says, and pointed for the river. It was still pretty early, and, being Sunday, not many people were about, so he managed to get on to the parapet of Westminster Bridge and jumped over. There was a strong rip of tide running out, and your man, though he dived in without hesitation after Puyfot, had his work cut out to save him.' Detching stopped and laughed oddly. 'I shouldn't be surprised if he got the Humane Society's medal over it. There's the fantastic side of life for you!'

They sat in silence for some time before Detching resumed.

'To wind up the story, the police took charge of Puyfot when he was fished out at last, and after that it was only a matter of an hour or two before everything was pieced together, so that when he was brought back to consciousness the first thing he knew was that he was arrested on the charge of murdering De Sarsan.'

'The evidence against him is only circumstantial.'

'Oh no; he's given himself clean away. When I left I heard him raving against De Sarsan and about that tragedy of his—what do you call it—*Astoreth*?'

'All things considered,' said Cahusac in a hard voice, 'De Sarsan got no more than he deserved.

Puyfot is a reptile if you like, but he has genius, and the luck 's been against him all along. He 's waited years for *Astoreth* to be produced, and now'——

Detching looked across at his friend in some surprise. 'Is it really worth anything?'

'It 's extraordinarily clever.'

'Humph! it was the bubble of his brain, anyhow, and to hear him now you 'd think it carried the colours of the rainbow. It was the bursting of that bubble that drove him to kill De Sarsan. He swears De Sarsan balked him before, and he blames him for what has happened now. I don't suppose the Athenia management will run to it after all this comes out.'

Cahusac got up and stood at the window. The sky was banking with heavy clouds, and the glory of the day had passed into a gloom of menace. 'I have a good deal to thank you for, Detching,' he said at last in a difficult voice. 'I 'm not speaking of the past, but of the present. You 're astonished that I should have a word to say for Puyfot, but every man has a sleeping blood-thirst in him, I imagine. I have—I only knew it last night. But for you I should be where Puyfot is.' He swung round on his heel and the door closed behind him.

So it was that the Cahusac mystery worked its way out at length into the glare of the police-courts and the newspapers. It never reached the dignity of the great Criminal Court of London, for before the date of the trial came round Puyfot had become too dangerous a lunatic to be placed in the dock and tried for his life.

Other law proceedings in the civil courts, however, when Cahusac sued *L'Œil* and the *Gas-Lamp* for libel, seemed likely to bring forth some piquant disclosures, for society had not forgotten the plaintiff's unexplained delay in taking action. And immense was the disappointment in certain quarters when all the revelations only tended to establish the high reputation of Sir Malcolm, who, it was shown, had as truly died for his country as a soldier on the field of battle.

Malcolm the younger came out with flying colours and substantial damages, and the world drew him back to its heart with a solicitude which he most ungratefully ignored.

Astoreth was, as Detching had foreseen, withdrawn for a time; but the lurid power and beauty of the tragedy had made its impression on those who were responsible for its original acceptance at the Athenia, and within a year the play was again in rehearsal. It was magnificently staged and gloriously acted, so that one of Puyfot's old friends on the Paris press declared that had the author not already been mad, the joy of beholding such a production would undoubtedly have driven him so. For the wreck of his hopes for *Astoreth* had indeed destroyed the great, if morbid, brain that created her. Puyfot died in Broadmoor, sinking by slow degrees from his early violence to an incurable imbecility.

But although nothing which could be regarded as possessing the smallest real interest transpired about Malcolm Cahusac or his family—since everything redounded to their credit—yet other disclosures were more racy. Detching's timely hint to the authorities that De Sarsan's papers might be of value to them had produced its due result; and when, upon the news of the murder getting abroad, two or three persons, none of whom spoke fluent English, appeared in haste at the flat, and representing themselves as relatives, preferred claims to the dead man's effects and documents, they were met with a vague but firm refusal. This refusal was unexpected, and created a most disproportionate amount of dismay among those whom it concerned. Eventually more than one public office acquired useful knowledge, certain people beat a hurried retreat from British shores, and incidentally odd fragments of information oozing out tickled the ears of scandal-lovers and those others who write weekly letters to the newspapers, and in consequence believe themselves to be the saviours of the Empire.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK OF THE 'LIMA.'

PART II.

DAYLIGHT broke to finer weather, with much less sea. It was resolved to make another attempt to rig a rocket-line. Volunteers were called to man another triangular raft, and this was lowered from the anchor-davit as before. Although repeatedly turned over on their journey, the men doggedly struggled on, and in about three hours reached some of the rocks close to the shore. The men already on shore then established communication with them. Alas! this attempt ended like the others, the line again cutting on the sharp rocks. Mr Phillips, the third engineer, was drowned in this attempt, the long seaweed dragging him under the water, although he was a powerful swimmer. All the small line was now used up. A live bullock was tried with a two and a quarter inch line attached to him. The poor beast was pushed over the bow into the water. He swam well, but the heavy breakers, with the weight of the rope, were too much for him, and he was drowned about halfway to the shore. Empty barrels were attached to a line at short distances apart, but the sea-

weed anchored the line, and the barrels remained about two hundred feet from the bow. The situation was now desperate, and at each high-water the vessel was steadily settling down a little more. The weather was improving, but could we hold out until assistance came? Anxious and careworn looks were on every face as once again darkness closed down, with a misty rain and cold north wind.

About 10 P.M. shouts were raised that a vessel was in sight. All eagerly looked, but only those with glasses could distinguish her lights. Distress-rockets now soared into the air, gun-cotton detonators burst into stars high overhead, turpentine flares were burnt in every place where we could find standing-room, and a shout of joy was raised when the officers who were watching with glasses said we had been answered. The steamer turned off to the westward for the night, evidently intending to come back in the morning. We all kept anxious watch for her. The weather was misty, with occasional showers, but the sea had improved very much. At 7 A.M. on the 9th February we sighted the steamer of last night standing toward us through the mist. She proved to be the s.s. *Hatumet*, of London. Signals were made to them that we had three hundred souls on board, and needed immediate assistance. The captain of the *Hatumet* then wanted to proceed to Sandy Point, seven hundred miles away, and send help from there. Captain Jacobs would not consent to this, and demanded immediate assistance, and eventually called for volunteers to man a boat and take a letter on board the *Hatumet*, giving full particulars of our position.

The chief officer, the engineers' storekeeper, and other three men volunteered. We turned the No. 8 boat in order to lower her heading seaward, and when all was ready we dropped the boat into the water. It was dangerous work until they cleared the breakers at the stern, after which they were safe. We saw them go alongside the *Hatumet*, and the chief officer go up and talk to her captain. The steamer came nearer to us, and anchored about half a mile from the *Lima's* stern. Then we saw them lower a boat and coil rope into both their boat and ours, and commence pulling with the line toward us. Gradually the boats came closer, and with a final struggle our chief officer brought the end close enough for us to throw a heaving-line to haul it on board; he then returned to the *Hatumet*, and manned her other lifeboat.

We now had a line all the distance between the two vessels, and the boats pulled along it to within about a hundred feet of our stern, just outside the breakers. We commenced lowering the passengers over the stern in the bight of a line, one end of which was in the boat, and the boat's crew hauled them through the water and into the boat. First we sent two of our crew into each boat to help with this work; then the order was, 'Women and children first.' The women were hauled along singly; but most of the children were too small to go alone, so any male passenger who would carry a child in his arms was allowed to go between two women. Those who had children were willing to carry their own, but at first all objected to carrying the children of others, and one or two who voiced this theory were pretty roughly handled before the others understood that our captain really meant what he said, and that no man would leave the vessel by himself until all the women and children had gone; also, that if any man threw the child he carried away from him into the water he would probably be shot.

No time was to be lost, so all went along as quickly as we could work. The women, being so heavy with their sodden clothing, were the most difficult to get into the boats, and eventually we had to make them take off most of it in order to work with more speed whilst the fine weather lasted.

Boatload after boatload was sent away, and still more presented themselves. We were disembarking about thirty each hour. Some of the women had a fearful journey, with their heads under the water the whole way. The yells and curses thrown at the men who kept a child's head down to get their own above water revealed the sort of temper our officers were in, and that very little would bring bloodshed.

Gradually the women and children began to get fewer, and the time for darkness approached.

About six o'clock a shout was raised that a boat was coming from the shore, and we saw the third officer and the twenty-one others who at this time were on the island pulling off in one of the boats which the carpenter had repaired on shore. Seventeen men were pulling on the oars; the rest were in the bottom of the boat, including the woman who had made such a fearful journey underneath the other boat. We gave them a good cheer as they went past.

Darkness was now coming on. We had made dozens of flares ready to light up our stern. The captain of the *Hatumet* would not work after dark, and at 7.30 we had to cease, as no more boats came to us; but all the women and children were out of the wreck.

We counted the men remaining, and found eighty all told. There was nothing to be done but to eat what we could get—coffee made with salt-water, tinned meats, &c.—and to keep as snug as we could for the night, a very jealous watch being kept on our end of the all-important line.

During the night the barometer fell again, and we could see that our officers did not like the look of things. However, as daylight came

we saw some movement on board the *Hatumet*, and the boats hauling along the line. About half-way along they signalled that the line had sunk and fouled the rocks, and that when they got it clear they found that it was badly chafed; so we sent another line from the *Lima* to replace it. The wind was from the north, and the current was now setting strongly to the south. We saw the *Hatumet* lift her anchor and steam a little more to the north, and then anchor again. The sea was again beginning to break over our stern. Each hour of delay made our chances seem less, and it was once more midday before everything was finally ready, and the first boat came close enough to get the hauling-line from our stern. The boat was entirely manned by the *Lima's* crew—namely, the chief officer, carpenter, fourth engineer, Cameron and Martin, two able-bodied seamen, and Uridiana, a Spanish steward. This was the *Lima's* lifeboat, which had pulled off from the island, a much larger boat than any belonging to the *Hatumet*. The small line was repeatedly thrown to the boat, and at last the crew caught it on a boat-hook. Just at this moment a huge breaker mounted up astern. We yelled to the boat's crew to 'Hold on!' but to our horror the boat turned end-over with the steep sea, and threw all the crew out. The sea smashed high over our stern. For a minute we could do nothing ourselves but hold on; then we threw life-buoys and rafts to the poor fellows who had been turned into the boiling sea whilst trying to save the lives of those left on board the wreck. The chief mate got into a life-buoy and floated away to the southward, and we lost sight of him. The fourth engineer got on to a raft, and we watched him until it was dark. The raft was thrown over several times, and we thought it would be impossible for him to survive; but he was eventually thrown up on the beach unconscious, but alive. The steward, Uridiana, was seen on a rock half-way to the shore, and then lost sight of; but he reached the shore all right, and we saw him the next day on the island. The carpenter was never seen after the boat ended-over; he was probably struck by wreckage and stunned. Martin and Cameron were underneath the upturned boat; they pulled themselves under the gunwale, then, getting on the bottom of the boat, held on to the keel until they were rescued by the other boat's crew coming along the line. Martin had a tremendous cut across his right eye, and was bleeding profusely.

The sea was getting steadily worse. It seemed impossible for any boats to get close enough for the rest of us to be hauled to them; and now there was only one boat left to work with, the *Hatumet* having smashed one of hers by the tackle breaking when they were pulling the boat up the previous night. The fine weather, so seldom met with in this stormy part of the world, had been lost. The barometer was falling, the wind northerly, with a misty rain, and it was quite evident that we were in for another spell of bad weather, during which no one could assist us, and we should have to trust solely to the tough frame of our vessel holding together to save our lives.

Signals were now made to the *Hatumet* asking her to proceed with all speed to the port of Ancud, and from there to telegraph to the Chilian Government, asking them to send a warship to our assistance. The *Hatumet* left about 4 P.M., signalling encouragement, and we were once more left to our loneliness.

All night the weather became worse. At high-water the vessel worked and lurched badly, bumping forward as she lifted on the seas, and throwing us off our feet. One of the firemen went crazy, so that it was necessary to iron him to a stanchion forward to prevent him from doing mischief to others. The plating was giving way on the starboard side aft. The foremast was pushed up through the rigging, and the main-mast settled down through the bottom. This night was passed in abject misery.

Friday was very little better. The sea was too wild for us to move about much, and we all sheltered as well as possible. Food of sorts we could still get. Some of the sheep shipped at Sandy Point were still alive, and these were killed and roasted over a fire as we wanted them. As the cider did not quench our thirst sufficiently, many and varied attempts were made to catch rainwater up the masts; but the salt spray made it quite undrinkable. However, we made coffee with it, and that tasted better.

On Friday night the wind moderated, but it takes a long time in these latitudes for the heavy seas to go down.

Saturday was passed in doing what we could to strengthen parts of the vessel in order that the bulkheads would hold out and protect us from the heavy seas rolling over the stern. The fourth engineer and the steward Uridiana were seen on the shore, so we threw a few sheep and some cases of provisions into the sea, hoping some might wash on shore for food. No vessels were seen. We were all exhausted and worn out, getting near the point when men think it is useless to fight longer. Saturday night was quieter, the sea having gone down a good deal.

On Sunday it was much smoother. During the afternoon we were all called to the rafts, and commenced to take the lashings off them, the proposal being to send away as many men as the rafts would carry; but whilst this was being done the wind veered suddenly to the south in a heavy squall, and then settled down to blow hard from that quarter. In half-an-hour the sea was once again smashing clean over the ill-fated *Lima*, and we were all hiding and hanging on for our lives. This was the worst night we had. The vessel's starboard

side, which was the low side, being exposed to the full force of the sea, it just ran right over her and emptied over the port side. The vessel so worked and groaned that we thought each moment she must break up and end it all; but she was a new and well-built ship, and each rivet had to be torn away bit by bit, so there was no general collapse.

The long night passed, and at daylight it was found that we eighty men were still alive, a forlorn, ragged, battered, and weather-beaten lot, but with fresh hope and spirits as the wind moderated, and we thought that there might be a chance for us yet. The sea was still running very high, but decreasing. The daylight showed the ravages of the sea along the starboard side, heavy frames and plates of steel being torn like cardboard. It was quite evident that, strong as she was, the *Lima* could not stand much more of such treatment.

But the weather steadily improved during the night, the sky cleared, and the sea became smoother as the night gradually passed away. Daylight broke to the finest weather and smoothest sea we had had since the previous week, when the *Hatumet* took one hundred and eighty-three people off the wreck and twenty-two from the shore.

Looking eagerly to the north-west, we could see smoke, and presently made out the white-painted hull of a warship steaming rapidly toward us. We all raised a hearty cheer of joy and relief. As she came closer signals were exchanged, and we found her to be the Chilian cruiser *Ministro Zenteno*, sent from Talcahuano at full speed to our rescue. She steamed up, and eventually anchored in about the same place as the *Hatumet;* then boats were lowered and pulled toward us. The first boat anchored about three hundred feet from our port quarter, and endeavoured to fire a rocket with line attached toward our stern; but in this they failed, so we tried to get a line to them with our remaining rockets. The second rocket went near enough to the boat for the crew to secure the line with a boat-hook; then we bent on a larger line, and communication was established. The bight of this line was then made fast to our remaining lifeboat, which was safely lowered with about twenty men, and rapidly pulled off the ship's side by the line to the warship's boat, and the men transhipped into a boat waiting for them. Men of the cruiser then manned our boat and pulled her back along the line, when some of us managed to jump in from ropes, and others were hauled through the water as before, until all were safe in the cruiser's boats. Captain Jacobs and the chief engineer were the last men to leave the ill-fated *Lima*, on board of which such a prolonged, steady fight for human life had been made. We left the remains of her lying on the fatal rocks, a truly sorry sight, and by 11 A.M. we were all on board the cruiser, wet and ragged, bruised and torn, but with our lives safe.

Captain Jacobs offered to take a boat to the shore to endeavour to rescue the two men there. He called for volunteers, and picked out from among us seven hands, including the second officer, to go with him. We went away through the breakers toward the shore, and tried two different openings, but jagged rocks were standing up everywhere, and when we were within about three hundred feet it seemed as though we should only land eight more men to be taken off; so we returned to the cruiser, which was to steam to the lee side of the island and send an expedition overland to rescue the men there. They joined the cruiser at midnight, looking absolute wrecks, but safe and sound.

The next morning the steamer *Victoria* of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company arrived, and in company with that vessel the cruiser weighed anchor and steamed to the port of Ancud. At that port we were all transhipped to the *Victoria*. The rounds of cheering and the manned rigging when our captain and officers left the side of the cruiser showed what these brave Chilian sailors thought of the fight for life which had been made on board the *Lima*.

All the people previously rescued by the *Hatumet* also joined the *Victoria* here, and left in the evening for the port of Talcahuano. On the voyage all were mustered and their names checked in order to ascertain the correct names of the fifty passengers and the six of the crew who had met with a watery grave.

The emigrants, to the number of two hundred and forty-five, were landed at the port of Talcahuano, starting life in a new country with only the clothes they stood in. Many friends came off to meet them, and numerous affecting scenes took place. The mothers lifted their little children to be kissed by Captain Jacobs, and the men took off their hats—a tribute to 'grit.'

With final cheerings and good-byes we left our fellow-sufferers at Talcahuano, and continued our voyage to the port of Valparaiso, arriving there on Sunday afternoon, 20th February, fifteen days after we had struck the rocks.

An exhaustive naval court of inquiry, which lasted three days, was held at Valparaiso. The captain and officers were completely exonerated from all blame for the loss of the *Lima*, which was due to an abnormal current. 'And from that time they are deserving of the greatest praise. The captain's attitude throughout has been most gallant under the most cruel circumstances; and owing to his intelligent and calm behaviour he was the means of saving numerous lives which otherwise might have been lost. The discipline on board seems to have been exemplary, the devotion, loyalty, and courage of the officers and crew beyond praise.' Thus read the tribute of the naval court of inquiry to British doggedness, pluck, and endurance.

We left Valparaiso on the 1st March for Liverpool, and arrived there on 4th April, to find relations and friends eagerly waiting to welcome us home. Sad-faced relatives of the brave men who had perished while saving the lives of others were also waiting, anxious for any news we could give them of their lost dear ones; but one could not repeat the harrowing details to these poor people.

'They died for others' is a fit epitaph for these brave men: Messrs Isaac Nicholson, chief officer; A. B. Phillips, third engineer; A. Withers, carpenter; S. Anderson, able seaman; T. O'Brian, fireman. The Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society recognised their sacrifice by the presentation of the 'In Memoriam' medallion to their friends. The same society also awarded the life-saving medal, the 'blue ribbon' of the sea, to Captain P. M. Jacobs, commander; Messrs A. E. Dyer, third officer; H. Gray, fourth engineer; J. M'Cluskie, boatswain; W. Martin, able seaman; J. Cameron, able seaman; J. Lloyd, able seaman. May they all live long proudly to wear their decorations, and never again be in such sore straits as during the days we passed together, wet, weary, and miserable, clinging to the battered wreck of the *Lima*, on the cruel rocks of Huamblin Island.

THE ROOTS OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE or two circumstances rendered the funeral of George Sartoris somewhat remarkable. One was that amidst the large gathering of friends and neighbours assembled for the function there was not a single relative on either side, the heir and his mother being the sole representatives of the family.

The obsequies had been somewhat protracted, for no point of observance had been neglected by the widow, in whose capable hands all arrangements had been left; the beloved bishop of the diocese, whose personal friendship she enjoyed, and who had come to assist at the service, also marked a new departure by speaking a few words of advice—as tender as they were wise—to the son and heir at the close of it, while all still stood around the open vault. It was unusual, but it seemed befitting, in view of the young man's deep and silent grief.

The other circumstance consisted in the absence of any will. The family solicitor, who also held the secrets of most of the county gentlemen present, announced the fact to the guests who had assembled in the library on the return from the church in full expectation of the most interesting detail of the day.

'I have a somewhat unusual announcement to make,' he said, 'for a great landholder, possessed also of considerable funded property, has died and left no will. I think it well to explain that one which was made several years ago, duly signed and witnessed, was destroyed in my presence by my late client, Mr George Sartoris, a few weeks before his lamented decease. He then said that no will was necessary when the son and heir was the sole representative of the family, and where also adequate provision had already been made for the widow; and he desired that in the near event of his death I should make this view public. He also added, in answer to certain suggestions that I felt it my duty to make, that he should take an early opportunity of conveying his private and personal wishes to his son by word of mouth. The property was, as all present knew, one of the finest in the county and in the all but unexampled condition of being free from encumbrance.

So far the lawyer's statement, which was followed by decorous congratulations to the fortunate heir; then an adjournment was made to luncheon, from which Mrs Sartoris had excused herself. When it was over, and the other guests had taken leave of their young host, who had fulfilled his part with much sweetness and modesty, Sir William Dalzell, who was the nearest neighbour and most intimate friend of the Sartoris family, put his hand on Hugh's shoulder and invited him to walk across the park with him.

'My dear boy,' he said, 'I am going to take the liberty of an old friend with you. Come out into the open and let us have a chat together. My respects to your beautiful mother. By George, Hugh, I do not know her equal in the county! No young *débutante* can touch her.'

'She looks like Melpomene,' said the boy wistfully.

'She looks like anything that is stately and sad, and we hear that her devotion was something wonderful. You have every right to be proud of your mother, Hugh; but I own I did not expect you would feel your father's loss so keenly; the common impression was that relations were rather strained between you.'

'They were, but we understood each other better before he died.'

Sir William glanced curiously at the young man; he was aware of an indefinable change of demeanour that baffled him.

'I am glad to hear it, for a grievance against the dead hurts the living. But you must not take things too much to heart, Hugh; to lose a father is in the course of nature, and few young fellows have more substantial compensations—a mother like yours, and a fine estate—forgive an old worldling—without an encumbrance.'

Hugh was silent; we have seen that he was not a diplomatist.

They had reached the point where the baronet used to take a short-cut across the home-park.

Sir William held out a hand cheerfully in farewell. 'I should like to take you back with me and ask Margaret to give us both a cup of tea; but it would not be fair to your mother. You must not let her feel lonely, my boy.'

Hugh went back alone, but did not at once enter the house. Feeling had ebbed and flowed continually during the last few days, but the dominant impression was one of despondency. He had brooded over the problem, with the result that the profound affection he had felt for his mother had almost recovered its ascendancy, and he was disposed to reproach himself for the impetuous severity of his condemnation. Granting that she had sinned, she had sinned for him. When he knew all he would forgive; but his determination to sift the matter to the bottom, and to act upon his knowledge, had gathered strength. He was charged with an awful responsibility, but only for a passing moment had the thought of escape from it crossed his mind.

Hugh pushed on one side, as it were, his new position and its claims; he had in days that now seemed a long way off laid plans and dreamed dreams of honourable ownership and a personal career, but all that had become of no account. There was only one piece of work before him now—the vindication of his right to the ancestral estates or their surrender. He had scrupulously observed his mother's commands for complete reserve until after the funeral; but that stipulation would expire on the morrow, and he would take the first steps to free himself from an intolerable apprehension.

The church clock struck six as Hugh neared the house, and dinner, he reflected, would not be served till eight. He decided that he would not go in, and turned back on his steps. When at a little distance some impulse moved him to look back and survey the old Jacobean mansion, the dignity of which had never struck him so forcibly before. Every blind was drawn up, and all the windows were open to the sweet evening airs perfumed by innumerable flowers. The rays of the westering sun glinted on the glass roofs of the pineries and orchid-houses, which were the pride of the locality, and shafts of quivering light struck amongst the foliage of the beechen avenue and touched the tree-tops with fire. Around stretched pleasances and lawns whose sward told of generations of culture, while beyond rolled acres of wooded park-lands, and in the farther distance stood the substantial farmhouses in the midst of luscious pastures and fields of waving grain with which he had been familiar from his boyhood. All this he now owned as master.

Hitherto he had taken his inheritance as almost as much a matter of course as the rising and setting of the sun, the knowledge being so intimately woven into the woof and weft of his life; now, under a sudden wave of feeling, he stood and estimated it all under the illuminating possibility of loss. It was still possible to let things slide and never again to ruffle the flow of intercourse with his beloved mother.

He shook his head as if rebutting temptation, and passed on to the church. He knew that the vault beneath the chancel was not yet closed, and he had a feeling that to stand there alone would clench his purpose.

As he neared the church, still darkly brooding, he quickened his steps, for the sound of its organ reached his ears, and he knew who was the musician.

Margaret Dalzell often came on summer evenings or early mornings to practise upon it, or rather to delight herself with the indulgence of what was at once a passion and an accomplishment. Hugh felt that there was an intentional congruity in her present performance, for she was playing Chopin's 'Dead March' with a fine instinct of interpretation.

His first impulse was to make his way to the organ-loft, as he had often done before; then he stopped short. He had forgotten! Circumstances had changed, and he was not free to act. He went stolidly forward till he stood beside the open vault, though all within was hidden from view under the mass of wreaths and flowers which convention to-day heaps upon the unwitting dead; but the feeling which had been one of filial tenderness had given place to personal bitterness. After all, in spite of heroic resolve, how hard it was—how cruelly and unjustly hard—that through no fault of his own he should find himself at such a disadvantage; that this eclipse had come over his fortunes and imposed reserve and silence! There were some sacrifices beyond human nature, that honour itself could not demand. So thinking, Hugh stood with head bowed, lips set, and hands clenched.

The March was being rendered with dramatic effect, and, situated as our listener was, the different movements pierced his heart; the sense of poignancy under different aspects was so acute that he felt he could not trust himself to risk a meeting. He would wait for the final chords, and slip out through the vestry; but when they were followed by the sound of the most delightful voice in the world speaking in her kind, gracious way to the lad who had been working the bellows, and by the whisper of her light footsteps as she ran down the stairs, his resolution faltered and he turned and waited.

There was no need for him to advance, for Margaret saw him at once, and came rapidly towards him. 'Have you been here long?' she asked. 'I did not know. I thought I was alone.'

She looked up into his face and down at the open vault. 'Oh, how sad it all is! And I see you feel it terribly. I have been told that he suffered so much that those who loved him could not wish him to live; but where is the consolation in that? The pity is that he should so suffer as to make death welcome.'

Hugh looked at her, he hardly knew with what intentness. She was a tall girl of twenty, with the delicious slimness of her age, but every line and curve of her figure instinct with health and vigour; there was in her whole aspect something free, beautiful, and buoyant as with the happy sense that she loved much and many, and was well beloved in return. One saw that sorrow had never touched her; but one also saw that truth and honour sat on her brows, and that equal strength and sweetness moulded the lines of her lips to fit her to meet sorrow if it came.

'I think,' he said, 'it would be hard for you to realise that death could ever be welcome.'

'Or for you either,' was her answer. 'I have always felt that you enjoyed life as much as I do; we have both been so happy that it is right that we should feel like that; but if trouble came, however it might come, I hope we should be able to bear it.'

'It has come—to me. I pray God that your courage may not soon be put to the test.'

He spoke with such unusual fervour that she looked at him again with some surprise. Scarcely acknowledged to herself, she shared the common belief that Mr Sartoris and his son had not been affectionately attached, but reflected how little outsiders know of intimate relations.

'Yes,' she said gravely, 'you have lost a dear father; if I had lost mine I should feel as if the light of the sun had gone out.'

He was silent, feeling that he had been betrayed into hypocrisy and yet that no withdrawal were possible.

She went on, anxious to console, 'But you still have your mother—and such a mother! I always think that Mrs Sartoris is the most beautiful woman in the world—in our world at least—because her soul and spirit, or whatever goes to make up character, are as sweet and lovely as her looks. Had I a mother—like her even a little! Well, I am happy and thankful now, as God knows; but that would have meant almost the blessedness of heaven.'

'My dear, my dear, you break my heart with every word you speak!' was the inward cry of his soul, but what he said was very different. 'I love to hear you praise my mother,' he said; and in his desire to divert the talk to less intimate themes he added, 'You were not here this morning; the bishop spoke to me in a way that made me feel ashamed.'

'My father said it was in a way that must have made you proud; but I was not here. It would have hurt me too much, and I could have done no good to others. But after all was over I came alone, and brought a little wreath of wild flowers that I had made up myself, and hid it away under all those splendid blossoms. I remembered that Mr Sartoris once said to me that he liked wild flowers better than all his orchids.'

'How dear—I mean how sweet and kind of you, Miss Dalzell! I wish he could have known.'

She smiled. 'Who can tell? It is all so dark behind the veil, but surely we see clearer and know more.'

A silence fell between them, broken by the church clock striking seven.

'I must go,' she said; 'to be late for dinner would vex my dearest dad. Good-night.'

They shook hands, and he walked with her to the church door. Here their ways parted.

'Good-night,' she repeated; 'and when I see you again I hope you will not look quite so sad. Let your mother comfort you.'

She walked home rapidly, as though to keep pace with her thoughts. 'What has happened to him? If it had been his mother I could have understood it; but—as it is'—— She shook her head as if baffled. 'How little we know each other, we who meet and touch daily! But be the cause what it may, I think I never liked him so well before.'

CHAPTER V.

IT was late on the following night when Hugh sat down to the examination of those papers contained in a certain locked case, the key of which had been given to him by his father on his deathbed. He had reached the conclusion not to open the subject again with his mother until he had gleaned all the information these might give him; and if he found that they confirmed his father's confession he would act independently, go to the Tyrol to institute inquiry on the spot, with the full purpose of restitution and surrender if proof were established. He dreaded with acute sensibility the opposition that might be offered to his scheme by Mrs Sartoris, and the terrible implication it would involve; but he had braced his spirit to defy this difficulty. He was bent on doing his best. No pain or hindrance should prevail against his resolution to do his best, which meant obeying implicitly what justice dictated. It should suffice to state his conviction, and the action on which he was resolved, and to carry it out at all costs. Only, if it were possible to screen his mother's share in the conspiracy of silence, no effort would be too strenuous or too subtle to effect it.

The box contained some thin manuscript books, closely written, evidently of the nature of a diary. At these Hugh glanced, but they seemed of so personal and intimate a nature that he felt that nothing short of his father's mandate could

justify their perusal. They showed a human soul at the bar of conscience, groaning under a sense of wrong-doing, and of its own shameful subjection. This note of remorse and compunction pervaded even the records of daily incidents or events.

Under the date of his own majority was written: 'A fête-day of triumph and recognition; the young prince acclaimed, his mother radiant. I returned thanks poorly, my mind having been busy with a calculation of the mesne profits. The idea had occurred to me to *speak*, taking advantage of a dramatic occasion; but under the spell of her shining eyes and the handsome lad's confidence I waxed weak as water. God be merciful to me, a sinner!'

Hugh let the book fall. He had said he wanted confirmation. Surely he had got it! The little packet of the priest's letters lay before his eyes. Why did he hesitate to seize upon them and open them? '*The calculation of mesne profits!*' The phrase repeated itself in his brain with mechanical insistence; the theory of surrender had been accepted by his conscience, but the details of the same were enough to try any man's metal. He knew that his mother was provided for under a marriage settlement of his father's private property, and that she also possessed some income derived from her own family, therefore was guaranteed against any stress of poverty. The personal question stood on other lines; when he had stripped himself of all that he had no right to possess—the splendid resources of his uncle's estates—he would not only be penniless, but deep in fathomless debt for more than twenty years' unlawful possession. Doubtless some provision might be offered, and mercy shown by his cousin and his cousin's legal advisers; but what a reverse awaited him!

Then a capricious wave of memory brought back the words spoken yesterday by Margaret Dalzell's sweet lips: 'If trouble comes—trouble of whatever kind—I hope we shall be able to meet it.'

It had come with a force more tremendous than she could possibly conceive; but was that generous hope to be frustrated? Still more, as his glance fell again on the pages traced by a dead man's hand, was he to repeat the record of his father's miserable experience, sinning against light and knowledge?

He cut the string, opened the thin sheets, and began to read. The first letter, dated from Cortina, was two or three years old, and was written in the French language, the style being brief and abrupt, as showing lack of facility in a foreign tongue. It stated that the boy Christopher was well, and content in the discharge of his duties; but he had evidently a vocation for the religious life, and the writer desired to know if there would be any objection on the part of his English friends. The letter was endorsed by Mr Sartoris, 'Ready assent given.'

The second epistle was dated only a few months previous. In this the priest complained that the young man had disappointed expectation, having found his novitiate irksome, and had drawn back, preferring a secular life. He attributed this change of view to a rumour that had gone abroad that he was not the son of his putative mother, Maria Pezzé, but that she had conspired with others for their mutual advantage to conceal his identity. He added that the woman had been so ill as to be considered *in extremis*, and under this belief had made her confession both to the priest and Christopher himself; but on recovery had stoutly repudiated it as the dementia of a diseased brain. 'Although the truth is known by me, I have not intervened, but allowed matters to take their course, for I desire nothing so much as that the boy should be allowed to remain amongst us.' The endorsement ran: 'Non-interference commended and enjoined. Purchase of a farm suggested and accepted.'

There was no further communication. Hugh folded and replaced letters and diary, locking the box and putting the key in his breast-pocket. He observed that the lock was one of intricate and special workmanship. He had no longer a doubt in his own mind about the truth of the case; but he doubted whether the evidence before him—the deathbed confession, the diary, the priest's casual statements—could be held legally as proof. More was required, such proof as could only be obtained by investigation on the spot; and he now asked himself whether he were qualified to conduct an inquiry that would demand the practised sagacity and skill of an expert.

With his head buried in his hands in his usual attitude when in mental perplexity, Hugh Sartoris pondered as to what were the wisest and most efficient steps to take to compass his own undoing. His conviction grew that he ought not to risk failure through his own incapacity, and that another man rather than himself should undertake the quest, or at least should share it. But whom could he employ? Whom could he trust to keep the secret of his mother's complicity?

Then, like a flash of inspiration, he thought of Sir William Dalzell. He was well known as an experienced mountaineer, so that an excursion amongst the Tyrolese Dolomites, if he could be happy enough to persuade him to take it, would excite no suspicion. More, in his younger days, before he succeeded to his estate, he had practised at the Bar with a good deal of distinction. Here, then, would be the legal aptitude required. But there was a final consideration that served as a climax to all the other points. He had been the friend of Colonel Lucian Sartoris, and Hugh knew that he had loved him and regretted his untimely death with unusual warmth of feeling; also, that this old memory had always seemed

to militate against his regard for the colonel's brother. Who, then, so qualified as he to diagnose the characteristics of Christopher Pezzé's personality?

Too excited to sit still, the young man rose and walked about the room. Another poignant question faced him: to secure the aid he wanted he must tell the truth to Sir William Dalzell. No, not all the truth—enough for the purpose of identity. It would not be difficult to shield the honour of both father and mother by representing that both had been deceived, and that his dying father had laid upon his shoulders a duty that he would himself have performed if life had given him opportunity. This sanguine view lifted a load of care from Hugh's mind; there might be difficulties in the representation, but he could easily overcome them, and he felt almost confident of securing Sir William's co-operation when it involved the interests of the possible son of his beloved friend.

(To be continued.)

LAKE FISH.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THE ways of lake fish are sometimes past understanding. The trout of Lochleven have always been famous, and they must always have been plentiful, for Sir John Murray says that in the year 1770 they fetched only a penny the brace, which, even allowing for the different value of money in the eighteenth century, indicates either a very limited demand or a very generous supply. For some reason, it is only since 1856 that Lochleven trout have risen to the fly, yet in 1900 upwards of twenty thousand pounds of trout were caught in this wonderful loch. Clearly, then, they do not learn wisdom as readily as the trout of Hampshire streams.

Even if the fastidious angler cannot always speak of the manners of lake trout with enthusiasm, their superior size and strength, compared with those of river trout, seem to furnish, for fish at any rate, a strong argument in favour of stay-at-home habits as opposed to the erratic wanderings of the smaller trout in running waters. The salmon of Lake Wener, or the trout of Geneva and Lucerne, or those transplanted giants which flourish in the cold depths of Lake Hayes under the Southern Cross are wonderful tributes to life in still waters. A striking instance of this contrast, both in appearance and habits, between the trout of lakes and those of the rivers which either feed or drain them is to be found on the border-line of California and Nevada. Here, in Lake Tahoe, immense deep-water trout, weighing up to thirty pounds and more, are caught on frightful copper-wire lines, whereas such as I have had in the Truckee River, which flows out of the lake down to Reno, never exceeded a pound. These are not the same kind of trout as the monsters in the lake; and whereas these Truckee trout rise gallantly at the fly, those of Tahoe must be wooed with worm, live bait, or other nasty food, and fished for close to the bottom of the lake. The amazing success of acclimatised Lochleven and other trout in both the still and running waters of New Zealand is old history now; but the angler does not have matters all his own way with them. Trout do not put on fifteen pounds in five years without having access to a superabundance of natural food, and the surfeit has made them so difficult to please that many a cast is made over them in vain.

Even apart from the game fish, some of the world's notable lakes produce other fish of great size. Those in Europe harbour great pike and carp, and those of the New World hold muskallonge, terrific pike that, when they feel the hook, leap like tarpon and brandish an armament of teeth that would do credit to a shark. Interesting as is the question of how some of these fish have contrived to grow to such size in the restricted waters they inhabit, there is an even more puzzling problem, and that is how some lakes came to be stocked with such infinite variety. Where they communicate with the outer world through rivers the difficulty is in some measure resolved; though I have in mind two lakes, under very different skies, with, so far as I could see, no such source of supply, yet with an abundance and variety of fish nothing short of miraculous. One of these is Lake Sabanja, which lies in Asia Minor, something under a hundred miles from Constantinople, on the old highway to Bagdad. Alas! the old highway, the pride of former Sultans, is irretrievably overgrown with rank grass; but traces of it remain to this day. On the shores of the lake, which is of no great extent, dwell in comparative peace (as relations are reckoned in the Near East) little colonies of Greeks, Turks, and Circassians. The Hellenes cultivate the silkworm, the Turks have their orchards, and the Circassians earn a quiet livelihood stealing horses. In the intervals of these other legitimate occupations all of them are fishermen, and the lake appears to be inexhaustible, furnishing half-a-dozen kinds of fish, including a huge wels. The other lake in my mind is in the eastern section of Canada, no great journey from Montreal. It is called Lake Broom, is not more than five miles long by three broad, and nowhere of any great depth. This remarkable little mere contains no fewer than thirteen different kinds of fish, none, it is true, famous for size, but several present in great numbers, so

that as long as there is open water the lake keeps the French Canadians of Knowlton busy all the year, though each of them is allowed to use two rods and lines, and, incidentally, uses as many more as he fancies. Originally, like others in that region, Lake Broom doubtless contained little else than trout. Then some one introduced black bass, which, as usual, was the signal for most of the trout to vanish, so that the species is nowadays only regarded as native to the lake by courtesy. The same may be said of the solitary large muskallonge said to lie in the deepest portion of the lake; it has, so the natives say, broken much tackle, but has yet to be landed. No sooner had the bass made Lake Broom their own than some one else, even less well advised, introduced perch, which have multiplied in such hordes that they seize every hook intended for better fish. The remainder include bull-pout, sunfish, sucker, chub, shiner, whitefish, eels, and pickerel, nearly all of which I have seen kicking in my boat within an hour. The pickerel is a common fish in American waters. It resembles our pike, and it is interesting to recall, as a guide to its name, that though in England to-day we call small pike 'jack,' pickerel was the name they went by in the days when Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*.

THE SHE-WOLF'S LEGACY.

By F. J. St Aubyn.

THIS is the story of a She-wolf who lived many, many years ago in the shadowy recesses of a great forest which spread over the northern parts of what we now call England. It all happened so very long ago that some vague, uncertain scratches on the rocks, a rough-hewn spear-head, and a few charred bones buried deep beneath the débris of a long-hidden cave are all that now remain to remind us of the life that moves throughout our tale.

The She-wolf was now growing old, but in her younger days had wandered far towards the south, and had seen much. Finally she returned to the forest of her birth, where she was much respected by the other animals; and, truth to tell, by reason of her great experience, she was, as wolves go, wise.

An ancient Mammoth, the last surviving member in this country of that royal dynasty, was regarded as monarch of the forest by all the animals except the She-wolf. True, she did out of courtesy make a show of outward respect to the majesty of this gigantic creature, though in her heart of hearts she despised him, and looked with scorn upon his empty, pompous dignity. She had seen much, yet never had she met an animal worthy to be her master. She was a match for all of them, and to no living thing would she offer her allegiance.

Till then the voice of man had never wakened the echoes of the forest.

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One day a solitary man, who had been driven from his tribe, which dwelt far away in the south, because of some bodily defect, the result of a wound received in battle—for among these savage men such things were looked upon as evil omens—after much wandering came to this forest. Here he determined to make his retreat, and forget, if possible, all that he had loved and cherished among the people who had cast him out.

His arrival caused considerable excitement among the animals; for they had never seen a man before. They found him strangely powerful and dangerous; besides which, there was a certain nobility of form about this new creature, combined with a great facility for doing things impossible to other animals, which rather awed them.

The She-wolf observed this new arrival long and carefully, but always hidden, for in the presence of the man she would be seized with a strange uneasiness, a feeling of inferiority which she had never experienced before, and which she resented passionately. She wished to put him to the test, yet feared to do so. But she was an artful old thing; and presently, having hit upon a plan, she trotted off to find the old King Mammoth.

She found this decrepit monarch easing the weight of his long tusks, brown with age, by resting them on the lowest branch of a cedar-tree.

'Ah,' sighed the Mammoth when the formal salutations were over, 'one's tusks don't get lighter with age;' and he supported them on the branch again.

'A dying Mammoth feels the weight of its own tusks,' remarked the She-wolf in an undertone, quoting an old proverb of the forest. Throughout the conversation the She-wolf artfully insinuated that this new arrival was trying to usurp the sovereignty of the woods, and win to himself the allegiance of the animals which was the hereditary right of the Mammoth. Faint rumours of this creature had reached the Mammoth, but he had feared no rival till the words of the She-wolf thoroughly alarmed him, and he begged her to place him face to face with this unknown upstart so that he might at once bring the matter to an issue.

Nothing could have pleased the wolf more, so she trotted off, the ponderous Mammoth lumbering behind her, making the woods echo with the

sound of breaking brushwood as he trampled across it with his heavy feet.

It was this that gave notice to the man of the approaching danger, and enabled him to seek the safety of a high rock in an open space before the Mammoth broke from among the trees and caught sight of him.

After a pause the Mammoth said with contempt, 'Why, it is only a bird without feathers!' and he turned to the She-wolf; but she had slunk away to watch from among the trees. Slowly the Mammoth approached the rock; but the man had a bow and arrows, and suddenly the animal felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder, and was conscious of something sticking there. Who had attacked him? Not this two-legged thing, for it had not moved, and was still far off. He continued his steady advance. Another sudden pain! This time in the leg. He stopped and looked about him. Then he was seized with a great fear, for he realised that it was this puny thing hurting him, from a distance and without moving. The poor old creature was frightened and wanted to run away, but the thought of his dignity and the other animals drove him on. Another arrow sank deep in the soft flesh of his neck. Then he charged madly forward; but as soon as he was underneath the rock the man flung down, right in his face, a handful of burning sticks. Some caught in his shaggy hair and commenced to singe it; some fell on the tender skin at the top of his trunk; smoke and sparks flew in his eyes. He felt strange new and terrible pains; his short, panting breath snuffled up unknown and suffocating smells. He lost his nerve, was overcome with fear, turned tail, and fled, bellowing with terror, through the trees.

When he was hidden within the recesses of the forest his paroxysm of fear gradually passed away, but was succeeded by a burning sense of shame and humiliation when he thought of his undignified terror and flight, and the effect it would have upon the other animals. He could never face them again. His heart was filled with bitterness; and then, in the midst of his hopeless despair, an access of heroism returned to him. If he must cede his power, then let him do so fighting. He still was monarch of the land, and only death should wrench the lordship from him. Proudly he stalked through the forest for the last time, seeking the man, his rival; this time he would not be scared so easily. But the man, fearing the return of so formidable an enemy, had made preparations to receive him.

The Mammoth found the man at last, waiting, as it seemed, in an open plain, and immediately charged down upon him. To his surprise and joy, the man commenced to run away. In such a chase the animal must surely win. But not for nothing had the She-wolf said the man would be the strongest of them all.

Running across the plain was a deep but narrow ravine, like a cañon, rock-strewn at the bottom, and over this the man had placed a light bridge of branches and brushwood just strong enough to bear his weight. The man ran lightly across, and without a moment's pause the Mammoth thundered blindly after him; but the moment his ponderous weight touched the frail structure the whole thing collapsed, and with a snort, half-rage, half-terror, the animal crashed to the bottom of the ravine, breaking his back upon the rocks.

Thus died the last of the Mammoths, and that night the hungry wolf-pack feasted on his carcass. The reign of gigantic size and mighty strength was over. Man had come and conquered!

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The She-wolf did not join the feast upon the carcass of the fallen monarch. She had witnessed the last encounter, and the wisdom of the man had frightened her. Never before had she seen such power, and from that moment the world was changed for her. Cowed and subdued by the presence of this new two-legged thing, she slunk away profoundly melancholy, and sought a headland that overlooked the lake. There, silhouetted against the moonlit sky, seated upon her haunches, her head thrown back, she howled piteously the whole night through. She was telling the moon and the stars and the placid waters the anguish of her heart, for she had found a master. Not till the first ray of the rising sun shot suddenly from between the mountains, and as it were awoke the sleeping lake—for at its touch the water seemed to break into a thousand ripples glittering in the golden light—did the She-wolf move. Even the joyousness of morning could not cheer her. She crept dejectedly through the forest, no longer her free and boundless realms of liberty, for the presence of the man oppressed them, and go where she might, never again could she escape the fascination of his power.

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The She-wolf was fascinated by the man; his presence oppressed her, yet she was drawn towards him, and for hours would lie hidden in the brushwood observing his actions. She watched him sitting by the fire when the nights were cold, she had seen him put his raft out into the lake and spear the unsuspecting fish that glided among the rocks, and once she had been close at hand when with a shot from his bow he brought down a bird in full flight.

She came to regard him as the most perfect of all the animals. Yet the man was more than the most perfect; there was something that distinguished him and rendered him radically different from them all. What this was the She-wolf could not discover. All the other animals took nature and things as they found them, and adapted themselves to the conditions. Only the man could alter the things he touched; he alone

could make conditions for himself. This was man's distinguishing trait; this it was that the She-wolf could not understand.

Still, there were many things in which the wolf was far superior to the man, and she often thought how clever they would be if only they could help each other.

Then the old She-wolf had cubs, and all her attention was occupied with them.

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A little while after this, when the cubs were a few weeks old, the man made a day's journey along the shore of the lake, hoping to find a more plentiful supply of fish. On the margin of the forest where he halted he lit a fire, and before returning thought he had stamped it out. But it still smouldered, and on the second day burned up again. The wind was strong, and the flames, rising among the branches of the pine-trees, set them on fire. The resinous wood burned quickly, and soon a whole strip of the forest was blazing fiercely.

The fire seemed to be driven before the wind as great waves in a hurricane, rolling over the tree-tops as though a dam had given way and a burning flood had broken out, washing away the trees as it swept through the forest.

The terrified animals fled madly before it. Their startled cries and the thunder of the stampeding herds roused the old She-wolf from her lair where she was suckling her cubs.

As she leapt to her feet she became conscious of the acrid smell of smoke and burning wood, and in a flash knew that a forest fire was upon them, for she had fled before one in the south during the wanderings of her younger days.

Her first impulse was to join the stampede, but then she remembered her two cubs. They could not be taken with her, yet how could she leave them there to perish? The sky above shone red as blood; the roar of the approaching flames seemed close at hand. The hope of life called passionately in her breast; she ran a little distance from her lair, but suddenly above the chaotic tumult of the forest the plaintive whimpering of the cubs broke on her ears, and instantly rushing back, she crouched above them. Unconscious of the danger, they nestled up into her warm fur. No, she could not leave them.

Then she remembered the man. What was he doing? Was he flying with the other animals? If not, perhaps his superior wisdom could show her a way to safety. Leaping up, she bounded through the trees towards his cave.

Finding him sleeping, she stood howling in the entrance of the cave till he awoke. The man started from his sleep, and, thinking he was attacked by wolves, snatched up his stone axe, but as he did so caught sight of the wave of fire advancing over the tree-tops. Was it too late? How could he save himself? If he stayed in the cave he would be suffocated by the smoke or overcome by the heat. In a flash he thought of his raft, dashed off to where he kept it moored on the stream, and started feverishly to push it towards the lake.

When the She-wolf saw what he was doing she started off at full speed to where she had left her cubs.

The fire was perilously close now, and great puffs of hot air came rolling through the trees as the flames drew nearer.

Would she never reach her cubs! At last she was standing over them, and, picking the two whimpering creatures up in her great jaws, bounded with them as fast as she could towards the mouth of the stream. She was only just in time to jump as the raft glided swiftly by, and landing on it safely, she crouched fiercely over her two cubs, ready to fight should the man molest her.

But he was too much occupied in escaping from the flames, and so the raft drifted out into the lake, carrying with it the man, the She-wolf who had saved his life, and her two cubs.

It seemed as though they were floating on a sea of fire, for the placid waters of the lake reflected the lurid flames that rushed along its shore.

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The fire had departed, but with it had passed away the forest. Where once it had flourished was now a dreary desert of cinder-sodden earth, silent as death, stretching far, far into the unknown distance. Then snow had fallen, for it was winter, and covered the dead, black ground with a winding-sheet of white.

The man returned to his cave. The store of dried fish and flesh that he had set by against the scarcity of the winter was still safe, also a supply of wood. With these he could live there till the spring came, when he would set out to seek a more congenial region. To undertake so long and unknown a journey when cold and darkness were fast settling on the land would have been impossible.

But the She-wolf was helpless; she had no store of food, and the desolated land could yield her nothing. Alone she might have reached a place of safety; but the cubs could not go too, and she would not leave them. Nor could she wander far in her hopeless search for food, for, left too long without the protection of her warming body, they would have perished of the cold. The occasional discovery of the charred remains of a squirrel or a rabbit could not support her long.

Sometimes she would wander up to the man's cave, and from a distance—hungry and half-frozen in the snow—watch him eating and sitting by the fire. Yes, he was the greatest of them all; he could resist the famine and overcome the cold.

Once the man's head fell upon his breast in sleep, and the wolf crept nearer to the fire, nearer than she had ever been before, and stood gazing at it.

How beautiful, she thought, to crouch at the man's feet and bask before the fire—if one were brave enough to do so—and eat the food that fell from his hands! How peaceful it would be to live by him! He was so powerful that she would be safe from any danger. How one would rest and sleep! No more anxiety to hunt for food; he would give that; and, in return, had she not once preserved his life? She might—— Suddenly a new vision rose before her weary eyes. She saw once more the forest in the early spring, the green and dewy grass, the bubbling rapids with their leaping fish. She heard again, whirling overhead, the flock of birds returning from their winter migration; unconsciously she pricked her ears, thinking she heard the rustle of the squirrel and the hare scurrying beneath the brushwood. Again she snuffed the odour of the moist new earth, the scent of the resin and the gum trickling in little globules down the pine-trees' bark, the smell of the other animals coming to drink at the silent pool. She tore herself away from the fireside of the man. No, no, not even for his protection could she give up all these joys that still might be hers again.

She hurried back to her shivering, half-starved cubs, and nestled down by them. For days she had eaten nothing. Soon she must die.

Next evening she started up from a half-unconscious swoon. She had dreamed she was crouching before the man's fire gnawing a piece of meat that he had thrown her. One of her cubs was whining weakly and pulling uselessly at her dried-up dugs. She could yield them nothing, but the man might. Suddenly she rose, and taking the two helpless creatures up in her mouth, set out through the forest. She did not know till then how weak she was. Three times she had to put them down to regain her strength. Would she never reach the cave?

At last, the fire! The man was not there, so with one last great effort she hurried up and put her two cubs down by the warm blaze. Seizing a piece of meat, she gave it to them. It was soft, and they sucked at it eagerly, and then she fell upon a piece herself and swallowed it in hasty, ravenous gulps.

As the man came out of the cave he saw the wolf, and, thinking he was in danger, took up his bow and shot her. The She-wolf rolled over on her side with an arrow sticking in her neck. The man hurried towards her, and then, catching sight of the two cubs, he stopped, full of astonishment. Fearing he would do them some harm, the She-wolf whined piteously. He turned to her again. She lay on her side; a thin stream of blood trickled from her neck towards the fire, and as it touched the hot embers hissed angrily, as though in revolt at the thing that he had done.

Her tongue hung out; her breath came in short, painful gasps; her eyes were turned upon him. They were big; they were pleading and submissive. Never before had the man seen a wolf with eyes such as those. They were not the eyes of a wolf. They were the eyes of some other animal—the eyes of a——

Seeing she was harmless, the man bent over her. The dying animal moved her head and tried to lick his hand as a token of submission. She wanted to tell him that she yielded to his will entirely; she wanted to say that she would be subject to him in all things, even in his maddest whims of love or hate; she wanted him to know that she would be faithful to him always, faithful in kindness, faithful in torture; without questioning she would follow him from hill to hill wherever he led, even to the uttermost bounds of the earth; she would wait for his return unquestioning, not knowing whether he would be gone but for a moment or for an eternity; she would remember him always, watch for him always, die for him always. She wanted to say all this, but she could only look at him with eyes that seemed to say, 'Have pity! Have pity!'

The man did not understand, and seeing she was dying, moved towards the cubs. The She-wolf suffered agonies. She struggled to go to them to protect them if—— But she could not move.

The man took one of the creatures up in his arms, and as he did so the She-wolf gave a great groan and sank back dead. It was not the arrow that had killed her. The She-wolf's heart broke when she saw the man take her cub up in his arms.

Never before had the world seen such a thing. It was the She-wolf's legacy, and because of it the lonely man was lonely no longer, for when the summer came again he had two dogs to keep him company.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1912.

PASS swiftly, Souls, through anguish, pain, and grief;
The steps are few, the way is brief.
Lift wearied eyes where you shall shortly be,
Lean your tired strength on Christ, who trod the waves,
And threw the Resurrection-light on graves.
He waits you there in that strange land where there is no more sea.

Show courage, Souls, that He may not be shamed
Who man in His own image framed;
Hear the triumphant welcomes cross the tide
From victors who have conquered in the strife,
And now stand laurel-crowned beyond this life,
While all the trumpets, as you pass, sound on the other side.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE UNDYING NOTE.

AS I lay awake one night the single stroke 'one' struck from the clock. Have you ever noticed the reverberations of a sound? How long-continued they are! In the quiet hours, listening, one gains some idea of eternity, and the unending quality of *all* sounds. A single stroke! 'Two,' 'three,' and other strokes afterwards shivered the brooding silence, but that *one* stroke kept my mind company for the whole of the succeeding night.

Another note, with a like long-continued feeling, smote on my ears to-day. While I was walking along a country road that gradually brought me to a neighbouring village, a single note that parted the intervening years resounded. Quick as the *ping* of a bullet it was, and was not; and in fancy I seem to hear it now—the eternal voice of the spring's past and present. A bee, awakened by the seductive sunshine and the soft airs, went by me with that single haunting note. I cannot believe in chance. I cannot accept any fortuitous circumstance, or anything otherwise than as arranged. I do not know what other personality was captured and brought back to just such another seductive day of unforeseen and most pleasant weather, by hillside or farm, by gray cromlech or ruined castle of old; but I was certainly transported to all these scenes. Just as to-day, with brooding cares all about, with not a little sorrow of old clinging to me, I walked a hillside-path, and an early bee went past. The single note gladdened the day, and brought glints of blue into a gray sky, or rather a seemingly gray one. For when harassed with clinging fears we do not gauge matters correctly. The blue rifts are there; there are occasional bird-songs, occasional daisies, and many snowdrops and narcissi; but, brooding inwardly, we turn our back on beauty, and we need the single note—and it comes!

On the road to the village mentioned I heard the *same* bee; the same, because wherever you hear an insect-note of that kind there is no mistaking it. It had precisely the same effect—as it always will have to those who listen—the backward look is given. Retreat from retrospect is impossible. You have to fight then and there with all the morbid hosts which your own dealings have conjured up; you must needs battle with your unworthy self. But this will not be all. Pleasant memories will be yours also. The bee is a page of history.

How old is that history? There is no need to tell you of the fields of Proserpine, no need to remind you of Mount Hybla. These are sacred to the sweet and undying poetry of the Greek mind. There is no need to tell you that a small, insignificant insect formed a rapt study for a learned savant during the whole of the Franco-Prussian war. The learned student is said to have asked, after innumerable scenes of stirring import, 'Has there been a war?' We cannot vouch for the story in all its details—it may be somewhat magnified; but we can vouch for the wonderful power of absorption, such as quiet study while the street-vendors bawl their wares, during the dreadful yell of the milkman, the horrible rat-tat of the coalman, the door-shaking knock of the welcome postman who carries a letter for which you have to sign. Absorption could easily efface the sieges of a great war to a devoted student whose one idea was a bee or a bird.

Lastly, a great mind of to-day, Maurice Maeterlinck, has studied the bee, showing us its great and unselfish life with a purpose, its magnificent nuptials, its royal death in the moment of greatest joy. To study bees and death shortly after each other is not amiss. The bee dwells close to the great mystery of death, not only in mythology, but in our own old-world lore. 'Telling the bees!'—who has not heard of this? The death of a member of a household owning the bees must be communicated by gentle knocks at the hive, and words gently spoken:

> Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence;
> Mistress Mary is dead and gone.

The gentle creatures stay, let us hope, when so adjured, and one sweet consolation is left to the bereaved.

How attached we become to bees! That gentle murmur in the fragrant precincts of the garden—how soothing it is! Our old, cruel arrangements despatched the bees without a qualm when we wanted to have their honey. Humanely is this process carried out at present, and yet with the inevitable element of sadness attached to it! Like Sisyphus, who rolled the great stone up the mountain, ever relaxing his effort just when he should not, and so allowing it to roll back—his labour never ending—we cause the bees to labour, and provide a receptacle for them; but all the

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results are ours. To them the whole painstaking day and week is a period of labour like to that of Sisyphus! Over the broad fields of earth it is much like this! Hard labour of the 'unskilled' variety must be given for a mere pittance! Life to the poor is a bee's life—unending work without any honey left. If they have but the bee's best reward, the song with the labour, all is well. If an old-world song, a folklore song, it is still better! We wish joy and heart-reward to those who are trying to revive the 'country' folk-song, the song which gray-bearded fathers sang ere life had become so complex as it is to-day. The native song is the 'bee-note.' It strikes one reverberating chord in our natures, and out from that single note proceeds a whole panorama of pictures. We wonder at the origin. Ethnographical fields, far-reaching, spread before us; migratory tribes flitting through the twilights of unrecorded history. There are strange encampments on the hillsides. Where to-day we pick up occasional arrowheads and cores of 'worked' flint strange lives were lived. Wild, skin-clad —or, earlier, nude — figures moved along and silently rushed on the great oncoming savage beast. Man conquered. The note of that dying animal remains in mind. We seem to hear the cry of pain, ever-continued through the rush of the ages—the cry of pain, always so alike. The call of spring, always so alike, also! The sound of the bee was the same to Theocritus as it is to us. The bees on the slopes of the Grecian hills awoke the same fancies, differently expressed, that the bee-note makes in the poet of our modern age. 'But,' you ask, 'is there a poet in our modern age?' We answer, yes! He is moulded of the present and of the past. He has no *new* song, but he catches up the echo of the beating aeroplanes and the thunderous dangers of the motors that threaten timid pedestrians, and he weaves the cry of the prophet over the jostling in the streets of old biblical story, and he portrays all life, that which has been, that which is, that which is to be. There is no halt for song, no end to the clarion-call of the poet, who must ever write inspirations for the battling multitude. 'Men must work, and women must weep!' Yes; but poets shall sing of this work and this weeping, and the voice of the poet shall bear it up to the heaven of heavens! The poet has never lost the old note. It is a part of his personality. Bee and poet have the same song each spring—the blueness of the weed-fire in the fields; the blueness of the far-off mountain; the blueness of the sky; the songs of little children playing marbles — an ever-welcome spring-sight; the hoarse murmurous call of the building rooks from the many-treed wood; the celandine clusters below, where pendulously sway the hazel's catkins; the coming of thrush's song and blackbird's flute.

'Is life worth living?' Our present laureate answered the question: 'Yes, while love tints the cheek of the maiden,' or words to that effect, with many other points of glorious interest. Yes, gloriously worth living, while a single bee-note can reverberate through a toiling day, along weary ways, bringing ancient Greece in its strength and glory before us; ancient Rome, with its gladiators; ancient Britain, with its earliest effort, its disappearing races of men and its new conquerors, its receding birds and insects, and its new arrivals when the cold glacial period had passed and Neolithic man became a shadow for all his wonderful perfection in such tools as he possessed, when the land became odorous and deep with belts of grass, and honey lay all about, and from the innumerable sweet-scented meads arose the summer 'drowse' of the innumerable bees.

And all this is punctuated by my indebtedness to a single bee that awoke too soon for warmth, but just in time to arouse a page of thought.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXXII.—WILFORD'S LAST HAND.

THE final disappearance of De Sarsan, his dropping away for ever from the complicated orbit of his daily life, was a cause of sincere satisfaction to not a few people; but to one person the news came as a most unwelcome shock. Wilford Lanceley was 'like the cat i' the adage,' he delayed to act. Though he knew that his jump must land him ultimately in Lorrie's arms, yet for the moment it would leave him face to face with his aunt Marion, whose vials of wrath he had never been able to bring himself to despise, for they were poured forth from the tip of a caustic tongue. He had thought out the best line of action, which to a man of his character meant simply the line of least resistance. He decided to let things slide until late on Sunday evening, when he would open his mind to Alice, play the part of the noble and unselfish brother, who, when it came to the point, refused to allow her to sacrifice her happiness by marrying a man whom she did not love. He had so often worked upon his sister's feelings for his own ends that he had not the least fear of failure. He would, indeed, have to overcome her, to him, incomprehensible scruples as to the honesty of breaking her word to De Sarsan; he knew that she would cling to the argument that she had promised to be his wife on certain conditions, some of which De Sarsan had actually fulfilled, such as financing Wil from the date of their engagement up to the present; but Wil had rehearsed a touching scene of re-

pentant love and tenderness, and believed that his very affection, added to dislike of De Sarsan, would sweep her off her feet. Then he would carry her away to Lorrie's, and leave the household at No. 241 to discover the absence of the bride in any manner or at any hour that Fate should determine.

This plan, promising an easy success, led him to pack his suit-case while Mrs Westaway attended church on that same Sunday morning. This done, he strolled out to the club for a drink, as his aunt's hospitality provided stimulants at meal-times only. He sauntered along the pavement dreaming blissfully of Lorrie, for so long as by any action of his own he prevented the marriage, she had bound herself to become his wife. The carrying off of Alice was as good a scheme as any other, for no one would know where she had taken refuge; moreover, it must be acknowledged that in his forecast of the inevitable future encounter with his aunt, Lorrie, and not himself, appeared as the protagonist!

Perfectly satisfied with the outlook, he strolled into the vestibule of the club, and lingered for a moment to read a notice on the board. Just then a husky voice reached his ears with tidings that struck him cold. Two men were standing together by the glass doors. 'Bludgeoned to death or somethin' of that kind,' one was saying. 'Goin' to be married to-morrow, too. Shockin' affair! though he was a queer lot, as well as a bit of an outsider, they tell me. Forget his name.'

'You don't mean De Sarsan?' exclaimed the other.

'You've got it!'

Wil stayed for no more, but fled down the steps into the street, where he jumped into a waiting hansom and bade the man 'drive like blazes to Devos Square,' for he felt that now or never he must make good his claim to Lorrie. She was out when he arrived, but had left orders that if he called he was to be asked to come in and wait.

He was shown to the drawing-room, about which he walked, noting its pleasant furnishings with the new interest of the prospective owner. Next he rang the bell, and was gratified to find that Lorrie was free from the vicious habit of Mrs Westaway, who kept all alcohol under strict lock and key.

By persistent use of the whisky-bottle and the siphon he soon began to feel he could lay his case before Lorrie with good assurance and plausibility.

It was some time before she came. She entered the room very quietly, and her face was unusually pale; but Wil was beyond noticing details. She gave him no greeting, but plunged at once into the subject.

'What have you come to tell me?'

He crossed eagerly to meet her. 'The wedding is off—the wedding with De Sarsan is off for good and all,' he said, as if expecting her to praise him.

She looked round. 'Then where is Alice?'

Wil knitted his brows. He wasn't thinking as clearly as he could have wished—that last drink perhaps. 'I'll bring her round by-and-by,' he returned.

She glanced from him to the tray on the table. 'Have you nothing to say about how it happened? You are not generally so reticent.'

He realised that he was not in a state to concoct a good story, even if it had been safe to do so; therefore he fenced the question. 'Look here, Lorrie, the past is dead and gone; and for myself, I want to think of nothing but our future—yours and mine, darling!' He took her hands as if he would have drawn her close. 'De Sarsan will never marry Alice, that is quite settled; it was the sole condition you made when you consented to accept me. He shall never be in any way connected with us, I promise you.'

But she withdrew her hands coldly. 'No, that was not by any means the condition I made. I said that if you personally broke off the marriage with De Sarsan I would marry you. Did you break it off?'

'Oh dear! am I to have nothing but that business dinned into me all day? Can't you see I'm sick of it? Dear, what do you want me to say?' Wil asked reproachfully. 'I say it is off; isn't that enough? And, on my word, as this is the very start of our engagement, you might let me sling everything unpleasant behind me and give me a good time.'

Lady Madesson stood tall and stately before him. 'Wil, what did Mrs Westaway say?'

Wil sat down on a chair and rubbed his hands through his hair in growing irritation and nervousness. If he could only get her to give him a promise to marry him before she had heard of De Sarsan's murder! Once she knew that, she might just possibly make a guess at the fact that his own part in stopping the marriage had been one of masterly inactivity.

'Oh, you don't know her tongue! What do you suppose she was likely to say? And I did it all for you!' he retorted crossly. Then, 'Can't you give in for once, Lorrie, and be good to me?' He looked up at her. 'Don't you love me a little bit, darling?'

She met his eyes, coaxing and roguish as a boy's, but no answering smile touched her face. 'No, Wil; you must know that.'

He sprang up. 'Lorrie! Then why'——

'For Alice's sake,' she replied. 'I could not stand by.'

'But'—— he began, flabbergasted.

'I had to drive you to stop it; there was no other way.'

'That's plain speaking, but—I don't care why you did it,' he exclaimed, conquering his annoyance, 'so long as I get you! Lorrie, say you'll marry me; promise you'll marry me.' He urged

her with look and voice and every persuasive art he was master of; for, through all his ardent wooing, he never forgot that to gain her consent was a matter of the last importance. Since De Sarsan was dead, there was no one left to frank his future way through life unless Lorrie could be induced to undertake the office as his wife.

'No, Wil; no! I must first be sure that you have earned the right to my promise.'

'Lorrie, marry me!' he entreated; but she was dead to the appeal of the winning boyish aspect that once might have moved her a little.

The door opened, and the servant stood aside. 'Colonel Detching,' she announced.

The new-comer's keen, red-brown eyes took in the scene as he advanced to shake hands with Lady Madesson.

She turned to him impulsively.

'Wilford has just brought me the news that the marriage between his sister and M. de Sarsan is broken off.'

'Yes. I suppose he has told you what's happened. I came round on the same errand.'

'You! How did you know?' she asked in surprise.

'I was about the first man to see his dead body.'

She fell back a step. 'Dead! M. de Sarsan dead! No, I hadn't heard.'

'He was murdered early this morning.—But you knew, Lanceley. I saw you in the club when Tom Parrish and Bowles were talking of it.'

'No, I swear I hadn't heard a word of it!' said Wil explosively.

Lorrie's grave eyes rested on his face. 'I'm glad to see, Wil, you still tell a falsehood very badly. I think I understand why you could think of no details. We need never discuss that subject again.' She gave him her hand and dismissed him coldly.

He stood in hesitation. 'Don't think you've done with me yet, my lady,' he blustered, and the door closed behind him.

Detching turned to her. 'There is something here I don't comprehend. Why has he been worrying you?'

'My own fault,' she said briefly. 'But tell me of De Sarsan. And does Malcolm know?'

Long and intimately they talked, intimately as never before, and Detching understood even more clearly the deep and generous soul of the woman he loved. For she was now free to tell him of Puyfot's dreadful confession to her in that very room, and how the knowledge of De Sarsan's past had driven her half-distracted before she conceived and acted upon the idea of offering to marry Wil to avert the greater catastrophe of Alice's marriage.

'Where is Mr Cahusac?' she said after a time. 'Is he coming to see me?'

'Yes,' said Detching gloomily. 'He's hopeless. I don't know what to make of him.'

She questioned him with her eyes.

'He says he has talked it over with you before—about Alice Lanceley, I mean,' he went on. 'He's going to wait a while, for decency's sake, and then ask her to marry him.'

'Of course he will,' she said very gently. 'He has cared for her ever since they were children. He told me about it.'

'He may be a fool, but he is worth better than Alice Lanceley.'

'You are wrong. Alice gave up her fortune to Wil, and would have given herself too. What woman could make a more splendid sacrifice?'

'That sounds right enough, but there are other facts that must be considered if you wish to judge fairly. I don't believe she suffered in the giving as a stronger character—you, for instance—would suffer. A girl of that nature asks less of life, understands less of life, and is content with less in life than—you.'

She put out her hand to him. Her lovely face glowed; her smile was a little tremulous. 'You are a staunch friend!' she said.

For once in his life Detching lost control of himself. 'Must I always be a friend?' he asked huskily.

'I hope always.'

'Friendship is a poor name for—for what I want to offer you,' he went on with a crooked smile.

She left her soft hand in his, but the frank touch of her fingers presaged her answer. 'I honestly tell you that I wish with all my heart I could take what you want to offer. But I can't.' A burning blush crept over her pallor, and she turned her head away. 'I think you know why.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN ALL LOYALTY.

ON the day following De Sarsan's death, flying from what she called 'the unfortunate disclosures' which followed, Mrs Westaway took refuge in a little country house which she possessed on a rather lonely part of the Sussex Downs. She carried Alice off with her, but left Wil most unhappily situated in town. With him the inevitable happened: he was obliged to apply to Lord Lindersmere for help, and that exceptionally clear-headed young man arranged his affairs on a basis of frugality that simply disgusted Wilford, who complained to any who would listen that he had lost all faith in human nature.

Malcolm called at Lorrie Madesson's house, but she had vanished on a prolonged yachting-trip, and he went north to his place in Northumberland. Detching had gone off without warning on some vague business of his own, leaving a gruff and uncertain hint that he might join Malcolm later on.

Malcolm spent his days in the saddle, and

during lonely rides by the sea or over the moors many things became clear to him that had been hidden from his mind before. The keynote had been struck on the Sunday morning that he watched Alice's portrait blacken into dust in the flame of the taper while he waited for Detching.

At the beginning his anger had burnt hotly against Mrs Westaway no less than against Wilford. He knew her for the selfish, rather callous woman she was, and his thoughts moved pitifully about Alice, who had yielded to that which was most repugnant to her because of her affection for Wil. Then by one of those sudden veerings of the wind of the spirit of man, which bloweth where it listeth, his wrath turned upon himself, and his own doings scorched his conscience. For the first time he saw that it was he, Malcolm Cahusac, who had in reality sacrificed her; while pluming himself upon the purity and unselfishness of his love, he had given her up to misery for a scruple of convention. He felt that he, of all those who drove her so cruelly to accept De Sarsan, had been the most to blame!

The thought was intolerable, but Malcolm was too honest not to acknowledge its fundamental truth. The chance had been given to him to save her from tears and from that keenest of all sorrows —to find the one whom she loved and trusted fail her in her need! He read now with an aching heart the meaning of her innocent appeal in Devos Square: 'But, oh, Malcolm, don't you think that happiness is worth more than all the other things? Nothing matters as long as we are with those we love! And yet we seem to be struggling for money and things that don't make us happy. Is it worth while to give up so much for so little?' All her simple reasoning came back to torment him. And he had withstood her—for what? A far-fetched notion of honour!

Still farther back, at Fetterings, he recalled how she had offered him her friendship—not a friendship for sunny days like the ordinary friendships of the world, but a sympathy with which each might cheer the other when life took on its sadder colours. And her last letter, the letter he had received in Detching's rooms, in which she prayed him never to misunderstand her, in which she told that she looked for no happiness for herself, but that if she helped Wil that would make her content, and that she would pray for his happiness and would ever be as long as she lived his affectionate friend.

He, in his obtuseness, in his cruel folly, had been as a man blind and deaf! His heart was wrung with a poignancy of remorse and self-accusation; and he vowed that he would yet make up to her for those long dark days by such love and worship, such tenderness and service, as had never yet been devoted to a beloved woman.

Even now he laid restrictions upon himself. He would not write again, for his last hasty letter from Detching's rooms could leave her no faintest doubt of his lasting affection; but he would go to her on the very earliest day that he could dare to do so, and claim her for his own.

So the summer wore on, and often he wondered what Lorrie was doing, and wished as often that she were within reach, for her companionship had become one of the acknowledged pleasures of his life. She must be Alice's friend as well as his! But of what use is it to record these futile imaginings?

At the end of six weeks he felt he could wait no longer, and on a gray day of driving rain in the north he journeyed to London, to find that city languishing under a long spell of drought. Next morning he started early, and leaving the train at a small, beflowered station, he took his way by a footpath over the swelling shoulders and turfy hollows of the Downs. A breeze cool from the sea tempered the heat, and indeed the day was yet young, for before eleven o'clock he was already ringing at Mrs Westaway's gate.

He asked for Miss Lanceley, and the youth who opened the door ushered him into a shadowy room that seemed full of a pleasant coolness. At first his eyes, still blind from the outside glare, saw nothing; then there was the quiet swish of a dress, and he saw Alice standing at the door.

He went towards her quickly. 'Alice!'

But she drew back from him with a look he could not fathom, and then left the room.

'How are you, Malcolm?' said a voice behind him.

Cahusac wheeled round. 'Oh, it's you, Blinders? What's wrong with Alice?'

'Nothing that I know of,' said Blinders. 'Come out and have a cigarette.'

'I came to see Alice,' said Malcolm with a gleam in his face that did not pass unnoticed by the other. 'Will you ask her to see me? I can wait as long as she likes.'

'Very well.'

'There is no good beating about the bush, Billy; you know what I've come for.'

'I dare say I do.' But Blinders remained standing by the window.

Cahusac waited little more than a minute, for he was no longer a patient lover, before he spoke again. 'I say, hurry!'

Lindersmere turned like a man who has made up his mind. 'All right. But I'd like to have a word or two with you first.'

'Are you on as heavy father in this piece?' laughed Malcolm. 'Or do you disapprove of me?'

'Not so much as I might of a good many other fellows,' replied Blinders rather enigmatically. 'But, as you said yourself, there's no good beating about the bush, and I may as well tell you to begin with that Alice engaged herself to me ten days ago.'

Malcolm went white under his tan, and stared at Lindersmere with eyes gone suddenly haggard.

'I don't believe it,' he said in a queer whisper. The blow was so totally unexpected and crushing.

'Clean knocked him out,' thought Lindersmere, and turned his back to give the other time to recover himself.

'Look here, Lindersmere,' said Malcolm slowly, 'tell me at least one thing. Did Alice engage herself to you of—her own free-will? Stop! Don't be angry. She was hard driven before. How can I tell?'

Lindersmere flung up his head. 'I thought you knew me better than that!'

And indeed even Malcolm could not help believing in the strong, honest face. 'I congratulate you,' he said rather lamely, after a pause; but the next words gathered force, 'You are a lucky man!'

'I know it.'

Stricken as Malcolm was, he liked the manner and tone of that short sentence. He turned as if to go, then looked round. 'Will you tell her from me'——

'Not yet,' said Blinders sharply. 'I believe you're a straight man. I know I am, so I have more to say to you. Sit down.'

A bee buzzed in the silence, and then Blinders went on with characteristic directness: 'Alice has told me about you, and—her feeling for you. She has not hidden how much she liked you—as long as she can remember, she says. You see, I'm going to be plain with you. It looks as if I had stolen a march upon you. I haven't! It was Alice herself who seems to have changed her mind.'

'I have always cared for her, and I thought she knew it,' said Malcolm wretchedly.

'Well, she did,' admitted Lindersmere; 'but there was talk of your marrying some one else, you know.'

Malcolm shook his head. Such a flagrant improbability did not seem to require even so much as the denial of speech.

'Oh, well,' said the other, evidently accepting the denial, 'I don't believe it was that that altered Alice. Do you remember the last letter she wrote you? She alluded to her approaching marriage with—you know whom. Poor little girl!—And why the devil didn't you answer it?' he ended savagely.

His ingenuous anger might have raised a smile had it not expressed as nothing else could have done the single-heartedness of his affection.

Malcolm started. 'I did answer it!'

'Are you sure?'

'Is a man likely to make a mistake of that kind?' retorted Malcolm hotly. 'I sent it to Park Lane. Alice was there with Mrs Westaway, and Wil had been ill, and was there too.'

Blinders brought his fist down upon his knee. 'Wil! I'll take my oath it was Wil! Oh yes! he's quite capable of intercepting a letter. You don't understand how matters stood. Alice had insisted upon giving up her fortune to Wil's creditors, and—that man'—it seemed impossible for Lindersmere to bring himself to so much as name De Sarsan—'undertook to settle everything. He bought Wil's debts, after setting about that Alice had refused to be answerable for them, and got them for about a quarter of the amount. He cleared quite a nice sum by it. Next he provided for Wil, and promised to do so as long as he lived on condition—— Oh, hang it, you can guess the rest!'

Malcolm said nothing. What could he say, he who had stood aside and permitted Alice to be deceived and bullied and brought to the verge of such shame as must have been hers had she been De Sarsan's widow to-day?

'Thank goodness, we're rid of Wil now!' continued Blinders. 'I put him, so to speak, on bread and water, and what do you think he's done? Got married! Married yesterday to old Mrs Schelmerheim.' He laughed shortly. 'He thinks he's going to be in clover, but she'll curb him right enough. I've heard about her.'

Malcolm cared nothing for Wil's fortunes; Alice! Alica! was the cry in his heart. But before he could formulate the idea that was moving within him, Lindersmere had taken up his speech again. 'I've been expecting you'd turn up sooner or later, you know, and so I've had my plan cut and dried and waiting. If I found out you did reply to her letter I made up my mind to give you a chance.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Malcolm.

'This. If, after I have talked to you, you still wish to see Alice and tell her your version of the affair, why, you're welcome to do so. I won't stand in your way. If in the end she chooses you, you shall have her. For she is going to get all the happiness out of the future that it's in my power to give her. That's the root of everything—her greatest happiness. Remember that.'

'Go on, man!'

'If you had not happened to be what you are I'd never propose this thing.' Lindersmere leant forward and said solemnly, 'I am engaged to Alice, and you may take my word of honour for it she is absolutely happy in the engagement. Now, I'm better suited to her than you are.'

'Why?' shot out Malcolm.

'No, I'm not a better man, perhaps not so good a fellow as you; I can't pretend to judge of that. But I do know that I am a cheerful, jolly sort of beggar, who's never had a serious worry in his life until I found Alice was going to marry somebody else. Fact! I did not realise she would grow up while I was out in Canada. She's had a rotten time of it since she left school, between Aunt Marion and Wil, and she is inclined to take a melancholy view of existence. That's where I come in.'

'But'——

'No; whatever else you may be, you're not in the same week with me there. You've had your

hard knocks, and you show 'em. See? You'd make rather a solemn sort of couple on the whole; not your fault a bit, but there it is. Now, in three months I bet you Alice—as my wife—would be as ready for a good laugh and a good time as any woman in England!'

Malcolm studied the carpet. He felt that there was a disagreeable amount of probability about this view. 'But if she cared for me—the most?' he said at last.

For the first time Lindersmere looked embarrassed. 'Look here, Malcolm, we both care for her above the average. I think we've both proved it, so it may be you will not misunderstand what I say. She is—well, the dearest thing on earth to both of us; but don't we both know in the bottom of our hearts that she *is* very gentle, very pliable. Now, here's the point. I have the temperament to make her happy; that's the long and the short of it. Alice is engaged to me; she is happy and content now. I'm certain I'm fitted to make her happy in the future. But if you believe that you can make her happier than I can, then see her and explain about the letter and take your chance. If not, let it alone.'

The bee, now imprisoned behind the glass door, buzzed and beat audibly against the panes, while Lindersmere, hardening himself to face either fortune, waited for Malcolm's decision. A clock somewhere in the house beat out twelve silvery chimes before the latter stood up.

'I can't decide in five minutes on this matter. I must have time. I'll write.' And, without any leave-taking, he walked out across the garden and returned to town. There he remained for two days—a wretched two days—in the course of which he was at last driven to accept the truth of Blinders' contention. Alice would be quite as happy, if not happier, with Lindersmere. Then he wrote a letter:

'Perhaps you are right. I take it on your word of honour that she is now absolutely happy. Since that is so, I will not disturb her happiness. God bless her! M. C.'

(To be continued.)

PYTHON ROBES.

THE MILLINER IN THE FOREST.

By E. L. Arnold.

FOR once fashion has taken a direction which promises to be of general benefit to humanity. The new idea silences severe critics, and leaves humanitarians nothing to grumble at. Womankind, or at least such as have access to the longest purses, are shortly to use snake-skin for garments of quite everyday wear. It is a startling suggestion, and, in view of the horror with which the sex has always regarded the serpent, has a certain picturesqueness about it. Whether the new robes will prove as artistic as is expected remains to be seen; they will certainly lend themselves in skilful hands to the emphasising of whatever graces there may be in the person of the wearer, and if the fashion thins out the numbers of these dangerous reptiles all over the world, humanity will owe a debt of gratitude to the inventor of new modes.

We may yet come to see python-skin sold by the yard over our drapers' counters, for the python is a big beast, occasionally reaching, when full-grown, thirty feet in length and a foot or more in diameter; thus, apparently, a single skin might supply enough stuff to make an ordinary gown on modern Empire lines. What the cost will be we cannot yet say. It will obviously be high, for serpents of the largest size are not to be met with every day. The market price of skins, in view of the coming demand, has already gone up to a very high figure, and in Borneo, Sumatra, and all over the Malay Archipelago native hunters are scouring the wilderness, tempted by the offers of dealers in Paris and Vienna, and killing or capturing every big snake they meet with. In Malaya the 'reticulated' python or rice-snake—so called from his habit of frequenting the paddy-swamps where small game abounds—is the largest of available serpents. The native hunters, when seeking them, look for the tracks they make in their nightly foraging expeditions, and place on each a large cane construction much on the principle of the eel-trap. The python entering this to get at some small animal used as bait finds himself unable to retreat, and is starved into quietness. Pythons are also captured in the open, which is a distinctly exciting kind of sport. If the hunters should have the good luck to find one asleep, coiled up on some branch or rocky ledge, gorged with his last meal, they throw a net of strong rope over him, and then a long battle begins; for the python combines the strength of a horse with a special inability to understand when he has met his match, it being as much as a dozen men can do eventually to bind and secure a full-grown specimen.

But it is not only in Eastern countries snakes big enough to supply rough material for blouse and skirt are to be found. In South America some remarkably large kinds haunt the dense forests, especially of the Amazon, and the swamps of the interior. Brazil has its boa-constrictors; while in other regions the water-loving anaconda is numerous, growing to a length of ten or twelve

feet, with a girth of a yard in the thickest part, this representing a great deal of available fabric for the Parisian dressmaker to exert her skill upon. Ranging in proportions below these immense reptiles are a world of other snakes, fascinating in patterns and infinitely delicate in colouring. While the more important sorts will no doubt be reserved for dresses, the lesser varieties may lend themselves to scarves, muffs, gloves, and so on, for it is said that properly prepared snake-skin is both soft and durable. The anaconda is already 'bespoke' for the latest thing in motor-coats, and thus used makes an attractive novelty. Made up in delicate shades of cream-colour and brown, and lined with satin to match, the material forms most attractive garments, which are especially desirable by reason of their lightness. They weigh almost nothing at all, and it is reported 'never wear out.' Four fair-sized skins make a touring-coat, but there is some trouble in matching them perfectly. Other uses will doubtless be found for species of lesser girth, and a novel change will come over our drapers' windows when the fashion is fully established, and snake-hide becomes a common article of wear.

Fashion has already made such good use of the skins of lizards for purses and the like that certain species have been almost exterminated in their native wilds. The alligator has lent its hide, unwillingly of course, to the manufacture of hand-bags and various articles of feminine fancy; why, then, should it be impossible to utilise snake-skins in the way indicated? The fair sex has had a grudge against the whole race of creeping things since the time of our first parents, and should feel a piquant sense of revenge in the opportunity of now putting it to such practical use. The new material is beautiful in itself; it must always remain more or less exclusive, as every garment will be a separate work of art. The wearer will be conscious of conferring a benefit on humanity by causing the destruction of creatures which could have brought about endless calamities in other countries; and, finally, there should be a distinct thrill in knowing one is wrapped in the hide of a giant python whose folds could once crush the strongest to death, or in wearing a surtout, say, of now harmless cobras any one of which when alive would have carried destruction and death through a whole community.

THE ROOTS OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER VI.

HUGH SARTORIS, in spite of heavy anxiety and the uncertainty which is worse than accepted trouble, did not pass a sleepless night, for healthy youth exacts its dues, and he slept late to balance his night-vigil.

When at length he entered the breakfast-room, it was to find that his mother had already gone out into her rosery, but every arrangement for hot coffee and fresh dishes had been made, and he felt relieved that a solitary meal would call for no demand upon his self-control.

The weather still held the enchantment of midsummer, and through the open windows, partially shaded from the brilliant sunshine, his eyes rested on velvet lawn and glowing flower-bed, and his ear was soothed by the murmur of the bees in the stately limes, and the intermittent song of a thrush in love with his own melody.

How sweet and restful it all was! he said to himself; but also how luxurious and enervating, tending to sap a righteous purpose! But he loved every inch of the ground; knew every tree and shrub in garden, park, or covert; was familiar with every lichen-stain on the gray façade of the old mansion; was good friends with each man and woman, horse and dog, inside or outside the dwelling; and as he poured the heavy cream into his cup and helped himself a second time to the savoury *ris de veau* at his side, the thought again obtruded itself that to give all up to the peasant boy Christopher Pezzé, and to go that day to Sir William Dalzell to clinch the action, was nothing short of a counsel of perfection. He had resolved; yes, but that was last night, and he was still free this morning to change his mind.

Hugh caught sight of his mother's tall and graceful figure moving at some distance amongst her roses; and, strange as it may seem, it was the sight of her that expelled the momentary weakness. How would it be possible for the old conditions ever to be restored? A barrier had been raised between them that could only be broken down by restitution and forgiveness. But that must wait. Confirmation was the first necessity.

He went out to greet her, to apologise for being late all in the usual way, courtesy and affection animating speech and response. He even went so far as to say that he had sat up late over his father's papers; but though her eyes dwelt upon his face with some anxiety, she asked no questions, but accepted the statement with an air of acquiescence. It was evident to him that her intention was to treat the painful episode as closed.

He walked by her side for some time, discussing the roses and plans for extending their enclosure, before he took courage to tell her that he was going to call on Sir William Dalzell that morning; but he need not have been afraid that the secret motive in his own breast would be guessed by her.

She smiled with a sort of divine sympathy and put her hand on his arm. 'Dearest,' she said in her caressing voice, 'my heart and my hopes go with you.'

Hugh blushed furiously; she thought of him only as a lover, while in very fact he felt like a conspirator.

As he walked towards The Chase a thousand filial tendernesses assailed him. For his sake she 'laid down her honour.' How could he pierce that loyal heart or bring reproach on that fair repute? Dear as he was to her, she was yet willing to give him up to another simply because he desired to supplant her, and that other by his own act he was putting out of his life.

Sir William was in his office busy with his steward's midsummer accounts; but he had caught sight of his visitor approaching the house, and there was something in the young man's carriage so different from his usual buoyancy that it suggested trouble, and trouble never appealed to that generous heart in vain.

Hugh had recovered self-possession before his host entered the room, and was able to exchange the usual greetings in much the usual way; but it was a keen eye that observed him, though indeed no special acuteness was needed to detect the change of colour, of expression, and of manner.

Sir William waited for some explanation of Hugh's early visit, and, to his relief, he had not to wait long.

'Are you busy this morning—I mean, can you give me plenty of time?' asked Hugh wistfully. 'I have come to talk over a very difficult matter, and to ask for help and advice.'

'I have just finished with Acroyd, and am at your service till luncheon-time—over two hours, my dear Hugh,' returned the other, smiling and consulting his watch.

Hugh stood up and walked to the fireplace—he felt the proximity too near—and half-unconsciously he gripped the high mantel with his hand; the colour had rushed into his pale face, and he set his teeth to steady the lips that trembled. Then in a low voice he spoke; and, like a tyro in hard experience, he rushed the declaration.

'My father, on his deathbed, Sir William, told me a strange thing. He said that Colonel Lucian Sartoris had left a son, and that it was my duty to find him.'

A sharp ejaculation that was almost a cry broke from the baronet's lips. 'My God!' he said under his breath; and again, 'My God!' He covered his eyes with his hand and sat for a few moments as one in profound cogitation. Then, looking up at Hugh, who stood passive in expectation, he said, 'If I say I am scarcely surprised you will find it hard to believe me.'

'There are not many things now that I should find it hard to believe,' returned the young man bitterly. 'Still, it sounds strange.' His feeling was one of acute disappointment, mixed with indignation. Instead of the surprise, incredulity, and sympathy with which he had expected his startling announcement to be received, it seemed to have had no effect beyond the excitement of some strong, inexplicable, personal feeling. His share in it was lost sight of, his self-denying action unrecognised. He maintained a proud silence, his eyes following Sir William's movements.

Sir William had risen from his chair and begun to walk about the room. Then suddenly he ceased his pacing to and fro, and, stopping in front of Hugh, put his hand upon the young man's shoulder. He was a handsome man, in the maturity of middle age, before decline has touched either the outward semblance or the inward force, and his fine face was alight with an exquisite sensibility. 'Forgive me, dear boy,' he said, 'if I forgot everything—decency itself—in the rush of old memories. Tell me all you know.'

But before Hugh could answer—and he was not quick to answer—the other broke out again. 'To explain—to excuse myself—I loved Lucian Sartoris not as a brother, for no brother, Hugh, excites such a passion of friendship; we loved as David and Jonathan loved, and the loss of him by that cruel mischance darkened life for me. If he had left a son I had vowed to be his father, and now you come to tell me that this blessed chance is still open!'

'I came,' returned the young man coldly, 'to ask you to go with me to find out whether he has left a son or not.'

'I would go to the world's end,' was the answer. And then more quietly, 'It is strange, a sort of prophetic instinct; but from time to time I have felt a doubt whether the babe born in that hurry and obscurity was really still-born, knowing what tremendous blunders are often made in that direction. Mozart is not the only great man who was thought to be born dead, and put aside as such. But there was more than mere vague speculation, Hugh, to feed the notion.' He stopped. 'I was about to say too much; forgive me, I have no right to speak at your expense. Shall we not sit down and talk more comfortably?'

'I prefer to stand,' said Hugh stiffly.

Sir William looked at him with a smile half-affectionate, half-ironic.

'Then I will stand also, and again I beg your pardon; you have every right to be disgusted that I am able to rejoice at what, if proved, must bring loss to you and yours; and indeed I believe that for the moment I had lost sight of that. But we know that your mother is rich, and adores you; and if Lucian has indeed left a son, he will be eager to do more than divide the inheritance with you.'

Hugh shrugged his shoulders. 'A hard exchange for a birthright!'

'True, dear boy; but we will reduce the hardship to the uttermost. I am like one suddenly gifted with second-sight, and I seem to see possibilities I never dared to dream of. We may leave you your patrimony untouched,' he added with a smile so delightful as to recall the charm of his daughter. 'But I am cooling down. Once more, dear Hugh, sit down and tell me all you know.'

Hugh complied, and told his tale very differently from what he had expected to tell it. He considered—for the eagerness of his companion had greatly reduced his own ardour—that it was sufficient to explain that his father had revealed the secret on his deathbed as one that required confirmation, and had charged him with the duty of search and restitution—there was no difficulty in screening his mother from all suspicion—and he mentioned the two letters of the priest as the chief or only evidence so far available.

Surely in a son such reserve was justifiable; if investigation led to the discovery of further complicity, he believed that he could trust Sir William's honour and discretion. At present what more could be required of him than to try to find his cousin, who would have the right to take from him all that he possessed?

'I may be allowed to see the priest's letters?'

Hugh reflected that the perusal of these letters alone might suggest that the burden of deception rested on Maria Pezzé's broad shoulders.

'I see no objection,' he answered.

'Does your mother know of this?'

Hugh controlled himself; it was inevitable that such a question should be asked; he half-thought that Sir William must hear his heart-beats, but he was growing stronger than he knew.

'I think not. I have not discussed this matter with my mother; it is too painful, and I need not wound her in advance. I had the idea'—and now he hesitated boyishly—'that it would be nicer—better, that is—if we went to the Tyrol as a mere excursion amongst the Dolomites, and found out the truth before we said anything to her about it. That was my object in coming to you this morning. I wanted you to suggest it as a holiday trip.'

Again Sir William looked at him narrowly. 'It is a good idea,' he answered, 'and, I think, can be managed. Change of air and scene will be good for you. When can I see her?'

'Surely the sooner the better. Suspense is worse than certainty.'

'I will call to-morrow. Say that I have seen you to-day, and that I think you are not looking up to the mark, and ask if I may take you with me on one of my yearly mountaineering expeditions.'

Hugh rose. 'Thanks awfully.' He hesitated. 'You were going to say, Sir William, something that you have not yet said.'

'And, on second thoughts, had better remain unsaid; but lest you should suspect too much, and will forgive me, it was on my mind to say that your father always appeared to me as a man ill at ease, at odds with himself and the world at large. He had all things richly to enjoy, it seemed—fortune, wife, and son—and yet enjoyed nothing. What we have to find out he must have known.'

Hugh was silent.

Sir William held out his hand with an animated gesture. 'I shall come silver-tongued to persuade your mother. We will fight this fight together, my boy; but the chivalry of it lies with you. I love you, Sartoris—for your own sake and for the new hope you have given me.'

CHAPTER VII.

IT was in the first week of July that Sir William Dalzell and Hugh Sartoris left Charing Cross for their mountaineering campaign in the Tyrol. The silver tongue had succeeded, and if Ella Sartoris had either misgiving or suspicion as she embraced her son and wished him God-speed, she suffered no trace of it to escape.

The young man, beyond an educational year at Heidelberg and an occasional run over to Paris, knew very little of the Continent. Alp and Apennine, Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, or the waterways of Venice, were discoveries for the future; so, in his interest, his travelling companion decided on the route which took its departure from the latter city.

But picturesque exploration being no part of their object, the successive impressions Hugh received from ancient cities steeped in poetry and romance, or dreams wrought out on canvas or in marble, of olive-woods and vineyards, partook more of illusion than of reality; their objective was Cortina, from which place the last letter received from Father Giuseppe was dated. All the information they desired to obtain could only be derived from him.

They had travelled by train from Treviso to Belluno, which was the railway limit,* thence by diligence to Longarone; at this place, to the relief of Hugh's impatience, they were able to engage a carriage with a pair of good horses to Cortina, a transit through towns and villages which Titian loved and has illuminated, passing by rivers, streams, and forests of beech, by tiny lakes looking like pools of enchantment, and mountain gorges rising in sublimity.

Almost for the first time since he left home,

* In describing the scenery of the Tyrol the writer desires to acknowledge her obligation to Miss A. B. Edwards's delightful book, *A Midsummer Ramble among the Dolomites*.

Hugh, forgetful of his weight of care, as they entered the Ampezzo Thal, sat back in the carriage agaze with admiration that was awe. Some of the loftiest and most imposing of the Dolomites had already risen into view, looming gigantic on the right hand and the left; and so extraordinary was their aspect that even a veteran traveller like his companion stood almost aghast.

These mountains are unique; they do not bulk upon vision as do the mighty forms of Pilatus, Mont Blanc, or the Matterhorn, but appear rather as some splintered or riven fortress with uncounted buttresses, terrace upon terrace, the huge slopes encumbered with boulder and shale, and the crowning wonder consisting in the fantastic pinnacles and jagged peaks which rise lance-sharp against the sky; nor are these arresting needle-points colourless or glacier-white, but stained with sulphur-yellow, with veins of violet or of intense rusty red vivid as blood in the rays of the declining sun.

Such is the Andelao as seen from the Ampezzo Thal; Pelmo and Christallo, each rising some eleven thousand feet, can also be seen from the pass; but the full majesty of these mountains is better observed from Caprile.

'It is scarcely possible that these tortured summits are accessible even to the boldest climbers,' remarked Sir William. 'No wonder that Lucian spilled his precious life upon them. But we are not here as tourists, Hugh. It seems a far cry to Cortina. What if this priest be removed or dead? It is more than six months since he wrote to your father.'

'In such a case no doubt he has a successor, and it is with the woman, Maria Pezzé, that the truth must lie.'

Hugh spoke a little coldly, for the zest of his companion to find the possible heir jarred on the susceptibilities of one whose fortunes were imperilled by the discovery; but the baronet in middle age was more eager and emotional than himself; and was convinced that the chivalrous disinterestedness of the unknown youth would leave no room for bitterness.

Arrived at their destination, they put up at the 'Croce Bianca,' one of the new inns of which Cortina now boasts, and Sir William found no fault with their accommodation. Before they sat down to dinner the landlord had been interviewed on the questions that dominated the minds of each.

'Was Father Giuseppe Doria still an officiating priest at Cortina?'

'*Si, si, signor*,' was the answer. 'He is the *parroco* of our new church, which has no equal this side of Vienna—the *signori* would have admired the campanile—a marvel—close on three hundred feet high! The *parroco* is a good man, and a good priest.'

'And his house is probably near the church? It is business with him that has brought us to Cortina.'

'Close to, *signor*; a very good house, with a garden full of growing peas and flowers. The house was built not at the same time as our church, but still a long time ago; not for our *parroco*, of course, but for them that went before'——

Hugh broke in upon further details. 'And can you tell us if there is a family living here of the name of Pezzé—mother and son?'

He thought he asked the question with perfect indifference; but there was a vibration in his voice that drew a quick glance from the landlord, or it may have been that it touched on a point of common interest.

'Have the *signori* business also with Maria Pezzé? If so, it is ten thousand pities, for Maria Pezzé, *poveretta*, died two months ago—may God rest her soul!' He crossed himself devoutly.

'And her son—Christopher I think you call him?' It was Sir William who asked the question.

'*O póvero figliuólo!* he is gone back to the cloister. What do I know? She was not of Cortina, but beyond the mountains, where Padre Giuseppe was *parroco* before he came to us. *Con rispetto, signori*, he can answer all questions.'

It was obvious that for some reason the man was averse to being questioned, and as it appeared that fuller information was to be obtained elsewhere, he was allowed to retire.

It would be hard to say which of the two men was the more strongly moved by what they had already heard, nor did they exchange confidences.

'Gone back to the cloister' was a phrase carrying with it unguessed contingencies—to Hugh a confused apprehension of relief, while the mental impression received by his companion was conveyed in Sir William's impulsive exclamation, 'I pray God we are come to save him from that death in life!'

After they had dined they went out of doors. Hugh had suggested calling upon the priest that evening, but Dalzell overruled his impatience.

'It grows late,' he said, 'and we have much to learn, for the situation is more complicated than we thought. We will go to eight o'clock Mass, and introduce ourselves after. A night's rest and a night's reflection will do us no harm. Let us get into the open and look about us.' As Hugh still looked unconvinced, he added kindly, 'Whatever news we get, we could not act upon it to-day. My interest, Hugh, is as deeply involved as your fortunes.'

As they stood in the open space outside the hospice the town appeared to lie in the hollow of an open hand, with four great mountains rising around it; but though we have named them, it would be hard to convey adequately the impression produced. The idea suggested by their amazing outlines was that of immense, almost superhuman, energy, as if by inward volition they had forced upwards those keen, jagged, lance-like peaks and pinnacles. The river flowed

north and south, while east and west rose and fell the mountain-passes. The villagers who passed them seemed gay and prosperous, the men with a flower or cock's feather in their picturesque hats, the women with kerchief crossed above their belted skirts, and silver pins thrust through their plaited hair; they gave the strangers a pleasant '*Buon-sera*' or '*Guten-abend*,' with friendly glances.

(*To be continued.*)

EXCAVATING A BURIED FOREST.

By D. W. O. FAGAN.

AMID encircling hills, twenty miles south from Auckland, lies the wide expanse of the great Papakura Valley. Level as a billiard-table, covering an area of many thousand acres, the vast flat stretches away and away till it is merged in the blue distance of the horizon. In reality the valley is a huge peat-swamp, partially dry in places, probably because of natural evaporation. Elsewhere, where artificially drained, it already carries smiling homesteads of rich pasture-land, and it needs no prophetic eye to see in the near future the whole expanse converted into meadow-land by the dairy-farmer. Meanwhile it is a scene of industry probably unique of its kind in the whole history of man's operations. Beneath the surface of the peat, where the soil has shrunk in drying or has been blown away, lie exposed to view the trunks of innumerable kauri-trees.

Their submersion for centuries in the semi-liquid peat has sufficed for the decay and disappearance of branches and crowns. Nothing but the solid heart-wood of the mighty trunks remains, and these are found lying in orderly swathes almost as regular in alignment as wheat-stalks on a newly reaped field. Scarce a trunk is out of rank. The thousand heads point all in one direction, as though the forest had originally fallen under the sickle of some careful reaper.

There is a mystery about these huge trees. How came they here? Not thrown higgledy-piggledy in inextricable confusion, as has been found to be the case in the uncovering of other buried forests, but each as truly placed as ever fell living tree under the axe of the timber-getter. Did the forest that once covered the wide valley fall at a blow before the scythe-stroke of some cyclonic giant of primeval days that roared its way among the hills? Or was there never a forest at all, and did the present flat once form the floor of an old lake or ocean-inlet, into which, singly or in twos and threes, the great trees were drifted through the ages by flood or tide? The solution of the problem opens a wide field of conjecture.

The recovery and utilisation of buried timber is no new thing among the host of the world's strange industries. For some hundreds of years the wood of buried and submerged trees from avalanche-filled valley or mountain lake has been recovered and worked among the Swiss Alps. Many a yeoman-farmer or squire of the western counties can point with pride to heirloom cabinet or carved four-poster of black bog-oak. In parts of Devon and Somerset, I believe, it is still possible to come across old-world churches and even cottages floored and raftered with age-old timber dug from the hags of Exmoor and Dartmoor.

It may be doubted, however, if elsewhere in the world it is possible to find, duplicated in one spot, so huge an area of buried timber of such immense size, and at the same time offering such facilities of recovery. Certainly in no other country has the conversion of a prehistoric forest into marketable timber been attempted on so wholesale a basis, or with better promise of success. A company has recently acquired the right of timber-recovery over some thousands of acres, and their mill is already at work cutting the huge trees into planks and logs.

There is not much in the working of an ordinary lumber-mill with which the average magazine reader is not familiar. Here, however, one strikes a note of newness, even of romance. Of peculiarly stunted growth must needs be the imagination of the spectator who, watching the log-laden trolleys swing in on the tram-rails, does not confess a thrill of interested emotion!

How many ages have gone by since this huge twelve-foot log, with the mud and grime of centuries thick upon it, reared its high head among its forest compeers? How many cycles passed above its waving crown — passed and slipped into Time's forgotten gulf—ere came the final cataclysm that laid it low? Did the brooding moa scoop a nest-burrow among its huge root-buttresses? Could it speak, would it tell us of that legendary race of men who left the carved stone coffins in our caves and wrought the basalt columns that strew our hillsides? By what strange hap of Nature's chemistry has the age-old wood been preserved in all its primeval soundness to furnish weatherboard and scantling to a modern world?

The kauri is not a Scotch fir or Norway pine. The great trees require elbow-room, and in living forests are widely apart, amid the undergrowth. But the thickness of the one-time growth of huge trees covering the flat may be judged by the amount of fallen timber embedded in the peat.

The estimated quantity of visible and millable timber per hundred acres of the area is computed at ten million superficial feet, and beneath the

surface, to a depth of thirty feet, the great balks are found in the same ratio of closeness.

Some idea of the immense size of the old trees is furnished by measurements of the solid heart-cores now remaining. As in the case of branches and crowns, the softer sap-wood that once enwrapped the central cores of the living trees has long since disappeared; so in arriving at a computation of former size a considerable addition to present measurements must be made. Many of the logs, as now found, show a girth of over sixty feet, by a length of eighty or ninety feet of straight timber free from knot or branch. The average measurement may be put at from thirty-five to forty feet in circumference, and hardly any of the trunks show a diameter of less than eight feet.

Everywhere about the swamp one sees signs of excavation where workmen are delving to uncover the timber, and very interesting is the manner in which it is unearthed and got ready for the mill. Pits are scooped in the peat on each side of the trunk, as it lies, to accommodate the sawyers. Working in these, and wielding huge cross-cut saws, the men cut the eighty-foot balks into lengths of twelve or twenty feet. Then the grips of a 'forest-devil' are brought into play, actuating a wire rope or massive chain with a lifting power of sixty tons. There is a rattle and clank of machines, a groan and strain of pulleys, and a coughing roar of steam—a strange sucking sound, like the kiss of a long farewell. The black lips of the peat roll back, the great log is torn from the embrace of centuries, swung up on to bullock tram or trolley, and hauled away on its last journey to the saw-benches.

The cut timber is perfectly sound and of excellent quality. It differs from kauri timber of to-day cut from the living tree only in the matter of colour, which is a dark-reddish brown approaching mahogany. It is perhaps too early to speak of its lasting qualities; but, following on its long subjection to the preservative action of the peat, many experts have expressed an opinion that the wood should prove practically indestructible. At all events, to use an Americanism, Papakura Valley timber has 'caught on,' and a trade has been opened with the British markets. Already the unique industry has passed beyond the region of problematical success.

Much diverse guessing has taken place as to the probable age of the wood now being utilised. It has been variously stated at from two to three thousand years. The kauri-tree is of slow growth, requiring a lapse of a thousand years ere maturity is reached. Geology points to the fact that the peat morass now filling the valley has endured for at least another ten centuries; and if we add, say, five hundred years for the mature life of the forest ere its destruction, it is probable, in the case of the larger timber, that the estimate is fairly correct.

A wonderful place this swamp of the Papakura Valley, and—with the exception of some of the more famous goldfields—unsurpassed for wealth of natural production, area for area, by any place on earth. The peat is full of fossil gum, shed through unnumbered centuries by the trees that are now being dug out and utilised. Since the dawn of the gum-digging era, forty years ago, the value of the fossil resin recovered amounts to many hundreds of thousands of pounds. At the present day it is still being won in increasing quantity; and as the timber is removed and the work of drainage progresses, it is confidently expected that, rich as the return has been in the past, it is not a moiety of what the future may be expected to yield. In not a few parts of the area as many as five successive layers of gum have been found at varying depths beneath the surface—a fact that would seem to point to the supposition that in past ages forest after forest has grown, flourished, and passed away.

The valley presents a busy scene. Side by side with the excavations of the timber-workers are the deep pits of the gum-diggers. Gangs of men are hard at work grubbing out the precious lumps of resin from the black soil; others throw out the soakage of the all-pervading water with bailing-bucket or Californian pump.

Fifty pounds an acre is freely offered to the lucky farmer or settler-owner of a bit of swamp-land, with a royalty on all gum produced, for the right of digging and prospecting. It is a prosperous wind now blowing for the farmers of the valley. At the end of operations, the lessor, in addition to the consideration, which may very well reach a considerable figure, takes back his land markedly improved and enhanced in value by the deep digging necessary for the recovery of the resin; and all this, of course, without any effort or expenditure on his part.

THE LAST SERVICE.

By W. G. Litt.

THE veterinary field-hospital at Dornspruit could hardly be called well equipped. The sick-horse lines were there all right, but the rest of it consisted of a veterinary U.P. chest, a few odd and empty bottles more or less suitable for drenching purposes, a biscuit-box, and a bucket or two; and Captain Earnside, M.R.C.V.S., of the Army Veterinary Department, sincerely regretted his lack of appliances as he busied himself with the day's casualties. Perhaps the nastiest wound was that on which he was now employed. But his patient, the blue roan, seemed to know that

the pain inflicted was for his own good. A ragged piece of shrapnel-casing had torn a gaping wound in the fleshy near forearm of General Wisthaven's charger that day; and now, in the late afternoon of that same June day in 1901, Earnside was dressing the wound. The roan charger seemed to stand out in that khaki landscape in which all else was mud-colour, the burnt-up grass, the clothes of the men, the limbers of the guns—ay, and even the water of the dam under the shadow of the little flat-topped kopje hard by—water churned up by the trampling of drinking horses and mules.

At Earnside's side, holding the roan's head, stood the farrier-sergeant, a great gaunt scarecrow of a man. 'Good job the general fell clear of 'im,' he was saying. 'I doubt if the old roan 'll be any more use.'

'Oh, I don't know about that,' Earnside answered. 'I don't think it 's any more than a flesh-wound, though there are some small splinters of bone. Of course there may be a deferred fracture, but I don't fancy so. Give me that other bandage.—Yes; what is it?' Earnside went on to a man who rode up.

The orderly reined up his horse and cut his right hand away to his side. 'General's compliments, sir, and he would like to see you at headquarters when you can spare the time.'

'I 'll be up there directly; I 'm done here now,' replied the veterinary officer as he swilled his hands in the battered tin bucket, and, unrolling his shirt-sleeves, slipped on his khaki jacket.

As he tramped over the rough, uneven veldt, every now and then stumbling over a tuft of the coarse Free State grass, Earnside's thoughts dwelt on the fight that day. It was only after a long-drawn-out struggle that General Wisthaven's column had reached the little wayside station, with its small garrison, for the Boers had fought with great stubbornness, and at one time it had seemed as if the tide of war were flowing against the British arms.

A strange-looking place it would have seemed to eyes accustomed only to the peace-time variety, this camp at Dornspruit through which Earnside walked. But then this was the war-time kind, and the white tents were only conspicuous by their absence, an unthought-of luxury. The camp was very orderly, though. Here were the horse-lines, with their rows of saddlery, placed in front of the troop-lines. Farther away to the right were the guns, and beyond yet more horse-lines, whilst in rear were ambulance-wagons, baggage transport, and the thousand and one things that go to the make up of a war-camp.

Thousand and one things! Yes; but be very sure that of comfort there was none, not even in the few tents which were pitched, and over which floated the scarlet cross of Geneva. But there seemed to be joy in one little group of tattered, half-starved men. Their quarter-rations, a quarter of a pound of meat and biscuit per man, would be augmented for the nonce by the hostile goose which had fallen a victim to one of their number, and which, skinned to save the trouble of plucking, was boiling in a 'dicksie,' and soon to be eaten, helped down with damson-jam in lieu of apple-sauce.

Earnside found the general sitting on a gut-stringed settee in the little iron-roofed Dutch homestead, talking to Major Dankton, his chief of staff.

'Ah, good-day, Earnside; sit down on the biscuit-box,' said Sir William Wisthaven. 'I have very nearly finished with Dankton.—Yes, Dankton,' he went on, 'there can be no doubt that these papers are of vital importance. You see what the Commander-in-Chief's scheme is; if we do our part of it Botha's whole army should be snaffled, unless by some chance he should get wind of the general idea.'

'Quite so, sir,' said his chief of staff; 'but they 're dangerous things to carry with us; there 'd be an awful mess if they got into the enemy's hands. It isn't only that Botha would escape. Why, let the Boers once get wind of the business, and they 'll very quickly tumble to the weak points which such a scheme must entail, and then, Heaven knows what disasters will result!'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted the general; 'but then the papers just simply mustn't be captured.' And General Wisthaven put the few flimsy pages in their waterproof wrapping and replaced them in his inside breast-pocket. 'Shouldn't wonder if we have a useful scrap to-morrow again. Let me know, Dankton, when the intelligence-officers have found out anything. We 'll march at 3 A.M. That 's all for the present.—Well, now, Earnside'—the general turned—'how 's the poor old roan, eh?'

'A very nasty wound, sir, as of course you know; but it should do all right in time.'

'Can't go on with us to-morrow of course?'

'Oh no, sir; it 's a six weeks' job at the inside. You see, there 's a tremendous loss of tissue to be made good; no sutures will hold a gaping wound like that together, and tight bandages are the best we can do.'

'Poor old horse!' sighed the general, ''fraid he 'll never do me another good turn. And he has been a good 'un, too. But, luckily, he won't have to be destroyed,' he continued, 'for I 'm leaving the casualties, men and horses, behind here. I expect the line will be running in a few days, and then they can be got down to the base. I 'm leaving you behind too, Earnside. Thanks very much for all the trouble you 've taken, and —good-night.'

. . . . . .

Hoar-frost over everything, the stillness only broken by the occasional neigh of a horse or the grunt of an ox. Here are the rows of saddlery

we saw last night, but now on each saddle rests a head. Long rows of sleeping figures lie rolled in their blankets, rifle by side. The only moving figures are the horse-guards, who, pipe in mouth, saunter lazily up and down the lines, tying a horse afresh here, lifting a leg over the head-rope there.

And over everything the hoar-frost!

No reveille sounded, no bugle-note cleft the air, for bugles were taboo. Only presently the cooks were roused by the stable-guard to their daily round and common task. A cook's toilet was typical of every one's, and it took very little time. Half-asleep, but cursing drowsily, he rolled out of his blanket, and taking his pipe out of one of his boots, lit it. Thereafter he resumed his boots, and turned the bottoms of his puttees down over them. He was dressed! Soon the water in the 'dicksies' over the cook-house fires was boiling away and endeavouring to extract the maximum of flavour out of the minimum of coffee.

And now the sergeants moved amongst the sleeping figures, waking them to consciousness of another day's troubles and dangers. 'Come on; look alive!' 'Get your horses fed.' Sounds of cursing and swearing, squealing of mules, bellowing of oxen, neighing of horses, and again more oaths.

The camp was awake.

An angry buzzing seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere, and a hornets' nest it was in very truth, this column preparing for the trek. The whole thing took very little time, and less than an hour had passed from the time the cooks opened the campaign of cursing until the entire column was off once more to wind slowly over the veldt and round the kopjes, tramping along, still cursing, as it stumbled over ant-heaps or into ant-bear holes in the lightening dawn.

The horses in the sick-lines looked longingly after their departing comrades. A strange-looking assortment of equine flesh — whaler from the Antipodes, broncho from the States, blood-horse from England, rubbing shoulders with the native pony and telling him, maybe, of their homes far away across the seas, homes they would never see again.

Presently up rushed the dawn, and the air grew hotter. Gone was the hoar-frost, and gone, too, the thin edging of ice on the dam.

Suddenly out through the stillness sounded the dull boom of a gun, another, and yet another. Then a sharp rifle-fusillade, growing ever more rapid.

'At it again, sir,' said the farrier-sergeant, putting down the bucket of water he had fetched from the dam.

'Looks, or rather sounds, like it,' the veterinary officer answered, looking up from where he was kneeling by the U.P. chest, searching amongst the few articles left therein for something that could be made of service.

''Ottish time they must be 'avin', too,' continued the sergeant; 'them Boers must 'ave been in close.' Captain Earnside seemed to be paying but little attention, and the sergeant went on: 'Rotten job this 'ere, sir, bein' left behind with this 'ere lot; scrappin''s more fun than patchin' up these 'ere bags o' scraps.'

'Quite so,' agreed Earnside. 'Still, at the same time, this is our job, and some one's got to do it. And there's a good morning's work, too.'

'Will us do that roan 'orse first?' queried the sergeant.

'No; we'll start on the smaller things first, and leave that wound till after.'

'Very good, sir.'

Our farrier-sergeant was very annoyed and sore, somehow, in his heart, though he could not quite explain why even to himself. Of course the captain's business was not fighting; every one knew that. Still—well, he was a combatant officer, and, well—well, he ought to take more interest in fighting and military jobs; and, well——

'Will I 'old up this 'ere bay 'orse's leg for you while you dresses that bullet-wound? A bit 'andy with 'is 'eels, 'e is, sir.'

Whilst the fighting grew ever faster and more furious away over the veldt the veterinary officer and his assistant worked at their patients. So you must imagine the two Englishmen patching and bandaging, getting proper drainage in wounds here, using the scalpel there, sewing up this, and probing that. And all the time the battle on the veldt waxed hotter.

Many a yearning glance did the warlike sergeant send in the direction where our men were struggling and dying to hold their own against the overwhelming force of Boers, largely reinforced during the night.

Soon the little garrison were drawn into the fight, and the shattered remnants of the column fell back. Never had General Wisthaven fought so well; never had his vast experience been employed to better purpose. But with the force pitted against him there could be but one result. All too soon the guns were out of action, the gunners shot down at their guns, and the shrapnel screamed at the Boers no longer. The thing was over, and what little struggle there still remained was ended when a bullet struck the commander, and he fell mortally wounded.

Major Dankton knelt over him.

'The papers! Get off,' the general feebly gasped.

The staff-officer seized them from the dying general's hand, leapt wildly to his feet, and seized the bridle of a riderless horse. He sprang into the saddle and drove his spurred heels home. Even as he did so there came a volley of shots from the enemy, and spurts of dust rose up from the sandy veldt as man and horse galloped madly off, the horse screaming with pain.

The flight of bullets had been all too true. Both Major Dankton and his steed had been badly hit. Still they struggled bravely on, the man lying on his horse's neck, his numbed fingers clutching the mane with a grasp that grew ever more and more feeble.

The Boers had seen the despatches snatched from the dying general's hand, and they had no intention of being robbed of them. After the wounded man on the fast-flagging horse they tore.

Still Dankton held on. He knew but too well the value of these papers—knew that, at all costs, they must not fall into the enemy's hands. So you can see him fighting forward, fighting but to remain on that horse as long as possible, whilst all the sunlit world grew dim about him. Yet before he died he must do something to save the papers. So, with glazing eyes, yet fiercely struggling against the death he knew must soon put an end to all, he staggered from his dead horse at last round the corner of the little kopje by the dam.

There the veterinary officer and his farrier-sergeant were still at their surgery, dressing the roan horse's forearm.

Hearing Major Dankton's gasping cry as he staggered to them, blood pouring from his mouth, the sergeant jumped and caught him. All at once the Boers were on them. The farrier-sergeant's futile resistance was soon ended. But the veterinary officer went on calmly binding the horse's gaping wound.

Search as they would, there was no sign of the papers with which the Boers had seen the major gallop away. Not on his dead body, nor on the person of the sergeant or veterinary surgeon, were they, though they searched again and again.

'Curse it!' cried the Boer veldt-cornet; 'they must be here; he couldn't have got rid of them. Look yet again!' And they looked again. No trace of them. Might not the major have dropped them as he staggered from his useless horse? 'Look for them there.'

But the despatches were gone, those despatches of whose existence spies had warned the Boers, and which they so much desired to read.

The search continued for hours, but to no purpose.

Late that afternoon the Boers trekked again, and with them trekked too the veterinary officer and the farrier-sergeant.

. . . . . .

Down by the dam the frost that night glistened over the dead horses in the sick-lines, for they could not trek, and must not be left behind to recover and once more help the British arms. There was the spot where Major Dankton fell, and close by lay the body of the roan horse with the useless dressing on the wound that nature now could never heal.

But surely there is something moving! Round the corner of the kopje, keeping well in the shadow and avoiding the clear moonlight, there is a dim figure creeping! It was Captain Earnside. He had been of no particular use to the Boers. They had no special use for a veterinary surgeon, and he would not be an active opponent of theirs if released. And so it was that the cornet had ridden up to him and said, 'Get away to your own side, red-neck; we only take fighting men with us, either as burghers or prisoners. There is a British force at Wonderfontein, fifteen miles south of Dornspruit. You had better join it.'

In this way Earnside had left the commando. He had walked over the frozen veldt mile after mile. He had stumbled on, guiding his flagging footsteps by the light of the Southern Cross, that great natural compass set in the heavens. Perhaps he had not been using the Cross too well; perhaps he had forgotten the direction the Boer had given him when he let him go, for here he was at Dornspruit and not at Wonderfontein. Could it be that he wanted to have one last look at his erstwhile patients before ants and decay had left them but bleaching skeletons on the veldt, just a few more in that phantom equine host?

It would seem that such was Earnside's object, for he made his way to the dead roan horse, and knelt beside it. What was he doing now? Yes, surely he was undoing the blood-stained dressings?

Slowly the bandage came away, leaving the gaping wound exposed, that wound into which Earnside had bound the general's papers.

This was how the roan horse served yet once again the master who had died before him. And this, incidentally, is why Captain Earnside of the Army Veterinary Department wears the red and blue ribbon and the white cross of the Distinguished Service Order.

A LARK'S SONG.

A LARK to heaven uplifts its evening song,
While sunlit gates at twilight open swing;
And at God's call the great angelic throng
Hush their sweet praise to hear the minstrel sing.

Above the earth men see it mount and soar
To that bright place round which the soft mists roll;
And, singing thus, with joy it doth outpour
The very thought and longing of the soul.

How far from earth, and unto heaven how near,
Dear bird of song, in yonder peaceful sky!
Thy voice it is that gives the heart good-cheer,
And sings of hope though prospects ruined lie.

And when at last to earth thou dost return
With tender notes that call the soul to prayer,
Thy song is where the stars eternal burn,
Thy resting-place among the rushes there.

GILBERT RAE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

MANY people wonder how Italy will worry through this time. She is passing through a considerable crisis; she has had several. At this moment, when general interest in her people and affairs is naturally greater than at times when she proceeds with comparative calm upon her way, there appear the Memoirs of one of her very greatest statesmen, one who was a great man of Europe, as he was of his own country; a fine figure of national and political romance; a hero, an intriguer, a hot-blooded, daring, fighting Sicilian; a man who lodged and worked here in London while he was beginning his career, and plotting all the time; a man who became the most intimate and trusted friend of the great Bismarck, and who himself earned the title of the 'Italian Bismarck;' a wonderful figure of a man, Francesco Crispi. This great Italian Minister died in 1901, and time has now matured the general public view of him and his career, and also given us such a concrete vision of the great events among which he moved that these causes and the present state of Italian affairs combine to make the moment ideal for the production of a translation of his Memoirs (Hodder and Stoughton) from the native Italian in which they recently appeared. This has been done; and what with the romance of it all, and the close spectacle that is presented to us of diplomacy at work between principals on the great European stage, I must confess that I have not for a long time past been so completely fascinated by the book of a life as with this one. See who, in the very briefest statement, Crispi was. He was born in Sicily, and was trained as an advocate. Very early in life he adopted the views of the great Mazzini, and took a part, a brave part, in the Sicilian revolution of 1848, being secretary of war of the revolutionary movement. When it failed he had to flee from Bourbon vengeance, and for ten years afterwards, an exile, he had the hardest struggle for existence, passing his time chiefly in Paris, Lisbon, and London, meeting Mazzini for the first time here, and being true to his political hopes and ambitions always. Then at length he went with Garibaldi in that most desperate enterprise, the invasion of Sicily in 1860, with a force of only three hundred and ninety men with serviceable muskets. He had gone in disguise to Sicily beforehand to prepare the way and excite his countrymen to insurrection. But the insurrection failed, and Crispi, who had risked so much, was dismayed when Garibaldi hesitated at the great moment of crisis. 'He is as weak as any woman, and allows himself to be interviewed and hoodwinked by every newcomer!' Crispi wrote scornfully of his leader; and to goad him to action he at last produced a telegram purporting to come from their friends in Sicily, and calling for them. Now it has often been said that Crispi forged that telegram as the only means of bringing Garibaldi up to the scratch; and as it has never been shown that he did not do so, it appears that this is another forged telegram that has played an immense part in the destiny of nations. It was a perilous undertaking that Garibaldi and he at last did embark upon, but their little band of followers had the strange satisfaction of seeing twenty thousand regular Neapolitan soldiers march humbly away from Palermo. The expedition went in two steamers to Marsala. Crispi was the first to land, and was quickly followed by Pentasuglia, who hastened to the telegraph-office, and, pistol in hand, obliged the Bourbon operator to relinquish his post to him. In the meantime Crispi, in order to forestall the immediate and inevitable consequences of the removal of established authority, quickly proceeded to secure the custody of the banks, the post-office, and the prisons, releasing all political prisoners from custody. Then he hurried to the seat of the *decurionato*, or municipal body, to take possession of the town hall; but on finding it empty, he ordered the town council to be convoked for the same evening. Garibaldi attended that meeting, and Crispi talked to it, and presented to it a resolution expressing its gratitude to the invaders for coming to their rescue, and declaring that 'the Bourbon dynasty be cast down from the throne of Sicily.' That resolution the town council was invited to pass, which it did accordingly. Then the real business of fighting began, and in the end all went through nicely, Crispi being appointed Secretary of State as soon as a show of possession was made. Later in life he became a foremost figure in Italian politics, having, to begin with, become the first

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representative of Palermo in the first Italian Parliament. He rose to be Prime Minister of United Italy, and was one of the negotiators of the Triple Alliance. All these and many other things are told in the intimacy of letters and confidential diaries, with a running commentary in the gaps. Crispi speaks from almost every page of nearly a thousand, and I repeat that the book is absorbing. In this small space I can lay out but a few items that have attracted me.

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In the first place, the old Londoner falls into a habit—which may have nothing to commend it, but is there for all that—of probing into the recesses of biographies of great people who were not of his city, and finding out if they ever went there; and if so, what they did when they rested at the place. After all, one gathers some strange results from the exercise of this curiosity. 'What should it matter to Crispi and Italy if he ever did come to London?' might very well be asked. But as a fact it did matter considerably. I have already mentioned that the revolutionary, being then a more or less subdued exile, came to our town. We never envy the stranger who comes here with no recommendation, no special capabilities, no money, and no friends, and yet wants to make a decent living; and I should not have envied Crispi then had I met him and known of his plight, and that he had apparently some vague idea of making money by writing, though he could not speak a word of English! However, he managed it somehow, but not of his own effort. He would then be about thirty-six years of age. It was in 1854 that he came. Much correspondence had, of course, taken place already between him and Mazzini, and the latter was the first man that he sought on his arrival in London. But Mazzini was then at Oxford, and, hearing from him, wrote him a note in which he said: 'BROTHER,—As you have probably been informed, I am here in the country for various reasons, and shall not be able to return to London before Sunday. We might then meet at four o'clock. If this suits you, take an omnibus at Piccadilly at half-past three—the one with Putney on it in large letters. Say you want to go to Park Lodge, Parson's Green, and the omnibus will bring you straight to the door. It is rather a long journey; but in London all distances are great, and I cannot meet you elsewhere, as I have business with some English people who live at that address.' So they met here in London. Mazzini was the soul of kindness and brotherhood, and did all that he could to accommodate the first necessity of the new-comer—to find work. We find him telling Crispi that he doubted the prospects of a book, apparently to be written in Italian, for English readers. He gave him a recommendation to some American friends, and he at the same time wrote: 'Were you ever employed in any business house? A firm here, Pattison Brothers, is looking for a clerk for Italian correspondence. It is a good house, and I believe would pay about one hundred and twenty francs, and perhaps more, according to merit. I think I might safely recommend you. But you must know something about business. . . . Shameful inaction still in Italy. Nevertheless they may wake up presently. In Naples efforts are reviving. I do not mean the Muratist movement that Saliceti is taking such an active part in. He does not belong to us.' Then next day: 'Here are a few lines for Pattison. There are two brothers, both of them most kind.' But apparently Crispi did not get this job, and a day or two afterwards Mazzini wrote: 'Here you have the note for Valeri. You will find his place easily enough if you walk down Oxford Street. I am not sure of the number.' The note enclosed read thus: 'DEAR VALERI,—Signor Crispi, who is bringing this letter, is an Italian from Sicily, one of our best men, and a great friend of mine and of friends of mine. He will probably be leaving England soon, and, being an exile, will be obliged to look for some work as a means of support. Will you give him an insight into your branch of business? I will answer for it that he will not abuse any kindness that you may show him. He will not make use in London of any experience gained with you. I feel that with this assurance you will not hesitate to comply with my request, and I am grateful to you in anticipation.' And what manner of business was it that Crispi went to beg he might be given a little knowledge of in some spare moments? The letter was addressed to Signor Gaetano Valeri, Photographic Establishment, 8 Oxford Street! However, he did not, apparently, become any sort of photographer, but shortly afterwards went off to Paris to take up a small appointment in a banking establishment. That did not turn out well, he moved on, and was soon back in London, working at last with Mazzini in the preparation for the great events that were soon to follow.

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Mazzini, for the good and the help of the cause, had started a bi-weekly newspaper called *Pensiero ed Azione*, to which he invited Crispi to contribute and apparently do some sort of sub-editorial work. Mazzini wrote one day: 'From to-day's *Times* you ought to translate an article taken from the *Manchester Journal*, on Napoleon's letter to Francis Head. You will find it in small print, in one of the less important columns. Send your work straight to the printing-office, to save time.' The day after: 'I am sending you the *Morning Advertiser*. It contains an article on Farini that deserves to be translated, at least in part.' Some days later: 'DEAR CRISPI,—I have as yet heard nothing from you. I am just finishing the paper. Have you not prepared anything for it? Here is an article by M.A. which it would be well to trans-

late; but I have not a copy of Machiavelli, and the quotation should be taken from the original. Have you a permit for the Museum, or some friend who has Machiavelli's work? Please let me know.' The following morning: 'BROTHER,—You must be very accurate in translating the letter I enclose, for the author knows Italian, and will read the translation. I also beg you to write clearly. With this letter there will be more than enough matter for our next issue. I am also busy writing, and shall send in the editorial to-morrow morning. . . . Your articles are perfectly satisfactory. I want you to go on writing about Naples and Sicily, as you propose.' Then, lastly in this little series, on 25th April 1859, being then at the starting of the great revolutionary movement, Mazzini wrote: 'Please translate the enclosed. The beginning of it has already gone to the printer. No matter what turn things may take, we must get out one more number of our paper, even if it be the last.' If these wanderings of an exile in London, and his efforts to gain his bread, great as he became afterwards, should seem insignificant matters to reproduce from a volume teeming with the inside narratives of great events, I have made a good excuse; but, apart from that, I think that their interest and value in the reader's judgment may be enhanced considerably if he tests the matter by a substitution of persons and places. Imagine now any of our own great British statesmen of the last century—Peel, Derby, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, any of them—at nearly middle age, of no great account in affairs at all, being exiled in and wandering in Rome or Paris looking for work as clerks in a warehouse or trying to pick up a little knowledge of how a photographer's business is run, finally producing a newspaper in English, printed in Rome, and so on! Of course there is absurdity in such a suggestion; but by the mention of it you gain some better idea of the romance of Crispi, and of the happiness of the stability of England. That man, you see, became the chief of the Italians.

* * *

Those were the curious circumstances of his first sojourn in London; now for a contrast. It seems from these Memoirs that his next visit was in 1877, and I think he was then Minister of the Interior in the Italian Government, and already recognised as the prime negotiator with foreign Powers. He had just been to Berlin on a secret mission conferring with the Kaiser and the statesmen there, and then comes suddenly in his diary the plain announcement: '*28th September.*—I am at Cannon Street Station at 4 A.M.;' followed by: 'Presentation at the Athenæum Club. I send my card to the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief-Justice, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Derby.' What a return, and how much had gone between! A letter from his leader in Rome awaited him: 'DEAR CRISPI,— . . . Your journey will have one important result: diplomacy has begun to recognise us, to do us justice, to treat with us openly. For a long time we were simply conspirators for the unity of our country; we have been respected as deputies of liberal tendencies, and now we shall be appreciated as statesmen. On your return we will plan together how best to ensure the result of your mission and render it fruitful.' Then he writes in his diary under the date of 6th October: 'At 8 o'clock I start for Chester. Leave Chester at 9.45, and reach Hawarden Castle at 10.30. Those who are unfamiliar with Great Britain must be amazed at sight of these rural regions so thickly populated and everywhere under cultivation. . . . On entering one is struck by the great number of books, which are everywhere. Mr Gladstone received me like an old friend. He expressed his pleasure at having me with him, and I told him how delighted I was to press the hand of so faithful a friend to Italy. I was then presented to Mrs Gladstone, an amiable and cultured lady, who, on learning that business would oblige me to return to London at once, was kind enough to express regret that I could not remain longer. Both Mr and Mrs Gladstone had wished me to stay a couple of days with them. Mr Gladstone, who was the first to learn that I could spare but one day, exclaimed, "But I see you have your box with you!" as much as to say, "You surely have not come for a few hours only!" We immediately entered upon a discussion of the topics of the day. . . . I called Mr Gladstone's attention to the ill-feeling, I might almost say the spitefulness, displayed by the English press against Italy. "It is difficult to discover the reason for this," he said, "because there is really no reason. One may seek an explanation for it in the Russophobia which has attacked us, and which has reached the point of absurdity. Italy being on friendly terms with Germany, who is on friendly terms with Russia, it is generally assumed that you share this friendship. This, however, is not the sentiment of the people, but only of the upper classes. Now, in this country the upper classes come last and the people first. Happily, the Italian question is settled for all time; but should it be raised again you would find this country enthusiastic in your defence."' From London he went on to Vienna.

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Crispi's first meeting with Bismarck just before all this was interesting. He was travelling incognito and with much secrecy, and went down to Wildbad to see the prince, putting up at an hotel there, and immediately sending along his card. 'The Chancellor,' he wrote, 'occupies an unpretentious house belonging to the Straubingen, on the right bank of the river. I was conducted upstairs to the first floor. The prince was in his study, which opens upon the landing at the head of the stairs. The room contained a few chairs, a table, and a fine porcelain stove.

A magnificent dog was stretched on the floor, near his master's chair. A small, white-handled pistol lay upon the table. When the door was thrown open the prince rose and came towards me with hand outstretched. "I am very happy to have this opportunity of making your Highness's acquaintance," I said. "We have long known each other," Bismarck answered. "That is true, but to-day I have the pleasure of seeing your Highness for the first time, and of taking your hand in mine. Being in Germany, I could not leave without bringing you my sovereign's greetings, and I am grateful to have been allowed to come here to see you." "What news do you bring from Italy? Have you been in France? What are they doing in Paris?" the prince asked.' And then they went into deep conversation upon European affairs and the possibilities and prospects of alliances. 'Presently Princess Bismarck came in with a glass of lemonade for her husband. As I rose the Chancellor said simply, by way of presentation, "My wife." I paid my respects to the princess, and when Bismarck had finished his lemonade she left us.'

* * *

Many years afterwards, the friendship between the real Bismarck and the 'Italian Bismarck' having in the meantime become not merely a convenience for diplomacy but something of a warm and personal character, Count de Launay, the Italian ambassador at Berlin, sent to Crispi a special account he had just received of the incidents that had led to the rupture that had taken place between Bismarck and the young Kaiser; and the lines about the famous final scene are interesting. 'Prince Bismarck,' it says, 'could not keep his impetuous and hot temper under control, and after an outburst of ill-humour his eyes filled with tears. The Emperor remained perfectly calm during this most painful interview, and on taking leave of his Chancellor informed him that he should anxiously await the result of cooler reflection on his part. Yesterday, however, General von Hahnke, chief of the Military Department, went to inform the Chancellor that he was expected at the palace to settle the details of his withdrawal with his Majesty. Prince Bismarck refused to comply with this summons, and has this day sent the Emperor a memorandum vindicating his attitude.' Shortly afterwards the Emperor took pains to have transmitted to Crispi some statement of his own upon the matter. 'After his return from Friedrichsruh,' it ran, 'Prince Bismarck appeared entirely unlike himself. He was evidently labouring under great excitement, and it was the opinion of medical authorities that if this state continued it would end in a nervous breakdown. He was wearing-out physically. It has been very painful to me,' the Emperor said, 'to have been obliged to retire an old, illustrious servant of the Crown.' Crispi sent his condolences to Bismarck, and the latter answered: 'My hearty thanks to your Excellency for the affectionate message you have sent me. It is but a fresh pledge of that confidence and affection by which you honour me, and which I reciprocate from the bottom of my heart. I was fortunate in encountering a statesman of your Excellency's capacity when the affairs of both our countries were to be settled, and I beg that you will continue to maintain with my successor those confidential relations which have been of such signal service to both countries. I shall ever cherish the memory of our political relations, and I hope that you will continue to grant me your personal friendship, which will ever remain the unalterable result of joint labours in the service of our countries.' A few weeks later it was Bismarck's birthday, and, as for many years previously, Crispi sent his congratulations, Bismarck answering: 'Your good wishes on the occasion of my birthday touched me deeply, and I beg you to accept my most sincere thanks. The spot whence I am sending these lines is endeared to me not only by the quiet of its forests, but also by the pleasant memory of the visits you honoured me by paying me here. To my infinite regret, our pleasant official relations have come to an end; but I am sure your Excellency will ever preserve for me that personal affection which binds us together, and I shall always be delighted to press your hand whenever we may be able to meet. Dear friend, I beg you to believe in my most sincere affection for you. My wife and son wish to be affectionately remembered to you.' Before Bismarck celebrated another birthday his friend Crispi was dead. That was a very remarkable friendship, and the wonder of it increases when all the circumstances are considered.

THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—'WHY DID YOU NOT COME FOR ME?'

IT was a roaring spring day of brilliant sunshine. The east wind drove in the tide, which was blue as the sky above it and laced with tossing foam. The cottage stood high on a sandy cliff in the very teeth of the gale that screamed about its eaves.

It was nearly two years since the men seated at the broad window had met. Lunch was over, and they lit their pipes with a pleasant sense of regained companionship.

'What in the name of all that's reasonable have you been doing with yourself all these years?' Cahusac was saying.

'Months,' corrected Detching, holding a match

to his pipe. 'I wanted change of air and scene, and I had it calling upon people I know.'

'Your friends seem to live in every quarter of the globe, then?'

'Yes, they're rather scattered,' admitted Detching. 'And you?'

'The same old round,' replied Malcolm discontentedly. 'It is good to see you again; but why have you buried yourself here on the east coast?'

Detching manipulated his pipe-bowl with his little finger. 'I thought it was a good idea. Wholesome air and a nice place to ask a friend to.'

Malcolm frowned. 'I dare say,' he said absently. 'Did your travels by any chance take you to the States?'

'You mean to Boston, I suppose,' said Detching with bluntness. 'Yes; and I saw Lady Madesson. I was there a good while.'

'And she's been there a good while too! Why, she's not set foot in England since she went on that yachting trip the year De Sarsan was murdered.'

'So I understand. But I've heard there are quite a few good passenger-steamers now plying between the States and England.'

'You mean that I—— I know what you mean.'

'I flatter myself I'm never obscure,' retorted Detching. 'By the way, how's Lady Lindersmere?'

Malcolm's face lightened; his fair moustache did not hide the whimsical turn of his smile. 'Splendid! Happy as the day is long. She's got a baby now, an angelic object. You should see her!'

'Do you often see her?'

'Constantly. Blinders' place marches with mine in Northumberland.'

'So that's turned out well?'

Malcolm laughed in amused remembrance. 'By Jove, yes! She adores Blinders, and considers the rest of us very small potatoes indeed, I can tell you!'

'You don't seem very sore about it.'

Malcolm glanced across with a quick, frank look with which Detching was not familiar, though Lorrie Madesson would have recognised it as his normal expression in the days when she crossed the Atlantic with him, and before Lady Cahusac had laid on him the burden of his manhood.

'Well, do you know, I believe I am a bit sore in the bottom of my heart; it's how we men are made, I take it. But I'm glad now, all the same, though I still think her the sweetest soul of woman God ever made.'

Detching looked long at the yeasty tide frothing far below at the foot of the cliff. 'Do you still'—— he began meaningly at last.

Malcolm laughed, a short, odd laugh, and glanced at his friend, who appeared, however, absorbed in watching the foaming water. 'You bring your questions pretty close home, Detching! But I may as well confess how it stands with me. The Alice Lanceley that was so much to me in the old days will always have her own place in my thoughts. Nothing can alter that; but she is a vision, something apart from daily life, and—it is hard to say it even to you—from the first I have somehow failed to identify her personality with the charming neighbour I now meet and address as Lady Lindersmere.'

Detching knocked out his pipe thoughtfully and began to fill it again before he spoke. 'Oh, it's a happier condition to be your own man again. Don't be in a hurry to find some one else to adore. You're better off as you are.'

Malcolm looked more keenly at his companion's half-averted face. 'You were a long while in Boston, you say. Have you nothing to show for it?'

'I did not ask Lady Madesson to marry me, if you mean that.'

'Why not?' asked Malcolm uneasily.

'Because I had already asked her in London at the time De Sarsan was killed. I'm not too much of a fool to recognise when a woman means "no." All the same, I'd sell my soul to save her a moment's heartache, and she is well aware of that too. But it's no good.' Detching paused. 'I've been a scene-shifter all my life,' he continued, dwelling on his own grievances in a manner that in Cahusac's experience was very foreign to his character. 'I've not been in the play, but I've had a great deal to do with other people's dramas, with other people's lives, but never a direct interest of my own—until I met her. Now that is over and done with for ever; she left me no vestige of a doubt or, for the matter of that, of hope. I am not the man.'

A long silence fell between them, and it was Cahusac who presently spoke again. 'Lorrie is a wonderful woman!' he said in a tone that woke Detching from his reverie, though he made no sign. 'Who in the world was ever like her? I owe her everything! Without her help and kindness I should be now as I was then—a broken man. How brilliantly she led us through all that maze of conjecture and mystification! She suggested my going to the Hôtel Maraviglia. Had I not gone I should never have found out anything.'

'And yet you have never seen her since that time!' retorted Detching with a tinge of bitterness. 'Have you even thanked her as you should have done?'

'Never!' admitted Cahusac.

'Heavens! I should be ashamed to face the sun to-morrow if I had left all that splendid unselfishness, all her brave work, without a word of gratitude.'

'I wrote to her,' said Malcolm in a halting voice.

'Wrote to her!' repeated Detching angrily.

'I saw that precious letter! You should have gone down on your knees to thank her! You should have followed her to the ends of the earth to show what you felt about her grand friendship in those days! I thought I knew you, Malcolm; but you have cut a poor figure through this affair.'

'Perhaps you are right. It may be that your view of it is the right one,' replied Cahusac humbly; 'but you don't know the whole case, nor how it was and is with me. I had babbled of my ideals; I had told her of Alice. Long before I would allow it to myself, I loved Lorrie. I realise it now. She stood by me through my troubles; she was my comrade when things looked blackest; she planned for me; she spurred me on; she gave me courage. I am not such a dull dog as you take me for, Detching. Long, long ago I knew that I loved her. But after all that had passed between us about—about another, how was I to go to her? I knew that if once I saw her I should lose myself. I knew that if I tried to thank her I could not hide all the rest. Why, man, you have been through the mill yourself. What would you have had me do?'

'You must be your own judge,' replied Detching. 'I dare say we were both destined to be unlucky, for after losing a woman like that there is not much in life to look forward to. But I'm used to it.'

Malcolm listened in amazement, for the whole trend of this talk was entirely unlike Detching. All the more he was influenced by his gray outlook on life, and it may be that his friend was not grumbling so much at random as it seemed.

'To look on at other people's lives becomes a bit of a bore in the end, of course.'

'Worse and worse every year you live,' commented Detching. Then, drawing out his watch, he said, 'By the way, Cahusac, I've promised to go out to tea this afternoon.'

'What!' exclaimed Malcolm.

'You mustn't play bear in your den in a lonely place like this, you know; you must be human—if you can. But you needn't come.'

Malcolm was both perplexed and amused; he was unprepared for the developments he found in his friend. 'Of course I'll come,' said he.

'Oh, well, just as you like.'

On leaving the cottage they turned inland, and mounting a second line of cliff, looked down upon a hollow in which stood a house with a meadow of daffodils at its feet and a dark cloak of woods half-flung round both. They passed down the winding road that twined outside the wood, and entered a deep-cut, sheltered path whose mossy walls were bossed with primroses.

Detching was following Malcolm, and at a sharp turn of the path he saw ahead of them a woman gathering wild flowers in a basket. Swiftly and silently as a wild creature he turned in his tracks and vanished. Malcolm strode on.

The woman, hearing his footsteps, raised herself and looked up with eyes of deep blue. At sight of him the blood flowed and ebbed in her face.

Malcolm stood quite still. It was Lorrie, and if he had not already known how deeply and wholly he loved her he must have learned it now. For a moment he saw her in a mist, cloud-wrapped and divine; then she was the woman he loved, whom he worshipped and desired.

He was at her side, looking down into her face. 'Lorrie, it is a lifetime since I saw you!'

She smiled at him with the old rallying smile that had always enchanted him. How was it in the old days he had never realised that he loved her?

'If you wanted me, why did you not come for me?' said she.

Detching, as he walked away up the hill, heard the happy echo of a laugh. 'The last act of the play, love and wedding-bells!' he thought. 'It is time for the scene-shifter to drop out.'

THE END.

STATE INSURANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

By GEORGE W. GOUGH.

[We publish the following article, from the pen of Mr George W. Gough, Secretary of the Literature Department of the Liberal Insurance Committee, in reply to a contribution in the April issue of *Chambers's Journal* by Mr Richard Thirsk of Berlin. In neither case, of course, are we in any way committed to the views expressed by our contributor.]

IN a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* Mr Richard Thirsk of Berlin painted a sombre picture of the German State insurance system. With all deference to his judgment, it may be pointed out that authorities equally well qualified take an entirely different view. No Englishman knows Germany and the Germans better than Mr W. H. Dawson, and his view is diametrically opposed to that of Mr Thirsk. The latter says that the German workers grumble at being called on to pay, the former that they pay willingly. Mr Thirsk thinks that the system is one which the Germans are anxious to get rid of, Mr Dawson that the system is beneficent and popular. Mr Thirsk makes one feel very keenly for the poor sick German, rudely, harshly, and inefficiently treated by the doctor; yet one of the best-informed newspaper correspondents in Germany has just vividly painted the dismal

condition of the German doctor, badly paid, arbitrarily treated, and sometimes even compelled to become a Socialist.

It looks at first sight as if differences like these made any sound judgment impossible. Mr Thirsk says that for some years Germany has systematically conducted an official propaganda in England, America, and France with a view to getting these countries to adopt a system of State insurance, so that Germany's commercial rivals might be equally burdened with herself, and that Britain is the only one of the three that has 'fallen into the snare.' No authority is quoted for this statement, on the ground that it is 'no secret.' The best inquiries the present writer can make have not discovered the secret; while the fact that France has fallen into the snare by adopting an old age pension scheme seems, strangely enough, to be a secret from the author of the charge.

During the course of a three weeks' close inquiry into the conditions prevailing in one great German industry, the present writer found no traces of dissatisfaction with the insurance system. The view which this slight acquaintance forced on the writer's attention is confirmed by an abundance of written evidence. It is, of course, true that the beneficial legislation which the Government has conferred upon the German workman has not made him fall in love with the Government. The German constitutional system is, perhaps, the most curious political phenomenon of our time. It combines manhood suffrage and electoral disability; it is a medieval monarchy masquerading as a constitutional Government. The German worker automatically gets a vote on his twenty-fifth birthday, and he has not much more influence in the concerns of his country than an Englishwoman who has never been any nearer Germany than Skegness. The dissatisfaction of the German workman is not against the laws which have been enacted for his benefit, but against the system under which they are enacted. When things are done for him which he wants to have done he is wise enough to accept them, while retaining all his desire to take part in doing them.

There is really no evidence to show that the State insurance system of Germany has failed to do pretty fully what it was intended to do, as far as the results aimed at were strictly social. In so far as it was hoped that the German workman would forsake his political aims when he saw his Government's kindly efforts for his welfare, it has been unsuccessful, a result which is so little surprising that it needs no comment.

When, therefore, we are asked to argue from the failure of the German system against the advisability of introducing it into this country, the reply is twofold: the German system has not failed, and has not been introduced into this country. The German Insurance Code of 1911 and the National Health Insurance Act of 1911 are not the same thing by any means, and there are no paragraphs in the former which have 'merely been translated into unintelligible English' in the latter. Naturally, and wisely, German experience has been used as a guide to British practice, and there are consequently many features common to both. A German, however, is not a Scotsman because he happens to have two eyes and one nose, and the German and British systems of insurance are not alike merely because they provide in similar ways against similar contingencies.

To compare in detail the one thousand eight hundred and five articles of the German Code with the one hundred and fifteen sections of the British Act is out of the question here, and could only be attempted by one who, in addition to knowing what the Act proposed to do, had a close working knowledge of what the Code had already done, a combination of qualifications which the writer can lay no claim to possess. All that he can attempt is to indicate briefly one or two essential points in the Insurance Act which are likely to be of value in enabling this country to do what the Act has determined shall be attempted. For it is clearly futile to question the intentions of the Act. Both parties vied with each other in acclaiming the Bill on its introduction a year ago, and to-day those who dislike the Act always dislike it not because the State is undertaking tasks which should be left to private enterprise, but because it is undertaking them on an insufficiently generous scale. The points on which there is practically no contention are (1) that the worker should be provided during sickness with medical attendance and with sick-pay sufficient to keep his home intact; (2) that his employer should contribute towards the cost of doing this; (3) that the State should likewise contribute its quota; (4) that the scheme should aim at preventing sickness as well as at aiding sick workers. It is too late to argue as to whether these things should be done—they are already the law of the land. We have only to ask whether the scheme has been wisely planned, and what ultimate result it is likely to have on our social and industrial fabric.

To begin with an obvious point: the system is compulsory and universal. Every person over sixteen years of age who works for a master has got to be insured whatever his income if he is a manual worker, and if his income is less than one hundred and sixty pounds if he is a non-manual worker. The Germans began tentatively and experimentally, and last year the codification of the laws brought the following classes under sickness insurance for the first time: household servants, clerks and apprentices in pharmacies, members of orchestras and theatrical companies, teachers and tutors, persons engaged in home-working industries, ships' crews of German sea-going vessels and the crews of vessels engaged in inland navigation. The system must be

compulsory, since the employer and the State are both going to help, and compulsion alone will enable them to get the full return to which they are entitled; it is universal, because it would be unfair to discriminate between one trade and another in the matter. Here full advantage has been taken of German experience, and we reach at one step a stage which Germany has been a generation in accomplishing.

The next point is not obvious, and indeed at first sight looks ridiculous. The Insurance Act is really a very simple measure. Its complexity is only apparent, and is due, first, to the newness of the system, and, secondly, to its comprehensiveness. As soon as one gets over the novelty of the task, and ceases to be staggered by its dimensions, the broad outlines of the scheme for accomplishing it assume the simplicity of Greek sculpture. Even in an English translation, the German system seems bewildering in comparison, with its variety of funds, its hierarchy of institutions, its mazes of details; though doubtless in German life the thing is simpler than it looks on paper, quite apart from the German patience of detail and officialism. The German system deals with three branches of insurance: (1) against sickness, (2) against invalidity and old age, (3) against accident; and the codification of 1911 did not consolidate the organisations which conduct the several branches. Our old age pension system is simplicity itself compared with the German. It is separated from invalidity insurance, which is with us linked on to sickness insurance, to which it is more closely allied; and, moreover, there are no contributions to be paid in respect of it. Insurance against accident rests with us on an altogether different basis.

As compared with the German system, however, the simplicity to which attention has been drawn is best seen in the flat rate of contribution and the uniform scale of benefits. There are, of course, exceptions, but they are almost insignificant, and certainly do not blur the outlines of the scheme, largely though they loom in current controversy. The agricultural labourer pays as much and gets as much as the skilled artisan, while to both are left open the existing modes of making any further provision they choose and can afford. As compared with friendly society work, simplicity is carried to its greatest extent by the simple and workman-like plan by which all insured persons, irrespective of age, are treated as if they were young persons of sixteen.

Since Burke's famous definition of statesmanship we have rightly turned into a maxim of statecraft the principle on which we had blundered unconsciously—the capacity to improve and the willingness to preserve. The crux of the problem confronting Mr Lloyd George was to fit the voluntary friendly societies into his proposed compulsory system. The 'approved society' is his solution. The idea is again as clear as it is comprehensive. Any body of persons, even a group casually collected in the market-place, can take steps to become an approved society. What is more important, the body of persons which becomes an approved society can exist, or be already in existence, for any object whatsoever, without the slightest interference with its operations. Hence the friendly societies, instead of being injured or even destroyed, as was anticipated by some, fit into the scheme as easily as a sword into its scabbard.

But simplicity is not another term for rigidity. The approved society system allows sections with special interests, or with special peculiarities from a legal or insurance point of view, to group themselves so as to secure that these peculiarities shall inure directly for their benefit. Agricultural labourers are specially healthy; clerks are usually paid during sickness, or at any rate during short periods of sickness; merchant seamen are already provided for if ill while on board ship. For these and for any similar classes, if grouped into an approved society, an alteration of sickness and disablement benefits is permissible, and what is saved here is left to be expended in other suitable benefits.

Another distinguishing feature of the British scheme is that full powers of self-government within the four corners of the Act are not only conferred but imposed on the approved societies. The finances of the scheme, and the special provisions for the recovery of excessive sickness benefit from defaulting landlords or local authorities, make it practically certain that an approved society will be immune from every complaint, except one, that has affected friendly societies in the past. From this complaint they have no right to expect to be made immune. It is commonly put as a ground of objection to the Act that the State does not guarantee any benefits. It certainly does not do so after the first valuation, and obviously ought not to do so. What is forgotten is that the scheme will in practice guarantee full minimum or ordinary benefits to every well and thriftily managed society. Bad management and inferior business capacity will bring their own punishment; careful management under wisely chosen officials will bring its own reward in surpluses to be expended on additional benefits.

So much for facts, or for obvious inferences from facts; the rest is prophecy. The ultimate positive effects of the first part of the Act (with which alone I have attempted to deal) cannot be predicted. Economic reasoning can only guide us to certain very general conclusions.

The economic system will have to absorb the new forces and adapt them to its work. The most important single measure ever passed in this or any other country will necessarily induce some temporary economic dislocations; but there is no indication that they will last long or to any noticeable extent deflect the ordinary run of business. The change is coming at a con-

venient time, with trade on the upward grade and with the industrial machinery in first-class running order. Moreover, since the new system affects every worker and every employer in the country, what economic disturbance there is will be distributed over the widest possible area. The very comprehensiveness of the scheme makes it far more desirable from an economic point of view than a smaller measure affecting only special trades, and so necessarily causing adjustments avoided in this universal plan. To take an obvious illustration: if the Insurance Act exempted the woollen trade from its scope, while including all the other textile industries, the economic disturbance within this group of trades would be far greater than it will be with all of them subject to equal pressure.

The idea that the German system has injured Germany's power to compete in the world-market with countries not possessing it is merely an economic fallacy. The proposition looks inevitably true; it is really quite unsound; but the end of a short article is not the place for a demonstration in economics. In practice it seems false enough, since the competitive power of Germany is a thing of which all are talking and some despairing.

German evidence is conclusive that the effect of the system in that country has been to increase the efficiency of the worker. Other things being equal, cost of production varies directly with the efficiency of the worker. Take a given amount of capital—that is, a given stock of buildings, machines, tools, and raw materials—and one thousand efficient workmen will earn more wages for themselves and more profits for their employer, and give the consumer a better and cheaper article, than one thousand inefficient workmen. The proposition is self-evident, and it is also self-evident that preventable sickness and the slackness that comes from incipient and uncared-for sickness are factors in industrial inefficiency that are worth removing merely as a matter of business. The removal of them is going to be worth more than the cost of removing them, which is only ninepence per man per week, carefully apportioned, cheaply collected, and wisely spent. The writer has stood in a spacious and dainty dining-room where eighteen hundred workers were having a splendid midday meal, quite up to the standard of a middle-class household, for fourpence a head. It looked preposterous from a business point of view, but the 'boss' informed him that it was the best speculation he had ever made. That is the economics of healthy workers.

THE ROOTS OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY walked on in the direction of the Tre Croci Pass, drinking in with an enthusiasm that even anxiety and excitement could not wholly quench the freshness of the delicious evening air and scents, and the strange and glorified surroundings.

Hugh felt profoundly sad, with that salutary sadness which comes from the realisation of the comparative insignificance of the personal and the material when brought face to face with the primeval forces of Nature. He was standing on the threshold of a new and stimulating experience, and recognised that the loss of an inheritance need detract little from the enjoyment of the wide world of discovery and sensation which lay open for him to traverse. He wondered how the boy Christopher who had been brought up in this environment had been influenced by it. The cloister! for a youth younger than himself, and breathing this free mountain air! It meant, no doubt, a temporary seclusion on the death of his foster-mother; it might also mean—— But here he stopped speculation; to-morrow they would see the one man who could resolve all doubts and make action and duty clear.

Inevitably followed the thought of his mother. It was here, amidst the sanctity of these stupendous mountains, that she had consummated an act to which he dared not affix the rightful stigma; but love and gratitude rose in her defence. Not from selfish greed, but from a love so consuming that it blinded her sense of equity; and now he was on his way to frustrate a purpose that had been maintained—he could not doubt it—with secret anguish and misgiving.

When this cruel uncertainty was over, and his cousin's claim established — and, as now seemed probable, without implicating her honour—he would double his devotion, assure her that the motive in his sight cancelled the fault, and that personally he would make a better use of life as a poorer man. There was Margaret Dalzell; but on this thought he turned his back; it was the one thing he felt unequal to forgo.

The two men, talking little, walked on in the dewy evening. Clearer than before the mountains stood out against the heavenly background, with summit, point, and pinnacle dipped in rose.

The next morning they attended eight o'clock Mass at the new church. The congregation consisted of a few old men and women somewhat brown and rugged, a sprinkling of stalwart girls, and a troop of school children. The priest, a man of sixty, grave and dignified in bearing, and in rich vestments, went through the service with an air of serious devotion. The music was good; the Mass, from some old Church score, was of curious beauty, and was played with skill; while

the trained voices of the youthful choir were exquisitely pure and sweet.

At the close of the service Sir William introduced himself and Hugh to the priest, telling him that they had come to Cortina for the sole purpose of obtaining from him certain important information. There was no difficulty in respect to language; the baronet spoke Italian fairly, though it had become a little rusty, and Hugh's classic German made up deficiencies.

The priest's manner was courteous but reserved. He evidently regarded his visitors with a curiosity touched with suspicion. He begged leave to retire to the vestry to change his robes, and soon reappeared in a somewhat worn *soutane* to conduct them to his house.

Sir William, after an interchange of some conventional courtesies, opened the conversation with an anxious inquiry as to the knowledge that Father Giuseppe might have of the accidental death of his friend, Colonel Lucien Sartoris. 'I speak of one,' he said, 'who was dearer to me than a brother.'

The priest's face and manner quickened. 'I have a perfect recollection, *signor*, though it is more than twenty years ago. It did not occur here, but in a village high up the valley, on a mountain ridge overlooking Mount Castella. I was a young priest at that time, and was sent for by the landlord of the poor little hospice where these English strangers had put up to help in the dreadful catastrophe. *Amor di Dio*, I shall never forget that scene!—the dead man, beautiful in death, and the agony of the young wife.'

'It was you, then, Father, who wrote to the friends in England?'

'Everything was on my shoulders; the keepers of the *albergo* spoke only a local *patois* unintelligible to the poor, suffering lady. To this day I have asked myself whether her life might have been saved under more skilful hands; but she was in extremity, and God knows we all did our best. May He rest her soul! A sweeter face or a braver spirit I never knew.'

'And the child, Father? For it is of him that we are anxious to learn.'

'Ah, the child! That is a sad story—Christoforo, whom I baptised and confirmed, who has been my beloved pupil and my still more beloved son, the son of my heart, *signori!*'

'He is alive—he is well?' questioned Sir William eagerly.

But now for the first time Hugh intervened. 'The point, the great point, of our inquiry is this. The child you speak of—you call him Christoforo—do you of your own knowledge know that he is in fact the son that was born to Colonel Sartoris under the cruel circumstances that you have told us of? We have been led to believe that the child did not survive his birth.'

Giuseppe looked at him earnestly. 'Does so much depend upon it, young *signor?*'

It was on Hugh's lips to cry, 'Yes, a great inheritance.'

But Sir William made a little gesture of restraint, and took the word himself. 'Very much depends upon it, Father. You have all through been aware that this boy has influential friends in England, and circumstances have occurred recently which make the proof of his identity of supreme importance—questions of property and social rights.'

The priest threw up his hands. 'You want proofs, *signor*, that the babe born in the village *albergo* is the same as the youth whom we know as Christoforo? It is quite true he was put aside as dead, all care being concentrated on the dying lady; but a peasant woman, Maria Pezzé, who had lost her own child a few days before, and was full of mother-hunger, took him to her bosom and warmed him into life. When, three days after, the friends of Colonel Sartoris arrived, the babe, whom I had baptised under the name of Christoforo, had fully revived, and was brought to madame for inspection.'

'And then?'

'Then it was arranged between Maria and the stranger lady that she should keep the sickly infant until it had grown strong and well. It was not an unreasonable arrangement, for both parents were dead, and the child seemed to be regarded with indifference, as having caused the death of the mother. What did I know of their family relations? For many years my duties called me elsewhere, and when I returned it was to find Maria in comfortable circumstances, and the child grown into a handsome and intelligent boy. From that date he became my pupil—priests are lonely men, *signori*—and I interested myself in his welfare.'

'But it is said that Maria Pezzé claimed him as her own son, and that people believed him to be such, and only a protégé of his friends in England. If this were so, Father, did you not think it right to interfere and contradict such a report?'

Giuseppe shrugged his shoulders. 'What you state is true, young *signor*'—for it was Hugh who questioned—'and I did not interfere. What mattered it? The English friends you speak of had obviously no wish to reclaim him, and we no wish to lose him. I repeat, what did I know? Perhaps we guessed that they were great people, for they carried back to England the bodies of the dead man and his wife for sepulture, and Maria was paid more liberally than I knew; but the babe they left behind counted for nought.'

There was a painful pause; then Sir William said, 'He counts for something now, as you perceive; and we will leave the past to attend to the present. As a man of the world, I ask you if it were necessary to test this boy's identity in a court of law, what adequate proofs could be given?'

'Proofs?' demanded the priest. 'Madame Sartoris, who has throughout provided so liberally for his maintenance, knows, and her evidence

and mine, I judge, would be conclusive. Also, in dying, the young mother gave to Maria a locket containing a double portrait of herself and her husband, which was to be treasured for her son. I myself have seen it, and can verify all points. What more can you need?'

'Nothing,' said Hugh firmly; 'I need nothing more.' He pushed back his chair and walked to the window: he would face this issue without spectators.

Dalzell's eyes followed the young man with interest and sympathy, but in spite of all a warm personal joy thrilled his heart. 'Tell me,' he said to the priest in a lower tone, 'what is the boy like? I gather he is not likely to disgrace a high position. I long to see him, and hold him by the hand—Lucien's son!'

Father Giuseppe did not answer at once, but sat with his eyes on the ground like one in mental debate. When at length he looked up there was sternness in voice and countenance. 'What is he like, this youth of whom you propose to rob me after discarding him for twenty years? I presume some death has intervened which has changed the position of affairs; but all this comes too late. The young man Christoforo Sartoris is lying at this hour sick unto death in the Capuchin monastery in Vienna.'

The baronet uttered a sharp exclamation; he had received an unexpected blow.

But the priest continued, without noticing him, 'You ask, *signor*, what he is like. As regards mind and spirit he is more like the angels of God than a mortal youth, and in bodily presence he is—that is, he was—as beautiful as the picture of his father. Perhaps that proof alone might serve.' He spoke bitterly.

Hugh turned back from the window in extreme agitation. 'But why—but why did you not tell us this at once? I hope—before God, I truly hope—it is not true! You said—I have your letter—that he had sickened of the conventual life and abandoned it. You speak, of course, from certain information?'

'I speak, alas! from the most positive information. A letter received even this morning from the Abbé Durand, my personal friend and the superior of the monastery, tells me that recovery is hopeless, and that the youth implores to see me. It is also quite true, as I wrote to his English friends, that he wearied of the religious life, and turned back—the ordeal was severe to a loving, sensitive nature; but afterwards the old yearning returned; he felt remorse as one who had looked back after putting his hand to the plough. The farm did not prosper, and Maria died after a few days' illness. He took it—and I know not but that he was right—as the manifestations of an offended God, and went back, praying to be permitted to return in any capacity. That was more than a month ago.'

'And you mean to obey the summons?' asked Sir William.

'I go to-night by diligence to Cortile, thence by rail so far as may be. It is a cross, difficult journey.'

'With your leave, Father, we will go with you.'

CHAPTER IX.

IT was late in the evening of the second day when the three men stepped from their railway-carriage on to the platform of what is perhaps the finest and most architectural station in Europe. The gay city was *en fête*, for it was the birthday of a sovereign at once sorely tried and greatly beloved; but the brilliancy of the scene—the lavish decorations of the Praterstrasse and Stefansplatz, thronged with superb equipages and fashionable idlers; the glory of the public gardens, where the costumes of the fair women almost vied with the flowers; the crowded cafés, from which excellent music stole on the ear—all this was out of harmony with the purpose and feelings of the travellers.

Their objective, as indicated by Father Giuseppe, was in the Josefsplatz, within the Innere Stadt, outside of which lies the railway station. The distance was considerable, and they were anxious to curtail it by driving, but not an empty fiacre was to be had; consequently twilight had descended before they reached the gates of the monastery, and the whole city had burst into a blaze of illumination. To two of the men the city was familiar, but Hugh walked like a man in a dream, dazzled by the environment, but seeing all vaguely through the mist of his intense preoccupation.

The monastery was in a side street, undecorated and unillumined, so that darkness had settled down upon it, concealing the outlines of the building as they stood without waiting for admission. After an interval the gates were opened by a monk in the Capuchin garb, the severity of which, as his eye travelled from the knotted hempen girdle to the naked feet, struck the unaccustomed eyes of the youth, swathed in luxury from his cradle, with a shrinking suspicion and surprise. He had hardly realised that in these days such austerities were practised.

Father Giuseppe seemed to explain their business to the porter. His utterance was too rapid and idiomatic for the others to follow; but they were allowed to enter, and followed their guide in silence through a long and dark stone passage to a small apartment on the same level. Here again a few words were exchanged between priest and monk, when the latter disappeared, his bare feet making no sound.

'We must wait, *signori*; there is service in the chapel, though the hour is unusual, and every soul is there. Brother Basil will communicate with Monsignor Durand as soon as it is over. Will you be seated?'

As Giuseppe spoke he indicated a stone bench

which ran the length of one side of the room; the floor and a small square table in the centre were of stone also, and an oil-lamp already lighted hung from the ceiling. A padded chair stood beneath the window, over which a priest's silken *soutane* was cast, and a crucifix of admirable workmanship broke the monotony of the opposite wall. The austerity of these surroundings struck Hugh with the same sensation of distaste and discomfort as before; but both he and Dalzell accepted the invitation, and sat down. All three men remained silent and expectant. The tension for each was severe.

There was a sound of far-away music, but too distant for its character to be discriminated.

'They are at vespers,' said the priest, who had not sat down, but was moving restlessly about the limited space; and then he added quickly and with an air of sudden anxiety, 'It is not the hour for vespers.' He approached the door, which had been closed by the porter, opened it cautiously, and listened. He turned, after a few moments' strained attention, a blanched face towards the others. '*Amor di Dio*,' he said in a whisper, 'it is a funeral Mass!'

As he spoke the music ceased with a dying fall, and in the distance was to be heard the muffled sound of footsteps as the celebrants scattered to their places.

Giuseppe had retreated from the open door with a face set in strained endurance, and a few minutes later the superior entered the room. He was a tall, ascetic-looking man, with chiselled features of the aquiline type and that air of distinction conferred by the exercise of undisputed authority. He looked curiously but courteously at his guests awaiting introduction.

Giuseppe broke into instant speech. 'Monsignor,' he said, 'what news? These gentlemen have come from England with great tidings for my son Christoforo.'

'Ah,' was the answer, given with gentle deliberation, 'they come too late; he whom you call your son Christoforo, but we know as Brother Angelo—for he was fully professed three weeks ago—was buried to-day in our cemetery. I come from the celebration of his funeral Mass. May God rest his soul!'

Both priests crossed themselves devoutly; the discipline of a lifetime tells, and Giuseppe controlled his anguish. Sir William glanced at Hugh and instinctively grasped his hand. Feeling in both was intense, but so complex as to produce a sense of bewilderment.

'He died,' continued the Abbé, addressing the priest more particularly, 'as you and I, Father, may wish to die. Never were the consolations of our Holy Church more passionately desired or more gratefully received; his submission under God's will was absolute; it seemed as though he tasted his heaven in advance. Surely his purgation will be short; he was the sweetest youth I have ever known.'

'He did not name me?' asked Giuseppe.

The Abbé regarded the stricken man with an indulgent smile. 'His last earthly thought was of his confessor and master; he begged me to give you this.' He drew from his bosom a locket attached to a slender chain and held it towards the priest.

Giuseppe took the trinket with a hand that shook, at the same time lifting the Abbé's hand to his lips. Then, looking towards Sir William, he opened the locket and showed the portraits, finely painted, of a young man and a girl, each singularly gifted with beauty both of body and of soul.

Sir William looked at it so wistfully that the other smiled and shook his head.

'I would give it to you, *signor*, were it not more to me than it can be to you. What I have loved and lost is their child; but the father suggests the child, and I have no other memento.' He clasped it and put it in his bosom. 'Besides,' he added in a tone of exquisite but unconscious sensibility, 'it has been warmed next his heart and clasped in his hand.'

The Abbé raised his eyebrows. 'My Father,' he said, 'it is hard for our finite intelligence to grasp the mysteries of the providence of God, but it may be now and again that the carnal mind has loved not wisely but too well, and He in His wisdom and mercy breaks down the barrier between our souls and Himself. The memory of our young brother is very sweet; do not let its fragrance embitter your life, but sweeten it.'

Father Giuseppe bowed his head under the reproof.

'And now, gentlemen,' continued the Abbé, turning towards the strangers, 'I am at full liberty to interest myself in your affairs.'

Sir William put a restraining hand upon Hugh's shoulder. 'Let me explain,' he whispered. What occasion remained, he asked himself, for going into the minute and painful detail which had seemed necessary with the priest? The lawful heir was dead, ignorant of his rights and of his wrongs, and he who had been willing to relinquish all at the stern call of honour was now the undeniable and legitimate successor. What availed it to cast stones upon a grave that death made sacred? Still more, what availed it to make known the shameful fraud to which a mother's guilty love and ambition had tempted her? Let Hugh settle that account with his own hand as his own heart dictated. For himself, a passionate hope and a romantic dream had been dissipated; but if he had not gained, he had not lost; his ardent imagination had given to his sweet daughter a phantom lover, but would not the reality in the person of Hugh Sartoris be even more satisfactory? He had been willing to do the right thing though the doing was desperately hard. It had not been required of him, but none the less it would be counted to him for righteousness.

Therefore, in reply to the Abbé Durand's inquiries, Dalzell explained no more than that he and his friend had come to Cortina in the hope of inducing Christopher Sartoris to return with them to England, where he had, as Father Giuseppe knew, many and influential friends. Neither had known the youth; indeed, they had only recently become aware of his existence; but none the less his death was an acute disappointment. 'I loved his father,' concluded the speaker, 'more than a man loves his brother, and I was prepared to love his son as though he had been my own. Mr Sartoris is his near kinsman, and had come prepared to divide a family inheritance with him.'

'In that case,' was the answer, 'his kinsman will doubtless think it his duty to provide liberally for his soul's release. Surely his purgation will be short, but prayer will hasten it. Some recognition also seems due to his spiritual benefactors and to the Order that he loved.'

'Without question; and I think you will have no reason to complain of the extent of our gratitude and the sincerity of our sorrow. We stay in Vienna a few days, and you shall receive a communication from us to-morrow.'

Sir William placed his visiting-card on the table, on which he had hastily scribbled the name of the hotel he had been accustomed to use.

The Abbé bowed farewell. 'Father Giuseppe remains with us to-night; but I shall esteem it a favour if he will conduct you to the gates.'

The priest did so, and they paced in silence the length of the stone passages; but when the gates were reached and farewells had to be exchanged he spoke. 'I see, *signori*, that the death of my beloved son—for he was as dear to me as if he had indeed been a son of my body—has virtue and healing in it. I do not quite understand; but if any wrong was done him, any injustice, I wipe it out—it is forgiven. *Addio!*' He turned back on his steps and disappeared.

Outside the gates the two men stood still and looked up. The illuminations of the Josefsplatz had gained in brilliancy with the darkness of the summer night, and every object could now be discriminated. The walls of the monastery rose like a fortress before them.

Sir William glanced towards the building with a sigh. 'It is all over, Hugh—buried within those walls—my hope and the fear you were brave enough to defy. You will take back home with you security and peace of mind.' He grasped his hand. 'Take an older man's advice, and let the dead bury its dead.'

'No,' was the answer; 'please God, I will walk straight. Everything shall be declared, confessed, and—forgiven. I don't know how my liability stands now, but I shall find out. I won't shirk anything, and I mean to consult every one—that is, every one concerned—the Abbé, Father Giuseppe, above all my mother—as to what way is best to raise a lasting memorial to Christopher Sartoris.'

Sir William smiled and nodded. 'If knight-errantry is your programme, I should advise you to take into your counsels my quixotic daughter Margaret. You will find her prepared to go all lengths.'

Hugh looked at him gravely, but with eyes that kindled. 'I have your consent, but I believe that without it I should have taken courage to ask her to order my life.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RAILWAY SIGNALLING BY FLASHING LIGHTS.

GREAT interest is being displayed at the moment among Swedish railway companies, both State and private, in the flashlight system of signalling at night. The idea was evolved some few years ago, and upon its commercial perfection several private railway lines adopted the system, and have retained it in continuous working since 1908. Indeed, the method of intimating the fact whether the line is clear or otherwise by such means has demonstrated so many overwhelming advantages in comparison with the ordinary steady, continuous lighting system that its use is being extended; even the engine-drivers are agitating for its wider application. It has been found from experience that the driver of a train travelling, say, sixty miles an hour can pick up a flashing light much more quickly and easily, as well as positively, than one of the ordinary character, and that the system renders high-speed travelling much safer than is otherwise possible. The fact is that the human eye is compelled to observe a flashing light more readily and involuntarily than a steady glowing light, no matter how brilliant the latter may be. In applying the idea to railway working the great point has been to determine the number of flashes per minute, and the duration of the periods of the flash and subsequent darkness, in order to bring about the highest efficiency. If the number of flashes per minute is low and the intervening periods of darkness are long, the driver of the train becomes anxious and uneasy, fearing that he has lost his bearings. On the other hand, if the flashes are effected too rapidly a 'nervous' effect is produced. As a result of tests and observations it has been found that the number of flashes should vary between fifty and eighty per minute. The higher rate is advisable in connection with very fast speeds, as obviously little time elapses between the

moment the signal is picked up and the instant when the train dashes past the post. The flashing system is carried out on exceedingly simple lines with a well-conceived apparatus upon which reliance can be placed, and which is the invention of Mr Gustaf Galén. The light employed is acetylene, and the supply of illuminating power, consisting of dissolved acetylene, is carried in an accumulator similar to an oxygen cylinder, stored in a small chamber at the foot of the post. A single charge is adequate to supply the signal, even when burning night and day continuously, for some time; and in the meantime the signal demands no attention whatever. It is exceedingly economical in use, the cost per twenty-four hours averaging less than one penny, for which sum over one hundred thousand flashes may be obtained. Reliability is demonstrated by the fact that signals which have been in operation continuously since 1908 have emitted over one hundred million flashes without the slightest mishap or irregularity. It is suggested that the flashing system should only be applied to fast through traffic, thereby providing the drivers of express trains through busy junctions, the approach to which may bristle with signals, with a characteristic sign that the line is clear. There appears to be great scope for an invention of this type, especially as it has demonstrated its efficiency very conclusively in practical application during three or four years, while the fact that it reduces the strain upon the driver in 'watching for signals' tends to secure greater safety to the passengers.

RESUSCITATION FROM ELECTRIC SHOCK.

As an outcome of the discussion upon the various methods for restoring persons who have had the misfortune to meet with a severe electric shock, the American Commission on Resuscitation has advocated the adoption of the Schäfer method. This decision was the result of an earnest discussion between the medical faculty and those interested in electric lighting and engineering. The medical members of the commission urged the adoption of the above, or prone, method, on the plea that it is far and away the most efficient means whereby the layman may be able to maintain respiration in a person suffering severely from electric shock. As an outcome of this decision, the commission is preparing a chart giving details of first aid in cases of electric accidents, as well as exhaustive instructions concerning the method of applying artificial respiration by the Schäfer system.

A HANDY ADJUSTABLE SPANNER.

An ingenious tool is being introduced into this country from the United States. This is the fitzall adjustable spanner, in which the principle adopted is that of a wedge. It is a strong tool, well made, enables an excellent grip to be obtained, and is adjustable instantaneously to any nut within the dimensions of its capacity. There is a jaw fixed to the handle, the upper half of which is provided with an inclined surface. The loose jaw also has a similarly inclined face. The fixed incline, furthermore, is provided with a milled edge which enhances the gripping power of the spanner. There is a sleeve embracing the two inclined faces, which is so formed as to make a slight angle to enable a powerful wedging action to be obtained.

A NEW LIGHT MOTOR TRI-CARRIAGE.

The ever-increasing developments in regard to motor traction for a variety of purposes have induced greater attention to be paid to the light three-wheeled vehicle which is more handy than a motor-car and more useful than a motor-bicycle. This is particularly the case when it is applied to tradesmen's purposes where express delivery is urgent, and where a cumbersome vehicle is not desired. One of the latest and most efficient vehicles of this type is the Wall tri-carriage. It is built on the lines of the familiar light car carrying the engine in front, with shaft transmission, differential axle, and so forth. There the similarity ends. At the same time, the carriage has none of the drawbacks of the ordinary motor tri-car, where the excessive weight and the wear and tear on the back tires nullify any benefits over the four-wheeled carriage which it may possess. The Wall tri-car is a well-conceived, smart little vehicle for the purpose for which it has been expressly designed—namely, light goods delivery; and the many features which it possesses, and which have been duly patented, cannot fail to impress all those firms to whom the expeditious and economical, as well as safe, delivery of goods is a vital consideration. It is extremely convenient in handling, as it can turn in its own length, the control is absolute, and the cost of operation is low, the fuel consumption averaging about fifty miles per gallon. Moreover, it is light and easy on the tires. It is the cost of upkeep, particularly the way in which tires are cut up, that causes the average tradesman to abstain from adopting a light motor vehicle for his business; but in this particular vehicle all these drawbacks appear to have been greatly lessened.

SECURING GREATER SAFETY AT SEA.

The appalling disaster to the *Titanic* and its heavy death-roll have served to draw attention once more to the horrors of shipwreck. In this particular instance the plight of the passengers was alleviated to a certain extent by the fact that the electric lights were kept going until the very end, while the wireless telegraph was able to throw out its frantic calls for help, though with diminishing force, until the operator was standing nearly knee-deep in the water. But the accident might have been of such a character that the

engine-room became flooded within the very first few minutes, and then the ship would have been wrapped in darkness, while the Marconi apparatus would have been as useless as a fire brigade with frozen hydrants. Both the electric lighting installation and the wireless telegraph draw their power from the main engines in the bowels of the ship. Both keep going while the steam-pressure is maintained; when the furnaces give out both are put out of action. In order to guard against such a fearful contingency an ingenious arrangement has been evolved by the firm of Mirrlees-Bickerton & Day (Limited), of Hazel Grove, near Stockport, and has been installed on the White Star liner *Megantic* upon a practical scale. This is an emergency and independent power-plant consisting of a forty-five brake-horse-power Mirrlees-Diesel oil-engine connected directly to a dynamo, and installed on the upper deck—practically the highest part of a vessel's hull. From this plant a separate circuit is taken round the ship and connected with the electric lights fixed in the main passages, companion-ways, saloons, &c. This circuit is arranged also to provide lights at the boat-stations so as to facilitate the lowering of the boats, as well as being connected to the Marconi apparatus. With such an installation in reserve, it will be seen that, even if the engine-room becomes flooded out and the steam-power breaks down, the electric lights and the wireless telegraph can be kept going to the very last minute. The installation on the *Megantic* is started every day as darkness approaches, and is kept working until daylight, irrespective of the fact that the steam-driven electrical dynamos are running. This is done in order to avoid any rush or hurry to start the plant in case of an accident befalling the vessel during the night, and serves to familiarise the staff with the operation of the oil-engine. A heavy fuel is used, because paraffin and petrol are prohibited on board such vessels by the Board of Trade regulations. The oil used in this particular instance is cheap residual petroleum—that is, the heavy residue left from crude petroleum after all the light oils have been distilled off.

PICTURES WHICH SING AND TALK.

For many years past ingenious minds have been busy at work endeavouring to reproduce both sound and movement simultaneously, so that we may see animated photographs of various events upon the screen at the same time as the characteristic individual sounds are emitted. Mr Thomas Edison in the United States and M. Léon Gaumont in France in particular have been wrestling with this problem, which for some time has appeared to be almost beyond solution. Greater success seems to have attended the efforts of the French investigator, for recently a demonstration was given in London of the apparatus which he has devised to achieve the desired end. As a matter of fact, it was introduced before the French Academy of Sciences some years ago, so that the Wizard of America has been forestalled in this particular field; but M. Gaumont was not sufficiently satisfied with the results obtained to introduce it to the general public. The simultaneous reproduction of sound and movement, however, has not been so completely achieved as to make a successful appeal. The talking-machine has not been brought to such a high pitch of perfection as its rival for popular favour, the kinematograph. The former is still in its infancy; it bristles with defects which are of an inherent character. The greatest objection to the instrument is the metallic or nasal sound emitted, and the difficulty of distinguishing individual voices. If one holds a telephone-receiver tightly pressed against the ear one can identify the voice of the person speaking at the opposite end; but if the receiver is held, say, three inches away, a talking-machine effect is instantly obtained. This disadvantage is one that will react against the popularity of the talking and singing picture. The mechanical nature of the sound is too pronounced. At the same time, M. Gaumont's success is distinctly a scientific achievement, and the means he has adopted for securing absolute synchrony are highly ingenious and well-nigh perfect. The talking-machine is driven by an electric motor, as is also the projecting lantern, and these are kept in step by a simple attachment. If there is a tendency on the part of a talking-machine to advance before the picture it is instantly checked, the synchronising attachment being extremely sensitive and rapid. Similarly, if the picture endeavours to run away from the accompanying sounds it is pulled up. With the arrangement adopted it is absolutely impossible for the one to run away from the other. The starting device is such as to bring sound and movement directly into harmony; and the possibility of synchrony becoming imperfect owing to the two independent electric motors under a common control is extremely remote. With such a noteworthy invention the realism of moving pictures is rendered well-nigh complete. If M. Gaumont can eliminate the metallic twang of the talking-machine, and can individualise the sounds, then he will have accomplished the most remarkable advance in the mechanical reproduction of sound yet attained.

AN AUTOMATIC TIMER AND INDICATOR FOR COOKING.

The phrases 'boil until tender,' 'steam until tender,' or 'stew until tender,' although common in cooking recipes, and of vital significance, are yet exasperating to the housewife. Unless the cook is extremely vigilant, or a wonderful judge as to the time likely to be occupied, the chances are that the article under treatment will be spoiled. In order to help the housewife an

ingenious automatic timer and indicator has been devised, which will doubtless appeal to the presiding genius of the kitchen. It is a simple device, consisting of a kind of fork working on an indicator, and this is attached to the saucepan in such a way as to pass through a narrow slot punched in the lid and penetrate the article to be cooked within. As the article becomes more and more tender under the boiling, stewing, or steaming process, the fork sinks lower and lower, carrying with it a small device fixed to its opposite end. When the food has reached the cooked stage the word 'tender' appears on the indicator, signifying that the edible is done. The indicator can be applied in the preparation of practically any comestible, is inexpensive, and simple to attach to the culinary vessel.

TO AUSTRALIA IN A FORTNIGHT.

Mr Henry S. Gullett points out in the *United Empire*, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, that in the course of a century the time for the carriage of passengers and mails between Great Britain and Australia has been reduced from eighteen or twenty weeks to about thirty-one days. In the next fifteen years he prophesies a probable reduction to about a fortnight. The quick route of the future will be across Europe and Asia, and part of Australia, by rail. The transcontinental railway between Port Augusta in South Australia and Kalgoorlie in Western Australia, a distance of one thousand miles, which will be completed by 1915, will mean a reduction of two days. Ten years hence there may be a railway connecting Port Darwin in the northern territory with the Queensland systems. The proposed Anglo-Russian railway across Asia into India would traverse Persia and Baluchistan, and connect with the Indian railways for Bombay and Madras. This might make the distance between London and Madras about seven days. By fast steamer, six more days might be occupied to Fremantle and three more to Melbourne. If, as appears practicable, there were fast railway communication through India as far as Burma, and thence by way of the Malay Peninsula to Singapore, and afterwards by steamer to Port Darwin, or a port in Western Australia, time might also be reduced. By the Siberian Railway, the journey between London and Melbourne may occupy thirty-six days; with the Russian railway across Mongolia, the journey might be cut down to twenty-five days.

A ROW-BOAT MOTOR.

The Evinrude patent detachable row-boat motor is an invention of interest to all users of row-boats. Constructed so that it is quickly fastened in position on any rowing-boat, light enough to be easily portable by hand, so simple that its working can be learned in a few minutes, and in price a mere fraction of the cost of a motor-boat of the usual type, this elegant little device marks a new departure in motoring on water. Hitherto the individual desirous of owning a motor-boat has had to incur the cost not only of the engine but also of the boat in which to fit it, with all the trouble and expense which the ownership of a boat involves. The owner of an Evinrude has no such cares. He can carry his engine with him as an article of luggage; and wherever an ordinary rowing-boat can be had on hire it can in a trice be converted into a motor-boat for the time being, enabling the tourist at a nominal cost to enjoy a spin double the distance he could possibly travel by rowing, without the exertion. Though the inventor is of Norwegian descent, the article is manufactured in America. So far the sale on this side of the Atlantic has been pushed solely on the Continent, where over two thousand five hundred are now in use. This season the invention is being put on the British market. The working of one was recently demonstrated with success at Hunter's Quay, on the Clyde, where, as a novelty, it attracted considerable notice.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE SUN'S GOOD-NIGHT.

FROM the western window you see a hill,
Green, and grassy, and high;
It is there that the sun goes down at night,
Red, in a deep-gray sky.

At times, for a moment, it seems to sit,
Round, and glowing, and bright,
As though it is waiting till angels come,
Pure, and holy, and white.

I have seen them float from those pink-edged clouds,
Fair and soft as a dove;
I have seen them press on the crimson sun
Lips that are full of love.

I have climbed the hill in the hope to hear,
Down in those silent bowers,
The wonderful kiss that the angels gave
Echoed among the flowers.

That day when I stray into Paradise,
Hushed in its holy light,
I'll pray to be one of that angel band
Kissing the sun good-night.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

CHAPTER I.—JACOB GROWS RESTIVE.

JACOB MILLER was the organist at Padditch, a small market-town in the south of England. For his services as organist he received thirty pounds a year, a sum wrung out of the unwilling congregation in a series of quarterly collections. Every thirteenth Sunday the vicar would announce, before commencing his sermon: 'The offertories to-day will be appropriated to the organist's salary;' and poor Jacob, on his narrow organ-stool, tried to look unconscious. When the unwilling congregation did not disgorge enough, a concert had to be given to supply the balance.

Of course Jacob did not live entirely on his thirty pounds a year. Cheap as life in this rural part was, one could not quite manage on that. He gave music-lessons, and on what he made by this, and his organist's stipend, supplemented by an occasional postal-order from 'home,' he contrived to exist.

He was a reddish-haired, clean-shaven young man of average height, and his years could not have been more than seven-and-twenty. He played well, and composed better, several of his compositions having been published by Messrs Days, Holme, & Carp, of Brunswick Street, London, particular people who won't publish any music unless it is well written. However, Jacob had only made a few pounds out of these trifles, and was beginning to think that he would have to be a country organist all his life.

'This won't do,' said Jacob one thirteenth Sunday, when the collection had been smaller than ever. 'It means another concert, and people are getting tired of taking tickets.'

'I suppose an organ recital on a week-night, with a collection, wouldn't bring in much, would it?' suggested the vicar.

'About one-and-ninepence,' said Jacob bitterly.

He went home to his rooms pondering deeply. What could he do? He played over one of his compositions, and was struck by its excellence.

'That is good,' said Jacob. 'I can write. Now, what can I do?'

By the time he had devoured the plate of cold New Zealand lamb that his landlady gave him he had made up his mind. He would marry. He would marry money. Not much, but still—something. Money would help him. On this, as he lit a cheap cigarette and strolled down the street, he had fully made up his mind.

He stopped when he arrived at a grocer's shop which bore the name of Darby. Darby and Son was the name over the door; but Darby had some time since journeyed into the land of quiet, where there are no anxieties about bad debts, where there are no shutters to take down of a frosty morning, where there is only one Book kept, and that ruled severely off into two parts. He had left, however, a flourishing business, in which all his children had a share. The widow, too, lived on it. The eldest son, who carried on the business, was married, and lived away from the shop. There were other two sons, both out in the world and doing well. There were three daughters. The eldest, Mary, helped in the shop; the second, Elizabeth, did the housework; and the third, Caroline (called Carol for short), was a governess in Paris. Mary was a shrewd, hard-headed woman about twenty-nine. Her brother, the one who ran the shop, was a trifle thick-headed, and Mary looked after him. Elizabeth was a homely, pretty girl of twenty-two, very simple and quiet, and she thought Mr Jacob Miller the cleverest and the greatest man she had ever known. Carol was not unlike Elizabeth in looks, but very much quicker and cleverer. Rubbing shoulders with the world had given her a gloss; when she came home for a brief holiday her smart frocks roused the envy of the other maidens in the little town. Lizzie was passionately fond of Carol, but it cannot be said that the latter returned this devotion. As Lizzie would sometimes quaintly remark (she was given to quaint remarks), 'The love is all on one side, you see.'

As it was Christmas-time, Carol was at home for a week. Her French employers did not give her long holidays.

Jacob strode up to the private door, puffing cigarette-smoke into the keen air. He was sure

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of a hearty welcome. They all liked him, and loved to hear him play. There was always a knife and fork for him when he cared to drop in.

His knock was answered by Carol. She was wearing a tight-fitting brown dress, and looked very *chic*. The change of air had lent an added brightness to her eye and an extra touch of colour to her cheeks.

'Oh, good-evening, Mr Miller!' she said, smiling. 'We were hoping you would come in. We were feeling dull.'

Jacob gazed on her with approval. 'All at home?' he asked lightly as he passed in.

'Of course; where else should we be? The others *never* go out, so how can I?'

She led the way to the parlour, an apartment that was furnished solidly and with some taste. Everything was good; the chairs were roomy and comfortable; the engravings and etchings on the walls had all 'cost money;' the clock on the mantelshelf an auctioneer would have called a 'good lot;' and Jacob, having an artistic eye, had before now praised the handsome bronze statuettes that flanked the timepiece. Everything bespoke solid comfort and no lack of means. After Jacob's bare and draughty lodgings, this place was a sort of homely little heaven.

Jacob declared he had supped, and therefore was content with a glass of wine and a piece of cake. Mrs Darby, in a twenty-year-old silk dress, heavy with jet beads, sat by the fire with folded hands and beamed approvingly on the young organist. Mr Miller was always so polite and nice, and she liked polite young men. And so good-looking—yes, *she* would have it that he was good-looking—and played so beautifully. Altogether a welcome visitor. So much more to say than young Mr Parkes the butcher.

Mary was reading a book. She shook hands pleasantly enough with Mr Miller, and exchanged a few commonplaces with him; but as soon as opportunity offered she slipped back to her book. Carol plunged into local gossip in her gay, easy way. Though so seldom in the place, she was very interested in it. Elizabeth brought Jacob his cake and wine, made up the fire, uttered a daughterly inquiry as to her mother's comfort, and flicked some dust off the piano. Any little domestic thing that had to be done she did, and the others took it as a matter of course that she should do it. Occasionally she threw in a simple remark, but it was swept off its feet, as it were, by Carol's brilliant chatter. Carol was thinking about three times as fast as any one else in the room; her brain was exceedingly active, and her manner full of decision and energy. And, moreover, she had the charm that vitality, white teeth, bright eyes, and a dainty figure supply to their possessor. Elizabeth, too, in her way, was attractive, but she was essentially homely and simple.

During the talk Mary read her book steadily, and Mrs Darby fixed Jacob with a stolid, undeviating smile that was restful, if a little monotonous. Mrs Darby was not talkative; she had spent all such eloquence as she ever had on her late husband. In her comfortable way she was thinking what a good match Mr Miller and Carol—always the gentleman first—might make of it. In a few years' time, of course, when he had 'got on.' He was young yet. Thirty was a nice marriageable age. There was no hurry. Carol seemed to like him, and it was apparent that he admired Carol. She did not notice how Lizzie's colour came and went when Mr Miller spoke to the girl; she did not observe the trifling, nameless little attentions that Lizzie paid him, albeit she was always modest and maidenly. Mrs Darby was 'used' to her housekeeping daughter, and so did not mark her homely graces. The dashing, brilliant Carol quite monopolised her attention for the moment.

Jacob, being asked to play, sat down and rattled off a lively morsel of Tchaikowsky's. Then he plunged into 'The Bees' Wedding,' and left them breathless. Then, of course, Mary asked for the 'Moonlight Sonata.'

Carol's eyes glittered. She understood music, although she played little herself.

'And now, Mr Miller,' said Lizzie, who was hovering near the piano, 'do play that little thing of your own, "A Mother's Song."'

There was a vagabond of a fellow in the country town called Luke Spencer. His father was a solicitor in a fairish way of business, and Luke was supposed to be articled to him. But Luke wrote poetry, hoed the garden paths, went rabbiting—did any sort of thing so long as it wasn't money-producing work. One of his snatches of verse Jacob had set to music, and he played it now, and, for want of a better vocalist, sang it himself. It was a real little cradle-song, a delightful lullaby. It touched the women.

Mrs Darby wiped her eyes. 'Very, very nice!' crooned the old lady. 'Thank you so much!'

'Sweet!' said Carol.

Mary, who had left off reading while he was singing, returned to her book. Lizzie said nothing, but with clasped hands gazed in speechless admiration at the gifted musician.

Jacob, well aware of the effect he had produced, dashed off into a lively galop. It was a purely secular air, but he was forgiven that.

When at last he found himself walking down the frost-bound street again, he passed the three daughters in review before his mind's eye.

'Mary is a hopeless old maid,' he thought. 'Carol is—well, Carol is a peach, and won't look at a poor organist. I think'—he stopped

and lit a cigarette—'I think I might do worse than Lizzie. I really do.'

CHAPTER II.—AND MARRIES WHERE MONEY IS.

WHEN the vicar's wife heard that Jacob Miller was engaged to Lizzie Darby, she said she was afraid he would find it hard to make both ends meet.

The vicar gave a short cough, and took up the *Guardian*. 'You may be sure that she will not come to him with empty hands,' he said.

'How uncharitable you are, George!' exclaimed his wife. 'Mr Miller is not the sort of man to marry for money.'

'Oh, he is not marrying for money,' said the vicar; 'but what there is means a good deal to him.'

'You don't like Mr Miller?'

'No,' said the vicar, 'I cannot say I like the man. I don't think he is very straightforward; he is a man without a soul.'

'George, what are you saying?' cried the lady. 'Fancy you, a clergyman, suggesting that your organist has no soul!'

'There are people without souls,' calmly responded the vicar. 'Have you never heard the expression, "I have a soul to save"? You may depend upon it that a saying like that doesn't come into common parlance without good reason. I suppose everybody really has a soul, but in many it is entirely submerged by the material man.'

'Mr Miller plays beautifully,' said the vicar's wife, in that inconsequential way which so many ladies have.

'Well,' said the vicar, 'and what then?'

'Well, that shows he has a soul,' answered his wife, taking up the *Ladies' Field*.

'It means he is a clever musician,' said the vicar. 'He is, in fact, a born musician, but he is not the highest type of artist—that is to say, the artist who loves his work beyond everything. All his life he will use his art as a means of personal advancement and advertisement. That is what Miller is. And now I am going to feed the hens,' he concluded, quitting the room abruptly, as his way was, in order to put an end to what promised to be an unprofitable discussion.

Of course everybody in Padditch was soon talking about the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Darby and Mr Miller the organist. The Darbys were known to be sound people financially, and it was regarded as a very fair match; for, while he would bring brains, she would not come unprovided with the wherewithal.

When the fact that Lizzie and Jacob had agreed to take each other 'for better, for worse,' was announced to the Darby family, the rather thick-headed eldest brother, as the head of the household, shook hands with Miller and grinningly congratulated him on the happy affair; the other brothers wrote congratulatory letters to their prospective brother-in-law; Mrs Darby shed some motherly tears and kissed the talented Jacob on the forehead, and it must be confessed in the young organist's favour that he felt a little mean when she was doing so; Carol, being back with her French family, telegraphed the two joy and happiness (she was always free with her money); and Mary, in her quiet way, expressed very similar sentiments.

But Mary was in reality the head—in more than one sense—of the Darby *ménage*, and it was she who, when the engagement was about a week old, took it upon herself to make some inquiries into Mr Miller's financial position.

It was Sunday evening, supper was over, and Mrs Darby had retired early to bed, having a slight cold. Lizzie was making her some gruel. This seemed to Mary a favourable opportunity to say what had been in her mind for the last few days.

'You will forgive me, Jacob,' she said, shutting the door, 'if I broach a rather delicate matter. Of course, had my father been alive you would have given him some idea as to your position; frankly, as to your ability to keep a wife?'

Jacob, who had taken Mrs Darby's chair on the retirement of the old lady, looked a little uncomfortable.

'Now,' Mary went on, 'you know exactly what John is. He doesn't trouble his head very much about us, as he has his own wife and family to think of—and the business. So I am sure you won't mind if I take upon myself just for a few moments the place of father to dear Lizzie?'

'Oh, I think you are quite right,' said Jacob hurriedly; 'in fact, I should have spoken to your brother before this, or to your mother.'

He then told her what salary he received as organist, what he earned by giving lessons, and finally what his prospects were. He laid particular stress upon the prospects.

Mary looked thoughtful.

'Well, of course,' she said, 'it is not very much, is it, to set up house on? Of course, Lizzie will have a little of her own, but'—she could not forbear casting a rather sharp glance at the young man—'but only a very little. Nothing to speak of. She's one of the youngest, you see.'

She then proceeded to explain exactly how the deceased grocer had left his property, and it came as rather a shock to Jacob to find that Lizzie would not enjoy the handling of any lump sum, but would continue to draw a small quarterly income from the business.

'However,' said Mary hopefully, 'no doubt you will soon get a better post. You have great talent, and it is impossible for so clever a man to be overlooked for very long. You will forgive me for having spoken so frankly, but I felt that this explanation was due to us.'

'Quite so, quite so,' said Jacob. 'I am bound to be better off before very long. Until then, what Lizzie has will be very helpful, and I don't pretend I am not glad that she is not solely dependent upon me.'

After which Lizzie came into the room with a bright face, and, after manœuvring round Jacob for a little time, finally came to rest on his knee; while Mary, who was a sportswoman, took an early opportunity to leave the lovers to their own devices.

Both the young people being opposed to the idea of a long engagement, the marriage was to be quite soon. It must be admitted that the few short months which for decency's sake had to elapse before the knot could be tied were found by Jacob a somewhat tedious period. He was not in love with Lizzie, and she was very much in love with him. Her admiration for his gift of music sometimes reached a point of ecstasy. A clever artist, in whatever line, is accustomed to be paid compliments, and soon wearies of them.

With untiring pen he had applied for every likely-looking vacancy that he heard of, but his efforts were not crowned with any success. Sometimes, when in a despondent mood, he seemed to see himself doomed to stay at Padditch until he was an old, bowed man. One day he would fall off the organ-stool, and then they would collect what there was of him and take him home to die.

This, it must be admitted, was a very gloomy outlook for such a talented young man; and, rendered desperate by such a prospect, Jacob decided to enter for the prize offered by the organisers of the Casminster Musical Festival, who advertised a reward of one hundred pounds for a short cantata.

Jacob immediately began to turn over a subject in his mind. When he was talking about it to the Darbys one day, Mary, who read most—or, shall we say, thought most about what she read?—suggested to him that he should take for his subject the Feast of Belshazzar. 'Mrs Hemans has a poem about it,' she said; 'I will lend you the volume which contains it. I received it as a prize when I was at school.'

Jacob read the poem, and the dramatic possibilities of the subject took his fancy. Discussing the matter later with Luke Spencer, he was not at all surprised when that very handy man offered to supply him with a libretto. Jacob explained to Luke that in writing the words one must bear in mind the requirements of the principal vocalists, and that the story in question must be written so as to give four persons all the 'fat'—namely, the tenor, the bass, the contralto, and the soprano; and then, of course, various openings had to be provided for the interpolations of the chorus.

Luke quite grasped the idea, and set to work, finding the task an agreeable alternative to making celery-beds and planting potatoes.

As the day of the nuptials drew near, numerous silver-plated articles were delivered at the Darbys' private door. These included the usual superfluity of cruets and butter-dishes. A number of the congregation subscribed and gave Jacob a nice set of cutlery, and Jacob, gazing along the rows of knives, in their tissue-paper wrappings, with a wistful eye, wondered what particularly these knives would have to cut.

He took a house at the less important end of the town, a little, low-roomed, small-doorwayed place that dated back to a period when apparently men did not reach the height they do now. It was a snug enough tenement, with a good garden, and had it been situated anywhere near London it might have produced fifty or sixty pounds a year; but the Padditch owner didn't want more than seven shillings a week for it, and certainly that was all Jacob was prepared to give.

So they were married, and went away for the honeymoon to Folkestone, where an aunt of Jacob's had obligingly lent him her house. Carol, of course, came home from Paris for the wedding and to act as bride's-maid. She was an optimist, and was quite sure that Jacob would get on, and that one day they would all be very proud to claim him as a relative. Mrs Darby shed a respectable number of tears, but was not displeased at getting one of her daughters 'off,' although it had to be confessed that Lizzie was of great use in the house, and that her going threw a great deal more work on the staid and industrious Mary.

And so on a mild spring day the young couple came back to their little home, the wedding presents shining resplendently on the modest sideboard in the living-room. One magnificent present there was, and one only, and that had come from the aunt who had lent the young honeymooners her house. It was a grand piano by Bord, and it filled half the little sitting-room. It took up, indeed, a most uncomfortable amount of space; but by a curious and cynical chance it represented the disproportionate part that music was henceforth to play in the life of this man, who had so lately sworn to love and honour, and keep in sickness and in health—this woman.

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSAFRICAN RAILWAY.

FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO.

By LIDDELL GEDDIE.

'IT is not imaginative; it is practical. That gives you Africa—the whole of it.' These two short, crisp sentences, addressed in 1898 to the shareholders of the British South Africa Company by Cecil Rhodes, show clearly the forceful spirit and ambitious purpose of the man who conceived the project of a transafrican railway from Capetown to Cairo. At that date Rhodes had already been engaged for eight or nine years in driving the railway of his dreams northwards, along the line he had drawn boldly from one end of the continent to the other.

German East Africa and the Congo State stretched an unbroken foreign barrier across Central Africa, and seemed to block the path of an 'All-Red' Cape to Cairo railway; but there was always the possibility that, somehow or other, by treaty or purchase, Britain might be able to secure the missing link between Rhodesia and her East African possessions which she ought never to have let slip. In any case, by utilising the waters of Lake Tanganyika, Lake Kivu, and Edward Lake, and substituting steamer for railway transport, the portion of the transafrican line running on soil neither British nor under British influence could be reduced to a couple of short sections in Congo territory, together amounting to not more than two hundred miles, out of a total distance of some six thousand miles.

The changes from land to water carriage would, of course, necessitate breaking bulk; but this would not be such a drawback as might at first appear. The Cape to Cairo railway, wherever and however it traverses Africa, is not destined to be, like other transcontinental railways, a 'through' line for passengers and goods. A glance at the map of Africa will explain this. Rhodes's railway will cut the African continent lengthways, not breadthways; it will run north and south, not east and west, like the transsiberian and the transamerican railroads. The transsiberian railway takes a short cut from Europe to the Far East; the transamerican lines bring the Pacific within a few days of the Atlantic. But the transafrican railway will never be the easiest route from the Mediterranean to where the Antarctic currents dash against the Cape of Good Hope. As a 'through' line, the transafrican railway will never be able to compete in speed, cost, or comfort with the steamers which ply up and down the east and west coasts. If you want to get from Halifax to Vancouver or from San Francisco to New York, you unhesitatingly go by rail; and even when the Panamá Canal is opened, the transcontinental track will remain the natural route from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard of America. On the other hand, even when the Cape to Cairo railway is finished, the natural route from Northern Africa to the sub-continent will be not by land but by sea.

No one save journalists in quest of 'copy' or globe-trotters seeking a *nouveau frisson* will think of taking a railway ticket from Alexandria to Table Bay, or *vice versâ*. The South African Malay making pilgrimage from Capetown to Mecca will go to Arabia by sea up the east coast as before, and will not dream of travelling overland through Central Africa. The Greek setting out from his Ionian Isles to join his brother who keeps a fruit-store at the foot of Table Mountain will not book by the transafrican railway when it is 'open to the public.'

And what is true of passengers is doubly so of goods traffic. Curiosity may attract passengers, but not merchandise. Even though it stretched an unbroken line of rails from the Delta of the Nile to the shores of Table Bay, the transafrican railway could never expect to carry goods from Egypt to the Cape, or from the southern to the northern coast of Africa; that trade will always remain in the hands of the shipping companies. In any case, it is far from likely that a 'through' carriage or truck will ever run from one end of Africa to the other. Not only will there be several changes from land to water, if the Lakes route is followed, but in addition there will be at least one break of gauge in Egypt. Thus any goods consigned from Capetown to the Mediterranean would, if sent by land, have to be transferred several times from railway to steamer and back, and also from one railway-truck to another where the change of gauge occurred. Under such circumstances it is safe to say that the transafrican railway, unlike other transcontinental lines, will never carry either goods or passengers from one terminus to the other.

The Cape to Cairo railway, then, is not, as its name is apt to suggest, a line to transport men and things from one end of Africa to the other. Its object is not to span Africa with a bridge of steel from sea to sea; its aim is to take people and goods not across Africa, but into Africa and out of Africa. That was Rhodes's conception of the railway from the first. 'Every one supposes,' he once wrote, 'that the railway is being built with the only object that a human being may get in at Cairo and get out at Capetown. This is, of course, ridiculous. The object is to cut Africa through the centre, and the railway will pick up trade all along the route. The junctions to the east and west coast which will occur in

the future will be outlets for the traffic obtained along the route of the line as it passes through the centre of Africa.'

As Rhodes fashioned it in his imagination, the 'Cape to Cairo' was to furnish the vertebræ, as it were, of Africa; it was to put backbone into the continent; it was to work in union with a number of smaller and more mobile limbs. It was not enough that the railway should have a head and a tail and a long slender body dragging its slow length along through the interior of the continent. That was but half the scheme. The trunk-line, like a centipede, must have legs, any number of them, all along its body on either side, legs stretching seawards east and west. These branch lines to the Indian Ocean and the South Atlantic will eventually do much of the work at present discharged by the main line; they will relieve the main-line traffic instead of swelling it like the feeders of the transamerican railways. The more branches are linked up with the transcontinental lines in America, the more traffic will pass over the lines they join; the more branches are connected with the transcontinental in Africa, the less long-distance traffic will run on the rails of the Cape to Cairo line.

To give an illustration. In the very centre of Africa lies the Belgian Congo. Its northern border is about the same distance from Cairo as its southern frontier is from Capetown—nearly two thousand miles. At its southern end is situated the Katanga district, midway between the east and west coasts of Africa, roughly one thousand miles from each. Of late the wonderfully rich copper-mines of Katanga have been causing the greatest activity in this region; so much so that the Cape to Cairo railway, instead of making its way up through North-Eastern Rhodesia to Lake Tanganyika, as was originally intended, has been diverted into Belgian territory, and is now being pushed northwards from mine to mine through Katanga. At present officials, engineers, and others bound for the Katanga district sail to Capetown, six thousand miles from Southampton; and then, turning their faces northwards again, travel up to Elisabethville in the Belgian Congo by the Cape to Cairo railway, a distance of two thousand three hundred miles. On the completion of the line which is now being driven eastwards to Katanga from Lobito Bay in Portuguese West Africa, it will no longer be necessary to follow such a roundabout route; a sea voyage of four thousand six hundred miles and a train journey of about one thousand three hundred miles will then take you to the copper-mines, thus shortening the distance to be travelled from eight thousand three hundred to nearly five thousand nine hundred miles, a reduction of 30 per cent.

In the same way other lines, projected or in progress, will bring other parts of Central Africa nearer to Europe and the sea, and traffic will be carried to and from the interior of Africa by short legs on either side of the Cape to Cairo line, in place of passing, as now, along its lengthy neck in Egypt or its extended tail in the Cape. Lobito Bay bids fair to be the future gateway of Central Africa so far as Western Europe is concerned. On the other side, at Beira, a doorway giving speedy access to Central Africa and to the Cape to Cairo line has been open for some years; another branch line, the Uganda railway, has outstripped the transcontinental, and awaits its arrival in British East Africa; and several others are slowly but surely penetrating the continent from the east and from the west, with the trunk line in mid-Africa as their ultimate goal.

In 1889, when Rhodes entered on his transafrican scheme, these side-lines and the Cairo end were, of course, as yet unstarted, and the northern terminus of the South African railways was at Kimberley, six hundred and forty-seven miles from Capetown. By the end of 1897, notwithstanding — indeed largely owing to — Matabele wars, rinderpest, and a host of other troubles in Rhodesia, the railway had been laid as far again, reaching Bulawayo, one thousand three hundred and sixty-two miles from Capetown. During the Boer war farther progress northwards was out of the question, it being impossible to get railway stores and materials from the south. But the railroad-makers did not rest. They transferred their attention to the line from Beira through Portuguese East Africa into Mashonaland, and in 1902 communication was opened between Beira and Bulawayo, which was now brought within six hundred and seventy-five miles of the sea by rail.

Then the Cape to Cairo line went ahead again. Hitherto it had tended ever north-eastwards; now it turned off to the north-west. Diamonds had brought the railway as far as Kimberley, and gold had helped to entice it into Rhodesia. Coal took it on to Wankies (December 1903), two hundred miles beyond Bulawayo, and Rhodesia no longer required to bring up coals for its railways and industries from the Transvaal mines, by a route of some fifteen hundred miles. The Victoria Falls, one thousand six hundred and forty miles from Capetown, were the next attraction, and in April 1904 the greatest and grandest waterfall in the world—and a source of untold energy—was made accessible by train. The Broken Hill Mine, two thousand miles from Capetown, now took up the call; and, spanning the Zambezi just below the Falls, a magnificent engineering feat, the railway hurried on to a district rich in copper, lead, zinc, and more coal. Broken Hill was reached in September 1906, and by November 1909 the Congo border was attained at Bwana Mkubwa. Within a year the railhead was at the Star of the Congo Mine, two thousand three hundred miles from Capetown. At the present moment the rails are being pushed on north-westwards through the Katanga district to Kambove, roughly two

hundred miles farther on. By the end of 1912 this section will be completed.

When Kambove is reached it is difficult to say what the next move will be. Practical considerations have so far decided the path of the Cape to Cairo line. When circumstances seem to warrant it, the railway will no doubt strike north-eastwards again from the Katanga across the plateau of Northern Rhodesia to the foot of Lake Tanganyika (some four hundred miles away), where the Chartered Company's territory ends. Here in course of time it will probably be joined by an extension of the Nyasaland railway, which already connects Blantyre with the sea, with the aid of the Shiré River and the Zambezi. From Blantyre, it is expected, the Nyasaland railway will be continued to Lake Nyasa, which in its turn will be connected by rail with Lake Tanganyika. Tanganyika is four hundred miles long; and if sleeping sickness, which is rife in this neighbourhood, can be checked, the 'Cape to Cairo' will doubtless take to the water at this point, and begin operations again at the northern end of the lake. Steep mountains hem in Lake Tanganyika on both sides, and offer such difficulties to the railway engineer that, by this route at all events, a continuous railway line through Central Africa is never likely to be undertaken. Meanwhile another railway is being directed towards Tanganyika through German East Africa from Dar-es-Salaam. Before many years are over Tanganyika should be within easy reach of the east coast.

From the head of Tanganyika to Lake Kivu is a distance of ninety miles, and there is no serious obstacle to a railway through Congo territory connecting the two lakes. Kivu is sixty miles long; and here, no doubt, there will be another break in the transafrican line, and a transfer from train to steamboat. The waters of Edward Lake (seventy-five miles long), which lies sixty miles to the north of the top end of Lake Kivu, might be utilised in like fashion. It is thought more probable, however, that from Lake Kivu the railway will pass right on to the west of Edward Lake as far as Albert Lake, a distance of some two hundred and twenty miles. This route would run through Belgian instead of British country; but there are strong commercial as well as engineering reasons in its favour. From Lake Albert you can turn eastwards to Victoria Nyanza, and thence to the Indian Ocean through British East Africa by the Uganda railway; or you can go down the Nile through the Sudan to Egypt, the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea. North of Lake Albert a hundred miles or so of railway, at points where rapids make the Nile unnavigable, would complete the transafrican line.

But there is another possible route from Katanga to the White Nile—through the Belgian Congo. Katanga seems destined to be the great railway junction of Central Africa. There lines will meet from north, south, east, and west. The main entrance-way of the future to the interior of the African continent will, as we have seen, doubtless be the Benguella railway, which is taking a short cut to Katanga across Angola from Lobito Bay. Over two hundred miles of the railway have already been laid; other five or six hundred miles and it will reach the Congo border, where the Lower Congo-Katanga railway is to meet it, carry it on to the copper belt, and link it up with the southern section of the 'Cape to Cairo.' North of Katanga lie the rubber regions of the Congo, and here, again, railway surveys are in progress. One projected railway will cut north-eastwards through the Congo, then, turning due west, will make for Stanley Pool on the river Congo, and so provide another doorway to Central Africa on the west coast. Moreover, large parts of the Lualaba—that is, the Upper Congo—which flows northwards from Katanga, are navigable, and fragments of railway have already been built along certain portions of the river where rapids make navigation impossible. Ere long, therefore, we may expect to see through communication by rail and river between Katanga and Stanleyville, about eight hundred miles to the north. From Stanleyville a railway to Lado has been authorised, some six hundred miles north-east. Lado is on the White Nile, in the Sudan; and Cairo is attainable by boat and train.

Meanwhile the Egyptian end of the Cape to Cairo line is slowly boring into the heart of Africa from the northern side. A few months ago Lord Kitchener—the great railway-builder of North Africa, as Rhodes was of South Africa—opened the line from the White Nile to El Obeid, less than two thousand miles from the railhead in Katanga. Two-thirds of the Cape to Cairo line has been built.

Just as it is difficult to say exactly what route the transafrican railway will follow north of Katanga, so it is impossible as yet to say when and in what direction the railway will push southwards from Goz Abu Guma on the White Nile, some one thousand seven hundred miles from Alexandria. At present, as in Katanga, attention is concentrated rather on side lines than on the main line, and the next move in the Sudan will be a branch railway cutting eastwards to Kassala and tapping Abyssinia. South of Goz Abu Guma no surveys have been made, and the swampy regions of the Upper Nile will tax the engineer. The river is being dredged as far up as Taufikia, and it has been suggested that a canal might here take the place of a railway.

From the coast to Luxor the gauge of the Egyptian railways is four feet eight and a half inches; thence to Aswan it is three feet six inches; from there to Wadi Halfa there is no railway at all, traffic making use of the river;

above Wadi Halfa the gauge is again that of the South African railways, three feet six inches. Thus, when at length the rails from the north meet the rails from the south in Central Africa they will coincide exactly, and civilisation, colonisation, and commerce will be carried smoothly and swiftly in an uninterrupted current from one end of Africa to the other, through the very heart of the Dark Continent.

This unique railway — another of Rhodes's stupendous dreams come true!—will unite nearly all the British possessions in Africa, and will permeate the whole continent with the spirit of the British Empire. It will unite, too, some of the greatest wonders and noblest sights in the world, some natural, some the work of man—the Pyramids and Table Mountain, the ruins of Thebes and the diamond-fields of Kimberley, the Nile, the Zambezi, and the great lakes of Central Africa, the Victoria Falls, and the Aswan Dam.

At Capetown the traveller will see the statue of Cecil Rhodes, pointing northwards, telling the Cape, 'Your hinterland is there.' At Khartum he will see the statue of another great man who helped nobly to let light into Darkest Africa—General Gordon—also eagerly scanning the north. Had Rhodes yielded to his friend Gordon's pleading, and gone with him to his doom in the Sudan, how much of the Cape to Cairo railway would be built to-day? Were Rhodes still alive, how little of it would be to build!

THE VENGEANCE OF ISAAC JESSON.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

BRAINS were not Isaac Jesson's strong point, but he hoped he was as good a Christian as most, even under the trial of his adversity. His mother not only hoped, but believed it. His father, on the other hand, rallied him about what he termed his 'whimperin' looks'—'goin' up an' down as if yo'd a lemon in yo'r mouth! That's not the way to keep a lass. Sing merry, however yo' feel. Let her think yo' dain't care a farthin', or else fight Cornwall right out for her. Yo'd be licked, certain; but there's no tellin' if yo' wouldna get her back. They like to see the colour of yo'r blood, do the wimmen. They'm riddles all—my owd wench with the rest.'

They were a well-contrasted pair, Isaac's father and mother; and though his mother's nature was as a rule uppermost in him, there were times when Isaac fancied his father's rougher rules of life might be the better to follow. If he had been a stone and a half heavier this devil of doubt would have prevailed in him already upon one occasion—the time when Blake Mitchell overtook him at the pitside and said he had decided to bid against him for Lizzie Farley. The Cornishman was no sneak. What he wanted, he said, was a clear understanding. He could forgive Lizzie and Isaac their times together before he came to Fackerly. They weren't married, and he had taken a rare fancy to her; that was enough for him to go upon, and Isaac might put the information in his dinner-basin and digest it with his meat.

Isaac bore this challenge almost calmly. All he said to the great Cornishman was this—'You're a pretty sort of chap!' And all the Cornishman thought it necessary to retort was this—'I'm considered so by the girls in my part, I tell you.' His booming laugh was as exasperating as the words themselves.

Lizzie surrendered to the Cornishman with a promptitude that seemed to turn the world upside-down for Isaac. Her blue eyes were the most precious things in the Black Country to Isaac; and though he knew full well that they would be dust some day, he worshipped them. It bewildered him that a proper-minded, modest girl, with a God-fearing mother of her own, should in a week or two behave like a wanton. And it was no consolation to him to be told by her that she couldn't help it.

'Not help it! After all these months! I've took you to the seaside, and bought you things, and you've said—the Lord knows you've said you loved me often enough!'

Isaac was not a romantic figure like the Cornishman, but he was impressive when he said this.

Lizzie gazed at him and began to cry. 'I love you still, Isaac,' she sobbed.

That also was no consolation when it transpired that she was afraid she loved Mitchell also. She didn't know what she did, she confessed in another minute, with the tears in her eyes. Isaac was to forget her—that was the only sure thing she knew.

This was one of his attempts to regain his old footing with her, and the others were equally futile. It was true that Mitchell had not yet wholly replaced him in Lizzie's life. They did not openly walk out together. But Lizzie's father liked him, and welcomed him to evening pipe-smokes in his garden—that garden with the high elderberry-hedge beneath which Isaac had enjoyed so many happy hours with Lizzie.

Farley seemed to have turned against Isaac. He said Lizzie must be allowed to please herself. Isaac tried some clumsy arguments on him. What did any one know about Mitchell? Why didn't he stay in his own part of England and dig for tin? There wasn't another Cornishman in Fackerly, and like as not he was a rogue hiding from somebody.

But Farley wouldn't listen to such talk. Time enough, he said, to go into Mitchell's pedigree; and meanwhile Isaac would be well advised to try to earn as good money as the Cornishman.

Mrs Farley was still well disposed towards him, but could do little for him in the circumstances. Her husband was a chainmaker in a small way, and before marrying him she had worked in his factory, hammering side by side with other girls and their parents. This bare-armed sweating wasn't the kind of thing Lizzie liked to remember. A better education and certain instincts, about which she knew nothing except that they were there in her, also restrained her from opening her heart to her mother.

Thus matters stood on the Sunday evening in July when Isaac started for chapel as usual, and in Hampton Street saw Lizzie and the Cornishman coming towards him from a side-street. It was the first public demonstration of his loss. He stopped as if he were glued, and waited for them.

Lizzie wore a green dress and a white hat, and her cheeks went first red and then as white as her hat. The Cornishman was in knickerbockers, with the dust of a cycle-ride upon his shoes. He came along with a smile. First a nod, and then the smile, which broadened as they approached.

Isaac dropped his hymn-book and let it lie. The Cornishman picked it up for him.

'Good-evening, Isaac,' whispered Lizzie, with downcast eyes, as she moved by quickly.

But the Cornishman stayed behind. 'Man, what's amiss?' he exclaimed, clapping Isaac on the shoulder. 'You look as if'——

The bells of two churches were ringing, and the sun was on the windows of Isaac's own chapel a little way ahead. Churchgoers and young folks in their Sunday finery were spread about the street. Isaac, of all Fackerly men, ought to have realised the day and the hour. But this last straw of humiliation was too much for him.

Stepping back, he struck the Cornishman in the face with such force that he staggered; but he didn't fall, and he was soon wiping his nose and apparently more inclined to grin than retaliate. A press of people seemed to surround them immediately. And there stood Isaac, quivering and glaring, while the Cornishman told the folks to go about their own business.

'Are you drunk, lad?' asked a gentleman in black, pushing through the throng and laying a hand upon Isaac.

'Not much,' cried Isaac, turning upon him. 'Not likely. I'd do it again. I'——

The Cornishman broke in with a laugh. 'I believe you would, old chap,' he said.—'You give him his book, sir. He'd chuck it in my face, I reckon.—And you kids, get a move on.'

He swept some of the youngsters away with him, and then Isaac found himself taken in hand by the gentleman in black. He could see the Cornishman in front, still attending to his nose. He had caught up Lizzie, whose head was bent as if she were trying to hide her face. It didn't matter what she was doing. Isaac knew that he was completely out of her life now—and deserved to be.

'Some quarrel, I suppose, and you forgot yourself? I'm glad you were not in liquor,' said Isaac's companion with the best of intentions.

'I'm a teetotaler, as it happens,' said Isaac sullenly.

'That's well. That's a fit thing to be. What was it about, then? Some misunderstanding, no doubt. My dear lad, "Vengeance," you know, "is mine, saith the"'——

But they were now near the chapel, and Isaac had had enough of such simple talk. He snatched at his hymn-book. 'Thanks. I know all about that,' he said. 'I can find texts for myself when I want them. Much obliged.'

He slunk up the steps to the gallery, and to his seat in a corner. And there he first knelt, and then sat until the service began; and rose and sat and knelt afterwards, just like the others; and noticed no one, and didn't care who noticed him, or what any one thought about him. And the sermon was nothing to him, and he put his twopence in the dish and went home with machine-like regularity and indifference.

The one thing that stuck in his mind was Mitchell and Lizzie being together in public. The words 'Vengeance is mine' played round that memory like lightning from a thundercloud. They echoed and echoed in him. But he begged to differ from the sentiment they proclaimed. The 'vengeance' in his case should not be left to the Lord. He had given the Cornishman something to go on with; but it was nothing to what he would do.

They were so used at home to his moroseness that of late neither his father nor mother saw anything exceptional in it. He made a fair supper, strolled out afterwards, and then went to bed with a gruff 'Good-night' to his mother. His father liked to end his Sundays with more lively associates than he found at home.

And as he lay in bed Isaac raked himself for information how to get level with the Cornish-

man. That ordinary stand-up fight suggested by his father weeks ago had no attraction for him.

CHAPTER II.

THE Perks's Hole Mine was two miles from Fackerly, and Isaac's mother made a little ceremony about seeing him off to it the next morning.

He might have suspected something from her unwonted tenderness before that took place. When he came downstairs with a 'Good-morning' as gruff as his previous 'Good-night,' she opened her arms to him. Embraces were not common coin in the house, and Isaac submitted to this one awkwardly.

'I 'll put on my bonnet and go down the road with you a step, lad,' said his mother.

Isaac tossed off his coffee, took up his can and basin, and was ready.

It came out when they were in the sunshine.

'Isaac, lad,' she began, 'don't be getting into any more trouble with Blake Mitchell. Don't ye now.'

'Ah!' said he sharply; 'so it 's all over the town, is it?'

'Promise me, lad,' his mother continued. 'Your father 's gone to talk to Mitchell himself.'

'Lot of good that 'll do,' sneered Isaac. 'Don't frighten yourself. We sha'n't any of us die before our time — that 's what we 're taught, anyhow, by some.' Then he changed his tone. The pleading touch of his mother's hand seemed to work upon him, and he managed to smile. 'It 's all right,' he added. 'It wasn't the thing to do, was it—hitting him like that, Sunday and all? I got kind of bounced into it. I 'll forget the pair of them. There 's others besides Lizzie Farley in the world, and don't you come any farther.'

They stopped.

'That 's my true boy!' said Mrs Jesson, though a little doubtfully.

'Seems like it, anyway,' said he, still forcing his smile. 'Wait a week and you 'll see Mitchell and me as thick as spring onions in a bed. So long, mother.' He swung on with no smile at all and an increased sense of smart. As thick as onions in a bed! Not much! Not very much! And as for wanting any other girl to take Lizzie's place in his heart—not likely. He didn't feel as if he had a heart. The only thing he wanted was revenge.

He reached the pit in this frame of mind, making a bee-line of the last half-mile, past shining pools in the hollows, and crushing the large-eyed daisies in the coarse grass on the shale-heaps. It was never a pretty landscape, but the July brightness did what it could for it this day. And the sky was as blue as it ever was round Fackerly.

Mr Griffin, the manager, hailed him from the engine-house. 'You 'll have to be here to-night, Jesson,' he told him.

'Very well,' said Isaac. 'It 's all one to me.'

'You and Peters, I think.'

As it chanced, Peters himself then came up, heard the same news, and joined Isaac in a bad humour about it.

'My old woman 's in bed, and she 'll not fancy my being away,' he grumbled. 'But Griffin 's so queer! If you tell him a thing like that he 'll just say something funny, and you 're no better off.'

When they were in the skip Peters grumbled all the way down. 'Anythin' wrong with *you?*' he asked at length.

'No. What should there be?' said Isaac.

'Ah, you 're right,' said Peters. 'When I was a bachelor I 'd no trouble either, except when I backed a wrong un. You 're no horse-racer, though, are you?'

'No,' said Isaac; 'but there 's other wrong uns besides horses.'

'Eh! how 's that?' Peters wished to know.

Explanation was not vouchsafed him. The skip grounded and Isaac stepped out. His immediate thought was of the Cornishman and his desire to get at him. But the opportunity was withheld. Things were slack in the mine, and it didn't surprise Isaac to hear from Davis, a truck-boy, that Mitchell wasn't coming that day. Saint Monday made strong appeal to men of the Cornishman's stamp.

One thing gratified Isaac. No one seemed to know about last night; otherwise it would have been flung in his face forthwith. The little, dark world of Perks's Hole would have had much to say about it, and Isaac could imagine its laughter and subsequent prophecies about a fight with Cornishman Mitchell.

He shouldered his pick and strode away down the right gallery. Perks's was not an up-to-date mine, with cuttings roomy enough for a dogcart, and electric lights in all its arteries. The old style of work went on by Davy-lamps.

His colleague was a deaf man named Bates, and he was glad of that also. They exchanged few words, which left more play for his thoughts. It was *pick, pick,* until the afternoon, with that music and the rumbling of the trolleys as accompaniment to his thoughts.

After his dinner he strolled shaftwards as far as the shed where tools and other articles were stored. No one was in it, and Isaac wanted nothing out of it. But he swung his lamp about the little place, and discovered that a certain chest in the corner was not locked, as it should have been. The devil was on him in a moment, and he was soon out again with a dynamite cartridge and a detonator in his trousers-pocket. Give him his opening with things like these and the Cornishman should soon have no leg to stand upon.

With a night of fettling in prospect, he was free for the rest of the day. He might have gone home again until the evening, but he chose to stay where he was. Peters volunteered to tell his mother about the night-duty and bring him his supper. Peters went up, still grumbling, and Isaac sulked in his corner with deaf Bates. The gloom suited his thoughts and the tragic trifles in his pocket. These last, moreover, made him careful of his movements.

The day dragged on until it was time for Bates to go.

'Got summat on your mind, haven't you, mate?' Bates asked on the point of departure.

'Not me!' shouted Isaac. 'I'm all right.'

'Well, good-night, then. And you're the quietest chap out of a cemetery, all right or all wrong. Sittin' moodyin' like a hen on her eggs, too!'

Bates went off chuckling, and Isaac continued to sit.

Soon the sounds of the mine gave place to its silences. By twos and threes the others all left it. The ponies in their stables, and only these, broke the deathly stillness with their intermittent shufflings.

Isaac bestirred himself. The loneliness got on his nerves—that and his thoughts. Peters was a long while in returning. Memories of Lizzie, terribly fond memories, came upon him, and he tramped up and down trying to strangle them. That tired him, and presently he entered the shed and was asleep in a minute or two.

He didn't hear the skip bring him his companion for the night. He heard nothing, indeed, until a hand touched his shoulder, and he opened his eyes upon the Cornishman. Mitchell's white teeth were the first details of him that his eyes rested on. He had splendid teeth, which showed well in a smile.

'Had enough now?' asked the Cornishman good-humouredly as Isaac sprang up. 'I wouldn't wake you before. Never saw a chap look so done in his sleep. It's shaping for one.'

Isaac stammered and stared. The words 'What brings you'—— came from him thickly.

'Peters's wife's sick,' exclaimed the Cornishman. 'We arranged it with Griffin. A bit of a joke, I call it—you and me down here alone like this. I reckoned you'd start; but see here, Jesson, don't you go getting off your tracks. I bear you no malice for yesterday. I'd have done it myself in your place. Let's get this night through, and we'll start better. Wet our whistles together up above, and—— What do you say?'

'I say I'll be struck dead first!' Isaac hissed.

The Cornishman shrugged his shoulders and laughed. 'Think it's so bad as that, do you?' he said lightly. 'Well, then, you shall. It'll square us a bit for what you done to my nose. Like to kill me, wouldn't you? Don't be a fool, Jesson. I'm going into No. 3. There's some faulty propping there, I'm told. Go on dreaming. I'll say nothing. And your supper's on the table.'

Taking his lamp again, the Cornishman whistled himself off. His whistling grew fainter and fainter, and then all was silent as before.

Many minutes passed, and still Isaac didn't touch his supper. He stared at the familiar knotting of the white cloth. There was a slip of paper tucked into the knot, and though he guessed it was a line from his mother he didn't stir for it.

His fingers felt the explosives in his pocket. These and his immense hatred of the Cornishman absorbed him. If he could catch Mitchell sleeping as Mitchell had caught him, he might easily blow him to atoms. As for the collateral risks, what cared he?

At length he got up and slipped into the corridor. He trembled from head to foot under the strain of his passions—staggered, indeed, as if he were really drunk this time.

And then, all at once, something happened.

There was a thud, followed by a shout from the Cornishman, and a dribble of lesser noises. The whole mine seemed to vibrate.

'Jesson! Jesson! Come quick!'

This cry shattered the recurring silences, and, darting for his lamp, Isaac ran for the No. 3 gallery on the left.

All was black here, but the Cornishman continued to call. Forgetting everything except that a mate was in peril, Isaac shouted forward to him, 'Coming! Coming!'

He found Mitchell more than half-buried. The roof above that faulty prop had collapsed, and by wonderful luck the Cornishman had fallen head outwards. The weight on his loins and legs was crushing, but he tried to laugh as he grabbled with his hands and said that he was a deader.

'Not you!' retorted Isaac, after a rapid survey of the situation. Off came his coat, and he set to work. He toiled as never before. He dislodged blocks of coal which at another time he couldn't have stirred. The Cornishman did all the talking, and that but feebly. Now and then he groaned. 'I'm going, lad!' he whispered towards the end of Isaac's exertions; and then indeed Isaac had something to say. 'You're coming *out*—that's what you're doing!' he cried.

A little later he got the Cornishman under the arms and slowly dragged him free. 'There you are!' he gasped as he dropped by the side of his enemy. 'Didn't I say so?'

The Cornishman, however, was now quite silent. There was life in him, but it was at a low ebb; and all efforts to bring his senses back were useless.

(To be continued.)

BRIGHT IDEAS FOR MONEY-MAKING.

THE golden magnet has had not a little to do with drawing men abroad; it has led by many side-issues to the expansion of the British Empire, and has crowded pages of our history with thrilling narratives of discovery and adventure. While commerce draws the trader across the ocean, the private individual also yields to the stimulating effect of a desire 'to turn an honest penny' and 'to gather gear by every wile that's justified by honour.'

There are many private individuals who are glad to hear of methods of supplementing their incomes, and many ladies with spare time anxious to find remunerative work within the sphere of their powers. A Philadelphia publisher sends out a small book, *Bright Ideas for Money-Making*, which presents over two hundred practical ideas to women desirous of making the needed wherewithal, as well as others to occupy the hands and brains of boys and girls. Some of these hints are novel and original; some bear evidence of their transatlantic origin. Nevertheless a few of them may prove suggestive to an interested public here.

Before coming to the material in the book, it may be interesting to record a few instances of how some strenuous and earnest people discovered ways and means, without books of any kind, not only of earning money in clever and original ways, but also of benefiting humanity and assisting the progress of civilisation at the same time. A man who benefits himself benefits others also; and one of the comforting things for the encouragement of those engaged in daily drudgery is that some of the most beneficial of discoveries and inventions have been made in the discharge of daily duty. These lucky and deserving persons, without having set their minds solely on making money or on making the discovery, have thus permanently benefited mankind. A certain writer has remarked that more men grow rich through cunning than through the entertainment and practice of high ideals, and that, therefore, one is impelled to respect the men who develop high ideals after cunning has served its turn. Then comes the period when a man unloads some of his surplus fortune —which may go to hospitals, colleges, or schools, for public parks, pictures, or picture-galleries— for the benefit of the public. The case has been mentioned of a well-known publisher who began early to make money by entertaining literature, and who lived to aspire to raise the standard of such literature. Immediately he did so he began to lose money, and there stands in his record a considerable list of failures. There is a gambling risk in most literary ventures. Mr J. W. Arrowsmith, the Bristol publisher, rejected Sir A. Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes*, which in the hands of another publisher made the reputation of a magazine. But when he asked a local auctioneer, Mr Fargus, to supply him with a Christmas story, *Called Back* was written, and in six weeks over four hundred thousand copies were sold!

Fiction, or story-telling, has indeed often proved a gold-mine to the fit and capable worker in that field. When the wife of the vicar of Hertford Heath, Mrs Florence Barclay, a more than usually capable helpmate to her husband, entered the arena of story-telling, she gained at once a comfortable fortune by her writings. Report says that twenty-five thousand pounds was her share of the profits of her early books. Over half-a-million copies of three of her books were sold within a brief period. It was *The Rosary* which made her reputation and had the largest sale, *The Following of the Star* and *Through the Postern Gate* coming after that brightest star in her literary firmament.

Up till now some five and a half million copies of the books of Mrs Henry Wood have been sold. She ranks as one of the most popular novelists of the Victorian era. It was a clergyman friend who first encouraged her so to use her pen. He asked her to take part in a competition for a prize of one hundred pounds offered by the Scottish Temperance League for the best story inculcating temperance. Though distrustful of her own powers, she did try, and in twenty-eight days completed *Danesbury House*, which won the prize, and had a remarkable sale. *East Lynne*, which followed, had the largest sale of any novel of its day.

While quite a young woman Charlotte M. Yonge was listening to passages in Alison's *History of Europe* being read aloud. An incident in the reading of the abandonment by a mother of her child in the snow during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow awakened her fancy and imagination, and decided Miss Yonge to test her story-telling powers. Her father took the matter very much in earnest, and asked whether she wished to publish for fame or gain, or with a desire to do good. With tears in her eyes she rejected the first two reasons as unworthy; and those who know her long list of books are aware of their high principle and purity of tone. Success brought its monetary reward, but this was not put first.

Despite his opportunities and brilliant literary gifts, it was not until R. L. Stevenson turned aside from what interested him most during a wet holiday in the Braemar Highlands, and wove the romantic tale *Treasure Island*, that he became generally popular; *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* had widened his circle of readers, but *Treasure Island* made his name with the ordinary reader. The genesis of *Treasure Island* was the map of an island which, he says, 'was elaborately and

(I thought) beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbours that pleased me like sonnets; and with the unconsciousness of the predestined I ticketed my performance *Treasure Island*.' While looking at the map the outline of this truly successful book slowly dawned upon him. With the manuscript before him, a list of chapters was drawn up, and beside a bright fire, the rain battering on the windows, the development of the story proceeded. When it was finished, a visitor, Dr A. H. Japp, carried off part of the manuscript, and had it accepted by the editor of *Young Folks*. The title, *The Sea-Cook*, was changed to *Treasure Island*, and when issued in book form, after its serial course, the story gave delight to thousands. Stevenson found a ready market for his literary wares after this book and its successor, *Kidnapped*.

One day in 1897 Thomas Alva Edison came to the office of the *Scientific American* in New York and displayed a small box. He turned a crank and the machine said, 'Good-morning. How do you do? How do you like the talking-box?' This was the phonograph in a yet imperfect state. While perfecting it he spent five days and nights in his laboratory without sleep. Edison has taken out more than one thousand three hundred patents, or about one for every eleven days of his working life. He is responsible for the saying, of which he is a living illustration, that 'genius is 2 per cent. inspiration and 98 per cent. perspiration.' In pursuit of his inventions—some of which, of course, have not been successful—he has called into existence many new arts and industries. He has, as was remarked in an article, 'The Wizard of Modern Invention' (printed in these columns), been the father of some of them, and of others it was the magic of his touch that helped to make them practicable. Such industries as have followed in the wake of his inventions have earned annually not less than a thousand million dollars, giving employment to more than six hundred thousand people. The phonograph, the electric incandescent lamp, the kinetoscope, the Edison dynamo, the storage battery, and many others stand to his credit.

A painter and paperhanger named Robin, who had drifted into the show-case business, and had watched the making of the first incandescent mantles by hand, was shocked at the waste, breakage, and shrinkage involved in the process. He invented a machine to make them automatically, and therefore more cheaply and efficiently, which turned out four hundred and fifty perfect mantles in an hour. The incandescent mantle has enabled gas to hold its own against electric light, and given it a new lease of life.

The greatest of all revolutions in the history of the perfecting of the steam-engine came to James Watt in the spring of 1765 while walking one Sunday afternoon on Glasgow Green. The place deserves to be marked by a monument. His thoughts were running on his unsatisfactory experiments with a Newcomen engine he had been repairing, when the first idea of the separate condenser flashed upon his mind. Thus was the myriad power of steam made useful and available in the factory and ultimately on the railway, forming a new era of progress in the world's history.

It seems like a descent from the great to the little to give some of the simple ideas for money-making contained in the book which gives its title to our paper. The writer, evidently a lady, utters a self-evident truth when she says that a successful cook may be a well-bred and intelligent being, and one who can always earn her own living. Catering is suggested. The recommendation is made that she should go to a large city, a popular village, or a much-frequented highway, and open tea or lunch rooms. In many large cities it has been left to drapers and houses of business to show the way. A summer resort or a small town is equally suitable in which to make a start. Complaints are heard that Scotland, and especially the Highlands, are not so well equipped in this respect as might be the case. It is often the big hotel or nothing. And many a public-house is extremely uninviting and sordid —in fact, neither more nor less than a national disgrace. For a town, 'Yellow Lunch-Rooms,' 'Japanese Tea-Rooms,' a 'Dutch Inn,' or 'Dairy Lunch-Rooms' are suggested. These must be decorated accordingly, clean, and well equipped; while the service must be of the best, and the charges moderate. If the amateur can make home-made jellies and preserves, salads, croquettes, or relishes, she should circularise the neighbouring villages with attractive catalogues stating the kinds of jellies and preserves on sale, with the prices; she should also canvass the grocery stores, where business may be done. Moreover, some cookless bachelors might be glad if a clever young woman, a culinary genius, would send them every day a dainty, appetising breakfast or a delectable little dinner.

In the department of home-made bread and biscuits, there is a field in the small town as well as in the village for the woman who can bake. Try, therefore, a small bakery or cake-shop, and put up lunches in boxes for schoolgirls. Those who know how delicious home-made bread can be would welcome this experiment. A candy-shop near a school is certain of custom for cakes and confections.

And here is a far-reaching hint for all who purpose earning a living in any of these ways. The girl or woman who comes in contact with other people must be irreproachable and winsome in *personnel*. Women cannot all be handsome in face and figure, but all may be neat and tidy, and acquire an easy, gracious, and attractive manner. Without this the amateur can hardly hope to succeed.

In the wide field of needlework, the manner in which an article is presented to the public

has much to do with its sale. The thousands of pounds earned at public and church bazaars and sales of work point the way, and show what wisely directed skill and industry may accomplish. The homely needle has earned its thousands—nay, tens of thousands—of pounds for public and private ends. There are suggestions of articles for bridal outfits of a sensible kind, such as laundry-bag, shoe-bag, sewing-bag, comb and brush bag, work-bag, all apt to be overlooked for more fancy articles. The plain sewer is sure of a career if she can alter ready-made dresses to fit, adapt sleeves, and give honest work at reasonable prices. If willing to go out by the day she would soon find her time engaged for weeks ahead.

Further, we are told of 'improvement parlours' where the work of the masseuse is carried on, a highly remunerative business requiring health and strength, as well as skill and intelligence. Besides ordinary massaging, facial massage and manicuring are engaged in by ladies. We read of Miss Beatrice de Forrest Allien, a specialist in arranging the wedding-veil, who has built up a business in this field. She has an interview with the bride, during which, with the eye of an artist, she studies the contour of the face, the expression, the colouring, the figure, and the carriage, and adorns accordingly. Mrs Brown, a New York lady, has built up an enormous business as a maker of 'wedding-cakes extraordinary.' She has a considerable force of workers and skilled artists in sugar under her. We are told that 'Mrs Brown's cakes are dreams of frosted beauty, monuments of sugared fairyland, and illuminated gardens of orange-blossoms, lilies of the valley, and cherry-blossoms, in which bask doves, and Dresden Cupids and shell-embowered Venuses disport.' The cake itself is said to 'possess an ambrosial flavour nowhere else equalled.'

Other suggestions are for classes in literature and history of an amateurish kind, current events classes, and physical culture classes. Many young ladies have found an excellent career as teachers of cookery and hygiene, others as teachers of physical culture. For these positions special training is required. The advice as to authorship is excellent: 'No one should engage in authorship unless urged thereto by that compelling force, the necessity of self-expression. Without this inward urging the "trade of writing," as it is sometimes wrongly called, is a good thing to keep away from.' Far too many useless books are published, and books about books. A novelist was recently asked by a little girl the meaning of the word penury. 'Penury, my child,' was the answer, 'means the wages of the pen.' Nursing, typewriting and stenography, keeping furnished rooms, acting as a travelling companion, house decoration, poultry-raising, bee-keeping, and gardening are all touched upon, besides much else.

The whole subject is suggestive and encouraging. Given the spur of necessity and a willing mind, there are a thousand and one ways of being useful and perhaps earning money in the process. This is, of course, in addition to pursuing the career for which one has received a special training, which it is the duty of parents and guardians to give to all young people under their care. As the late Dr Marcus Dods once wrote, 'I think it is very often in the extras of life, not in one's main employment, that the best work is done.'

IN THE HARBOUR OF TRIPOLI

By JOHN RICHARD HALE, Author of *Famous Sea Fights.*

BRITONS are beginning to know something of the history of their own navy, but most of them know next to nothing of the gallant exploits performed by the seamen of other fighting Powers, not even of what American sailors have done in the past, though their deeds ought to be remembered by us as part of the common stock of the splendid war-record of English-speaking peoples.

So I dare say that to many of those who read the story I shall tell of dashing bravery and grim tragedy in Tripoli harbour it will be news that rather more than a hundred years ago the United States sent a squadron across the Atlantic and into the Mediterranean to call 'the Bashaw of Tripoli' to account for piratical seizures of American shipping. The war that followed was mainly a blockade of Tripoli and the minor ports to the east of it, and ended in the pasha submitting to the demands of the American commodore, but not till there had been some hard-fought gunboat engagements and two disastrous experiences for the Americans, one of them redeemed by what Nelson—no mean judge of such matters—described as 'the most daring act of the age;' and it was the time of the great French war, when daring acts were common enough.

The exploit which called forth this enthusiastic praise from the greatest of sailors was the recapture and destruction of the United States frigate *Philadelphia*, under the guns of the batteries of Tripoli, during the night of 16th February 1804. In the previous October the *Philadelphia*, a thirty-eight-gun frigate, was cruising, without any other ships to support her, off Tripoli. While chasing a Tripolitan vessel she ran fast aground on a reef. All efforts to get her off proved unavailing, and she was forced to surrender to a flotilla of gunboats that came out to attack her, and opened fire from positions on which none of the guns of the stranded frigate

could be brought to bear. The Tripolitans then succeeded in getting her off the reef, and took her into Tripoli harbour and repaired her. They were good sailors and 'first-class fighting men,' and the American commodore in the Mediterranean felt that it would be dangerous to allow the ship to remain long in their hands, apart from the fact that it was a point of honour to redeem the disaster as soon as possible. There being no force available for a close blockade of the port, it was decided to send an expedition to Tripoli to destroy the lost frigate at her anchors. She lay close under the guns of a formidable array of batteries, and it was reluctantly settled that it would be too difficult a business to make sail and bring her out after capturing her.

While he was thinking out his plans Commodore Preble mentioned the matter to one of his young officers, Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, a gallant Maryland sailor of French extraction, who had already won distinction in the American navy, and was always eager for any dangerous work. Decatur induced the commodore to promise to assign the task to him. Rough weather had driven the squadron into Syracuse, and Decatur had just rejoined it there in the armed schooner *Enterprise*, bringing with him a prize he had captured, a small lateen-rigged Tripolitan craft, which when he took her was crowded with slaves bound for Turkey. The captured ship was renamed the *Intrepid*, and Decatur was to command her in the attempt to surprise the *Philadelphia* under the guns of Tripoli.

Volunteers were called for, and Decatur took command of the *Intrepid* with a picked crew of seventy officers and men. Three lieutenants and six midshipmen were in this 'forlorn hope,' and a Sicilian pilot who knew the harbour well was added to the party. A sixteen-gun sloop, the *Siren*, was told off to convoy the smaller craft. The *Siren* and the *Intrepid* started from Syracuse in the first week of February 1804. When they arrived off Tripoli, on a dark and windy night, the pilot declared that he could not take a ship into the harbour in such weather, and the expedition stood out to sea, and for some days knocked about in a gale waiting for the weather to improve. At last came the longed-for change, and at noon on 16th February the two ships were off Tripoli, out of sight of land, with a light breeze and a smooth sea. It was decided that the attempt should be made that evening.

After dark the ships closed in with the land. Orders were issued detailing to every officer and man his part in the business, and after sunset the *Intrepid* stood in towards Tripoli. The *Siren* followed her, but she was to lie outside the long line of reefs at the harbour-mouth while her consort ran in.

Everything had been done to give the *Intrepid* the appearance of a peaceful trader. Her crew of officers and men were kept below or lay down under the shadow of the bulwarks, only a few men standing up. The Sicilian pilot was at the helm. He steered her safely through a gap in the reefs, and by the light of a crescent moon Decatur was soon able to mark the position of the frigate. She lay close in to the town. Her foremast had been cut away when she stranded, and had not yet been replaced; her topmasts were down, and lights glimmered through her open portholes. Beside her lay two fairly large Tripolitan warships and a crowd of gunboats and galleys.

The wind had fallen, so that the *Intrepid* moved very slowly through the still water of the bay. It was nearly an hour before she neared the anchored ships, a time of anxious tension for the daring adventurers. Decatur had given the helm to one of his sailors, telling him to steer for the bows of the *Philadelphia* and run into her. Then grapnels would be thrown over her cables, and the boarders would climb over her rail and through her ports. He went forward himself to lead the rush; and as he approached the frigate he called the pilot to act as his interpreter if the Tripolitans should hail him. He told the pilot what to say in order to put the enemy completely off their guard.

There was still a wide stretch of moonlit water between the two ships when a lookout on the deck of the *Philadelphia* hailed the *Intrepid*. The pilot called out that his ship was a trader from Malta. She had lost both her anchors, he said, in the late gale, and he asked leave to make her fast to the frigate till morning. The Tripolitan agreed to this, and the *Intrepid* was gliding up to the big ship's bows when suddenly a flaw of wind from an unexpected direction flattened her sail against the mast and sent her drifting sternwards past the bristling muzzles of the frigate's broadside. But the Tripolitans, still unsuspicious and anxious to be helpful, called out that they were sending a boat with a rope. Decatur had already put some of his men into a boat that was being towed alongside to take a rope and make fast to the *Philadelphia's* bows. They secured it, and pulling back, took the other rope brought by the enemy's boat. Hauling on these two ropes, the *Intrepid's* men were bringing their ship alongside the *Philadelphia*, when some one on her high deck called out that they were liars, for there were two anchors lying in the bows. 'Stand off!' came the shout, and an attempt was made to cut the ropes. But it was too late. The *Intrepid* came grinding against the frigate's side and was made fast in a moment, and then over the bulwarks and through the ports came the shouting rush of Americans, cutlass and pistol in hand.

The surprise was so sudden and complete that there was a panic among the enemy. Here and there a shot was fired or a few blows struck; but in three minutes the enemy were bolting out of the ship, plunging overboard from bulwarks and portholes, and swimming for the shore or the

nearest ships. Swiftly the combustibles prepared beforehand were passed on board, distributed, and set on fire. So quickly was it done that the men who had cleared the lower decks were driven out by the flames and heat. While the *Intrepid* was casting off, tongues of fire burst from the frigate's portholes, and for a moment the victors were in danger of seeing their own ship destroyed. They shoved her off, and ran out eight 'sweeps'—long oars—on each side, and began to pull for the harbour-mouth.

Till then the Tripolitans had not recovered from their surprise, but now a furious cannonade opened on the *Intrepid* from the one hundred and forty guns of the shore batteries and from the Tripolitan flotilla. The burning frigate lighted up all the bay with a red glare, for the flames were now running up her rigging and rising fiercely from hatchways and ports. It was a marvel that the *Intrepid* escaped. All round her the shot from the enemy's guns were bounding over the water and sending up geysers of foam that drenched every one on deck. But only one shot struck her, and that did no harm. The *Philadelphia's* guns were loaded, and as the fire heated the metal they went off one by one, and she lay in such a position that some of the shot went into the town, some into the nearest ships. As the victors cleared the reef they met the boats of the *Siren* pulling in to their assistance, but they needed no help. Decatur had been completely successful, without losing a man.

From outside the reefs he watched the frigate burn to the water's edge, her masts soon going over the side, each a hissing pillar of flame, and occasional explosions sending up showers of burning wreckage. Then, when at last the frigate sank in the bay and darkness closed in once more, the two ships stood away for Syracuse to report their success to the commodore. Decatur said his only regret was that he had not permission to try to bring the *Philadelphia* out, after rushing her.

In the following autumn the little *Intrepid* came to a tragic end. The Americans had closely blockaded and bombarded Tripoli, and had decided on using a device common enough in earlier wars to destroy the flotilla that lay under the batteries of the bay. The *Intrepid* was fitted as a fireship of the 'explosion type,' like the famous 'devil ships' that wrecked Parma's floating bridge in the great siege of Antwerp. A hundred barrels of gunpowder were packed away in her hold. Over these were arranged one hundred and fifty heavy shells and a quantity of scrap-iron. From this mine in her hold a train of powder with a slow-match led to the deck. Captain Somers, a distinguished officer, took command, with a lieutenant and eleven volunteers for his crew. Somers was to take his ship into the harbour on the first dark night when the wind was fair. He would then put her on a course that would run her into the midst of the enemy's flotilla, lash the helm, fire the slow-match, and escape with his men in a boat that was being towed astern.

On the night of 4th September the *Intrepid* started on her deadly errand. From the decks and rigging of the squadron anxious watchers saw her disappear in the darkness after passing safely through the outlying reefs. Presently it was seen that the enemy had discovered her, for the shore batteries opened a heavy fire. One of the watchers thought he could still make out her sail like a darker shadow in the night, and that he could distinguish with a telescope the flicker of a lantern on board. Then suddenly a terrible explosion roared over the sea, and the mast of the *Intrepid*, with the sail ablaze, was seen shooting up like a rocket amid a volcano of flame and a shower of flying fragments. Then all was silence.

Boats pulled in to the reef and waited for the expected arrival of Somers and his volunteers, but no one came. They rowed inside the rocks, but could discover nothing. Daylight showed the Tripolitan ships at anchor unharmed, but there was no sign of the *Intrepid*. Later it was known that she had blown up with all on board long before reaching the place where Somers intended to abandon her. How it happened will never be known. The scorched and mangled bodies of her crew drifted ashore here and there, one of them lying in her boat.

Stephen Decatur, who had commanded the aptly named *Intrepid* in her first famous exploit, won further honours before Tripoli. In the war with Britain in 1812 he took the *Macedonian* in a hard-fought frigate action, but had himself not long after to surrender, with honour, for he had made a good fight against four British ships before he hauled down his flag. Promoted to the rank of commodore, he commanded the squadron which in 1815 compelled the Algerines to give satisfaction for attacks on American shipping. Five years later his splendid career had a miserable end. He was shot dead in a duel arising out of a wretched dispute with a brother naval officer. A ship in the American navy commemorates his name.

THE NORTH DOWNS.

THE buzzing of the honey-laden bees
O'er thyme-grown hills traversed with chalky ways,
Where early traveller of the morning sees
The mist dispersing in the sun's warm rays;
The myriad rising sounds that greet the ear
From village in the vale, the children's cries,
The distant bark of watch-dogs sounding near,
The twittering of the lark from unknown skies,
The bleating of the lately sheared sheep
From sombre shade of old historic yews,
Which for an age have kept, and still shall keep,
The hillside track that lawless ploughs abuse—
No sacrilegious eye these joys can prove;
All these are thine, O Poet, live and love!

PERCY COLE.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE BARONY OF LASSWADE.

A RECORD OF OLD TIMES.

By JAMES STEUART.

IN these degenerate days a barony is a tract of land bearing certain privileges, but of yore it was a kingdom viewed through the wrong end of a telescope, a realm Lilliputian in area but peopled by inhabitants of ordinary stature. These baronies were ruled by barons who presided over territories so small as to deprive of its sting the old saying, 'Fareweel, fareweel tae Scotland; I 'm awa' tae Fife.' Such a district was the Barony of Lasswade, and the following notes based upon the Court Book of the barony are here collected in the hope that they may not prove uninteresting to those not already familiar with similar records already exploited.

The popular idea of a *baron* is of one who in the peerage is ranked next to a viscount—one of a class who are now objects of attack for holding too much of the earth's surface. But in the law of Scotland the title had a wider signification, and *the lesser barons* were those who held their lands directly under the Crown, and whose estates had been erected by the king into *free baronies*. Such a baron had jurisdiction both civil and criminal, which he might exercise either personally or by his bailie. In his barony the word of the baron was law, and he had the power to establish a barony court on his territory. Baronies were a natural consequence of the feudal system, one of the objects of which was in times of unrest and lawlessness to establish and maintain the power of the Crown and its courts. The setting up of deputy rulers endowed with the power of establishing subsidiary courts was one of the means of bringing home to the rural population the authority of law and order.

A baron had the power not only of setting up a barony court with its officers, but of constituting a minor tribunal called the *Court of Burlaw*, of which the officials consisted of the *birleymen*, the precursors of the modern police force.

Barony courts continued in Scotland until 1747, when their jurisdiction was so curtailed as to render them useless for their former purpose.

The lands comprised in the Barony of Lasswade were situated within six miles of Edinburgh, and measured about two miles in length and one mile in breadth at the broadest part, and embraced part of the village of Lasswade and the whole of the village of Loanhead. According to a list in the Court Book, there were in 1691 tenants in Paradise [Paradykes], Bruchie [Burghlee], Mavisbank, Edgefield, Over Lasswade, Netherhouses, and Kevock Mill, with apparently several small holdings in the villages of Lasswade and Loanhead. There were also eleven cottars in Loanhead and twenty-two in Lasswade, in addition to twenty-three colliers and thirty-two coal-bearers (thirty women and two men). Thus do we find incipient attempts at taking a census of the inhabitants.

The Court Book of the barony consists of a folio volume of one hundred and thirty pages still preserved in the archives of the Penicuik family. The entries date from 1664 to 1740. When the record begins Sir John Nicolson was proprietor of the barony. About the year 1696 it passed to Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, who died in 1722, and was succeeded by his son, the second baronet and a Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

What a record of laws and judgments these old pages contain, intended mainly for the good of the inhabitants of the district! For although many of the regulations were directed towards the preservation of the baron's rights of property, still there is no evidence of an attempt to grind down the inhabitants, as might have been expected in an age when feudal ideas prevailed. After the succession of the Clerk family the impression is conveyed by the record that the baron took both a kingly and a fatherly interest in his subjects.

On turning to the pages themselves, it is perhaps a matter of surprise to find so few convictions for offences against the person. Although various regulations are made about the sale of drink, there are no convictions for drunkenness. Of offences against 'good-neighbourhood' there are comparatively few recorded, although in 1676 it was provided: 'A Burla Court to be opened ilk Setturday at night for keeping good order.' A coal-hewer was fined ten pounds (the sums being of course in Scots money) for suffering his son to molest a married woman by 'scandalizing her with his tongue most reproachfullie.' One Elspeth Johnston was also mulcted in five pounds for accusing the servant of William Ramsay of stealing clothes, on the evidence of a witness who stated

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that she heard Elspeth say, 'She hard a bird sing y^t Will: Ramsay's woman satt at y^e dor spinning all y^e afternoon, and that y^r was no body could go in or out but she could see y^m.' Yet another woman was convicted for calling Helen Somerville 'witch,' a more serious appellation in past ages than in the present. What strikes one as testifying to the absence of serious lawlessness was that a collier was fined and put in irons for calling the coal-grieve 'knave.' If a fault so trifling were visited with so serious a penalty, the statute book to deal with greater crimes would indeed have been bulky. That there was an attempt 'to make the punishment fit the crime' is evidenced by the fact that another collier who broke the head of the grieve with a whip-shaft was not only put in irons, but was fined fifty pounds Scots, and put away from all coal-work in the barony till he found caution for his quiet, peaceable, and Christian behaviour in time coming. In some cases of assault, where accusation was laid for 'blooding a man,' the guilty party was fined thirty pounds Scots 'for the blood'—that is, for the compensation payable to the injured party—and ten pounds 'for the blood wyt,' the fine which fell to the court.

Not only did the baron try and convict the guilty, but he passed numerous laws to be observed in his little kingdom.

In the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century more trees were to be found in the Lothians than in other parts of Scotland, except in remote Highland glens. In these circumstances, when practically all the timber required for building and domestic purposes was imported, it was natural that the existing timber should be zealously safeguarded. Thus in 1668 we find it enacted that no tenant should cut any wood, and in 1676 that no persons were to be found in the wood; and tenants were prohibited from cutting any alder-trees or from peeling them 'except such as shall be cutted for the use of the tenants' houses.' The penalty for transgression touched the delinquents not only in their person but their dignity, since it provided they should pay ten pounds, and 'besydes shall be taken against the next Lord's Day to the churchyeard and put in the jugs y^r, and these things which they have stollen shall be either laid doun befor them at there fete or bound about some pairt of there body, that every one may see and know distinctly upon what accompt they are thus punished.' The churchyard must have been full the Sunday in 1702 when James Thomson was convicted of stealing two hundred loads of hardwood from Sir John Clerk's wood; a charge which testified not only to the foolhardiness of the accused, but also to the extent of the plantations. That timber was not so scarce as in other parts of the country is also proved by a complaint by Sir John twelve years later that those who had obtained liberty for cutting timber for the reparation of their houses had 'shamefully cuted y^e same an ell or half ane ell above y^e roots.'

The general absence of fencing till towards the end of the eighteenth century rendered necessary strict enactments against permitting stock to trespass. Thus in 1666 an Act was passed that 'everie man who shall keepe and hird his horses in the lon betwixt and the lon-head shall helpe to build and mend the dykes belonging to the said lon.' And speaking of horses, we find a trace of a prehistoric Board of Agriculture in the by-law that no one was to put out 'any colded horse' to the commonty. The proprietor of 'a wanton staig' [unbroken horse] in the commonty 'that will not be ruled by the herd' was bound to 'langell it'—that is, to tie together the two legs on one side. Where there was a common herd the owners of animals were prohibited from putting them out 'till the herd fetch them.'

The pig was as unpopular with the baron as with the Jew, for it is written: 'Ilk person that keeps swyne to keep them within house.' That the predatory tendency of domestic poultry had been discovered even at that early age is shown by the sumptuary law, short but to the point: 'Nae coatter to keep hennis but 4 hens.' The misdeeds of these animals are set forth forcibly in a further enactment 'against holding swine, geise, or dwke, they being unlawfull beasts and fowels, and great destroyers of grass and corns,' till such time as the corn was led home. 'The friend of man' found little favour, for no one was allowed 'to keep any curre doge, except scheipird-dog, without an order, under the penaltie of hanging thair dog and paying £10 Scots.' The favour thus early shown to the 'scheipird-dog' finds its counterpart in modern legislation. The records also contain enactments against the feuars in Lasswade 'selling their muck out of the baronie,' possibly on the principle of keeping the internal economy of their fishes for their own sea-gulls. Provision was made against casting of divots, 'not only spoyling y^e grownd, but untimely casting and laying of same upon housses q^ch turns to y^e ruine of y^e said housses and breaking doun y^rof;' and against the use of guns or firelocks for shooting any kind of fowls or beasts without the laird's license. Tenants were fined for having lint laid in the water 'contrar to y^e Act of Parliament.'

Sir John Nicolson, like his successors in the barony, ruled with a strong hand. In the first year of his reign he laid down the law that if any work had to be wrought at the 'coal yett,' the coal-grieve should have liberty to call the coal-bearers off any harvest-rig where they should be shearing. Some time later it was 'statuit and ordained that several young persons within the barony who were not employed in any occupation should with 'all sturdie young beggars' be employed in the coal-bearing.

Various other regulations were made for re-

straining the liberty of the individual, such as that no servants were to be taken into families without a testimonial seen and approved by the minister and kirk session of Lasswade; that no persons were to fee themselves without the barony for the time of harvest under a penalty of eight shillings per day. And if it was not easy to get out of the barony it was equally difficult to get in, for no one was allowed 'to resett any stranger (who is not his neir relation) longer than three days' without acquainting Sir John or the minister. A servant who complained that the tenant of Edgefield had beaten him not only had his plea found irrelevant, but was ordered to return to his master and to pay twenty shillings Scots 'of y^e^ forend of his fee for y^e^ tyme he was away fra his service, becaus he beate him slendirly for his rogishnes and stubornes.'

Monopolies were created in favour of persons brewing or selling strong waters or wine, including prohibition against importation. Only one bakehouse was allowed in Loanhead, and the tenants were bound to employ the local smith. Only William and John Johnston were allowed to make creels for the colliers and bearers, the makers 'to pay six pennies Scots for each creel to be made of y^e^ wands which the laird shall furnish out of his wode, and to charge 4s. for each coal-creel and 5s. Scots for each wode-creel.'

When the coals of Lasswade were first worked it is probably now impossible to ascertain, the earliest reference to them traced being in a charter of 1592. We find in 1623 Mr John Nicolson lodging a complaint before the Privy Council against his tenant, which begins with the preamble that 'Ane of the cheif benefites quhairwith it hes pleasit God to inritche the boundis of Lothiane is the commodite of the coill quhairwith the countrey is so plentifullie served, and without the quhilk it could not long subsist; and that the complener haveing ane verrie goode coill upoun his landis of Lesswade, callit the grite seame of Lesswade.' The ground of complaint was that James Tulloch, the tenant, had 'drowned and perrished the compleneris heugh, quhilk wes ane of the best in Lothiane.' To remedy the drowning of the coals, the next tenants, who were Englishmen, 'caused big ane horse-milne to have wroght and taikin the watter from the said coill;' but we regret to say Mr John, for some reason not stated, 'brak af the armes thairof, away tooke and transportit the same,' leaving the 'four grite horssis' bought for the work standing idle.

After the acquisition of the property by the Clerk family the coals appear to have been worked in a more systematic way, and in 1723 the second baronet began the expenditure of one thousand pounds in bringing up a level from the river Esk at Mavisbank to cut the coal-seams near Loanhead, which drained fourteen seams of coal from Bilston Park to the march with the Barony of Melville. This level still discharges water a short distance below the gardens of Mavisbank.

Those who desire a picture of the work in a coal-pit even so late as the early part of the nineteenth century can refer to Hugh Miller's description of his visit to a pit at Dryden Glen, as set forth in his lectures on the *Geological Features of Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood.*

Until 1775 many colliers and coal-bearers in Scotland were in a state of slavery or bondage, bound for life to the collieries where they worked and transferable with the collieries. It may, however, be remarked that there is no evidence in the Court Book that the miners on the Lasswade estate or the women who had to perform the utterly unsuitable work of carrying the coal to the surface were treated with any undue severity, taking into account the manners and customs of the times. Indeed, it is recorded in 1696 that 'the heall former Acts anent the coailiers were read and approven by themselves as just and reasonable.'

From the fact that coal was such an important item on the estate, it is no matter for surprise to find that colliery regulations bulk largely in the local Acts of the barony. Thus when Sir John Clerk became proprietor in 1696 various rules 'for the better management of the coale-work' were laid down. All who bore coals on their backs from the coal-pits of Loanhead to any place required to have a license from Sir John or the bailie. If the grieve should speak reproachfully or ignominiously to or miscall any of the colliers or bearers, whether men or women, he was to be fined ten shillings Scots. No colliers were to presume to carry off coals upon their backs but according to use and wont—to wit, 'Everie master coalier one burden of chows to y^e^ valow of a counter nightly, every common bearer two burdens.' They were prohibited from bringing out 'neck coals, stair coals, or any great coalls' for their own use, and were limited to 'chow coalls' the last being still a familiar name for the smaller pieces.

Sir John 'loosed y^e^ heall coaliers and bearers of Loanhead from y^r^ work upon Wednesday y^e^ 20 of Jan^r^ 1703 till they should condescend to y^e^ heall following articles.' These articles included provisions for guarding against 'all profainess and immoralitie, particularlie ag^t^ excessive drinking and tipling, feightin and flyting, cursing and swearing'—all very proper regulations. Colliers were to work twelve hours each day of the week, and for every day they were idle they were to pay as much to the grieve as they made on a working day. Every collier was ordered to pay five shillings Scots to each bearer. They were also enjoined 'to give to the buyers [of coal] as good a pennyworth as is given in any part of Lothiane, or rather a greater than less.' They were also prohibited from selling their own fire counters 'q^ch^ are allowed y^m^ for y^r^ necessary use;' and

bearers were not to get more counters than one on Wednesday and another on Saturday. No collier was allowed to take for his fire counters above the standard, 'y^e measure q^rof is exactlie one fott broad and two fote and a half long within and six inches and a half high, filled strakewayes [that is, with the coal above the top of the measure stroked off] with two pieces of gathering coals each of y^m not above y^e bignes of ane ordinary man's fote and all y^e rest chows y^e biggest q^rof is not to exceid ane ordinary man's fist.'

An interesting entry as showing the current rate of wages in 1700 relates to a law-plea where Jean Somervell, coal-bearer, sued two colliers 'for her year's fie q^ch fie was ten pounds Scots [£1, 6s. 8d. sterling] and two pair of single sold shoes and ane pair of double sold shoes, and ane harden sark and ane ell of linnen.' And yet they did not speak of 'a living wage' at that epoch!

It was probably the advancing growth of freedom which caused one of the last entries to be worded in less polite language. This enactment of 1740 directed that no coal-bearers should sell coals within the barony 'under the penalty of being held as thieves, and being whipt throw the Town of Lonhead by the hands of the common hangman of Edinburgh, and imprisoned for the space of four days y^rafter.'

Before leaving the subject of the colliers, it is here necessary to note the establishment in 1696 of what was the precursor of the modern savings banks, if not of State Insurance. It was arranged that Sir John Clerk should provide a strong timber or iron box for keeping and holding the stock-purse of the colliers and miners, to which each was to pay two shillings weekly, and each under-collier one shilling Scots. The box was to be kept by the grieve, and the 'kie' by any person the colliers appointed. The money was to be employed as the colliers thought fit, with Sir John's consent, each collier having two votes, and each under-collier one. 'And seeing the said box is to have a slit for receiving of the monie, it is provyded that the samen shall never be opened except in the presence of the said Sir John or the airs-male of his bodie.'

The compulsory enforcement of religious observance in the old days in Scotland has been the subject of much quotation from kirk session records, and of comment thereon; but our notes from the Court Book would not be complete without some extracts to show the steps taken to regulate matters religious or ecclesiastical by the civil authority.

During the first twenty-five years covered by the entries in the Court Book Episcopacy was the established religion in Scotland. That all did not willingly conform is evident from the imposition of fines of ten pounds Scots on 'ilk person within the barony that hes been at the conventicle preachings;' and in 1680 a man was fined fifty merks for baptising his child at the conventicles. All tenants that should not keep 'their awin paroch church' were to be mulcted in ten pounds, and every cottar or servant in three pounds; moreover, 'whatsomever of the tenants shall not keep the paroch kirke shall pay for their coalls as other persons does within the paroch.' This law was passed, it goes without saying, before the days of Radical evening newspapers.

One of Sir John Clerk's first acts after acquiring the barony in 1696 was to pass the following elaborate Act against the transgression of the Sabbath-day. This provides 'That all persons q^h do not keep the church, nor observe punctually y^e sanctifying of y^e Lord's Day and y^e deeds of catechising, or q^e do come home betwixt sermons, without a weightie cause, shall be looked upon as profane persons and unworthie of Christian fellowship, and to be baneished out of y^e baronie, if after rebuke they do not amend. And, moreover, it is statute: That all the tenents, colliers, their wifes, servants, and children, upon the Sabbath morning waite on the grieve chek and oversman, and go alongst with them altogether every Lord's Day to the church (except they have a reasonable and weightie excuse); And that the grieve chek, oversman, and officer shall, now and then, tyme about, go throw the haill housses (in tyme of publick worship) and mark who are at home and what is there cairage; that they reprove and admonish as they shall find cause, and if no amendement folow theron, that they report to the laird first and then to the sessione. And y^t all children who shall meett togither in clusters on the Lord's Day to play togeither (as ordinarily they do), their parents be advertised thereof and commanded to belt them privately for the first and second fault, and they are to be belted publicly on the coale-hill by there parents for the third fault on munday morning thereafter.'

In the year 1702 there was passed a new set of regulations against Sabbath desecration. The whole tenants and colliers condescended and yielded 'to y^e keeping in y^mselves, wifs, children, and servants upon y^e Lord's Day w^tin y^r houses if they goe not to kirk, both before, in tyme, and after divin service.' Moreover, it was statute and ordained 'That q^esoever after y^e date hereof upon y^e Sabath dayes shall be found walking, playing, clashing, caballing, and meeting tog^r in multituds, either masters of famles, y^r wifes, bairns, or servants, either at y^e doors in y^e wods or brease, and goes not to y^e kirk or at least keeps not y^mselves w^tin doors closed all y^e Sabath-day both in tyme before and af^t divine service, every m^r of a famlie and his wife shall pay 2 sh. Scots, and every servant 1 sh. Scots, and every child above 6 years 6 pennies Scots.'

This is not the place to discuss whether these regulations—at least well intentioned—tended to the benefit of the inhabitants or otherwise. The picture conjured up from the time-stained record

is at least pathetic, and in these days of Sunday freedom—if not of license—it is difficult to know whether most to wonder at the band of 'horny-handed sons of toil' being marched like so many boarding-school misses to the parish church, or at the children being 'belted publicly on the coale-hill' for meeting 'togither in clusters' to play on Sunday. The parenthetical phrase 'as ordinarily they do' surely reveals a human sympathy in the heart of the baron, kindly but stern in his sense of duty. The impression thus formed is strengthened by the fact that the worthy baron offered to educate at his own expense the children of colliers or coal-bearers who were not able to educate them at schools. This was coupled with an offer to teach 'any persone under sixtie yeares q° is willing and desirous to read y° Scriptures.'

In taking leave of the barony, with its king, laws, courts, police, colliery regulations, savings bank, and free education, we find in its Court Book the record of seeds sown which have grown and multiplied, and have tended to form the basis of our modern civilisation.

BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

CHAPTER III.—FAME.

AN untruth which has been circulated with great energy for many years is the statement that the most difficult year of married life is the first year. Could any more fallacious notion be foisted on an obtuse and unthinking public? The first year of married life is by far the sweetest of the run, if one may apply a theatrical term not inaptly. It is the second year which is the trying one, when the little third party arrives; for it is then that my lord suffers partial or entire dethronement from the first place in my lady's heart, always supposing, of course, that it is a love marriage.

During the honeymoon Jacob bore with a very good grace Lizzie's frequent caresses; but when they settled down in their little house to the humdrum daily life he found her amorous attitude somewhat trying. One day when he was sitting in his easy-chair, armed with a pencil and a roll of music-paper, thinking out ideas for his cantata, Lizzie came in with flour-covered hands, flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him rapturously on the forehead.

'Don't do that!' almost shouted Jacob. 'Can't you see I'm writing?'

Lizzie gave him a frightened glance and stole away; and although Jacob, half-an-hour later, went into the kitchen and endeavoured with sundry friendly advances to make amends for his harsh conduct, it was plain that he had wounded her feelings, and thereafter her attitude towards him became very much more subdued.

Every new day supplies fresh matter for conversation, and so Jacob and Lizzie, in their quiet way, found plenty to talk about. Lizzie prattled on in an ingenuous manner all her own. Sometimes Jacob listened to her; oftener he allowed his mind to stray to other matters. When he was not thinking of his cantata he was thinking about his bills, for on his very small income and on the very little that Lizzie had brought him he found it impossible to make both ends meet. There existed, indeed, a wide gap between them. However, he was a sanguine sort of fellow, and he had that instinctive feeling possessed by all sanguine people that somehow or other he would scrape along and pay his way.

And so Jacob was fairly happy. Entirely wrapped up in his own affairs, he pursued his way towards his goal with undeviating steps. What the vicar had said about him was largely true, for ambition was the keynote of his existence. After all, an artist to succeed requires some kind of spur, and Jacob's was the desire to be a person of importance, to be pointed out as *the* Mr Miller, to receive requests for his autograph, to be somebody, with a big S. And now that he had a wife and probable family to provide for he redoubled his efforts.

. . . . . .

Two interesting events in Jacob Miller's life synchronised. The child—let us put that first, although Jacob didn't—was a very much prettier thing in babies than the organist ever deserved to have. Neither Jacob nor Lizzie was strictly good-looking—Jacob, indeed, when annoyed, worried, or not in the best of health, being absolutely foxy in appearance, while Lizzie's beauty was of the pass-in-a-crowd order. It has been said, however, that when plain parents have pretty children, you must look a little deeper than the skin for the cause of that beauty. A gracious and well-ordered mind in the mother or father will sometimes be reproduced in the fair features of a child. Perhaps Jacob's first-born was beautiful because his wife had a soul most innocent, a heart most pure.

The first intimation Jacob received of the second event was the arrival of a reporter from Casminster, which was distant only some twenty miles from Padditch.

Mrs Miller, feeling weak and ill, was lying on the rather hard sofa in the little sitting-room when the reporter arrived. Jacob was copying into the choir manuscript-books the bass and tenor parts of a new chant he had composed. The boys would learn it by ear, and Padditch didn't boast an alto.

'Mr Miller in?' inquired the reporter of the 'girl.'

'Yes, sir.'

The reporter handed her his card. 'Please ask him to give me a few minutes.'

Jacob wondered what on earth the *Casminster Daily Gazette* wanted from him.

'Mr Miller, I bring you my congratulations, sir. I presume you know'——

Lizzie was sitting up, a strange, excited expression on her face. Jacob apparently didn't know.

'You have won the Festival Prize, Mr Miller!'

And although three hours later Evangeline Miller opened her blue eyes on our difficult world, the reporter went back to Casminster with a good columnful of facts about the latest discovery in composers.

And so followed the happiest week in Jacob's life. He was not even damped by the remark of the vicar's wife to the effect that everything now depended on how the cantata 'took.'

'Confound it,' exclaimed Jacob as he left the vicarage, 'one would think she was talking about vaccination!'

Carol, following her usual extravagant custom, wired her congratulations from Paris. Everybody rejoiced at the young organist's good fortune, and there was a full church on the Sunday following the great announcement. Luke Spencer was quietly complimentary; and, while Miller expatiated on the possibilities of the future, he nailed some felt on the edge of the parlour door, which closed rather too loudly for the invalid's well-being.

'I'm made,' said Jacob—'made!'

'I suppose you'll leave Padditch?' said Luke, as he put in the last tack.

'Well, I hope so. A man who can write a cantata for a festival isn't likely to drag on in a hole like this.'

'You'll be offered a better job?'

'That is what I live in hopes of, Mr Spencer,' said Jacob, lighting a cigarette and promenading the room with light steps.

'Well, we shall miss you. You are too good for this place, Miller;' and Luke picked up his Trilby hat.

'Don't forget to write an ode about it,' laughed Miller. But this mention of Luke's art reminded him of another matter. 'By the way, old chap,' he added, 'what about your share of it? Of course,' he hastened to assure his collaborator, 'the music's the chief thing, but your words were jolly good. What shall we say? Ten pounds—five—what would be fair?'

He had really intended to regard the libretto of 'Belshazzar' as a present—Luke had knocked it off so easily, you know; but the sight of the handy man's worn Trilby hat and far from new clothes touched his conscience.

'Say five,' replied Luke. 'And will you put it in the bank as a present for my little god-daughter?' he added gently as he went out.

'Good chap that,' muttered Jacob, as from the window he watched the librettist striding down the street. 'A better man than me,' he thought, in a sudden fit of self-abasement that did him far more credit than the winning of a thousand festival prizes could have done.

Luke was making his way to the Darbys', possibly because he had heard that Carol was home for a few days. This spendthrift young lady dashed home whenever opportunity offered. She hated Paris.

'Well, Luke,' said Carol as Spencer entered the living-room, 'and how are you?'

Mrs Spencer, it may be added, greatly objected to her son's mixing on equal terms with the Darbys. A solicitor, she was at pains to point out to her son, held a very different position from a grocer. But Luke went where he would, social differences affecting him not at all. He had already given the Darbys sound advice on such very varying subjects as rhubarb, the income-tax, and the best site for a water-butt.

'I have been earning money,' said Luke, seating himself on the piano-stool.

'Wonders will never cease!' cried Carol, who was arranging some flowers. 'What at?'

'Law,' said Luke.

'Oh, how splendid!' she exclaimed, carelessly placing one of her hands on his shoulder. 'Law! How?'

Most people treated Luke as an easy-going fool, and made use of him accordingly. The Darbys were no exception to the rule. So harmless a fellow was the young articled clerk that Carol would not have hesitated long about combing out her hair in his presence. There are some men that girls 'don't mind,' and Luke was one of them.

Luke looked very hard at the piano-keys when Carol put her hand on his shoulder. 'Yes,' he said. 'I met an old farmer the other day, and he asked my advice about a disagreement he'd had with the vicar about glebe land. I gave him my opinion, and he went away very pleased. When I got home I made out a bill on our paper for six-and-eightpence, and sent it to him, and the old boy had to shell out. He had consulted the firm, you see!'

'That was *very* mercenary of you!' cried Carol, going back to her flowers.

'Why should he have advice for nothing?' demanded Luke.

'Why indeed?' said Carol. 'After all, you've got to make your living. Some day you'll have a wife to provide for, like Jacob.'

Luke gave her a quick glance, but she was busying herself unconcernedly with her vases. If he did not sigh, he certainly did not laugh.

'Yes, some day I shall have a wife to provide for,' he said slowly. 'I will take good care that I don't marry a woman who has it in her power to provide for *me*.'

'Quite right,' said Carol. 'I hate a—— Oh, do play something!' she broke off in an odd

little way. 'Has Jacob set any more of your words to music lately?'

'Two or three little things. You've not heard "Highroad and Byroad," have you?'

'No.'

'Well, I'll do my best at it.'

And in a fresh, untrained baritone voice he sang Jacob's latest composition. Words and music fitted well.

'That's delightful!' said Carol when he had finished it. 'How clever Jacob is!'

'He has his moments,' allowed Luke. 'And the words are not bad, are they?'

'Oh, I never listen to the words of a song,' said Carol. 'Nobody does, you know. Why, here *is* Jacob!'

The young organist's face was flushed. So breathless was his message that he hardly stopped to greet the lady. He held a letter in his hand. 'Think of it!' he cried. 'I've got a London appointment.'

'Oh, that's splendid! What is it?' cried Carol.

'St Monica's, Mayfair—the fashionable West End church.'

Carol, in her impulsive, generous way, thought immediately of her sister. 'Oh, won't Lizzie be pleased!' And then she held out her hand to her brother-in-law.

'Thank you, Carol. Yes, this is my chance. It won't be my fault if I don't make things hum!'

His eyes glittered, not with the artistic enthusiasm of a musician who has won a fair hearing by the world, but with the thought of how the name of Jacob Miller would sound when spoken by many lips.

(To be continued.)

THE BURBANK FRUIT-FARM.

WHEN we see in the huckster's shop the rows, pyramids, circles, and crosses made of the red-cheeked apples, peaches, and other fruits, this appetising display is very attractive to the eye. It would seem as if nature had made the product of the tree and bush not only good to the taste but picturesque to the eye.

Yet a man in America has actually excelled nature in producing fruits that have a richer colour and a better taste, and are of a larger size. Peaches from the orchard of this horticultural wizard are equal in size to two clenched fists held together. Weigh one of the big red apples on the scales, and it tips the beam at over a pound; one person could not eat more than half of it. The melons in his garden-patch, even the humble potatoes from the vegetable-field, are double the size of the ordinary fruit and vegetable.

This nature improver has his farm in far western America, in the state of California. Over thirty years ago Mr Luther Burbank began to get his first world-wide publicity. His work was so unusual and mysterious to the ordinary mind, and so exaggerated by certain writers, that he was dubbed a nature faker. Every time a new fruit or flower was announced, persons who knew absolutely nothing about the subject set out to prove the world's foremost horticulturist an impostor. While these attacks for a time injured Burbank, in the end they proved a 'boost,' for the controversies created a wide interest in his discoveries.

Probably the last doubt of Mr Burbank's genuineness passed away when the assembling in San Francisco in 1899 of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations gave a large group of scientific men from all parts of the country an opportunity to examine critically the man and his work on his own grounds at Santa Rosa and his farm called Sebastopol. The reports which these visitors published through many channels were eloquent of doubts removed and demonstrations accepted. Since then, as though to atone for the errors of the past, distant comments upon Mr Burbank and his work have been most cordial and appreciative.

The Burbank potato, as it was called, was the first of his efforts to increase vegetation in quantity and quality. He planted seed-potatoes in clay, loam, sand, and black earth, fertilising the green shoots with various nourishing elements. At harvest he placed samples of each potato grown in a row, but the largest and best tasting was not up to his expectations. For five years he ploughed, seeded, and cultivated. Then was produced the Burbank potato, with its white skin instead of red. How popular it is with the farmers is shown by the fact that so many seed-potatoes are grown of this variety that, according to a statement of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, the Burbank potato is adding to the farm productivity of the country an annual amount of three and a half million pounds sterling.

The Burbank plum when first introduced was by dealers and shippers, canners and dryers, generally pronounced as 'not like other plums,' and they would have none of it; but, although generally introduced less than twenty years ago, it is perhaps to-day more widely known and more generally grown than any other plum of any name or kind produced either by nature or by the scientific experiments of man.

Fifteen years ago the first experiments with the thornless cactus were instituted on Mr Burbank's farm. Four years ago his opuntias, as they are called, were put on the market,

and the interest in them has been so far-reaching that the official representatives of almost every Government have shown their profound appreciation for the work either by correspondence, personal investigation, or purchase of some of the different varieties of spineless cactus he has created. They are as safe to handle and as safe to feed to cattle as beets, potatoes, carrots, or pumpkins, and they produce more food with less care and less water and on poorer soil than any other plant which grows on this earth, excelling even the banana in their never-failing bountiful crops of fruit.

Although Mr Burbank's home is in Santa Rosa, his principal experiments are carried on at Sebastopol, about seven miles away. More than twenty years ago Mr Burbank purchased this twenty-acre tract, and there he has developed most of the trees and plants that have made him famous. General admittance to the Burbank gardens is prohibited, but no one who goes to Sebastopol fails to walk or drive out past his garden, which contains all his famous novelties, such as the stoneless prune, the primus berry (the first recorded fixed species produced by man), the huskless corn, the thornless blackberry, and specimens of the yellow calla lily, amaryllis, clematis, rose columbine, gladiolus, and shasta daisy. Visitors who expect to see long rows of beautiful plants are disappointed, for his grounds are a garden filled with a mixture of strange fruits and flowers with which he is experimenting. To show the extent of his operations, one year Mr Burbank burned sixty-five thousand two and three year old hybrid seedling berry-bushes in one bonfire, and had fourteen other bonfires of similar size on his place the same summer, because the plants were not up to the desired quality. Just after fruiting-time the bushes that have borne little are destroyed. It is not strange, therefore, that Mr Burbank should be known to some of his wondering neighbours as 'the man who used to have a big nursery, but now raises acres and acres of stuff and every summer has it dug up and burned.'

Naturally the wonderful success of this fruit and vegetable creator has aroused the interest of the botanist and the horticulturist in his work; while the American farmer who has benefited by Mr Burbank's efforts, which have been described, thinks so much of him that he is called the 'farmers' best friend.' The Department of Agriculture of the United States has sent its experts to visit the scene of his new agriculture, and what they have learned in the creation of larger and more palatable fruit and vegetables has been printed and mailed broadcast; so that Sebastopol and its sister-farm is a great object-lesson to the rural folk, while some of the methods are also being introduced among European peasants by their Governments.

It may be said that the Burbank plants and fruits are in demand in every part of the globe, and nearly all the well-known nursery establishments supply his creations. Take the catalogues of dealers in the United States, New Zealand, Australia, South America, Africa, and one will find all his standard fruits and flowers carefully listed.

Mr Burbank estimates that in 1904 over six thousand visitors were received by him. It was a costly sacrifice on his part. Some of his precious plants died for want of care, and important experimental work was delayed beyond recall. His grounds were overrun with crowds from daylight to ten o'clock at night. He was not allowed to rest on Sundays or holidays, and even his sleep was disturbed. His attention was so constantly drawn from legitimate matters that his letters were neglected, and even telegrams delayed. Mr Burbank declares that some of his meals were actually taken standing. Visitors called at all hours regardless of his convenience, each being under the fixed and unalterable impression that he or she was the one particular person who should be admitted. Finally, when his health was on the point of giving way, it was found necessary to place this notice at every gate: 'Positively, no visitors allowed.'

Until recently it was possible for well-known visitors to arrange for short interviews with Mr Burbank or to secure permission to saunter through his grounds; but an information bureau was erected at one corner of the grounds, and here an assistant now answers your questions, takes orders for seed, bulbs, or trees, or puts you in touch with Mr Burbank if the business is of sufficient importance to warrant the taking up of his time. Since flowers are so identified with the work of the garden, some of the time of this nature improver has been spent in the study of native flora. He has thought how he might enlarge the rose and deepen or lighten its colour; he has made the yellow of the field daisy a rich golden tint. In his garden lilies bloom so serrated that they look like delicate white lace. He has also developed several flowers totally unlike any of the wild or garden flowers.

Much of the expense incurred yearly in maintaining the nurseries and gardens is defrayed from the sale of flower, fruit, and vegetable seed, which is in demand by seed distributers through the United States. Mr Burbank came to California with scant resources. He secured land at Santa Rosa, and entered upon a nursery enterprise. With the money he accumulated he made good investments in real estate, which, with his horticultural novelties, have enabled him to acquire a competence fit to cover his moderate requirements for life, and to pay for his expensive horticultural experiments. He confesses to having put nearly two hundred and forty thousand dollars of his own private earnings into his work. 'Not one-tenth of this sum,' he says, 'has ever been received in return, nor was it expected, as few originators of a new plant have

ever made it pay themselves, no matter how many untold millions their work may have produced for others. No patent can be obtained on any improvement of plants, and for one I am glad that it is so. The reward is in the joy of having done good work.'

To-day Luther Burbank sells only novelties. He leaves their multiplication for trade to other men. To exploit some of these novelties large companies have since been founded; from the one seedling which Burbank has won and sold hundreds of thousands of trees have to be produced before the novelty can advantageously be brought into trade.

THE VENGEANCE OF ISAAC JESSON.

CHAPTER III.

ISAAC propped Mitchell's back against the wall, and while recovering his own strength asked himself what he was to do. The Cornishman's chin hung against his breast. There was no help in that quarter.

In one black moment the old memories and desire crept upon Isaac. That brought him to his feet, with clenched fists as when he had struck the Cornishman yesterday. And then the old Adam in him was dead.

Then also he understood that immediate action was necessary. Mitchell was badly mauled in both legs. Bones broken, at least. Some one might be at the pit-mouth. Though the engineman and banksman were both at home, some one might be passing.

He ran to the shaft, looked up its blackness, pulled the signal-wire again and again. The clang of the bell seemed loud even to him, nearly three hundred feet below. But there was no answering shout, no anything. Not a star in the sky either. Between Perks's Hole and the nearest cottage stretched a full half-mile of pit-banks, and even if the bell carried so far it would tell no particular tale.

He rang and rang, with the great idea taking shape in him more and more clearly. It had started on his way to the shaft. He had heard of it being done somewhere else. Therefore it *could* be done. He didn't remember the depth of that other mine, but it might have been deeper than Perks's. Perks's was not at all deep, as mines go.

It was a good chain for climbing, moreover, this of Perks's, with its big links. And Isaac *could* climb. He wanted to be a sailor when he was a boy, and could do almost anything with a rope.

With all this assurance, it took some facing. But it had to be; and, having decided, Isaac went into the shed for some wrapping for his hands. He noticed his supper-basin. Its cloth was the very thing; and, heedless at first of the slip of paper, he detached it and fastened it round his left hand and wrist, knotting it with his teeth. Then he took up the paper and read these words: 'I *am* so glad, Isaac, that you and Mitchell will be friends again!' He read and frowned. He didn't understand, and it was like salting a wound—briefly. Then he tore up some sacking and bandaged his right hand also. And then he started. One final clang, and up he went.

No thought of anything now except the programme before him. He didn't even fear it greatly. He knew it was a tough job, but he meant to win through it. It was so easy, moreover, for a while that he felt inclined to laugh at the fuss they made about that other achievement. The big links were just the right size for the hands, and helped the ankles finely. They gave a purchase to the feet, and were first-rate to rest on. But about half-way he began to flag; and then suddenly *the horrors* came to him. He called them that afterwards. It was his heart that was giving out, not his muscles, and the first symptom was a faintness which brought everything swooning round him. The black pit seemed to spin, and he in the middle of it like a thing on a string. And the dim outline of the shaft's mouth was as distant as ever.

It was a slow, sweating crawl upwards after this. He mastered the first attack by force of will. The others had to be treated differently. He would draw himself up close to the chain, press it to him with as low a clutch as possible to relieve the heart-strain. Then he would shut his eyes and just wait, breathing softly and praying. Not so much praying either. All outside energy had to be used sparingly.

The wonder was that he recuperated as he did. In his horrors he repeatedly saw himself letting all go and dropping. They were worse the higher he rose, and the worst was when he was out of the shaft, made a wild clutch at the pit's head-gear, and missed it. Things were very dim with him then, and his heart almost bursting. When he missed the wood his other hand came away from the chain and the twist of his legs slackened. But he snatched back just in time, and there he hung with sixty fathoms of emptiness beneath him and salvation only a yard or two away, making the last call on his powers and doubting if he could do it.

At half-past two he staggered into the garden of the Duckpond Cottage—the nearest house—and fell against the door with a force that was better than any postman's knock.

They dragged him in, and he told his tale.

Doctor, mine manager, engineman, banksman—all were wanted at once.

'Perks's—Perks's!'

Those were his last coherent words that night after the feat that made a hero of him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sun was sending a strong beam into the queer little room through a window not much more than a foot square when Isaac opened his eyes. They first saw a hideous carmine-and-white china dog (toy-terrier size) on a shelf in front of the bed. And then he cried out, for the heart-pain was upon him again as in the pit's shaft. The cry took him unawares, and was soon over.

His mother's hand also was upon him from the bedside—the mother, with a wart on her forehead, who knew the underlying goodness in him through all these dark weeks, and believed in him. 'It's me, Isaac,' she whispered. 'My—son!'

There was a kiss, and Isaac closed his eyes. His heart was at it again. But his brain also was awake now. 'Did they get him?' he asked feebly.

There was no answer. He didn't open his eyes, but listened. There was talking outside. Two or three of the voices were familiar. His mother's was one, of course.

He began again, in a whisper, 'Did they get Mitchell out of the mine?'

And then one of the voices was close to him, and some one had possession of his right hand, and was holding it very tenderly—hurting nevertheless.

'Izy dear,' said this other voice, with a sort of sob.

It was like a raising from the dead. That's how Micah Robin's wife, of Duckpond Cottage, described the scene subsequently.

Up sat Isaac, and Lizzie Farley sank towards him, and there they were mixed up kissing and crying—Lizzie crying—until Mrs Jesson interfered.

'That'll do!' said Isaac's mother, after a rare minute or more. 'You'd best go now, Liz. He knows you've got your senses back, and that's enough. He's so weak, poor lad! You be off home with you.' The mother was in command deservedly, and knew it. 'Let her be, dear!' she said more gently to Isaac himself; and down he slipped into bed again, only to attempt to sit up the next moment with a gleam in his eyes.

'He isn't dead, is he—Mitchell?'

'I shall tell him,' then exclaimed Lizzie, briefly defying the mother in command. Isaac's eyes had a special message for her. 'I told him yesterday, Isaac, that I should go away. I—didn't want him,' she whispered.

'And here her's been sin' seven o'clock. Nothin' else would serve her,' put in the mother.

'But Mitchell'—— Isaac persisted.

'No, no, lad,' said his mother. 'Set thy dear mind at rest about him. He'll do, they say. And her's not that sort, with all her faults, thank God!'

Lizzie Farley slipped from the room. Isaac's eyes followed her, saw the glow on her cheeks and the little convulsion of her dear body which told its fond tale to him also.

He was left to his mother now—but not altogether. Ere nightfall a succession of visitors came to Duckpond Cottage—the doctor, Mr Casson the mine-owner, Mr Griffin the manager, a newspaper reporter from Birmingham, the minister of his chapel, and six or seven of his mates. They didn't all see him, but those who didn't left messages which Mrs Jesson was proud to deliver. Among other messages came one from the Cornishman himself. Mitchell lay in the hospital with two broken legs sure enough, besides internal injuries; but he was conscious, and had Isaac on his mind. He dictated and sent his letter, which Isaac's mother read to her son:

'DEAR JESSON,—What we've got to be is friends for ever, lad, when I come out, and don't you forget it. I'm wonderful sorry I didn't tell you on the Sunday that I was going to throw up that other game—you know what. I told her so just after that crack on the face. She never really cared for me in the right place, you know, and said so herself. Wasn't a bit sorry about my nose. Still, you didn't know that, I reckon, which makes your going up that chain all the finer. Well done, Jesson, old man! How could you do it? Good-luck to you—and her with you.—Your friend,

'MITCHELL.'

The Cornishman's letter was Isaac's second-best dose of medicine this day of triumph in the midst of pain after a night of worse than pain. Lizzie herself was the best. And the doctor's stuff was a doubtful third in the list, tying, or so, with his mother. His father also did something. He came into the little room with a queer, shy look in his eyes, and was for once as helpless as a flea in the firm hands of his wife. 'Well, yo' young bantam!' he exclaimed with great vigour, and after a very brief pause for swallowing purposes—a quid—'By gom, lad, it's the first time I ever wished yo' was twins!—Us could do with two of he—eh, missus?' It was acceptable sentiment even to his wife; but she treated him almost immediately afterwards as she had treated Lizzie—just packed him off.

. . . . . .

The doctor came for the third time when the summer night was trying to begin.

'He'll do,' he said to the still anxious mother in command, after again listening to Isaac's heart. 'It's accommodating itself to circum-

stances very nicely. The other man will do too, I understand. They 'll both do.—You ought to get the Albert Medal by-and-by, Jesson. Good-night.'

'Good-night, sir,' said Isaac. 'And I don't want more than I've got.' His smile with the words interested the doctor so much that he asked Mrs Farley outside if it meant anything more than natural pride in saving another man's life so uncommonly.

'I expect, sir,' whispered the mother, 'he was thinking of his sweetheart.'

And that was true.

THE END.

OCEAN DEATH-TRAPS.

GRAVEYARDS OF SHIPS AND SAILORS.

By T. C. Bridges.

THEY have terrible titles many of these reefs and shoals which fringe our British coasts. What could be more full of deadly significance than Burial Island, the Black Middens, Boiling Reef, Iron Rock Ledge, the Shambles, Wolf Rock, and the Mouse Trap? Yet, as it happens, no one of these seven is more than locally infamous. With one or two exceptions, the most danger-spots around our shores are not beaconed on the chart by words of plain ill-omen.

The danger from any special reef or shoal is not to be judged by its inherent deadliness, but by its proximity to one of the great ocean highways. Did the Shambles lie at the mouth of the Mersey it would doubtless more than deserve its significant title. On the other hand, were the Goodwins a hundred miles to the north-east or south-west of their actual position, the toll they levy upon traffic would be far less terrible than is actually the case.

It is these sands, the Goodwins, which hold the unenviable record of causing greater destruction to shipping than any other reef, sand, or shoal in the world. For many years past this insatiable sea-monster, whose tawny back lies in the sea for full ten miles along the Kentish coast, has been responsible for an average of at least one wreck a month. And this has been the case for eight long centuries, back to the year 1099, when the sea swallowed up what before that date was the fair and fertile Isle of Lomea, and turned it into a vast stretch of sunken sands.

Very rarely does a vessel once fairly ashore upon the Goodwins escape. They are quicksands, capable of swallowing any ship, no matter what her size. A few years ago the great iron sailing-ship *Mersey*, homeward bound from South America with a cargo of fourteen hundred tons of logwood, struck the sands on a Sunday morning and broke her back. Within three days she was gone, and the sands had closed over her, leaving not even a topmast to mark her grave. Another sailing-ship of equal size, the *Hazelbank*, was swallowed in similar fashion a year or two previously; her mainmast was unbroken, and it was a weird sight to watch the tall stick sink lower day by day, until at last, when only a few feet were left, a gale tore the last relic away. Somewhere down in the deepest heart of the Goodwins lies a large part of good Queen Anne's navy. In the great storm of 26th November 1703 thirteen stout men-of-war were driven upon the Goodwins and utterly destroyed. Twelve hundred officers and men perished with them.

All those sandbanks which fringe the mouth of the Thames claim heavy toll of shipping. Never a year goes by but sees two to five wrecks upon the Gunfleet. Farther north, the Barrow and the Buxey constitute serious dangers; while the Sunk, the Swin Middle, and the Kentish Knock are all names of ill-omen to ship owners and masters. The Brake Sand off the Kent coast has also an ugly reputation, and in one recent year no fewer than sixteen vessels went aground there. The Essex shoals are, most of them, hard sand, so hard that when a black nor'-easter piles the cold surf of the North Sea over their treacherous shallows a grounded vessel is hammered to pieces almost as rapidly as if wedged upon solid rock. Newcome Sand, off the Suffolk coast, is another death-trap. The yearly average of victims to the Newcome is eight.

If a reef obstructs the entrance to an important harbour it can be blasted away. New York so disposed of Hell Gate some twenty years ago; but to get rid of silt or sand is a very different matter. Dredge as he may, man cannot control the set of currents or the ebb and flow of tides. By constant hard work and heavy expenditure Liverpool has made a well-nigh perfect harbour of the Mersey, yet Hoyle Sands still remain a menace to Liverpool Bay. For the past ten years the yearly average of vessels stranded on Hoyle Sands is sixteen. This actually exceeds the number of the Goodwins' victims, yet Hoyle Sands do not really compare with the former as a danger-spot. The number of total wrecks is lower and the loss of life smaller than upon the Kentish coast.

There is hardly another reef upon our shores which is so well known to the public at large as the Manacles. These formidable rocks lurk just behind the Lizard, upon its northern side;

and before the Lizard Lighthouse was erected they were the scene of well-nigh countless wrecks. The Manacles are dangerous not only from their position, but from the wide area over which they extend. They cover, it is said, more than seven hundred acres, yet at high-water only a single black pinnacle is visible. For another thing, there is deep water close up to their very edges, and there are few spots where currents run more swiftly than along these ironbound coasts. The Manacles are responsible for two of the most famous wrecks of modern times. The first was that of the *Mohegan*. She was a steamer of eight thousand tons burden, nearly new, and engaged in the passenger and cattle service between London and New York. She left Gravesend on 13th October 1898, and down-Channel ran into squally weather. But the sky was quite clear, and to this day it remains a mystery how it came about that at seven the next evening she struck one of the outer rocks of the Manacles. At the time she was steaming full fourteen knots, and the force of the collision was so terrific that it must have ripped the very bottom out of her. She sank in fifteen minutes, and of the hundred and fifty-eight persons who were aboard only fifty-three were saved. Captain Griffith went to the bottom with his ship.

Two years later the steamship *Paris*, one of the six finest and swiftest vessels then afloat, ran upon the Manacles near the same spot, and also, oddly enough, in comparatively fine weather. There she lay for six long weeks literally impaled upon sharp crags. Hope of salving her had almost been abandoned, when at last the divers succeeded in blasting away the pinnacles which had pierced her; and now, thirteen years later, the *Paris*, under another name and with new engines, is still carrying passengers and cargo.

The *Montagu* disaster called the attention of the nation, and it is to be hoped of the Government also, to the dangers of Lundy Island. And not for the first time. So long ago as 1858 a Royal Commission reported upon the necessity for constructing a harbour of refuge in the Bristol Channel; and again in 1887 the matter was brought before the House of Commons. Such a harbour would only cost about five hundred thousand pounds, or less than half the value of the magnificent battleship which was cast away upon the Shutter Rock. 'Fatal' Lundy the island has been called, and lying as it does so near the track of the vast tonnage which uses Bristol and other Severn ports, it has more than earned its name. Lundy is about three and a half miles long by a mile wide, and possesses some of the most imposing cliffs in the British Isles. Dark granite precipices tower in places to a height of six hundred feet above the waves, and the whole island has only one possible landing-place, a little pebbly beach at the south-east corner. Atlantic gales concentrated like a funnel in the Bristol Channel cause the most terrific seas upon Lundy's western side; and as the worst winds usually blow first from the south-west and then shift to north-west, it often happens that vessels which have taken shelter behind Lundy suddenly find themselves upon a lee shore. For sailing-vessels such a position is almost invariably fatal.

Lundy's powers of destruction are simply appalling, as was proved during the latter part of that year of gales, 1886. Between 1st September and 31st December of that year, more than forty vessels and nearly three hundred lives were lost on or near Lundy.

Next to Lundy, the most perilous point upon our western coast is probably the South Stack. This is a gigantic, egg-shaped rock which stands detached from the mainland near Holyhead. Its seaward side overhangs so greatly as to give the impression that the whole vast mass is toppling over. A lighthouse is perched upon the lofty summit of the South Stack, yet in fog its beam is quite frequently invisible from below. The old *Baltic*, predecessor of the present White Star giant, is perhaps the only vessel that ever went ashore on the South Stack and got off unharmed.

Upon the Irish coast, Fastnet is without doubt the most dangerous part. Lying as it does just at the south-west corner of Ireland, and in the very path of all the transatlantic traffic, this enormous, horn-shaped rock rising straight out of deep water has been responsible for disasters almost innumerable. As is the case with the South Stack, a vessel ashore at Fastnet is as good as lost. There are only two records of escapes. Some fifteen years ago the *City of Rome* ran upon Fastnet in a fog, and got off, though sorely damaged; and a year or two earlier the big Cunarder *Aurania* had a similar experience. Luckily for her, she was creeping along with barely steerage-way, so she managed to back off in safety.

Ask a sailor what is the worst danger-spot in the world's oceans, and he will unhesitatingly reply, Sable Island. This strange crescent of sand lies ninety miles south-east of Cape Canso, off the coast of Nova Scotia. It is about twenty-three miles long, and at no point much over a mile wide. It is composed entirely of sand, and all around sandy bars stretch far out to sea, and shift and change with every tide and storm, making accurate charting impossible. Where one day is water deep enough for an ocean liner, a month later are shallows insufficient to float a fishing-smack. The four thousand ton steamer *Moravia*, one of the well-nigh countless victims of Sable Island, was lost upon a new reef fully twelve miles north of the island; and, as may well be imagined, the modern skipper does his best to keep completely out of sight of this ocean graveyard. Within the past fifty years more than two hundred fine vessels are known to have been lost upon Sable Island, and

probably half as many again which have never been reported. Everything combines to make Sable Island a death-trap of the worst possible kind. It lies so low, and, having no trees upon it, is so nearly the colour of the waves, that it is invisible at a comparatively slight distance; and though vessels crossing the Atlantic easily avoid it, yet the heavy coastwise traffic must pass between it and the mainland. The region is one of the foggiest in the world, and often, when a captain has carefully estimated his position and given the island what he considers to be a wide berth, he finds too late that he is entangled among the hydra-like tentacles of the far-stretching sandbars.

It was John Cabot who discovered Sable Island in the year 1497, and one of the first wrecks upon its shoals was that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's ship *Delight*. Her officers and over a hundred men were lost. The wreck of the *Delight* is described in *Hakluyt's Voyages* (1583). Plainly, from that quaint old chronicle, Sable (or Sabla, as the island was then called), at that date possessed as many perils as it does to-day. 'Thursday, the 28th,' says the writer, 'the wind arose and blew vehemently from the south and east, bringing withal rain and thick mist, that we could not see a cable-length before us. And betimes we were run and foulded amongst flats and sands, amongst which we found flats and deeps every three or four ships' lengths.'

Very many French vessels were lost on Sable during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in 1799 the British transport *Francis*, on her way to Halifax, went aground on these deadly sands and was lost with all aboard. This wreck was notable because the *Francis* was conveying to America the whole equipage of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father. Horses, plate, furniture—everything was lost. His Royal Highness's surgeon, several officers of his household, his coachman and gardener, all perished in this terrible disaster. A vessel sent by the duke to look for survivors or salvage was also wrecked on the same shoal, and nearly all her crew drowned.

In the centre of Sable Island is a lagoon thirteen miles long, in which are to be seen the mouldering wrecks of two fishing-schooners. Incredible as it may appear, these vessels, with their crews safe aboard them, were carried bodily by enormous breakers across a wide strip of land into this strange harbour of refuge.

The Canadian Government has now two lighthouses and a complete life-saving service upon Sable Island. There are four families, as well as a lifeboat crew, a cook, a teamster, a cowherd, and others—in all about forty people. The lighthouses were built in 1873, but before that date the lot of those cast ashore on these storm-swept sandbanks was indeed a cruel one. They did not starve, for there are wild ponies and seals and berries on the island; but there was absolutely no shelter, and a winter gale in these latitudes is not to be lightly faced even by strong men well fed and warmly clad.

If Sable Island's sandbanks are the most deadly in the world, the rocks of Cape Race are only second in evil notoriety. Cape Race is the south-eastern extremity of Newfoundland, and the shortest route between New York, Boston, Quebec—in fact, all the eastern American ports and England or the north of Europe, lies past this frowning headland. Although nowadays the great New York liners take a more southerly course, yet nearly four thousand vessels of all kinds pass yearly within sight of the cape.

Cape Race is so near the meeting-ground of the warm Gulf Stream and the ice-chilled current which steals down from the Arctic that it is perhaps the worst place in the world for fog; also, the currents themselves are sufficiently powerful to deflect even well-engined steamers from their course, and, worse still, they are constantly shifting. Add to these dangers that the cliffs of Cape Race are fringed with terrible reefs, and absolutely without harbours or even landing-places, and it will be easily understood that the cape is equally hated and feared by sailors all over the world.

Within the past half-century Cape Race has claimed on an average two ocean-going vessels yearly, besides innumerable smaller craft. The value of these vessels is estimated at six and a half million pounds, and the loss of life has been upwards of two thousand. In 1899 two large vessels went ashore on the rock under Cape Race in one day, and both were totally lost. In 1902 ten vessels were wrecked there, eight of which were steamers. Their average value was forty thousand pounds apiece. So notorious is Cape Race as a destroyer of ships that the fishermen who live along the coast make more by salvage-work than they do by fishing, and there is not a cottage or farmhouse for miles but is full of relics of wrecks, ancient and modern.

Owing to the nature of the cliffs, which in most places are not merely perpendicular, but actually overhang deep water, the difficulty in saving life from the frequent wrecks is very great. When the British transport *Harpooner* went ashore off Cape Race in the winter of 1816 only sixty-four out of three hundred and eighty got to land. Of four hundred and forty-four souls on the ill-fated steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, which ran upon the rocks near Chance Cove in 1863, three hundred and seventeen were drowned. Four years later the *George Washington* was lost with all hands near the same spot. This was a terrible business. The steamer ran ashore in a snowstorm at the base of a sheer cliff more than three hundred feet in height. Fishermen on the top could plainly see the wreck and watch the hungry waves snatching their victims one by one. Yet, owing to the enormous height

of the precipice and the fury of the storm, it was a sheer impossibility to render aid.

Besides Sable Island's shoals and the currents and cliffs of Cape Race, there is another reason why the north-western portion of the Atlantic is the most perilous to shipping of any ocean in the world. The modern steamer has no fear of the huge waves off the Cape of Good Hope; she rides out with equal ease the West Indian cyclone or the typhoon of the China Seas. But neither mind nor machinery can avail upon a fog-clad sea where swim at random uncharted islands of ice. From March to August—that is to say, during most of the busiest months for transatlantic shipping—ice may be met almost anywhere in the North Atlantic, but more particularly on the Grand Banks and near the coast of Newfoundland. It was because of the perils arising from icebergs that in 1897 all the principal steamship companies sailing to and from New York abandoned the direct or 'grand circle' route, and now take a longer but safer passage to the south.

Ice accidents would require an article, indeed a volume, to themselves. Still fresh in our memories is the awful disaster which overtook the *Titanic*, that giant of the ocean which, though believed to be unsinkable, was sent to the bottom by a glancing collision with a great berg. It was a piece of the cruellest ill-luck that the blow was a glancing one. Had she rammed the ice full with her bows the chances are that she would have survived.

There are two cases on record of large liners hitting ice at full speed and yet arriving safe in port. The first was that of the *Arizona*. She left New York for Liverpool in November 1879, and about two hundred and fifty miles east of St John's rammed an iceberg. She was the fastest ship then afloat, and was going at over seventeen knots at the time. For a few moments there was a fearful panic. Every one believed she was going down; but the forward bulkhead held, and thirty-six hours later she staggered safely into St John's.

In September 1899 the *City of Rome*, with no fewer than sixteen hundred human souls aboard, had a similar experience, save that in this case the berg was one of the small sort known as a 'growler.' Her bows were stove, but her bulkheads held, and she reached port in safety.

Ice drifts much farther to the south than most people would believe to be possible. Great masses of ice have been sighted a little north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, or far to the south of a line drawn from the northern coast of Africa to Charleston, South Carolina; but the chief danger-zone is a great irregular semi-oval running south-east of Newfoundland so far as the thirty-eighth degree of north latitude.

ULSTER MODES OF SPEECH.

By Rev. WILLIAM COWAN.

EACH of the four provinces of Ireland has its own peculiarities of speech. There are idioms and phrases in constant use in Connaught which are quite unintelligible to most of the natives of Ulster; and Ulster people, in like manner, have a distinctive vocabulary of their own which is practically a foreign language to a Celt of Connaught or Munster. There is as wide a difference between current thought and the words which express it in the north and south of Ireland, for example, as there is between the phraseology and its underlying sentiment of a Somersetshire peasant and a Durham miner or a Norfolk labourer.

My object in this paper is to give a few illustrations of Ulster modes of speech; and I may remark at the outset that the phrases in distinctive use in Ulster find their counterpart on the whole, as we might expect, in North Britain, though provincialisms prevail which have their origin in England. Ulster was colonised in part, we must remember, three centuries ago, not only from Scotland but also from the southern kingdom.

I remember once taking refuge from a heavy shower of rain in the house of an Ulster farmer, and I had not been sitting long when his wife, with genuine Irish hospitality, asked me, 'Will yer reverence have a taste?' meaning a drink of poteen, illicit whisky, which was then manufactured in considerable quantity in the neighbourhood. A Hibernian of Munster would have said 'a dhrop.' A dram-cup is 'a taster.' So the Northerners speak of luncheon sometimes as 'a piece.' 'Will you take a piece?' Hence piece-time—that is, lunch-time. In Howell's *Vocabulary* (1659) 'lunchion' is defined as 'a big piece'—that is, of bread; and Miss Baker (*Northamptonshire Glossary*) explains 'lunch' as 'a large lump of bread or other edible. "He helped himself to a good lunch of cake."' Gay has:

> When hungry thou stood'st staring like an oaf,
> I sliced the luncheon from the barley loaf.

The Germans speak of breakfast as *Frühstück*—the first piece. The word 'piece,' in this sense, is often heard in Scotland.

An Ulster woman was speaking of some *nouveaux riches* who had come to live in her neighbourhood, and she said, 'There are very few gentry now in the place; they are all new-ups,' an expressive phrase which would be heard nowhere else in Ireland. That same woman, speaking of a medical doctor who had come to the town a short time before, said she knew 'he

was homespun.' Shakespeare uses the word of a coarse, unpolished rustic person:

What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

But the idea attached to the word by the Ulster woman was altogether different. She meant by 'homespun' that he belonged to her native province. The word 'parable' is used as synonymous with 'pattern' or 'example.' Thus a mother, speaking of her eldest son to a friend of mine, said, 'He's a good boy; he's a regular parable to the other children.' 'Even' is used in the northern province in the sense of equal or equality; as, for instance, 'I would not even my wit to him,' which is the same as saying, 'I would not put myself on a level with him intellectually.' 'To even' in the sense of treat or represent as equal is common to standard English and vernacular Scotch; in Sir J. A. H. Murray's great *New English Dictionary* examples will be found from 1200 A.D. to 1887. 'To even' in the bad sense of 'impute' is also common in Scotch and not unknown in standard English, as the dictionary shows. In this connection it may be well to note that Professor Max Müller some years ago drew attention to the interest which attaches to Belfast vernacular partly derived from those English colonists who followed the Chichesters into Ireland, thus 'linking Belfast idioms with the English of Chaucer and Shakespeare.'

The word 'cruel' has a peculiar sense. It is used as an intensive, a kind of superlative, in the sense of 'very.' For example, 'I am cruel well to-day,' 'He is a cruel kind man,' 'She is a cruel good lady.' So, 'I am gey and hearty.' 'Gey' is treated both by Murray and in Wright's *Dialect Dictionary* as a form of 'gay;' 'gay and' is used as a single adverb and often written 'geyan' or 'gayan.' The adverbial sense of 'considerably,' 'pretty,' is common to Yorkshire and Northumberland with Aberdeen and Lanark. The word 'sevendable' or 'serendible' is heard in some parts of Ulster. Thus a man is said to give another 'a sevendable beating.' The derivation is said to be from 'seven-double,' meaning excessive or severe. Some say it is a blending of 'severely' and 'able.' A clerical friend of mine once asked a shepherd who was tending his flock with a savage collie how he herded sheep with such a dog; and the reply was, 'If he hunts them sevendably I beat him sevendably, and now he kens it.' The word is, however, used chiefly by grooms and ostlers. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says: 'I have heard a groom threaten to give a boy a sevendible good thrashing.'

Even in Ulster there are several dialects, and the idioms heard in one county are not used in the adjoining one. 'The counties colonised by the Scotch, for example, contrast strongly with those in which English settlers established themselves.' The distinction is apparent in the phraseology of their descendants, as well as in other ways. In Antrim a bog is called a 'moss,' as it is in Scotland; while the plant called 'moss' is termed 'fog' in most parts of Ulster. 'Bog-mould'—that is, the vegetable loam of the bog—is called in some districts 'bog-mud.' A phrase sometimes heard in Ulster to express an impossible thing is, 'You could no more do it than you could sup soup with a skiver' (*Anglicè*, skewer). When an incompetent person takes any business out of the hands of one more fit to do it, it is said proverbially, 'You are taking the axe out of the carpenter's hands.' The word 'gossoon' or 'gorsoon,' supposed to be a corruption of the French *garçon*, meaning a lad, is used in every part of Ireland; but its feminine equivalent, 'girsha,' seems to be met with only in the northern province. In Carleton's *Fardorougha the Miser* we read: 'A girsha's as well entitled to a full glass as a gorsoon.' 'Cutty,' as applied to a young girl, is often heard in Ulster. It means, of course, cut short or curtailed. Readers of Burns will remember his use of the word in this sense:

Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

A prominent word amongst the Ulster peasantry is 'allow,' used in its archaic sense of 'recommend' or 'approve;' as, for example, 'I would not allow you,' in the sense of 'I would not recommend.' I met the phrase lately, 'Doctor! I would not allow you to be takin' off that blister yet.' This use of the word, it has been remarked, forms an interesting comment on a familiar passage in the baptismal office of the *Book of Common Prayer:* 'Doubt ye not . . . that He favourably alloweth this charitable work of ours.' So in the Psalms we read: 'The Lord alloweth the way of the righteous.' In Shakespeare we meet with:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.

Tusser's *Husbandrie* shows that the word is used in Essex in this sense:

This point I allow
For servant and cow.

'Allow' in the sense of 'admit' is not uncommon in English; 'her innocence shall be allowed' occurs in Freeman's *Norman Conquest*. The word comes from the Latin *allaudare*, through the French *allouer*.

The Ulster farmer expects bad weather when the new moon appears 'on her back with the old one in her arms and a brough round her;' 'brugh' meaning a lunar halo. There is an Ulster proverb, 'A far-off brough is a near-hand storm;' that is, when the halo is at some distance from the moon a storm is approaching. Swainson, in his *Weather Folklore*, quotes:

About the moon there is a brough,
The weather will be cauld and rough.

The old ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens* mentions the warning of a Scottish sailor to his captain:

'Mak' haste, mak' haste, my mirry men all,
Our good ship sails the morn.'
'Oh say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadly storm.
Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon
Wi' the auld moon in her arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
That we will com' to harme.'

'Brough,' 'brugh,' and 'bruff' in the sense of lunar halo, though now north English and Scottish, were not always confined to the north; 'bur' and 'burr,' with the same meaning, are southern forms. They are apparently derived from the old Northern *borg*, wall, ring-fence, enclosure; and the Scotch forms are still familiar names for a ring made on the ground or the ice at games such as marbles and curling.

The word 'donsy' is applied in Ulster to one who is weak or in poor health. 'I am only donsy,' is often the reply to the query, 'How are you to-day?' 'A ha'e been very donsy a' winter.' 'Donsy' and 'doncie,' not unknown in Northumberland, is still frequently heard in Scotland. 'Brash' is a common word for a touch of cold or bodily indisposition of any kind. 'We have all had a brash o' the cold.' 'Yon old woman has had a sore brash.' Burns speaks of brandy as 'the fell source o' monie a pain an' brash.' 'Lusty' is used for stout or vigorous, as in Psalm lxxiii. 4: 'They are lusty and strong.' In an Ulster newspaper I read some time ago: 'Dear me, hoo Bab's failed! A ha'e known him a fine big lusty man.' 'Brave' is used in a similar sense to 'clever' or 'fine' or 'good.' It is always joined with something agreeable: 'That's a brave day.' 'He's a brave wee boy' would be said of a clever, precocious child. 'Wheen' means a number, a quantity of people or things. In the report of a vestry meeting the sexton said, 'There was a wheen for the ayes and a wheen for the noes, but more in swithers.' This last phrase indicates doubt and indecision. 'I'm switherin' whether to go or not.' In the *Bride of Lammermoor* we read in reference to a funeral: 'There's little bravery at it . . . just a wheen silver tippences to the poor folk.' 'Wheen' and 'swither' are both common to the English north-country tongue and to Scotland. 'Botch' often alternates with 'patch,' as, 'I am putting a wee botch on his coat.' It is in common use in Yorkshire. 'Can you manage to botch my boots to-morrow?' But both in the sense of 'repair' or 'repair clumsily,' 'bungle,' 'botch' is not peculiar to any part of England or Scotland. Shakespeare has: 'He was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris.' And in *Hudibras* Butler says:

Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.

In Ulster goose-fat is called guse-seam. It is interesting to notice that Shakespeare, who seems to be in touch with all languages and idioms, uses the word 'seam' in this sense:

Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
Be worshipped.

And Hamlet speaks of the 'rank sweat of an enseamed [greasy] bed.' We also find the word in Dryden's *Eneid:*

Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
New grind the blunted axe.

'Seam,' though no longer found in literary English, is common in Scotland, especially in 'swine's-seam' (and pronounced *same*).

When an Ulsterman would express contempt for anything spoken, whether a sermon in the pulpit or a story by the fireside, he would call it 'fule's blether,' something not worth listening to. 'Blether,' 'blather,' the Middle-English 'blather,' is the old Northern *blathr*, nonsense, and in England is now generally supposed to be a Scotch word. The very English cleric Skelton spelt it 'blother.' In *Old Mortality* Scott speaks of 'twa blethering auld wives;' and an Irish novelist writes: 'Jim Gallaher had been blatherin' about goin' after the macker'l.' The word 'thole' is commonly used in the sense of to bear, endure, suffer, as, 'I can't thole the pain;' 'Me, that can't thole the taste of whisky.' Allan Ramsay has:

Oh Canigate, puir elrich hole,
What loss, what crosses does thou thole!

We meet with the word in the *Canterbury Tales:* 'So moche wo as I have with yow tholèd.'

A child is called a 'wean,' supposed by some to be a contraction of 'wee ane.' 'Wee' is the usual word throughout the north of Ireland for small or diminutive, and is also expressive of endearment and affection, as 'the wee darling.' 'My own wee boy,' says a mother, pressing her son to her bosom. When a man is kind and hospitable he is said to be 'dacent.' An agreeable, amiable woman is 'laughey.' A woman who was ill in bed said to me one day, 'Will your reverence make a prayer before you go?' The words reminded me of the sentence in the Prayer Book, 'Let us . . . make our prayers unto Him.' 'Crack' is used in Ulster for 'conversation:' 'We had a pleasant crack together.' There is a saying, 'He that clatters till himsel' cracks to a fool.' Home-sickness is spoken of by the peasantry as 'thinking long.' A servant first going to a situation 'thinks long'—that is, pines after home. For 'sometimes' the Ulster native usually substitutes 'whiles,' as, 'Whiles I'm thinking of them that's far away;' 'Och, deed, whiles he's betther, and whiles he's waur.'

It ought to be said that the idioms of speech here given are not all in use throughout the northern province, but they are familiar in most districts. We might extend this paper considerably; but we hope enough has been said to show what an interesting field of inquiry lies before the student who turns his attention to Ulster modes of speech.

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SEVENTH SERIES

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.*

By Reginald Horsley.

III.—THE BUSH TELEGRAPH.†

THE commissioner, at my request, sent Tarrant back to Baraldarong goldfields, and Levenhall came to us as soon as he had recovered from the wound in his shoulder. As his room was not quite ready, Charlie went for a few days to Jones's 'hotel,' where, as he refused to satisfy idle curiosity, no one guessed that the quiet man in tweeds was really a trooper in the mounted police.

Levenhall concealed his identity because he thought that he recognised in the ostler one of the men who had fought with Pollet during our chase of the bushranger. He ascertained that this man had been engaged only a week ago by Jones; and, knowing that Pollet must get horses somewhere if he intended to continue bush-ranging, Charlie determined to watch the ostler.

On the night following Levenhall's arrival we were smoking in the kitchen, when there was a knock at the back-door, and Foster, who answered it, presently returned, followed by a typical 'sundowner'—that is to say, a fellow on the tramp, who manages to arrive at a station or elsewhere at or about sundown, when he claims, and usually receives, hospitality.

'Chap with news of Bob Pollet,' announced Foster, at once interesting us in the new arrival, whose looks I did not like, for his blue eyes squinted abominably, and his features had a sinister cast. My tone was cold as I inquired, 'What is your news, my man?'

'Got your new man yet?' was the astonishing reply.

'Why—we—that is—— What is that to you?' I snapped.

'Bob Pollet wants to know, so I thought I'd ask.' I held up my hand as Foster guffawed. 'I ain't one of Bobby's stripe,' the fellow protested; 'but I heard him asking about it, so I come to let you know. Squire Ingram's gone away for a week,' he added with apparent inconsequence.

'What has that to do with my new man and Pollet?' I snapped.

'Do you ask that—you, Sergeant Sparks?' began the sundowner, when I sprang up, crying, 'Do you mean that you have discovered that Pollet thinks of sticking up Toomburra in Mr Ingram's absence, but, being short-handed, is anxious first to learn how I stand?'

The man nodded. 'Bobby has only got three of a gang, and don't care to risk a square fight.'

I sat down between the door and our visitor. 'You don't leave here, my man, until you have satisfactorily explained your connection with Pollet.'

'I suppose all troopers, being policemen, are bound to be suspicious,' the fellow returned placidly. 'It don't seem to strike you that I needn't have come here unless I'd liked.'

'I am taking no risks,' I said. 'Out with your yarn.'

'Who lives on the south bend of Bildarong Creek?' he began, and grinned as Tom Foster said, 'Abe Trew, and his name's the only true thing about him.'

'Trew is certainly a rascal,' I observed, 'and I am sure that he is mixed up with the bush telegraph; but I can't prove it.'

'Well, I can, and that's what brought me here to-night,' the sundowner declared.

This sounded all right; but I felt vaguely convinced that this man was a spy of Pollet's. It seemed suspicious that he should have given no name; and when Foster asked it he pretended not to hear.

'As I was passing Trew's shanty this afternoon,' he went on, 'two men were leaning against the slip-rails. One was Abe Trew; the other was Bobby Pollet.'

'You hinted that you were a stranger in these parts,' I put in.

'Did I? Well, I knew Pollet because he was standing with his right hand shoved into his breeches-pocket.'

'Rot!' ejaculated Tom; but Macneil nodded with a wise air.

* For previous stories, see May part.

† The 'bush telegraph' is made up of men who, while outwardly living honestly as small selectors, are in the pay of outlaws, whom they often feed, sometimes conceal, and, worst of all, keep informed of the movements of the police. Fellows like Bob Pollet would, without such help, enjoy a much shorter run than is usually the case.

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'That chap knows, if you don't, sergeant.' The sundowner grinned at Sandy. 'Bobby's shirt-sleeve had got rucked up his arm, and his wrist was bare. Ain't that enough?'

'You saw the rainbow-tinted snake with its tail in its mouth which is tattooed on Pollet's wrist? Everybody knows about that,' I said. 'No, it's not enough.'

'You're mighty hard to convince,' the fellow grumbled. 'We give each other the time o' day, and I asks the way to Toomburra. Abe scowls, but Pollet tells me, affable like, and chucks in the news that Squire Ingram's away for a week. Then I asks the nearest township, and he says, "Bildarong;" and I says, "Ho!" I says, "that's where Sparks hangs out—him as whopped you out o' your boots six weeks ago, Bobby Pollet."'

We stared at this, and Sandy bent forward and fixed a curiously intent gaze upon our visitor. 'And then?' I asked.

'Bobby pulls out a six-shooter. "Now then, mate," he says, "let's know your game; and quick, for I won't ask twice." So I says back, "I've tramped a good way to join you, and this is all the thanks I get, Bobby;" and he says, "Oh, that's your stripe, is it? Well, I ain't Bob Pollet, and I'm going to take you right away to that same Sparks." Then I gives a start, and says, "Who's that over there?" Bobby wasn't taken in; but Abe looks over his shoulder; and while his head was turned away I give Pollet a sign. My word! he slips his shooter into his pocket and holds out his hand. "Where did you learn that sign?" he says, and I told him "At Maginty's." You know, sergeant, that bush-innkeeper what you downed a year ago?'

'Yes, I know,' I allowed; 'but how you, a stranger, come to be so familiar with this region I, frankly, do not know.'

Macneil's gaze grew more intent than ever, and he said a word to me in a whisper; but the fellow went on with his story as if he had not heard my remark.

'Abe turns round when he hears Maginty's name, and scowls worse than ever; but Bobby says, "You're all right, mate; but at first I took you for a cop;" and I laughs and says, "If you've got a gang strong enough to stick up Toomburra, I swear I won't be very far off at the time." "Good!" says Bobby. Then he tells me he's only got three besides himself and me; for he can't take old Abe, "'Cos if Abe was spotted he wouldn't be no more use for bush-telegraph." And then he asks me to find out whether you've got your third man yet, and as soon as you tells me I'm to go back and tell him.'

We all laughed at the simplicity of this; but I said, 'Do you suppose we'll let you go now that we have got you? Your story is too smooth, my man.'

'S'elp me, it's true!' he averred. 'If your third man was here he'd vouch for me. What's this his name is—Levenhall, ain't it?'

Before we could express our surprise at this remark we were simply overwhelmed with amazement, staring at the sundowner as if we were witnesses of some act of magic on his part. For, as we looked at him, his squint vanished, his wide mouth contracted, his quaintly arched eyebrows fell into line, and, in a word, his whole face changed. And there, confronting us in rough dress and with the ordinary bronze of his skin slightly reddened, stood no less a man than Charles Levenhall.

'Charlie!' I managed to say. 'Sandy had a suspicion of disguise, but not of you; while I—not for a moment.'

'I'm the man, sergeant,' he admitted, laughing. 'My disguise'——

'Disguise!' I broke in. 'Why, except for your clothes and the tint of your skin, you are not disguised at all. Yet you no more resembled Levenhall a moment ago than you now resemble me!'

'I found out my power over my facial muscles when I was a boy,' Levenhall explained, laughing, 'and used to take in other youngsters; but I have never seriously employed the trick till to-day.'

'Your singular power is going to be exceedingly useful to us,' I remarked. 'If you have really deceived Pollet'——

'Yes,' Levenhall put in; 'he is anxious to enrol me in his gang. I have given you only an outline of our conversation; but I feel sure that he believes in me. If all goes well I shall learn the hiding-place of the gang before the hold-up at Toomburra; but we shall in any case grab Bobby there.'

'We'll be on hand, nae doot,' observed Sandy. 'Whether we grab Bobby jist depends.'

'Upon what, old Ca' Canny?' inquired Levenhall, smiling at Sandy, whom he greatly liked.

'Weel, it's easy seein' that Pollet never suspec'it your identity; but that's no' to say that he didna suspec' a trap, and regard ye as a spy.'

'True!' I agreed. 'You must think of that, Charlie.'

'I am going back,' Levenhall said coolly. 'I am confident, however,' he went on, 'that Trew will come into the township to-morrow to spy upon me. It is he of whom I am not certain. One can never tell what these silent, scowling fellows have got in their heads. I am going to have a chat with the ostler Brent. I believe that he is only waiting for a chance to join Pollet, and it is probable that Jones will lose a couple of horses to-night,' he added with twinkling eyes.

'My word, you're a wonder!' cried Tom Foster. 'I say, though, you can change your face back all right; but won't Brent recognise

your clothes when he sees you about the place to-morrow?'

'I thought of changing them before then,' Charlie replied; and the laugh was once more against impulsive Tom, who took refuge in his usual, 'My word! I never thought of that.'

'Did you ever see such a change in a man?' I said, as Charlie went out laughing. 'I don't refer to his facial contortions, but to the change in the man himself. Who would recognise him as the silent, depressed creature of six weeks ago?'

'You're right, sergeant,' agreed Tom; 'and we could do with a few more like him in the force.'

Before breakfast next morning I encountered old Abe Trew, who held me up with a rigmarole about one of his cows which he alleged had been stolen. At last came the question for which I had been waiting: 'You're short-'anded; ain't yer?'

'Our third man hasn't joined yet,' I answered shortly.

'Well,' Abe relapsed into his usual growl, 'yer don't want a harmy to keep us pore coves in order.'

Just then Levenhall slouched past us in his 'sundowner' get up; and to divert suspicion I said carelessly, 'Who is that, Abe? Any one you know?'

'Not me,' he answered. 'Some dashed sundowner on the Toomburra road, I 'spect.'

With that we parted, I wondering if the astute Trew had learned as little from me as I from him.

When I returned home, Tom Foster informed me, with a broad grin, that Jones had been round to say that his ostler Brent had disappeared, and that two of his horses were missing. 'I went round at once and had a look at the stable,' concluded Tom, 'and Charlie, who was lounging about—as himself—slipped this note into my hand.'

He handed me a scrap of paper, on which was written: 'I am leaving Bildarong to-day for the rendezvous near Trew's. I have sent Brent on with two horses in order to convince Bobby that I am straight—that is, crooked—and to remove any suspicions which Abe may entertain. If all goes well, I shall look you up to-morrow night.'

'I hope that all will go well,' I said. 'Charlie has already started; for he passed me just now while I was talking to Trew, who pumped me regarding our third man.'

I sent Foster and Macneil in quest of the stolen horses, warning them not to go near Trew's place lest they should find them, and perhaps spoil Charlie's plans for the capture of Bob Pollet. The result was that they returned without the nags, and Jones made some very nasty remarks about the incompetence of the police.

During the forenoon of the next day, who should walk into my room but Abe Trew! 'Hallo!' I exclaimed; 'have you come to talk about your cow?'

'No; about Jones's 'osses. I know who took 'em.'

'So do I—Brent.'

'Brent and another. D'yer remember that sundowner as passed us yesterday? Well, 'e's one of Pollet's men, an' it was 'im an' Brent as collared the 'osses an' took 'em to Pollet's 'iding-place. P'r'aps I know w'ere that is, an' then again p'r'aps I don't. The two passed my shanty, an' made no secret w'ere they was goin'.'

I did not like this mention of the sundowner, though it seemed scarcely possible that Abe had identified him with Levenhall. But Trew was deep, and I felt that I must be careful.

'I'll let yer 'ave it straight, sergeant,' he said virtuously. 'I was prospectin' the other day in the ranges between my place an' Baraldarong, an' I see Bob Pollet. I went to grass before 'e caught sight o' me, an' followed 'im to a cave in the ranges, where two other coves met 'im. Now, gimme fifty pound, an' I'll take yer there any night yer like to name. Yer'd give that much to nab Bobby, I reckon.'

'There is five times as much on his head, as you know,' I replied. 'I only wonder that you are so modest.'

'Oh, I'm honest, if I'm poor,' Abe informed me with a grin.

I had my own opinion about that; but all I said was, 'Tell me your plan.'

'I'll guide ye to the cave to-morrow night,' he replied, 'if ye will pick me up at my place at, say, eight o'clock. It's a twenty-mile ride, an' a stiff climb at the end of it; but ye won't mind if ye catch Bobby.'

'Very well,' I answered. 'We shall be there.'

'Good! So long till to-morrow night.' He turned at the door. 'I say, 'ho's the stranger at Jones's—smart, soldierly cove, in gray tweed?'

'You had better ask him,' I replied as coolly as I could.

'It ain't Levenhall, by any chance?' He leered at me. 'Lor' bless yer, sergeant, I knew 'im at once. Was in the township the mornin' yer brought 'im in wounded an' sent 'im down to the horspital. Wot's the game, 'im stayin' at Jones's, an' callin' 'isself Turner?'

'Trew,' I said, 'if you breathe a word concerning Levenhall I shall take you in on suspicion of aiding Pollet. I do not think that I shall find it difficult to work up a case against you.'

He began to whine. 'Well, I want my fifty pound, even if Levenhall is 'untin' Pollet; an' I don't say 'e is. It was me as first brought information.'

'You shall have twenty-five pounds if your information prove correct,' I assured him, 'and fifty if we take Pollet through your help. Now go.' And he went.

I wondered what was at the bottom of his behaviour. We had Levenhall's evidence that he had been discussing with Pollet the sticking-up of Toomburra, and now the fellow was, or seemed, ready to betray his associate. There was something behind it all; but I decided to put the matter aside until Charlie arrived at night with his report.

Nine o'clock saw Charlie once more among us. 'I think we have them, sergeant,' he began. 'You know the story up to yesterday morning. After I passed you I tramped to Abe's place, and waited there till he turned up. Brent had left one of Jones's horses there for me, and Abe told me that I was to ride south along the creek until I met some one. Ten miles farther on I met Pollet, who greeted me cordially, thanked me for sending Brent with the horses, and led me another ten miles to the foot of the ranges. There we stabled our nags in a shelter erected in a gully, and climbed a steep hill to a well-concealed cave, where Pollet and Company have their present quarters.'

'And you propose to take us there?'

'No. Pollet has now five of a gang—including me.' He smiled. 'He believes that you are without your third man, and feels strong enough to chance an encounter. So he has decided to stick-up Toomburra on the night after to-morrow. When he is through we are to ride north, abandoning the cave.'

'And he let you go after telling you that!'

'He trusts me. He is still a horse short, and Trew—who has quarrelled with him over money—refuses him one. So I have been sent in to borrow another of Jones's horses, with which I shall return to-night to the cave. Now, it seems to me that it will be simpler for you to ride to Toomburra and ambush than to take the long, difficult trail to the cave. Then, when Pollet arrives at the station, he will find that I am against him instead of for him.'

'It sounds simple enough,' I admitted.

'It 's a'thegither too simple,' remarked Sandy.

'I don't see that,' Foster remarked. 'Pollet has been thoroughly taken in. Had he not been, Charlie would be lying on the hillside with a bullet through his heart.'

'I really think that it will be all right,' Levenhall observed. 'What could Pollet gain by concealing the fact if he had suspected me?'

'I don't know; but listen to my story.' And I told them of my interview with Trew.

'Well, there you are,' said Charlie. 'I told you that he had quarrelled with Pollet, and we all know that these fellows are faithful to their principals only so long as the money is forthcoming. Pollet can at present only pay in promises, and Abe, the mean old sneak, reckons that Government money is certain.'

'Well, if you really mean to go back, Charlie,' I said—'and mind, so far from asking you to go, I had far rather you did not—I will get the horse for you. I know that Jones is keeping men on guard, and it would not do for you to be caught at this stage.'

I could have given him one of our horses, but that the brand might have aroused Pollet's suspicion; so I acquired one of Jones's horses by the simple process of swearing him to silence, and telling him that we were setting a trap for the thief. I did not mention Pollet, but promised that the Government would indemnify him for any loss he might suffer.

'The horse is in the stable,' I announced on my return. 'We will come out to-morrow night with Trew, as arranged. I somehow don't like the Toomburra plan; but we do know that Trew and Pollet have quarrelled; and, though I don't trust Abe, I see no reason why he should not act to his own advantage, as he is doing. He knows that Pollet's career must some day come to an end, and I think that he wishes to get on the soft side of the police before Bobby's downfall.'

'Why not saddle up now and let Charlie guide us to the cave?' Foster suggested eagerly.

'Because it would be daybreak before we reached the hill, and there would be no chance of surprising Bobby,' Levenhall explained with a smile; and Tom of course exclaimed, 'My word! I never thought of that.'

So Levenhall departed, leaving anxious hearts behind him. Sandy, indeed, made no effort to conceal his apprehension, and went about next day silent and glum. His very expression prophesied evil; but his 'mither's graund geeft o' second sicht' refused to come to our aid just when, as once before, it might have been of some practical use.

(To be continued.)

THE COLOUR-LINE.

By John D. Leckie.

WE live in a country where, fortunately, racial questions are unknown. It is different in the United States and the great Anglo-Saxon dominions overseas, each of which has, in some form or other, its racial question and its 'colour-line.'

The term 'colour-line,' though a convenient expression, is perhaps not literally accurate. It is difficult for us to understand why a person whose blood is 99 per cent. white and only 1 per cent. black should be classed as a 'nigger,' as he is in the United States. He may be quite equal

in point of intelligence, manners, and education to a white man. It may be quite impossible to pick him out in a crowd of pure 'whites,' some of whom may be darker-skinned than he is; but the 'dip of the tar-brush' is there; the bar of social ostracism prevents him from mingling freely with his fellow-men of pure Caucasian race, though he may feel that he is the superior in every way of some of the 'low whites' with whom he comes into daily contact, and who look down on him on account of his 'colour.'

There are many such coloured men in the United States and elsewhere who pass as 'whites,' being able to conceal the small fraction of African blood which flows in their veins; but this is not always practicable. In his native town a man's pedigree is known, and the fatal taint cannot be concealed. It is only by completely breaking away from his old associations, changing his name, and removing to a distant region that he can again commence life as a 'white man,' and even then he is always exposed to the risk that some former acquaintance may turn up and blight his prospects by denouncing him as a 'nigger.'

In the hotels of the United States a 'coloured man' whose veins contain far more white than negro blood will be ignominiously turned away, though a Red Indian will be received without question as an honoured guest; although he is of a far darker tint than the 'whitewashed nigger' he is inside the colour-line, and is entitled to be looked on as a man and a brother. Some of the leading families of Virginia are to this day proud of their descent from Pocahontas, who was a full-blooded Indian. Houston, the hero of Texas, shortly after his marriage, abandoned wife, home, and civilisation, and went to live among the Cherokee Indians; he did not lose caste on that account, but, on the contrary, was elected commander-in-chief of the troops of Texas in the war which that state, then an independent republic, waged against Mexico. In Mexico, also, Indians have risen to high positions; more than one president of that country had aboriginal blood in his veins, and Juarez, one of their most prominent rulers, was a full-blooded Indian.

Yet the negro has, in some respects, more claims to the consideration of the white man than his red brother. He readily submitted to slavery, and by his patient toil helped to build up the country, while the Indian resisted tooth and nail the advances of the white invader, on whom he waged incessant war as long as he was able.

Then the Chinaman, who is much whiter than the Indian, and by his plodding has helped greatly in the development of the West, is also outside the colour-line. There was a disposition in the United States to class the Japanese in the same category; but recent developments, and the firm attitude taken a few years ago by the Japanese Government when it was proposed to exclude Japanese children from attending the same schools as the whites, have caused the citizens of the United States to modify their views in this respect.

At the Antipodes, where the cry is for a 'White Australia,' the colour-line is very much in evidence. Even in North Queensland, where the tropical climate renders the labour of the white man impracticable or inadvisable, the opposition of the Labour party to the importation of coloured labour has placed serious obstacles in the way of the planter. The intense dislike shown by the antipodean worker to the Chinese and Japanese is mainly due to the belief that by working more cheaply and living more poorly than the white man they tend to lower the wages of the latter. In the case of the Japanese the feeling is also intensified by the belief that the subjects of the Mikado have a covetous eye on the southern continent, and hope to annex it some future day. One cannot pick up a paper such as the *Sydney Bulletin* without seeing evidence of this scare on almost every page. Certainly the attitude of the antipodean press is not calculated to promote cordial feelings between the two races. For example, while in political cartoons in the Australian papers England is represented by a lion, and Russia by a bear, Japan is represented by a monkey.

Dr Booker Washington (to whose admirable work *Up from Slavery* the writer is indebted for several of the anecdotes herein narrated) on one occasion applied for accommodation at an hotel in Washington. He was accompanied by a pupil of his, a Red Indian. He was informed that the Indian could be accommodated, but that he himself was inadmissible. It was the same on the steamer on which they both made the trip; the head-steward informed him that the Indian could be served at table, but that he could not. Frederick Douglass, another eminent mulatto, tells us that on a trip to Europe he was not allowed to enter the saloon of the steamer. On another occasion, when travelling in the Northern States, he was forced on account of his colour to ride in the baggage-car—or luggage-van, as it is called in England—although he had paid the same fare as the other passengers. To a white fellow-passenger, who tried to console him for the degradation he had suffered, he replied, 'They can't degrade Frederick Douglass. I am not the one who is degraded by this treatment, but those who inflict it on me.'

On one occasion, when a coloured man was sent as Minister of the United States to the negro republic of Hayti, the officers of the steamer on which he travelled refused to sit at the same table with him, notwithstanding his rank. Captain Semmes, commander of the famous *Alabama*, once captured a Northern merchant-vessel and took the crew as prisoners on board his own steamer. Some of the crew of the captured vessel were black and others white,

and the captain hit on the humorous idea of 'alternating a black bean with a white,' as he put it; in other words, the prisoners' seats at table were so arranged that each white man sat between two negroes. As one of the alleged objects of the civil war on the part of the North was to obtain equal rights for black and white in the South, Captain Semmes probably thought there would be no harm in such an arrangement, which was, however, bitterly resented as an insult by his white prisoners.

The following anecdote about Dumas the elder, who was a mulatto, is well known, but may stand repetition. On one occasion he was informed at an hotel where he put up that he could not take his place at the public table along with the other guests, who were white, but that a separate table would be reserved for him. Dumas said nothing, but sent his valet (who was a white man) to sit among the other guests at the *table-d'hôte*, while he himself dined in solitary splendour. During the progress of the meal he several times called his valet from the 'white' table to perform some menial office for him. It is not recorded who felt more humiliated —Dumas or the white guests.

As has already been remarked, every man in the United States who has 1 per cent. of negro blood in his veins is classed as a 'nigger.' In some of the Western States, where negroes are few, they are treated with more toleration. Their place is there taken by the Chinaman, who is treated with great indignity. It is otherwise in the British West Indies, where the terms 'coloured man' and negro are not synonymous, the former generally referring to a person of mixed blood. Nor is the black man in the West Indies subjected to the indignities which fall to his lot in the United States. The governor of a West Indian colony, who represents His Majesty, would not hesitate to receive at his table a coloured man, provided the latter had the manners and education of a gentleman. The feeling of caste, though strong, is never here shown in an offensive manner. Many coloured persons occupy high positions in the public service. In the West Indies a white man may even marry a coloured woman without losing caste; though such a union is looked on with horror in the United States, and in some states is prohibited under heavy penalties. It is not to be inferred that such unions are looked on with favour even in the West Indies; but the white man who marries a coloured woman may be pitied, but is not ostracised socially. In the same way, in New Zealand the marriage of a European with a Maori is looked on with disfavour.

In Brazil, as well as in the Spanish-American republics, blacks and whites live in perfect harmony; there is no racial feeling such as exists in the United States. Of course the writer does not pretend that black and white can mingle freely on equal terms in every respect; any one who has lived in a country where both races are numerous knows that that is impossible. But it is quite possible, nevertheless, to eliminate friction or hostile feeling between the two races; each can move in his own groove without interfering with the other.

The fact that there is not the same justice for a negro as for a white man in the United States is unfortunately true, of which wholesale lynching of blacks is one result. These outrages are generally excused in the United States by the statement that they are necessary to strike terror into the negro, and protect the white women of the South, who are frequently criminally assaulted by negroes. During a residence of three years in the United States (North and South) the writer has failed to find confirmatory evidence of the frequency of such assaults. He once casually remarked to an American that a white man in the West Indies who lynched a negro would be hung as a murderer. The American asked him how, then, did they prevent the assaults of blacks on white women. When he replied that during a residence of several years in the West Indies he had never heard of such a thing as a black man assaulting a white woman he was evidently not believed. Yet this is a fact, and it is confirmed by the following statement of Sir Sydney Olivier, formerly Colonial Secretary, and now Governor of Jamaica: 'A young white woman can walk alone on the hills or about Kingston (Jamaica) in daylight or dark, through populous settlements of exclusively black or coloured folk, without encountering anything but friendly salutations from man or woman.' Jamaica, it may be added, is a colony in which the coloured population exceeds the white in the proportion of nearly sixty to one.

Although racial feeling is not so strong, or at least so offensively manifested, in the British colonies, yet even there the same sentiment is noted; nor is it altogether confined to the African negro. The writer remembers the case of a New Zealand hotel proprietor who apologised to his assembled guests and asked their permission to allow a Maori to sit among them. 'I do not, as a rule, allow Maoris to sit among my white guests,' he explained; 'but the man I refer to is a chief, and I hope under the circumstances that none of you gentlemen will take offence.'

On one occasion a great scandal was produced in a small town in the South because a dark-skinned man had put up at the local hotel. Investigation revealed the fact that this individual was a native of Morocco, a Moor, who spoke English fluently. As soon as it was learned that he was not an African (Bantu) negro all signs of indignation disappeared.

In the old slavery days a negro slave had generally only one name, the Christian name, to which in old age, as a token of respect, the title 'Uncle' or 'Aunty' was added. The title

'Mister' is never applied to a negro. Even Dr Booker Washington, who has rubbed shoulders with royalty and dined with President Roosevelt, was not always considered an exception to the rule. One American, talking about Dr Washington, said to another, 'Now, I don't know how to address him; of course you can't call him Mister.' 'Oh,' replied the other, 'I easily get over that difficulty. I just say, "How do, professor?"'

The story is told of a negro who was very anxious to catch a train and had only a few minutes in which to do so. He hailed the first cabman he saw, who happened to be a white man, and who simply said that it was not his custom to carry black fares. The man of colour, not in the least disturbed, at once replied, 'That's all right. You get in the carriage, and I'll jump on the box and take the reins.' This was done, and they reached the station in time. The coloured man handed the white man his fare and departed. Both were satisfied, and the colour-line was saved.

BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

CHAPTER IV.—A FAIR PROXY.

JACOB MILLER had been established in a little house at Hammersmith about two months when Carol, tired of living abroad, gave up her position in Paris. Having been invited to stay with the Millers, she arrived with two trunks, and bubbling over with high spirits, at their residence, Chez Nous, one May afternoon.

Mrs Miller was looking particularly tired and worn-out that day, having had a restless night with the baby, and Jacob could not help comparing the animated looks of his sister-in-law with those of his wife.

Luke was in London, having abandoned the legal life, and obtained a post on a newspaper. By a happy chance he had fallen in with some good literary people, and his poems were beginning to appear in respectable periodicals. Already there was a new set to his shoulders; already he was walking with a firmer step; acting, talking, thinking with an added decision. He called at the Millers' about half-an-hour after Carol arrived.

Carol received him in the casual way which had become customary with her family. He said she was looking well, and then walked straight across to Mrs Miller. With her quick instinct, Carol became aware at once of the difference that had come over the young fellow, and while she chatted with Jacob she glanced at him curiously several times.

Have you ever noticed in the *ménage à deux*, when husband and wife are feeling a little dull and bored with one another, how the husband immediately brightens up when some agreeable female acquaintance calls? The converse is just as frequently the case, and from the minute Luke came into the room Mrs Miller seemed to sit up and take an interest in life. Carol noticed this. Carol, in fact, noticed everything. She only half-listened to Jacob's account of the splendid way he was making in the musical world of London, how he had been taken up by Lord Bathurst and Lady Hind, and how very satisfactory his interviews with his publishers had been.

The conversation soon became general.

'To-night,' said Jacob, 'Lady Hind is giving an At Home, and has asked Lizzie and myself. Everybody who is anybody in the musical world will be there. Very silly of Lizzie, but she absolutely declines to come. She says she doesn't want to go out at all.'

'Lizzie,' cried Carol, 'you must, you know.'

'I have been to all sorts of places since I have been in town,' said Jacob, 'and always alone.'

'It is obvious,' said Luke quietly, 'that you must make an effort to go this time, Mrs Miller.'

'It is impossible,' said the tired-looking little woman. 'I must stay with baby.'

'Couldn't your sister do that?' suggested Luke, with a half-glance at the brilliant Carol.

'No,' said Mrs Miller; 'she wouldn't know in the least what to do.'

Carol gave one of her dazzling smiles, a smile which produced in Luke a sinking feeling of utter hopelessness. He had been trusting, for his own peace of mind, that he would not see anything of Carol for a considerable period, for he knew that only time could efface her image from his heart; and now, just as he was beginning to think that his longing for her was not much more than a strong fancy, here she was again, more fascinating than ever.

Mrs Miller, watching him, knew exactly what was passing through his mind.

'No, I'm sure I shouldn't,' said Carol. Then she went over and knelt down by her sister. 'But I think, dear Lizzie, I could "manage" for *just* one evening. You might give me a trial.'

But Lizzie was quite firm on the point. She had developed an unexpected obstinacy. Though pleased with her husband's worldly advance, she had not looked forward to coming to London, and now she was there she continued to live very much the same life as she had lived at Padditch, with the exception that she had rather more comforts, though not too many more, for the salary of an organist even in a fashionable church is nothing to boast about.

At that moment the subject of their conversation gave a shrill cry, and Mrs Miller bounded from her chair. 'I must go to the darling,' she said, and flew out of the room.

Jacob's face set in a rather unpleasant manner. 'I come a very bad third in the household now,' he muttered.—'Well, Luke, old chap, how go the scissors and paste?'

Luke, it should be explained, had contributed generously—and to a large extent gratuitously—to the *Padditch Examiner*, and had picked up technical knowledge of a newspaper's production by giving occasional assistance 'indoors.' Thus he had come to London with definite qualifications for his new work.

Jacob's witty allusion to Luke's sub-editorial duties did not disturb the latter in the least. 'You have formed a rather erroneous idea of my occupation,' he said quietly. 'The method of running a paper on cuttings from other papers has dropped largely into disuse by competition. The boot, in fact, is on the other foot,' he added with a sly smile, 'the difference between your profession and mine being that you play old tunes over and over again, while we play new ones every day.'

'It depends on the quality of the tunes,' countered Jacob. 'It might not do for you to play yours more than once. Well, I must go and dress for this At Home. Awful nuisance Lizzie won't go! I have been asked about her dozens of times. People will begin to think there's something wrong, or that I daren't exhibit her in public.'

Jacob was given somewhat to exaggeration. As a matter of fact, he had been asked once about his wife, and then by Lady Hind, who had said, 'Are you married, Mr Miller?' and on being informed that he was, had added, 'Have you any family?' She was told that he had one little girl, and that seemed to appease her temporary thirst for information about his domestic affairs.

'I am afraid Lizzie is not the sort of person to go to At Homes and things,' said Carol. 'Of course she'll have to go, and she'll get used to it in time, although she'll never care for it. *I* should *love* to go!'

'Well, come,' urged Jacob. 'The invitation is for two. You will meet heaps of nice people.'

'Are you certain Lizzie won't go?'

'Absolutely,' said Jacob shortly.

'Then I will,' said Carol.

Jacob and Luke having taken her trunks to her room, Carol soon arrayed herself in her prettiest evening-dress. It was of black net, and showed off her dazzling white neck and arms to perfection. Carol had been to heaps of parties in Paris, and could face the largest assembly with equanimity.

'Upon my word,' said Jacob when she came down, 'you look spiffing!'

Luke simply turned his eyes away from her and began to put a picture straight.

'Oh Carol,' cried Lizzie, coming into the room, 'how *sweet* you look! What a pity it is that you cannot be announced as "Mrs Jacob Miller"!'

'You absurd child!' laughed Carol, immensely pleased. 'As a matter of fact, I've a good mind to be! Jacob says they keep on asking about his wife, and so I may be able to satisfy their curiosity.'

'It would certainly serve Lizzie right if you did!' growled Jacob.

'Oh, I don't mind!' said Lizzie, tossing her head. 'Do whatever you like.'

But, as it happened, it was not necessary for Jacob to take any steps whatever. At the foot of the broad staircase, at the top of which Lady Hind stood receiving her guests, was a huge footman. Taking the guests' cards, he roared out their names to a fellow-servant whose station was close by her ladyship. '*Mr and Mrs Miller!*' thundered the first footman.

Jacob smiled at Carol over the unavoidable mistake, which of course he would explain to Lady Hind. '*Mr and Mrs Miller!*' cried the second footman as Jacob and Carol passed him, and Lady Hind gazed with interest upon the pretty, dark girl accompanying her latest protégé.

'I am so glad you have come,' said the great lady, as she shook hands with Carol, her gracious rattle preventing Jacob from getting a word in edgeways. 'I was beginning to think Mr Miller a domestic tyrant.—How do you do, Mr Miller? Let me introduce you to Sir George Gregory, who will, of course, know all about your cantata.'

Jacob was for the moment intoxicated. Times without number he had played Gregory's services and chants, and now to think that this famous man was beaming benevolently upon him—ay, and beaming benevolently upon his pretty companion, with more than a touch of admiration in his benevolence!

Sir George had, of course, heard about Jacob's composition, and was interested in the keen, clever face of the young man. He loved nothing better than to air his views before the rising generation, and Jacob was soon listening to a voluble dissertation on the composing of festival music.

Gregory, his position assured, was resting on his laurels now. Occasionally he swung his *bâton* over vast orchestras; but as a rule he preferred to sit and listen, to smile and nod approval. He was the successful composer to the last button on his well-barrelled-out white waistcoat. He was a big man, with his thick white hair cropped down like a brush, in the French military style. Very different was he in appearance from little Lemisch yonder, ten years his senior, the quite old man whose music

was but rarely heard now; Lemisch, spare, querulous, nervous, his brain always busy, his eyes always bright, now talking with rapid gesticulations, now bending his one good ear towards his companion.

Artistic birds of approved plumage thronged the *salon*. Talking to Lemisch was an Irish poet, tall and lithe, with a bush of black hair and a face that would have graced a Watts canvas; near them, chatting to an actor-manager, was a woman-novelist of world-wide repute, her firm, massive shoulders, strong white teeth, and almost masculine jaw lending her anything but a literary appearance; and close by a *Times* reviewer, with his fair hair parted rigorously in the middle, lisped in a high voice to the pretty, rather fragile-looking daughter of a Cabinet Minister.

Into this whirlpool of fashion and intellect plunged the Padditch organist and his supposed wife.

Jacob's heart beat fast when he found, talking to this man and that woman, how much better-known than he had ever imagined were his name and work to those who mattered. These were the people who assigned a man his place. The writer of mere pretty-pretty songs, the author of cheap sensational fiction, the painter of popular pot-boilers, for all their thousands of pounds, received no recognition from this throng. Its standard was high.

Carol had been introduced to some man who had swept her off. She did not like to reveal her identity without consulting Jacob, and at any rate she saw no harm for the time being in masquerading as Jacob's wife.

And so the evening passed, and when Jacob and Carol quitted the big house in Grosvenor Square they left behind them an agreeable impression of a well-mated young couple whose future was most promising.

'I feel frightfully guilty,' said Carol as they walked towards the nearest tube station. 'Of course it doesn't matter for this once, but if I go out with you again you must explain.'

'That will make me look a nice fool,' said Jacob.

'Well,' said Carol shortly, 'I can't go on posing as your wife, and, in addition to that, I don't *want* to.'

Jacob took her arm and squeezed it. 'I have never realised till now,' he said, 'what a great asset a smart, pretty woman is to a man who has to make his way in London. My cantata is all very well, and has made me a number of friends among people who are interested in decent music, but all those men who came up and talked to me to-night were considerably more interested in you than in me. It would be rather awkward for me to have to go round explaining the mistake the next time I met any of them.'

'Nevertheless, you will have to do it,' said Carol. 'The idea is preposterous. Besides,' she flamed, 'you're not ashamed of Lizzie, are you?'

'Of course not,' Jacob hastily assured her. 'But look how I am placed. I offered to bring her to-night, and she wouldn't come; and she won't ever come. She's bound hand and foot to that baby. I tell you,' he went on, glad of the opportunity to ventilate his grievance afresh, 'life is quite a different thing now that there are three of us. I'm nobody.'

'The point I want to insist on,' broke in Carol, 'is that I cannot appear in public again as Mrs Miller.'

'No, of course not,' said Jacob. 'It would be absurd; and, besides, Lady Hind and those people would be greatly annoyed if they thought I was practising any sort of deception on them. I'll explain the very next time I see her. That will be all right. Let's come in here and have some coffee before we catch our tube.'

Jacob helped his fair sister-in-law to sugar and milk. 'I must say,' he remarked affectionately, 'you are a great acquisition to Chez Nous, Carol. You can talk, you know. Lizzie doesn't talk anything like so much as she used to.'

'Oh, doesn't she?' said Carol, stirring her coffee thoughtfully.

'No, engrossed by baby. And old Luke doesn't exactly work his tongue off.'

'Luke was always quiet.'

'Oh, he talks sometimes by the yard when he's on a thing he's made a study of. You get him on sweet-peas or cauliflowers or celery, or anything like that, and he'll talk like a book. At least, he does to Lizzie. He doesn't favour me with many of his lectures.'

'You are not very sympathetic, you know, Jacob.'

'No, I suppose I'm not,' said Jacob, quite content with his label. 'Well, what I meant was, it's been a trifle dull for me, so I'm glad you've come. Here, have a piece of Swiss roll.'

Carol, as she took the Swiss roll, told herself that it was surprising, apart from his music, what a very ordinary young man Jacob was. And this reminded her she had been mistaken for his wife, and that was not at all to her liking. If he had written the 'Messiah' itself she would not have felt flattered to be known as Mrs Miller. For sisters-in-law, especially of clever men, see the flaws rather than the virtues. 'You must clear up that mistake about me,' she said, laughing. 'It isn't fair to Lizzie.'

'Yes, yes,' said Jacob. 'Of course. Very awkward, but I'll soon put it right.'

(To be continued.)

A SIEGE NEWSPAPER.

FOR over three hundred miles the Mississippi River forms the boundary between the Mississippi State and Arkansas and Louisiana. Midway between New Orleans and Memphis, which is situated just over the northern boundary of the state, stands the town of Vicksburg, the scene of one of the bitterest struggles in the war between North and South, when, in the early summer of 1863, it was gallantly defended against the attacks of the Union army under the command of General Ulysses Simpson Grant.

A little town of some five thousand inhabitants at that time, its strategic importance was soon realised by the Confederates, and early in 1861 the place was strongly fortified. Situated on high bluffs above the big brown river, from that side the place was practically impregnable.

The issues dependent on the capture of Vicksburg were far-reaching, for by its position it controlled the navigation of the river, and held the key to the door of the cotton-supply of the world, the locking up of which had such disastrous results, as we in Britain knew only too well.

By the autumn of 1862, Grant, whose head-quarters were at Corinth, to the north-east of Vicksburg, had gained possession of the whole of the Mississippi to this point. Shortly before that the mouth of the river had been opened by the capture of New Orleans, and the beginning of the new year saw the Confederate flag floating in 'splendid isolation' over Vicksburg.

Early in the spring of 1863, Grant, with his brilliant colleague and friend General Sherman, assisted by Admiral Porter in command of a small river-fleet, made his first assault on Vicksburg from the opposite or western bank of the river, and was repulsed with heavy loss. Moving south, Grant and his army crossed the river to the Vicksburg side, and marching east, struck a fatal blow at Johnston's army, stationed at Jackson; then turning, he slowly but surely beat back the Confederate forces lying between him and the river; and by the 18th of May General Pemberton and an army of twenty-seven thousand men were shut up in Vicksburg. The siege lasted until the 4th of July, when the 'finest Confederate army of the west' surrendered, and the Mississippi was opened from end to end.

A series of pen-portraits of men who made history during this war are vividly sketched by Mr Winston Churchill in his brilliant novel, *The Crisis*, and the most vivid of them all is that of General Grant when in command of the Union army before Vicksburg. Here it was that his strategic abilities were so well demonstrated; and from this point it may be said that he came to his own, and won that recognition from head-quarters which the people, with a clearer insight, had accorded to him long before.

The bombardment of Vicksburg was hot and incessant. Harassed though he was by disease amongst his men, Grant gave the enemy little rest. Often, though, did friends recognise friends in the opposite camps; and sometimes, Mr Churchill tells us, little parcels of food were exchanged by the besiegers for tobacco, which would be wrapped in newspaper printed on the white side of wall-paper.

These newspapers were called 'wall-paper editions,' and copies of them are to be seen in some of the museums and libraries in America. A copy of the last 'wall-paper edition' of the Vicksburg *Daily Citizen* is in the possession of the writer, and is a very fascinating document. A single sheet, measuring some two feet in length, and of the width of ordinary wall-paper, the white side or back of it contains four columns of closely printed matter. Though a little yellow now with age, it is in good preservation otherwise, and the pattern of the wall-paper on the other side, done in white and gold, is still quite fresh in appearance. Judging from the design and quality of the paper, it had not originally been a cheap wall-paper.

Though the paper bears the ominous date 2nd July 1863—the beginning of the end—no trace of what a forlorn hope it must then have been is to be found in the reading-matter. On the contrary, one gathers that all is going well with the Southern armies. News of a belated date was still dribbling in, a laudatory account of General Lee's successful campaign in Virginia being prominently set forth, and a short leader thereon. Jocular references are made to the strained resources of the commissariat department, and to the untimely end which had overtaken several tabbies in the town.

From the following paragraph it is evident that the rumour of Grant having boasted of his intention to dine in Vicksburg on 4th July had reached the Vicksburgians:

'*On dit* that the great Ulysses—the Yankee generalissimo surnamed Grant—has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th of July by a grand dinner, and so forth. When asked if he would invite Gen. Jo. Johnston to join, he said, "No, for fear there will be a row at the table." Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is "first to catch the rabbit,"' &c.

The allusion to General Johnston (the same whom Grant put out of action at Jackson) has reference to the fact that though Johnston had hoped to come to the rescue of Vicksburg, General Pemberton had no wish to share the possible honour of defeating Grant; and the latter,

knowing this, had solved the matter in his own way.

The newspaper, as I have said, is dated 2nd July. This was a Thursday. The last paragraph of all, containing about a dozen lines, conveys to us more by what it leaves unsaid than by what it actually does say, a vivid picture of the march of events. It runs as follows:

'NOTE.

'*July 4th*, 1863.

'Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has "caught the rabbit;" he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The *Citizen* lives to see it. For the last time it appears on wall-paper. No more will it imagine the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet nevermore. This is the last wall-paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity.'

It was the fortune of war. The *Daily Citizen* had been caught red-handed; but to no one of the vanquished would the conquerors more readily accord the honours of war than to this Vicksburg editor who had shown such ingenuity and determination to run his paper amid such circumstances and against such odds as we fancy few editors would contemplate with equanimity.

With the fall of Vicksburg and the opening of the Mississippi came the turning-point of the war, for it cut the Confederacy in two, and gave the North an advantage which it never afterwards lost.

PREMATURE.

A STORY OF MODERN INDIA.

THE Honourable Mohan Nath smiled. It was an oily smile, the smile of one beloved by Government, and also hailed, at the same time, by the native Press as 'a leader of the Indian nation.' He looked for a moment upon the individual whose last remark had called forth the smile upon his benevolent countenance. Rather a contrast this man! Lean, spare of figure, with high cheek-bones, and eyes that looked all round you and never once at you, and yet gave you an uneasy feeling that they had summed up and put away for future reference all your past and your possibilities, if carefully managed, in the future.

'You see,' said the Honourable Mohan Nath, and shifted a little, 'I am such a very loyal "native gentleman." Yes, that is what my British friends say about me, I know.'

'That is just the point,' sharply replied the other. 'You are a pillar of the *status quo*. There is doubtless a C.I.E. in store for you. None of your British friends suspect you of—well, let us say nationalistic tendencies. If they did, or do, it is all the same. They must keep on good terms with you, my friend; they must hide from you their suspicions. They are, in fact, afraid of you—of us. Conciliation, sympathetic treatment, representative opinions! Very fine words, all of them, and they can be summed up in one—fear! Oh yes, the old days are gone. The British don't rule us now; in reality we rule them. How long is the farce to go on? You think it pays us? I don't. I think the time has come to end it; you say, "Wait." Why, what's the good of waiting? Till the British change their minds? That is a possibility, you know; they have a wonderful faculty for suddenly waking up and seeing things. At present they don't. Very well, then, let us strike while we can. If we fail, you and I will perhaps be even better off than now. "Loyalty rewarded; gallant services; the King-Emperor is graciously pleased to confer"—— You know it all. If we don't fail, or rather *they* don't fail—*we* are "loyal native gentlemen," as you so aptly put it—don't you see us sitting in the high places and using all the opportunities which these high places give, and which the present scheme of things unjustly prevents our using? Oh yes, I know all about British justice, incorruptibility, and so on! Let *them* be incorruptible if they like. What I say, and what all our fathers said, is that when a man has gained a position, he has the right to get all he can out of that position. Why, now we are worse off in that respect than our subordinates; they can look after their own interests to a certain extent.'

'You take too low a line,' said Mohan Nath pompously. 'I look to the good of the country. If I were not convinced, for example, that the movement you speak of were for the benefit of the masses, the ignorant, starving masses, the'——

'Oh yes,' put in the other impatiently, 'of course, of course.' As a matter of fact, he had recognised a portion of the honourable gentleman's last Congress speech in these remarks, and was alarmed at the prospect of the whole oration being poured out upon him. Public and private life and speech, in his opinion, should never be confused. It was a principle of precaution, in his case wisely upheld.

'Well, let me hear the details of the scheme,' conceded the Congress orator. 'You can, of course, repose the utmost confidence in my secrecy under any circumstances. I take it that

immediate action is not contemplated. My son tells me that the propaganda among the students is proceeding apace. There is a proposal, I believe, to employ these young men as collectors for the fund among the villages.'

'Yes,' said the other, and his eyes lit up; he was a born organiser and intriguer. 'You see, the more we have involved, the safer is the organisation.'

'Yes, I see!' remarked the Honourable, with a slight hesitation begotten of the fact that he did indeed see the reason for his own admission to these 'advance' secrets. He was never quite at his ease with this man. For one thing, he never received at his hands those fulsome flatteries and soothing tributes to his honours and dignities which he was accustomed to get from other native gentlemen and also from Government officers on 'conciliation' bent.

However, the matter of some people's discourse is more important than the manner, so he gave an attentive ear to the details of the scheme.

These need not detain us here. Suffice it to say that they were similar to the details of many other schemes that have for several years throughout the disaffected areas of India been whispered about, discussed furtively, embraced with enthusiasm, and somehow dropped after all in the end. Some day, perhaps, such a scheme will come to fruition, and the London newspapers will be headlined with consternation and surprise. There were many cries of 'Wolf!' but a real wolf did come at last.

The fat barrister in the reception-room of his stucco palace, among its cheap mirrors and Calcutta-made furniture, fidgeted up and down in high excitement. Bloodshed was hardly his trade, but he had no objection to it provided he was not called upon to take any part in it himself. 'In the cause of the masses, you know—the ignorant masses'—— The spectacle of this very peaceable conspirator would undoubtedly have struck one of us as ludicrous. Nonsense the whole thing might have seemed, but dangerous nonsense. To the lean man with the fine nostrils it was something very near the reality of things.

It was late when he left that house of glaring incongruities and drove across the silent park in his magnificent carriage with its yellow body and aluminium wheels.

Meanwhile he had left behind him in the stucco palace a man of strangely mixed emotions. Mohan Nath was by no means enamoured of this proposal to which he had listened. He was doing very well under the present state of things. He was not at all sure he stood to gain under any other. In fact, when it really came to the point of serious consideration, his luxuriant flesh shuddered at the thought of what might happen if 'my British friends' were actually removed, in some popular rising, from this complex India. He was not an ignorant man. Far from it. He had travelled up and down his own country, and was aware of the varied sorts of gunpowder lying about waiting for such a spark to fall. Nor was he under the self-deception, like some of his Bengali acquaintance, that mere clever management and adroit diplomacy would enable him and his class to control the wily Pathan, the dare-devil Afghan, and the inscrutable Nepaulese. Yet his vanity and love of deference inclined him towards the glittering prospect of personal power and aggrandisement held out by the more sanguine of his associates. It was difficult to hold aloof; it was dangerous to join in unequivocally. He wanted to eat the cake he had got and also keep an eye on the cake in the oven. That seemed a reasonable policy; and, anyhow, he would not be called upon for definite action, or rather judgment upon definite action, for some months yet. With which pleasing reflection he went to sleep, though the pariah dogs were howling up and down the road, and a syce in the compound at the back was banging on a tom-tom to celebrate the birth of a second-cousin's nephew.

Now, on the day following these momentous happenings there chanced to fall a Mohammedan festival, with the attendant processions and celebrations incidental to such an occasion. The god of a thousand and one chances had also contrived that the wedding of a certain rich Hindu merchant's son should take place on the same day; and a wedding in such high life is an affair of much importance to a great many more than those immediately concerned. All the motley riff-raff of the bazaar turn out to applaud and be fed with the crumbs from the rich man's table, so to speak.

Some rumour of possible disturbance arising out of the clash of rival shows had reached the resident magistrate; but he, a good-natured Laodicean of no particular fitness for his present (acting) appointment beyond the fact of having passed, after two years of hard labour at a crammer's, the necessary competitive examination, saw no reason to interfere with the arrangements made by either party.

Behold, then, Behari Lal's wedding procession, the banners and the baskets of artificial flowers, the structures of coloured paper, the tinselled poles, and all the other gay appurtenances thereof, wending its noisy way, punctuated by many an uproarious pause, through the principal bazaar of the city. Behold, also, from the other direction, approaching with all the solemnity befitting the religious cause, the procession of the Mussulman community. Joined to it you may observe a fair sprinkling of dark-bearded, upstanding individuals who bear themselves with a certain reckless independence; Pathans these, a part of the large floating population of an Indian city, here to-day and gone to-morrow, not without a certain amount of other people's property with them.

On the whole, the prospects of the public peace are not rosy, and there is some cause for the look

of anxiety on the boyish face of its protector in khaki, who leans from his horse and sends off a sergeant with an order. However, one never knows, and the whole thing may pass off with never a broken head. Indeed, the two processions seem to be passing one another quite amicably, in spite of the crowding in the narrow street. Then some one apparently jostles some one else a little unnecessarily; and then follows a stream of abuse which we need not repeat to ears unused to the picturesque detail of the Eastern imagination when applied to a congenial task.

Events move fast in a crowd, and it is difficult to say what happened next. Some one evidently sat down suddenly in an unclean puddle; half-a-dozen seized the opportunity of falling over him. Mud begins to fly and sticks appear from unlikely quarters. The Indian housewife (if we may call her such) has a frugal habit of compounding pats of cow-dung and plastering them upon the mud walls of her house for future use as fuel. These form an undeniable temptation as a missile, and the air is thick with them before long. The red turbans of the policemen bob about among the surging heads as their owners whack left and right with their batons, shouting, 'Hey, brother! Hey, you swine!' impartially but altogether ineffectually. The youthful Assistant Superintendent tastes the first real enjoyment he has had since he came to India, raining blows, in biblical reminiscence, upon the just and unjust alike. Others of his service are soon upon the scene joyfully hastening from less congenial employment.

Gradually, as such things do, the affair dies down; the battered processions pursue their way, 'bloody, but unbowed;' the Pathans slip quietly aside, modest men, unassuming and all for peace.

Now the bazaar appears fairly quiet again to outward seeming; but heads have been broken and rancour aroused, and below the surface there is an unquiet seething, and the night may well witness a recrudescence of disorder. So thinks the wary chief of police, and makes his dispositions accordingly.

. . . . . .

You would not have supposed him to be a desperate character. Ordinarily, you would have taken one glance at his studious, rather earnest face, his green coat with the Bengali *chudder* thrown over the shoulder rather in the manner of a Roman toga, his white *dhoti*, the wonderfully coloured socks, and the brown British shoes, and you would have said a little contemptuously, as is the fashion, 'Oh, one of the college students.' But now look at him as he stands on the topmost step of the little shrine, and with head thrown back fronts the upturned faces of the moving mass that fills the white-walled enclosure of this ancient temple. Moving? Yes, but only when his burning words set them all aswaying in the vehemence of their passion, mocking them with sarcasm, touching them with pathos, galvanising their lethargic minds to life and action. The uncertain light from the charcoal braziers flickers over their myriad-fashioned faces and varied garments. There are men of high caste and low caste and no caste at all, held together only by the magic of words—the words of a student. Truly the East is the home of miracle! But is it such a miracle after all, this power of sincerity? For that is what it is that holds them all. Here is a man, a 'student' if you will, full of unassimilated Western knowledge, tags of English classic authors, inordinately proud of quaint idioms and ill-applied proverbs, an ardent believer in exploded Victorian theories and long-forgotten ideals, who yet, by the power of sincerity and a love of a motherland however imaginary, can move these men of many differences to feel as one beneath his spell.

Contemplate that youthful figure, swaying to the tide of his own eloquence, a little closely. He will repay some study. The son of respectable landholding parents, Sitaram Mukerji had been sent to the university, at some sacrifice, to fit him for a safe Government post after the indispensable literary training culminating in the B.A. degree. Here, without any previous knowledge or understanding of European political history and conditions, he had come into contact with political theories utterly at variance with his hereditary ethical system. Eagerly he had absorbed their teaching; the crude enthusiasm, the delusive clearness, the positive conviction of these intellectual descendants of Rousseau and the *Rights of Man* appealed with all the force of novelty to his quick but utterly uncritical mind. It mattered nothing that most of these theories had been found unworkable and long since rejected in the West; he knew nothing of the long centuries of national discipline that had rendered representative institutions possible in Europe; all he saw was that the British were a powerful nation, and they had become powerful and great by means of these very ideas and institutions apparently. The conclusion was obvious. 'Free' the Hindu people; make them a nation; let them govern themselves in the same way as European peoples govern themselves. So the ideal of a 'motherland' formed in his mind, fostered by his reading in the Sanscrit scriptures of all the glories, mainly mythical, of ancient India. What was he to know of the impossibility of an Indian nation in modern India, of the necessity of a strong central power to keep together the irreconcilable elements of that many-peopled land? With a loyal admiration for the Hindu, he made light of other races equally entitled to existence in the Empire, and more capable of fighting for it. He had not the experience that rendered Mohan Nath apprehensive, nor the historical imagination to picture the horrors of a country suddenly exposed to an interracial struggle for supremacy.

So much by way of prelude to the scene before us. To understand is to forgive, and we may have much to forgive Sitaram Mukerji for this

night's eloquence! For eloquent he undoubtedly is in his own fluent vernacular. Thoroughly convinced of the injustice of the British, of the divine mandate to himself to end it, perfectly prepared to suffer any sort of martyrdom and glory in the opportunity, he is just the sort of leader to move the men before him. He has little idea, perhaps, of what he means to do with them; but there are others in the crowd quite ready to take up the leadership when it comes to action, others who have mingled with the seething mob for that very purpose.

And to action it comes rapidly. An angry murmur runs through the ranks, swelling to a roar. They forget the orator; they cast loose all customary checks. In a few moments a stream of excited madmen is rushing through the narrow gates out into the bazaar. Our modest friends the Pathans, whom we last saw melting away into the insignificance of side-alleys, somehow emerge into prominence at several points in the hubbub. Somehow or other a rumour flies about, repeated at first under the breath with furtive hesitation, then shouted hoarsely in open defiance, 'To the Treasury! To the Treasury! Loot! Loot!'

The whole crowd presses along, sweeping up into its following the flotsam of the awakened streets. There does not seem to be much hurry; that is not the Oriental way; but it moves always. Sitaram Mukerji is caught up by the enthusiasm around him. He would have preferred, he is aware now, to go to the lines of the native regiment, and appeal to the sepoys as brothers to come out and murder their officers, and then sweep down, with added terror, upon the whole civil station. But that can doubtless be done after. There is no harm in seizing the money first before they have time to guard it. The phrase 'sinews of war' flashes into his mind. Some good out of an English education!

> You taught me language; and my profit on it
> Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
> For learning me your language!

'Loot! Lloot!' The shrinking *bunniahs* hear it behind their flimsy shutters. The women secluded in the back hear it too. They catch at only the natural interpretation, and chatter with fear. They know nothing of the patriotic motives of this inspired mob and the high-souled Sitaram. Some of them were justified in their fears, it is to be lamented, before daybreak.

'Loot! Loot!' and India would hear it every night were it not for this British 'tyranny and oppression.'

So the mob gathers strength, and comes out at last upon the silent outskirts of the station, into the straight roads lined with trees and cactus-bordered ditches in which the jackal lies hid till the unaccustomed noises pass on.

Now the big buildings of the Government offices loomed up before them, black against the northern sky, for the young moon was not yet below the horizon, though the light it gave was small. Here there was a momentary pause. The Treasury lay just beyond, and it would be guarded by a few native military police, armed with rifles and bayonets. But the mob made light of these. The police had little mercy to expect, and knew it; they would not stand upon the order of their going, and then it would be a simple matter to break into the building, tear down the iron bars, and drag out the heavy boxes laden with many lacs of rupees. They had seen these same boxes carted through the streets guarded by police. The memory of that sight was stimulating! The crowd, dangerously silent now, closed up and advanced in a wide circle towards the guard-house and the Treasury that lay behind it. Suddenly, in the silence, came the *click* of rifle-bolts shot home—an ominous sound.

'Now then!' shouted the voice of a sahib addressing them in Hindustani, 'what do you want? Be off at once!'

A confused murmur arose. Cries of 'The red-coats! The red-coats!'—the native name eternally for British infantry in spite of universal khaki—were raised in consternation. It was unexpected this. The chief of police had rightly judged the temper of the bazaar in the morning, and left nothing to chance, so here was half a company of Tommies standing fast and fervently praying for ''alf a chanst at them blighted niggers!' Sitaram felt suddenly out of place; the exultation of his oratory had evaporated. This was, of course, the reaction; a very unpleasant sensation, anyhow! He concluded he had had enough for the present. 'The better part of valour,' he told himself, 'is to live to fight another day.' The martyr was merged back again into the man of maxims and queer sayings. Sitaram backed out.

He was not alone. There was a wavering, a surge forward, a bit of a scuffle. There was no need for shooting. The whole thing was over in a minute. The crowd had melted away, broken up into detached bands. Those boxes were still safe behind their iron bars.

But though the sight of armed resistance had temporarily dashed their courage, there were many still disposed for mischief. Many a bungalow lay dark among the trees, its inmates wrapped in unsuspecting slumber. These would prove an easy prey. A few of the rioters were impelled by a blind racial hatred; the words of such as Sitaram had burned into their hearts, and now the smouldering fury had blazed up. But most were out for plunder simply, and these went to work with an eye to that, and that alone. Sitaram found himself mixed up with a section of these; the excitement of the thing, now that danger was past for the present, worked up his blood; he moved along with them, unheeding where they went.

First to the European shops, big bungalows standing well back from the broad road in spacious compounds. The jeweller's was soon a mass of broken glass and smashed cases; the lucky discoverers bore off their booty swiftly and were seen no more. Others, too late upon the scene, swept on under the command of a big Pathan and his fellows. They were new to this part of the country, but they had soon acquainted themselves with the bazaar talk. They had no use for an attack on the club which some were clamouring for; sahibs do not keep their money in their houses; they send it all to the bank or buy polo ponies. But the wealth of Mohan Nath—they dropped the 'Honourable' in the bazaar—was common gossip. Doubtless, like the fat *bunniahs* (I am afraid they saw little distinction between *bunniahs* and barristers, these contemptuous Pathans!), he kept it all in that painted palace of his. Here was an opportunity not to be missed! They sped on, disregarding patriotic dissuaders. 'He is one of us!' screamed Sitaram as he saw their intention, swept along with them. Some one struck him on the mouth, and he bent down, spitting blood. Others running behind threw down the stooping figure, and he grovelled in the dust. Truly he had not looked for a martyrdom like this! He got up and staggered away into the darkness, a sadly disappointed revolutionary.

The Honourable Mohan Nath woke suddenly to find his room invaded by a horde of black-bearded ruffians. They pounced upon him. 'Now then, old ——' (and they used a vilely insulting word, these irreverent Mohammedans), 'where is the money?'

The Hindu gasped for breath, and the sweat poured off his gross body. Perhaps he did not tell them quick enough; perhaps he answered them in kind; anyhow, in anger or in sport—— But these things are hardly nice. Let us leave him there for his servant to find in the morning when he creeps in, terrified by the uproar of the night—to find, and run yelling away out of the stucco palace, with its glaring incongruities, to which one more, the last and most horrible, has now been added.

'Might have been a very serious affair indeed,' said the collector, hastily summoned in from camp, 'had it not been for your clever foresight, Stephenson. As it is, it just shows us on what a volcano we habitually live. Those patrols were a very happy thought. I shudder to think of the massacre that might have occurred had they not met with and broken up that mob in the Club Road! We must, of course, see about compensating the shopkeepers for their loss—pretty heavy, I understand; but I quite agree with you that your first duty was to think of the lives of the European population. By the way, I'm extremely sorry about old Mohan Nath. It will have a very bad effect, I'm afraid. You see, it looks as though he were specially singled out for attack as being loyal to the Government. His services to us and well-known loyalty were, of course, obnoxious to the anarchist section, and they seem to have seized this opportunity of a chance outbreak to revenge themselves on him. It is all part of their terrorist programme, I can see.'

'Couldn't have been merely for loot, I suppose, sir? That, I think, is quite possible,' suggested young Stephenson.

'Oh no. I am convinced my theory is absolutely correct,' said the collector.

And that, of course, closed the discussion.

But it was a pity the collector could not read the thoughts of the lean man as he waited outside in the big veranda at that very moment, waiting to pay his respects to the Collector Sahib, and tell him how very, very upset he was by this dreadful outbreak of lawless violence, 'utterly condemned, I can assure you, by the whole body of my countrymen.' There he sat with a grim frown. 'Premature—premature!' he muttered to himself. 'If only they could have waited! Now this affair will put back all our plans for a long time. An ill-timed, ill-managed, blundering attempt, the work of a hot-headed fool! In other hands, a few months later, it might have succeeded. But now—absurdly premature!'

Observe that he gave not a thought to the sad fate of the Honourable Mohan Nath!

DU'R MYNYDD.

KAURI GUM.

THE northern part of the North Island of New Zealand possesses a unique industry, that of obtaining and exporting the article known commercially as kauri gum. Properly speaking, kauri gum is not a gum at all, but a resin, the solidified turpentine of the kauri-tree (*Agathis australis*), a magnificent variety of pine, the finest specimens of which reach a height of two hundred feet and a circumference of ten yards. A small quantity of low-grade gum is taken from the forks of standing trees; but a larger quantity is obtained by 'bleeding' the tree—that is, by making incisions and drawing off the turpentine, which soon becomes solid and marketable. Some experts believe that before long this method of procuring the gum, which is a comparatively new one, will be the chief source of supply, although most of the kauri gum now placed on the market is dug from the ground.

The gum is found in lumps ranging from the size of a bean to a weight of two hundred and

thirty pounds, the biggest 'nugget' yet discovered. On many gum-fields two and even three layers of gum have been found, proving the existence in past times of several successive kauri-forests, which on decaying left layer on layer of gum for the economic benefit of our generation. So it is that gum-fields which twenty-five years ago were believed to be exhausted are to-day worked profitably at greater depths. The largest pieces of gum, technically called 'bold' gum, are found nearest the surface; after the removal of the surface layer the gum-digger prods the ground with a long spear; then, if he strikes gum, he digs down to the deposit his spear has located at a depth of from a few inches to twelve feet.

After being dug out the gum must be scraped to free it from earth. At night the digger, with a special kind of knife known as a gum-knife, performs this operation on the gum he has secured during the day. At the week-end, as a general rule, the digger sells his gum to the local storekeeper, who forwards it to a gum-merchant in Auckland, in whose store it is sorted and graded according to quality under expert supervision. The finest quality of gum is of a rich brown colour, sometimes translucent, sometimes even transparent; absolutely transparent specimens are most valuable. When sorted, the gum is packed in cases and shipped to England or the United States, where the article passes into the hands of the manufacturers. The first quality of kauri gum is used as a substitute for amber in making mouthpieces for pipes, cigar-holders, &c. But the chief use of kauri gum is to make varnish, of which it is a most important ingredient. A large proportion of the lower-grade gum exported to England is used in manufacturing varnish for linoleum.

The trade in kauri gum began in 1847, and from that date to 1853 the price was about five pounds per ton. In 1860 one thousand and forty-six tons were exported, valued at nine pounds per ton; increasing in 1909 to eight thousand two hundred and fifty tons, valued at five hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and ninety-eight pounds, an average of sixty-six pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence per ton. The total value of gum exported from New Zealand since the inception of the industry to the present time is over fifteen million pounds sterling.

It will interest the reader to know something of the men who dig gum. In too many cases the gum-digger is a man of unsteady habits, who could not, or would not, keep any regular employment. One of that sort will dig until he has earned a few pounds; then he goes to the nearest bush township, walks into the first grog-shop, and spends his money on the poison sold in such places; or, if he can practise a little more self-denial, he allows his money to accumulate until Christmas or Easter, when he goes to Auckland and 'blues his cheque' or 'knocks down his cheque'—that is, wastes it in a few days' riotous living. His money gone, he sobers up, and goes back to the gum-fields to repeat the process. But a fair proportion of the men engaged in gum-digging are of thrifty habits. A friend of mine, an accountant in a local bank, told me that he knew of gum-diggers who had over one thousand pounds each on deposit. Of the seven thousand men engaged in gum-digging a considerable number are Austrians, chiefly from Dalmatia, a sober, industrious class of men, usually working in camping-parties, digging the hills or swamps according as it is the wet or dry season. Out of their savings many Dalmatian gum-diggers have become freeholders, farmers, and wine-growers.

Although a gum-digger's life is full of roughness, even hardship, yet in the view of many who follow it the life has its compensations. The occupation requires little or no capital. An outfit may be bought for a few shillings; or if the would-be digger be quite penniless he may get tools and a week's food from the local storekeeper, it being understood that at the week's end the storekeeper shall have the option of buying whatever gum has been procured. Another point in favour of a gum-digger's life that gives it a charm for a man of independent spirit is that the digger is his own employer; he calls no man master. If he digs on Crown land, a privilege reserved to British subjects, he pays the State a nominal license-fee, erects his own hut or tent, and so lives practically rent-free. If he is reasonably industrious he is sure of a living; if he works hard he is sure of more than a living; and he has always a gambler's chance of 'striking a patch'—that is, of finding a rich deposit of gum that may give him several days' wages for one day's work.

THE LITTLE GREEN GATE.

There's a little white house that I once used to know,
In the far-away country that's called Long Ago,
With a little green fence and a little green gate,
Where Somebody once 'pon a time used to wait.

Somebody once used to watch and to wait
Every night between seven and eight,
As timid and shy as a little gray mouse,
At the little green gate of the little white house;

Lingering there in a state of suspense
Till Somebody passing the little green fence—
Sooner or later, as certain as fate—
Paused for a while at the little green gate.

Only a gate in a little green fence;
But the words that were said—though they hadn't much sense—
Made it seem—'tis a story so old and so new—
The gate of a Paradise made for the two.

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

REVELATIONS of secret political history concerning matters of the surface of which we have all had a more or less intimate knowledge are always fascinating, but they are very rarely presented in such a manner and concerning personages and affairs of such high importance as those made lately by Sir Sidney Lee. In the first volume of the second supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography* he gives us a new picture of the late King Edward, shows to us the man and the king, tells us what his late Majesty's views were on the people round about him who came nearest to his confidence or his concerns, what were his opinions on the wrangles, political and otherwise, that were pursued during his lifetime. This is really the first intimate view that has been given to us of the opinions and character of the late King. It is a view that differs in some material respects from that which has gained frequent acceptance; it is one that will deeply interest the world as well as the people of this country; it is fully authentic, for Sir Sidney has had access to private and official sources of information; and it is certainly one that will be a subject of discussion for some time to come. It would perhaps not be a bad thing, in presenting some of the facts and thoughts that Sir Sidney Lee lays before us, to begin at the end, where, from his knowledge and with the help of exceptional guidance, he gives what might almost be called a semi-official presentation of the character of the late King. He suggests that the King 'eminently satisfied contemporary conditions of kingship. He inherited the immense popularity which belonged to the Crown at the close of his mother's reign, and his personality greatly strengthened the hold of royalty on public affection. The cosmopolitan temperament, the charm of manner, the social tact fitted him admirably for the representative or symbolic function of his great station. A perfect command of the three languages, English, French, and German, in all of which he could speak in public on the inspiration of the moment with no less grace than facility, gave him the ear of Europe. Probably no king won so effectually the good-will at once of foreign peoples and of his own subjects. He was a citizen of the world, gifted with abounding humanity which evoked a universal sympathy and regard. The outward forms of rule were congenial to him. He deemed public ceremony essential to the royal state, and attached high value to formal dignity. Spacious splendour appealed to him. By all the minutiæ of etiquette he set great store, and he exerted his authority in securing their observance. For any defect in costume or uniform he had an eagle eye and was plain-spoken in rebuke.' And then, after saying that King Edward could not be credited with any of the greatness that comes from statesmanship, and that on questions involving large principles he held no very definite views, the biographer observes that he was 'a man of the world, he lacked the intellectual equipment of a thinker, and showed on occasion an unwillingness to exert his mental powers. He was no reader of books. He could not concentrate his mind on them. Yet he was always eager for information, and he gathered orally very varied stores of knowledge. A rare aptitude for rapidly assimilating the outlines of a topic enabled him to hold his own in brief talk with experts in every subject. He did not sustain a conversation with much power or brilliance, but his grace and charm of manner atoned for any deficiency of matter.'

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One has thus given a part of the biographer's verdict, as it were, his final summary of the late King's disposition and attainments, because it is perhaps the point upon which there will be most general curiosity. So now we may turn to the beginning, and see under what a handicap the young Prince made his start in life. Much has been written about the careful system under which the Prince Consort trained his eldest son. It was strict; it may have appeared to some to be splendid; indeed until recent times it was spoken of as though it abounded with credit to the parent. But anything worse could hardly have been imagined. It gave the Prince's natural character no chance whatever of development; it dwarfed him, shut him in at every turn. No doubt the object was in a certain sense a good one; but a policy of repression, of shaping to a mould, was not a good one in a case like that. The Prince was isolated from the companionship of all other boys of his own age.

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In moderate terms the biographer tells us much of this. He says that 'Prince Albert did not conceal his anxiety over his son's backwardness. He invited the counsel of Lord Granville. Granville frankly advised "his being mixed up with others of his own age away from home." He ridiculed as futile "the visits of Eton boys to the Castle for a couple of hours." Never out of the sight of tutors or elderly attendants, he was not likely to develop the best boyish characteristics.' King Edward all his life had the nicest regard for personal appearance, and wished it to be observed most strictly by all who were about him. This characteristic was inculcated in him by his father. The Prince Consort made elaborate rules whereby those in charge of his son might encourage in him minute care of appearance, deportment, and dress, and foster in him good manners and conduct towards others, and the ability to acquit himself creditably in conversation or whatever might be the occupation of the society in which he found himself. We are told that at fifteen years of age he was given a small allowance for the purchase of hats and ties, for which he carefully accounted to his mother. Then he was advanced to the privilege of choosing his own clothes, and the Queen sent him a formal minute on the sober principles which should govern his choice of material. And thus it happened that 'to the formalities of official costume he paid through life an almost exaggerated attention.' But he was not allowed to read any works of fiction, which were considered demoralising. Even Sir Walter Scott was banned! And so no love of reading was fostered in the Prince, and in after life he read very little but the newspapers. When the Prince Consort died the Queen looked upon him as a fatherless boy to whom she owed paternal guidance, so she continued the strictest of training, and sought to regulate his actions in almost all relations of life. That she thought would have been the desire of her husband.

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But the system failed, because when the Prince, grown up, could no longer be bound in this iron control he went his own way. Sir Sidney Lee tells us 'the Prince always treated his mother with affectionate deference and considerate courtesy. Naturally docile, he, in his frequent letters to her, addressed her up to her death in simple filial style, beginning "Dear Mamma," and ending "Your affectionate and dutiful son." To the Queen the formula had a literal significance; but on reaching man's estate the Prince's views of life broadened. He travelled far from the rigid traditions in which he had been brought up. Differences of view regarding his official privileges became, with the prolongation of his mother's reign, inevitable. The Queen was very ready to delegate to him formal and ceremonial labours which were distasteful to her, but she never ceased to ignore his title to any function of government. His place in the royal succession soon seemed to him inconsistent with that perpetual tutelage from which Queen Victoria deemed it wrong for him to escape in her lifetime. Open conflict was averted mainly by the Prince's placable temper, . . . but it was a serious disadvantage for him to be denied by the Queen any acknowledged responsibility in public affairs for the long period of nearly forty years which intervened between his father's death and his own succession to the throne.' Mr Gladstone came forward to suggest that it would be wise to give the Prince more scope and authority, and the Queen did not like it. Says Sir Sidney Lee: 'In the summer of 1872, to Queen Victoria's barely concealed chagrin, Gladstone invited her attention to the delicate question of the Prince's official status. The welfare of the Prince and the strength and dignity of the Crown required, Gladstone urged, that he should be regularly employed. At great length, and with pertinacity, Gladstone pressed his views on the sovereign in writing. He offered various suggestions. The Prince might be associated with the rule of India, and join the Indian Council. With somewhat greater emphasis Ireland was recommended as a fit field for the Prince's energies. Some of the duties of the Lord Lieutenant might be delegated to him, and a royal residence might be purchased for his occupation for several weeks each year. The Irish Secretary, Lord Hartington, the Prince's intimate friend, favoured the proposed Irish palace. But the Queen was unconvinced. She doubted whether the duties of the Indian Council were onerous enough to keep the Prince employed. In Ireland, the Prince's intimacy with the family of the Duke of Abercorn imbued him with Orangeism. She evasively allowed that increased occupation would be advantageous to the Prince, and she gave vague assurances of assent to Gladstone's general proposition; but her unwillingness to pursue the matter in detail brought the negotiations to an end.' So the sort of training of the future King went on, stubborn and faulty in its method all the time. However, when Mr Gladstone became Premier a fourth time, twenty years after this, something was done at last towards making the Prince a factor in the Government, if a very small one. The Prince had expressed to him the wish that information should be placed at his disposal about the proceedings of the Cabinet. Even then Queen Victoria objected! She suggested that she herself should decide what official news should be passed on to her son. She did not like the possibility of national secrets being discussed over dinner-tables at country-house parties. However, she gave in at last. A few years later, when Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister, the Prince's right to receive as a matter of course all foreign despatches was formally con-

ceded. 'He was given a "Cabinet key" to the official pouches in which private information is daily circulated among Ministers by the Foreign Office.' But the concession came too late. By this time the Prince had long ceased to be a young man. He was advancing in middle age. He had settled habits of life and determined tastes. Society, sport, and philanthropy were given his constant attention, and he could do no more now than merely look on in politics, home and foreign.

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Leaving the Prince and going on to the King that he became, we find some interesting facts given in the biography concerning his association with his Ministers and his method of working. 'The minutes of each Cabinet meeting,' it is said, 'with which the Prime Minister supplied the sovereign, usually provoked from Queen Victoria's pen voluminous criticism. King Edward the Seventh usually accepted the Prime Minister's notes without remark, or if he was moved to avowal of acquiescence or remonstrance, he resorted to a short personal interview. The immense correspondence between the sovereign and the Prime Minister which continued during Queen Victoria's reign almost ceased, and its place, so far as it was filled at all, was taken by verbal intercourse of which the King took no note. To appointments and the bestowal of honours he paid closer attention than to legislative measures or details of policy, and he was never neglectful of the interests of his personal friends; but even there he easily, and as a rule gracefully, yielded his wishes to Ministerial counsel. His punctual habits enabled him to do all the formal business that was required of him with despatch. In signing papers and in dealing with urgent correspondence he was a model of promptitude. No arrears accumulated, and although the routine tried his patience, he performed it with exemplary regularity. He encouraged more modern technical methods than his mother had approved. He accepted typewritten memoranda from his Ministers instead of obliging them, as in the late reign, to write out everything in their own hands. He communicated with Ministers through his chief secretary more frequently than had been customary before. Although he was for most of his life a voluminous letter-writer, his penmanship greatly deteriorated in his last years, and grew difficult to decipher. When the situation did not admit of an oral communication he preferred to use a secretary's pen.'

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But perhaps the most interesting part of this revelation of the King is the statement made as to the part that he and others played when the great Veto crisis was on hand, recent as it is. Sir Sidney Lee says: 'The King demurred to any alteration in the status or composition of the Upper House, which in his view, as in that of his mother, was a bulwark of the hereditary principle of monarchy. A proposal on the part of Conservative Peers to meet the outcry against the House of Lords by converting it partly or wholly into an elective body conflicted as directly with the King's predilection as the scheme for restricting its veto. The King deprecated the raising of the question in any form. In the autumn of 1909 a very practical turn was given to the controversy by the Lords' threats to carry their antagonism to the year's Budget to the length of rejecting it. Despite his dislike of the Budget, the King believed the Lords were herein meditating a tactical error. He resolved for the first time to exert his personal influence to prevent what he judged to be a political disaster. He hoped to exert the reconciling power which his mother employed in 1869 and again in 1884, when the two Houses of Parliament were in collision—in the first year over the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, in the second year over the extension of the franchise. The circumstances differed. In neither of the earlier crises was the Commons' control of finance in question. Nor was the King's habit of mind as well fitted as his mother's for the persuasive patience essential to success in a difficult arbitration. The Conservative Peers felt that the King was in no position, whatever happened, to give their House protection from attack, and that he was prone by temperament to unquestioning assent to Ministerial advice, which was the path of least resistance. Early in October 1909 he invited to Balmoral Lord Cawdor, one of the most strenuous champions of the uncompromising policy of the Peers. The interview produced no result. A like fate attended the King's conversation on his arrival at Buckingham Palace later in the month (October 12) with the leaders of the Conservative Opposition in the two Houses, Lord Lansdowne and Mr Balfour. Although these negotiations could only be strictly justified by the emergency, there was no overstepping of the limits of the royal power. Mr Asquith was willing that the interviews should take place. The conversations were in each case immediately communicated by the King to the Prime Minister in personal audience.' Then, subsequently, 'The King for his part did not believe that the matter would be pressed to the last extremity, and was content to watch the passage of events without looking beyond the need of the moment. The political difficulty caused the King an anxiety and irritation which domestic policy had not previously occasioned him. He found no comfort in the action of any of the parties to the strife. The blank refusal of the Conservative leaders to entertain his warning was unwelcome to his *amour propre*. The prospect of straining his prerogative by creating Peers solely for voting purposes could not be other than uncongenial. But while he

tacitly recognised his inability to decline the advice of his responsible Ministers, he had before him no plan for the creation of Peers to call for an expression of opinion. To the last he privately cherished the conviction that peace would be reached by some less violent means. His natural buoyancy of disposition and his numerous social pleasures and interests outside the political sphere effectually counteracted the depressing influence of public affairs.'

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This highly important chapter of biography does much to modify the popular belief that the King exercised a deep and important influence on foreign politics that was beneficial to his country. All have called him 'Edward the Peacemaker.' So he was, Sir Sidney Lee says. 'He was a peacemaker, not through the exercise of any diplomatic initiative or ingenuity, but by force of his faith in the blessing of peace, and by virtue of the influence which passively attached to his high station and to his temperament.' Yet it is here shown that he was not in the position to exert any personal force in the great moves that were made in his time in foreign politics. Sir Sidney Lee assures us that though the King's sympathy and grace of manner helped to create a temper that was favourable to bringing about the *entente cordiale*, no direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him; that his constitutional position and his personal training disqualified him from exerting substantial influence on the foreign policy which his Ministers alone could control; that in the intimacies of private intercourse he may have at times advanced a personal opinion on a diplomatic theme which lacked official sanction, but that to his unguarded utterances no real weight attached in official circles either at home or abroad; that foreign statesmen and rulers knew that no subtler aim really underlay his movements than a wish for friendly social intercourse with them and the enjoyment of life under foreign skies, quite unencumbered by the burden of diplomatic anxieties. So there it is, coldly stated. But Sir Sidney Lee, in a paragraph on 'The King's Reputation' in which he says that he might fairly be judged to be *felix opportunitate mortis*, continues: 'His popularity had steadily grown through his reign of nine years and three and a half months. There had been no conflicts with public opinion. Practically all his actions, as far as they were known, had evoked the enthusiasm of the mass of his subjects. There was a bare possibility of his injuring, there was no possibility of his improving, his position, in which he had successfully reconciled pursuit of private pleasure with the due performance of public duty.' And at that it may rest.

BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

CHAPTER V.—A FATAL POSTPONEMENT.

HAD Jacob been a different sort of man Lizzie might have gone out with him. But Jacob had scared her with his account of the great people he had met. He mouthed a lord with the unction of a schoolgirl sucking a caramel. Lizzie was a retiring, timid little thing, and the prospect of meeting these great people positively frightened her. She wanted to be a good wife to Jacob, and decided that she would be serving him best by staying at home. As for her alleged neglect of Jacob, the fact was that her baby absorbed her whole being. She couldn't help neglecting Jacob; besides, his treatment of her was hardly of a kind to make him the apple of her eye.

He bought himself some fine clothes to meet these fine people in, but he seemed quite to forget her necessities in this respect. It seemed to him, in his gross ignorance of woman's sartorial requirements, that what she had was quite good enough. She always seemed neat and nice, but that was because she was possessed of a sort of genius for robing herself at a small cost. He did not notice how worn her flimsy outdoor shoes were, nor that her hat did not look at all fresh in the increasing sunshine.

'Selfish devil!' muttered Luke, as he fashioned a paper plaything to swing over the baby's cot. But Luke overstated the case. Jacob desired not new things for himself. An old coat served him as well as a new one, but he knew it would not be quite the article for his grand friends. To give the selfish devil his due, he was not entirely selfish.

Luke was working with the steadiness that wins success. Keeping well within his strength, he was doing a lot, and doing it well. At night from seven to two he was at his newspaper-office, so he found plenty of time during the day to push along with the novel he was engaged on. As he liked fresh air, and knew it to be necessary to his health, he ran down to the Millers' home—he himself had rooms in an old house somewhere off Fleet Street—two or three times a week, and employed himself happily tinkering the place up, doing the garden, and minding the baby. This last proved a very useful occupation, as the Millers had only one diminutive maid as 'help,' and this maid was so inexperienced that the generic term applied to her was, as Luke remarked, somewhat of a euphemism.

Carol used to watch Luke at his various tasks, wondering at his energy. He himself treated

her with a gay and easy friendliness that rather annoyed her. This, she thought, was hardly the proper attitude of a man who was supposed to be deeply in love with her.

But Luke was working on a preconcerted plan. Whatever he did betrayed the artist, and the one love affair that he was going to allow himself in his life was being shaped in a fine mould. Passion had not blinded him, and he knew Carol through and through. He knew that to win this splendid creature, this open-hearted, handsome girl, he would have to employ subtle tactics. And he had succeeded, so far, in making Carol annoyed with him, which was exactly what he had intended.

When Dr Vyvyan, the vicar of St Monica's, asked Mr and Mrs Miller to dinner, Jacob tossed the letter to Lizzie with a complacent smile on his face. 'You see!' he said.

Lizzie gazed at the aristocratic piece of note-paper with positive aversion. Anything that threatened to take her away from her baby was to be hated. 'Well,' she said, 'Carol will go.'

'Carol won't!' said Carol shortly.

'Then Jacob must go alone.'

'Very well,' said Jacob. 'That ends it.'

It is an accepted fact that a woman hates being taken at her word. Later in the day Carol asked, with an assumption of carelessness, what sort of man this vicar of St Monica's was.

'Charming man,' said Jacob. 'Widower, finished conversationalist, but apt to grow drowsy over the port and walnuts.'

He had got this from one of the curates with whom he had lately supped.

It seemed to Carol that it would be 'rather fun' to invade the vicar's homestead just for one evening. As neither she nor Jacob turned overleaf, they remained ignorant of the post-script, which stated that Lady Hind was to be of the party, the vicar having purposely asked this patron of Jacob's art to talk music to the young composer.

The upshot was that Carol decided to go. 'But not,' she impressed upon Jacob, 'as Mrs Miller. No more of that, *thank* you. You must write and tell the vicar that you propose to bring your *sister-in-law*, as your wife cannot manage to leave home.'

But as he was only, as it were, in his tutelage with regard to the manners and customs of polite society, Jacob concluded that a verbal explanation would be sufficient. He did not trouble to tell Carol that he had not written.

The maid who opened the vicar's door to them on the appointed evening ushered Carol into the library to divest herself of her wraps. Surveying herself in the mirror over the mantel-piece, Carol decided that she was looking her best. How agreeable, she mused, as she patted a roving curl into its place, to have a brother-in-law who knew such nice people!

Jacob, meanwhile, had shed his coat and hat in the hall. As Carol, accompanied by the maid, emerged from the library, he cast a glance of admiring approval over her. His sister-in-law would 'do.'

'Mr and Mrs Miller,' said the maid, opening the drawing-room door.

Jacob nearly jumped out of his skin. He had forgotten all about the explanation; at least he had not reckoned on having to make it in the face of this clear-voiced and emphatic announcement. And to his dismay, instead of the vicar, a tall, white-haired lady advanced to meet Carol, explaining, as she welcomed the girl, that her brother, the vicar, had been seized with a severe attack of gout, and was confined to his room. And there, chatting by the small log-fire to a young and an old gentleman, was Lady Hind, which rendered the explanation impossible.

Carol shot an imploring request at her brother-in-law for orders, but Jacob preserved a face of stone. Of course an explanation must be made, but the moment was not ripe for it. Lady Hind should be made cognisant of the facts at the first convenient opportunity.

Two minutes later dinner was announced, and Miss Vyvyan led the way informally into the dining-room, Lady Hind following with her hand on Carol's arm, and the men bringing up the rear in a bunch.

Jacob was assigned to the seat on his hostess's right hand, Lady Hind sitting next to him, while Carol and the young man were paired off opposite, and the old gentleman sat in the vicar's accustomed place at the end of the table.

Lady Hind chatted volubly to her protégé. She had a variety of pleasant occupations in view for him. There was the garden fête the Duchess of Wiltshire was giving in aid of the mission to Melanesia. Jacob would be able to make himself useful in all sorts of ways. She had already asked the duchess to send him and his wife a card of invitation. He would find it waiting for him when he reached home. How very pretty and bright his wife looked! How old? Only twenty-one! She seemed hardly that.

Possibly Lady Hind tired as the meal progressed, for gradually her conversation lessened in volume. At the same time she seemed to find Carol very interesting. Presently—or was it his fancy?—her tone seemed to harden and grow cold. Then, with the dessert, she stopped talking to him altogether.

Jacob, feeling strangely uncomfortable, followed the direction of her eyes. Carol was peeling a peach and laughing at some remark of her young neighbour's. Jacob's eyes wandered to the rings that shone on her fair fingers, and then, as he broke into a cold perspiration, he became aware that Lady Hind, with a stony glare of outraged matronhood, was gazing at a certain finger of Carol's left hand, a finger that was noticeably

lacking in a very necessary emblem—to wit, a wedding-ring.

The men lingered just for the space of time that allowed them to smoke a cigarette. Then the old familiar friend of the house led the way to the drawing-room.

'I wonder if she has tackled Carol!' said Jacob to himself as he trod the smooth tiles of the hall.

Evidently not, for Miss Vyvyan was holding Carol in converse, while Lady Hind, seated at a distance, was looking through a portfolio of photographs.

Feeling extremely uncomfortable, Jacob sat down on the edge of a chair. But Miss Vyvyan soon relieved his embarrassment.

'We are longing to hear you play, Mr Miller!' she declared.

His eyes lit up. A great social gap existed between himself and these people—he had felt it during dinner—but at the piano he was at least their master. He knew his power; he could make women cry; he could make men listen with all their souls. Happy he, in whose moments of inspiration the pettinesses of civilisation melt away to nothing! Happy artist, to soar into the clouds and commune with great spirits!

He started with an orthodox classical selection that evoked an orthodox murmur of applause. That was some one else's music. Then he called on himself for his own, and played of fairies dancing in a glen, and chasing each other in and out among the bracken, while the moon lit their revels with her soft and gracious light. It was no blundering countryman that told of the distant chiming of silver bells; it was a happy artist who took you tripping in the wake of the tired fairies seeking their beds among the cool moss as the first faint glimmer of dawn shone athwart their playground.

Even Lady Hind was looking up from her photographs, transported for a moment from the stiff paths of convention along which her earthly progress lay.

Then, by way of a finale, Jacob broke into a lively march descriptive of troops leaving their barracks *en voyage* to India. You could see the Tommies stepping out, with heads erect; you could hear the firm tread of their feet in the mud; you watched them threading their way through the narrow streets of the garrison town, with handkerchiefs waving from windows and many a girl's face wet for sorrow. A subtle alteration of the melody, and there was a mother parting from her lad, nigh heart-broken; all along the pavement there are weeping faces, and underneath many a khaki coat a sad heart. Through the damp streets in the raw morning, listen to them marching to the station; listen to the thunder of the rifles on the platform as the men come to attention, to the roar of the incoming train, to the parting chant of the soldiers, and the last farewells.

It seemed hardly possible that any listener could not be touched by the little march, with its undercurrent of sadness even in its gayest notes, and yet on the very bar of its conclusion, before even the others had had time to express their pleasure, Lady Hind had risen to her feet.

'I must really be going, Miss Vyvyan,' she said in a hard, high voice. 'Good-bye. I shall see you at the working-party to-morrow, I trust.' She shook hands with the other guests; to Jacob she bowed coldly. Carol she ignored absolutely.

(To be continued.)

THE MENACE OF THE ICEBERG.

By the Hon. P. T. M'GRATH, of St John's, Newfoundland.

> And now there came both mist and snow,
> And it grew wondrous cold;
> And ice mast-high came floating by,
> As green as emerald.

THE Ancient Mariner told his story well. In all nature there are few creations at once so fanciful and so sublime as icebergs. Every summer, along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, you can witness the wonderful spectacle of floes and bergs in a stately procession three thousand miles long by two hundred miles wide, moving south like armies on parade, glittering in the sunlight or showing spectral and awesome through the sodden mists of fog.

The glory and the terror of the sea is the iceberg. Under cover of the night or the fog its dread form steals silently over the broad waste of waters, menacing commerce, and presenting, at a safe distance and in the broad sunlight, a spectacle of rare beauty. There is a short summer season in the polar wastes; and when the sun's rays are powerful enough, the rivers, which are immense glaciers, begin to move toward the coast, and, reaching there, sweep into the waters of the ocean far beyond the shore. Then, as this mass of ice increases, its height above water becomes too great to be supported by the layers underneath, and huge fragments of ice, enormous in size, break off and hurl themselves into the sea.

The frigid zones, north and south, are the laboratories where the icebergs are fashioned. Each year the Antarctic Ocean sends out prodigious floating prairies sometimes sixty miles long; but, because of the remoteness of that area, and its meagre commerce, the world attaches little importance to these mammoth derelicts of the Southern Seas.

Most of the northern bergs have their origin in Greenland. The other Arctic isles, like Spitsbergen, are too limited in area to produce

these manifold forms, and lack the currents to carry them into the centres of commerce. But in size Greenland is almost a continent, several times larger in area than the British Isles; and save for a narrow *lisière* stretching around its seaboard, extending back to a mountain-range thirty miles inland, and peopled by a few thousand Eskimos, it is one colossal mass of ice and snow. Like an inverted saucer resting on a table, this ice-cap covers the soil, its crown rising five hundred feet above the sea-level. This level plain stretches away hundreds of leagues in every direction, and can only be traversed by the aid of compass and sextant, as one would navigate the trackless ocean. Over this dreary desert only Nansen and Peary, with their companions, have ever journeyed, for its deadly stretch of blank whiteness supports no form of life. On this wilderness terrible blizzards rage in the long winters, the intense cold reaches seventy degrees below zero, and the Arctic circle is sealed with the sabled stillness of the six months' night. New layers are added annually to the glistening shroud which covers hill and dale, ravine and crag, with an unbroken sheet of frozen snow that has been gathering there since prehistoric days. The pressure of this tremendous bed consolidates and chills the successive strata into a mass of solid ice, which is forced downward through the valleys and towards the coast in the form of glaciers, which launch themselves in ice-berg fragments into the ocean.

Ages may elapse between the depositing of snow on the summit of the Greenland ice-cap and the moment it is launched into the ocean in Baffin Bay in the form of icebergs. Some glaciers move fifty feet in a day, others not more than twenty. The immense masses of solid ice creep along the shore, and at the tide-water present a vertical face of steel-blue, translucent flint, against which the ocean billows beat. Then, as the ice is thrust forward into the sea, the weight of the overhanging strips or the action of the rising and falling tides breaks off blocks of varying size and shape, which are called bergs. This process the whalers call 'calving,' and litters of 'calf' bergs are produced by every parent glacier during the season. The operation is accompanied by tremendous thundering noises, beside which human artillery is but as pop-guns, while the disturbance produced in the sea through this launching makes the floating of a modern battleship seem trivial indeed. Think of sections bigger than the Isle of Man being torn from a glacier and swept off into the ocean, to be ferried three thousand miles on the bosom of the Labrador current until the heated water of the Gulf Stream causes them to vanish from human ken! Then can one form some idea of the immensity of the ice-area discharge from the Greenland seas each year. Thousands of miles of valley are constantly emptying their contents into the bays and fiords of the north waters, whence the tides hurry the detachments southward to cumber the wide Atlantic. The extent of the glacier is stupendous. The Humboldt, the greatest in Greenland, enters Peabody Bay; its sheer walls rise three hundred feet high, and a plummet dropped near it shows a depth of half a mile. Every year it contributes to the floe-berg a superficial area larger than New Jersey. The Jacobshaven glacier has a breadth of two thousand feet and a height of one thousand; it advances at the rate of forty-two feet daily, and its estimated annual expulsion of bergs is about four hundred billion cubic feet of ice. The largest proportion of bergs comes from the western coast of Greenland, because the dip of the land there is more pronounced; but the eastern shore also furnishes many which a minor current brings south to Cape Farewell, and discharges among the larger contingent already moving majestically along towards Newfoundland.

Whaling and exploring ships, being specially built and expertly navigated, thread their way among those silent but terrible foes with a fine contempt for danger; but no ship, however daring her crew, will venture close to a calving glacier, because the mighty waves created by the launching sweep far into the offing. In 1869 the Newfoundland sealer *Panther*, which conveyed the Hayes-Bradford expedition to the North, had her decks swept when twelve miles seaward by the calving of a berg near Disco; and many an Eskimo in his frail kayak has met his end in the same way.

In 1871 the Dundee whaler *Active* was overturned by one of these waves, and all on board but two perished; and in 1880 a Danish store-ship was similarly caught up and wrecked. As long ago as April 1857 a vast, level berg was sighted off the eastern edge of the Grand Banks, on which were two large three-masted ships, snug as though in dock, with masts and yards sent down on deck, and everything made secure for passing through the Arctic night in comparative comfort. They were believed to be the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the two craft abandoned, after six years' detention in the Northern seas, by Franklin's ill-fated expedition. It was thought they had been swept out to the open sea on a vast expanse of ice. No shipmasters would venture near enough to solve the mystery, and it is presumed the ice-docked vessels were engulfed when the berg overturned.

The disposition of icebergs to turn turtle is one of their most dangerous propensities. It arises from several causes. When they start out from Greenland their bottoms are heavy with the detritus gathered in their glacial period, and this drops off at intervals as they move south, causing their centre of gravity to change and the berg to assume new positions. The scientific theory of the formation of the vast submarine plateaus which extend from Labrador to Fundy, and are commonly known as the Grand Banks of New-

foundland, is that they are the products of the deposits from the bottom of bergs during countless ages. Certainly they leave much of their rocky freight on these ledges, and often remain aground there themselves for weeks. The sealing-steamers cut into them to obtain fresh water, and fishing-vessels use them for a like purpose, or to freeze their bait. At times in a storm a ship will take shelter under the lee of one; but this is a most dangerous experiment, for often they are so delicately balanced that the beating of a steamer's screw will upset them. Admiral Markham relates that once a whaler's men were attempting to moor her to an iceberg, but that at the first blow of the drill it split in two with a loud report, the unfortunates on the berg being drowned and the ship narrowly escaping.

The bergs are also affected by the sun's rays beating on their exposed surface as they move south, causing cascades of water to stream from them, the melting process disturbing their equilibrium until they upset, or sometimes break in two.

The number of bergs set free every year is beyond computation. The whalers and explorers, in traversing Baffin Bay, count them by the hundreds. The mail-boat which plies between Newfoundland and Labrador during the brief fishery season sighted two hundred and seventy-one in a single day this year. The signalman on Belle Island says he tabulated seven thousand five hundred and nineteen last year, not including 'growlers,' low-lying fragments scarcely projecting above the sea. From Cape Race in Newfoundland to Cape Farewell in Greenland they are visible all the year round. The ocean area within which they are found varies exceedingly. Usually it embraces a belt two hundred miles east of Newfoundland, for that is the range of the Labrador current which takes them from the far North and brings them across the ocean highway and into the Gulf Stream. Prolonged easterly winds will force them ashore on the Labrador or Newfoundland coast, where they break into pieces, which the thrifty fisherfolk cut into fragments small enough to use for preserving their catch or their bait. During the past season, indeed, schooners were loaded with this ice, and the stock sold in the Maritime Provinces; for, unless honeycombed by long immersion in the salt sea, it is the purest of fresh-water ice. With westerly winds bergs may drive almost across the Atlantic. In June 1892 one was sighted within seven hundred miles of the Scilly Islands, and in September 1895 another reached as far south as two hundred miles off Cape Hatteras, which is in the latitude of Gibraltar.

The largest berg ever seen in Northern waters was sighted in April 1892, off Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, by the steamer *Miranda*, bound there from New York to load pyrites. It was a huge mass nine miles long, two hundred feet high, and one thousand yards wide, and the ship was forty-eight minutes passing it. Several coasting and fishing vessels also sighted this monster, which later stranded on the Grand Banks and broke into a score or more of pieces, all bergs of large proportions. Another mammoth aground near Cape Race in 1884 was five miles long. The fishing-schooner *Robert*, running home from the Banks, sighted it in a black fog, and thought it was the land. But, not knowing the locality, the skipper and a seaman put out in a boat and rowed forward to explore, only to find a huge rampart of ice. The schooner ran south nearly three miles before rounding its farthest projection, and when the fog lifted next day its length was seen to be almost two leagues.

An iceberg floats with but one-eighth of its total bulk exposed above the ocean, though its visible portion offers no clue to its submerged limit, as its shape may be altogether different below water. The most lofty berg ever seen, eight hundred and thirty-six feet from water-line to summit, was calculated to have a volume of about five hundred and eighty-four million cubic feet and a weight of sixteen million tons. A gruesome wanderer was that sighted in July 1894 by the barque *Gladys*, for it showed that human beings had met their fate upon it. A beaten path could be seen, a cave had been hollowed out near the summit, and five dead men lay prostrate on the ice. A boat was sent in, but dared not land, owing to a freshening wind, and who the victims were could not be ascertained. But they were doubtless the crew of some ship that had rammed the berg, and after getting upon it had perished of cold and hunger.

To ocean liners bergs are also a deadly danger. They crowd Belle Isle Strait, to the north-west of Newfoundland, and work into the Gulf of St Lawrence, imperilling the passage of Canadian liners and freighters. They are likewise a menace to the New York and Boston liners when they drift south of the Grand Banks; and as the ships speed along through the fog they often impale themselves upon the jagged fangs of the bergs, or escape by only a hair's-breadth.

In June 1899 the *Saale*, from Southampton to New York, bowling along over the Banks in the midnight gloom, found her pathway barred by a glittering battlement nearly one hundred feet high. The lookouts sighted it, and shouted a warning to the officer on the watch, who reversed the engines and altered the helm so that she barely crunched along over the submerged foot of the berg, bumping heavily a few times and being shot off again into deep water sideways, so that her coal and cargo listed, and she reached port with her starboard rail hardly above the water. Her passengers were thrown from their berths with the shock, and rushed frantically on deck, but all danger was then over. On 31st May 1900 the *Normania*, making her maiden trip from Hamburg, ran among a squadron of bergs in a dense fog off the Banks, and only

escaped foundering by having twin screws. As she forged along the lookouts sighted an icy barrier too near to escape by stopping her engines. But by reversing one and quickening the other the ship was turned on her heel, so to speak, and ran parallel to the front of the berg, just grazing it as she went by, tumbling tons of ice on her deck, scraping off a lot of bulwark-gear, and denting her sides and upper works, besides stampeding her passengers and making chaos in her pantries.

These are fortunate outcomes of collisions with bergs; the unfortunate ones are even more numerous. As long ago as 1856 the *Tempest*, of the Anchor Line, disappeared with one hundred and fifty persons, and at the time her loss was put down to an iceberg. In 1868 two fine passenger-boats of that period, the *United Kingdom* and the *Hibernia*, vanished, the former with one hundred and eighty men aboard, and the latter with one hundred and sixty-six. The iceberg theory was again put forward to account for their loss. The *Ismailia*, in 1873, went down with a crew of fifty-two, and as a large berg was sighted near where she was last seen, the conclusion is that this caused her misfortune. The *Columbo*, in 1857, was blotted out with seventy-four people; and the next year no less than four steamers, the *Homer*, *Zanzibar*, *Surbiton*, and *Bernicia*, with an aggregate of one hundred and nine lives, were swallowed up, and to this day no light has been thrown on the mystery of their loss. Three more were victims of the same sport of the sea in 1881, the *City of Limerick*, the *City of London*, and the *Titania;* and the list might be greatly extended by recording other disappearances every year of the past twenty.

At times currents and winds are so diverse that a surface floe will be moving in one direction while a deeper-rooted berg will be driven on the opposite course. Again, a berg will plant itself right in the fairway of St John's or some other Newfoundland harbour, blocking the port against shipping. Last season one hundred and fifty-six fishing-craft were imprisoned in Englee for eighteen days, with over four thousand people on board, owing to a huge berg having been driven into the mouth of the harbour, and completely blocking it up.

Bergs are often the refuge of polar bears carried off from their northland home, they having ventured afar in quest of seals. Sometimes these savage brutes wax fat with good fare when their floating home gets among seal-herds; but if it is driven beyond these starvation is the sure end of Bruin. Last summer two drift-away cod-fishers on the Grand Banks approached a large berg to get some ice, but found it tenanted by a huge, starving polar bear, which plunged into the water after them, ravenous in its hunger. They rowed madly away, with the bear in chase, and on its approach drove it off with their oars. It returned to its crag roaring wildly, while they pulled for dear life as fast and as far from it as possible.

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

III.—THE BUSH TELEGRAPH—*Continued.*

AT six o'clock we started for Trew's place, each leading a spare horse on which to cover the more difficult twenty miles between the South Bend and the ranges. At five minutes to eight we dismounted at Abe's shanty, where the old rogue awaited us, and by five minutes past we were riding in single file along the narrow track which ran south beside the creek.

Abe led the way, and behind him rode Foster, his revolver in his hand; next came Macneil, riding with bent head and (I felt sure) wearing his dourest expression; while I brought up the rear, lest treachery should come from that quarter.

We had ridden rather more than ten miles, and were nearing the branch track which led to Toomburra, and which, as we understood, Pollet proposed to take on the following night, when Macneil pulled up so suddenly that my horse cannoned into his, and for a moment all was confusion.

'Halt!' I shouted, and saw through the mirk the dark bodies of the leading horses as they fretted under the restraining bits.—'What's wrong, Sandy? Did you see'——

And then, in the dark, quiet night, under the twinkling stars, we heard a voice, hollow, hoarse, unlike our comrade's: 'Pollet and five men. They ride—God, how they ride!—look!—on the Toomburra track. Hear the thunder of hoofs! Away! Mischief's afoot. Ha! They're in! The women! Charlie!'

The voice ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and I, for one, sat for some seconds shuddering upon my horse. It was so weird, so awesome, coming just when and where it did!

A stir in front shook me back to myself. I saw dimly a horse rear as if strongly checked, and heard Foster's voice, stern and menacing: 'None of that, Abe, or I'll drop you!' and then Abe, in tones which shook: 'Then why the blazes does that fool want to sing out like that and frighten us into fits?'

'What's wrong, Tom?' I hailed; and the answer came, 'Nothing now. Abe tried to bolt; but I caught his reins in time. Are we to turn off on the Toomburra track?'

'Ay; for the love of God, sergeant, take the Toomburra track!' Macneil implored, and now he

spoke in his natural voice. 'It is only six miles to the station, and if we find all well we can easily reach the ranges before dawn, or wait there till to-morrow night for Pollet.'

'Do you know what you said just now, Sandy?' I gently questioned him.

'I know what I saw,' he answered gravely—'Pollet on the Toomburra track, Pollet in the house, Charlie—then all went blank. Oh sergeant!'

'Forward on the Toomburra track, Tom!' I shouted. 'If Abe gives any trouble, shoot him.'

'I've got his reins through mine,' sang out Tom; and as Abe began to rave we got in motion once more.

Then, within a few hundred yards of the turn, the line was again halted—by Foster this time, and his strong voice came ringing back to us: 'Listen!'

Far away we could hear the pounding of hoofs upon the hard ground—a horse, at a gallop, coming from the direction of Toomburra.

'Get to the bend!' I shouted. 'Quick, or he'll be past and may ride south, and he's going like the wind.'

At a gallop we covered the distance to the turn; at a gallop we swept round into the Toomburra track; at a gallop I dashed ahead to intercept the wildly riding horseman, shouting, 'Troopers! Troopers! Pull up, or you'll be into us!'

Then, with a ramp and a rush, he was among us, his horse on its haunches, our own dancing and rearing as the strange steed pawed the air and snorted in wrath and terror at the sudden checking and the noise in the darkness.

'Ride!' came a voice from the midst of the group—a voice gasping and broken. 'Pollet! Toomburra! Ride like blazes!'

Flash! A revolver roared. The messenger's horse, which at the moment had plunged and reared again, got the bullet in his brain and fell headlong, throwing his rider clear out of the line of a second shot. A horseman burst out of the group, let out a yell, and was off like the wind. Again a revolver roared, and Abe Trew—for it was he who was riding for his life—threw up his hands and lurched out of the saddle with a bullet somewhere inside him.

It was so sudden, so swift, and was over before we could realise it was begun. Then Foster's voice: 'Abe cut the reins before he fired to silence the messenger; but I was too quick for him.—Hold my horse, Sandy, while I see to those two chaps. What in thunder does it all mean?'

But the messenger was on his feet before Tom slid to the ground, crying, for all his broken wind and tumbled senses, 'Ride! For God's sake ride, and you may yet be in time! It's Pollet, I tell you!'

I knew him now. 'All right, Somers,' I said. 'Get your wits together and tell us your story.—How is Abe, Tom?'

'Bullet through the shoulder. He'll live to be hanged.'

'Can he ride?'

'Yes, if he is tied on.'

'Right!—Now, Somers, cut it short.'

'I'd been up at the homestead to-day,' the messenger began, 'and started out to-night to get back to my hut on the boundary. Five miles back I heard the trampling of half-a-dozen horses coming on at a canter. Before I knew what to do a chap rides up at a gallop and claps a revolver to my head. "Silence?" he whispers. "Ride your hardest to the turn of the track by the creek and on to Bildarong, if you don't meet troopers. If you do, tell Sparks that Pollet has gone to Toomburra. Strike up my arm and bolt. Quick!" I was took aback for a moment at the chap rounding on his pals; but he fires past my head, and I gives a yell and digs in the spurs. He fires again, wide, and a volley comes after me. But I gets away, and as I goes I hears a voice: "You let him go on purpose, blarst you!" and another: "You're a liar, Bob Pollet! He broke loose." Then I made a bee-line for the creek.'

'D'ye see it, sergeant?' cried Sandy, stirred out of his wonted calm. 'Yon dog of a Trew has been actin' a' the time in Pollet's pay. While we were lured on a wild-goose chase to the cave, Bob and his gang could work undisturbed at Toomburra. I'm feart for a' there this nicht. Oh, ride, mon—ride!' and, without waiting for a word from me, he dashed in the direction of Toomburra.

'After him, Tom!' I shouted. 'I'll follow. We've been properly diddled.' Tom, with a shout, galloped off, and I called to Somers, 'Tie Abe Trew in front of you'—Abe's horse was standing quietly by its master—'and take him to our quarters in Bildarong. Guard him till we—some of us—return. Send for the doctor. Can you manage alone?'

'Yes. Good-luck! So long!'

The words came to me on the wind as I raced off. The whole scene, from the arrival in our midst of Somers until my departure, had not occupied more than five minutes.

What a ride that was through the night, over the tree-studded plain; the wind singing in our ears; the quick snort of relief with which the horses greeted the avoidance of wombat or rabbit hole; the leaping of great trunks, which, but for the instinct which took our nags flying over them, would have snapped bones and brought us headlong to earth; the race down and up the steep gullies; the splashing through the bends of the creek without troubling to search for the fords; the fierce exhilaration of extremely rapid motion; and, in and through and above all, the gloomy foreboding that we might after all be too late! So, one behind the other, we rushed through the darkling night.

It came to an end, that wild ride, at the north-

east corner of the home horse-paddock, which I have mentioned once before, about half a mile from the house. Sandy's habitual caution had reasserted itself, and he had pulled up there, knowing that if we galloped up to the house the thunder of hoofs would be heard, and might precipitate a tragedy.

We off-saddled and turned our horses loose. The house, as we neared it at a run, seemed quiet enough—too quiet, I began to fear; but all at once some one broke into a noisy prelude on the piano, and a girl's voice burst into a rollicking song.

It was so unexpected that for an instant we halted.

Then with a growl, 'Come on! I know what the brutes are up to. This way, and we'll avoid the stables. One of the gang is sure to be holding up the men there,' Tom Foster ran round the side of the house to the front.

'What can have happened to Charlie?' I whispered. 'He would die before he would allow harm to come to Mrs Ingram and the girls.'

'I fear the worst,' Sandy said in a choked voice; and then, as we crept up to a big bay-window which was open, and, standing in the shadow, peered into the drawing-room, we saw a singular scene.

At the piano, her eyes streaming with tears, sat Miss Ingram, singing in faltering, quavering voice the song of 'Little Buttercup' in *Pinafore*, then at the height of its popularity in Australia. Beside her, revolver in hand, stood one of the gang; another, similarly provided, lolled on the sofa beside Mrs Ingram, while Brent wandered about, pocketing small silver articles which adorned the tables. And at the end of each verse the three bushrangers roared the chorus with most evident enjoyment. Of Pollet and Levenhall there was no sign; but the front door stood wide, whether from pure carelessness or a desire to leave an avenue of escape in case of attack I do not know.'

'I'll go in by the front,' I whispered. 'The moment I open the drawing-room door, bundle in through the window and we'll disarm those ruffians. But where are Charlie and Pollet?'

'Upstairs, I'd say. From the look o' things I'd say they don't expect us, knowin' that Abe was misleadin' us; an' Chairlie may have made his peace aboot Somers. They ken weel there's no one nearer than Bildarong, thirty miles away; so they've got the nicht before them.'

'Good heavens! where's Miss Mary Ingram?' Tom exclaimed in a voice so incautiously loud that Brent, who was lounging near the window, heard the sound, if not the words, and opened his mouth to shout a warning. Perhaps he did; but if so it was unheard, outcried by the wild, terror-laden shriek which pealed from somewhere upstairs; and in a second began the maddest uproar.

The women in the drawing-room, jumping to the meaning of the screams which now rang unceasingly, joined in shrilly, and as Foster vaulted in through the window and felled Brent with the butt of his revolver the two ladies precipitated themselves upon the remaining bushrangers in what would have been a vain struggle to rush to Mary Ingram's aid.

Shouts, shrieks, oaths, stamping feet, falling furniture; and, as Sandy, missing his footing, rolled on the carpet, the fellow struggling with Miss Ingram wrenched free and took a snap-shot at him. It missed, and the brave girl, dragging down his arm with both hands, fastened her teeth in his wrist. The fellow yelled, and grabbing the barrel with his free hand, swung the butt over her head, when a venturesome shot from Sandy passed clean through his cheeks, and he ran howling about the room with his hands to his face. Foster had the other fellow pinned against the wall, and the three of them were quickly secured.

I saw none of this. I had rushed in through the front-door, and my foot was on the lowest step of the stairs when the screams ceased. I heard a shot, Pollet's voice raised in an oath of sheer amazement, and then sounds which were evidently caused by two strong men wrestling for mastery.

'Charlie, for a million!' I thought; but before I could act, out through the open door of a bedroom reeled two men, locked in a fierce embrace. The foot of one of them caught in a rug, and they fell together on the landing, and rolled from top to bottom of the stairs, still holding like bulldogs to one another. Once on the level, I saw that they were Pollet and Levenhall, and never have I seen a man so enraged as was Charlie. If he had been cool enough to measure the direction of his blows I think that he would have killed Pollet with his fists; but Pollet writhed and twisted and struck in his turn—each had lost his revolver in the fall—and so rapid were their movements that I did not dare to use my own weapon. And while I danced about them, watching opportunity to strike, a girl, white-faced, mouth open and hands clasped, stood on the landing and stared down in bewilderment at the bushranger who had insulted her, and—as she must have supposed—at the bushranger who had sprung like a lion to her defence.

The end came startlingly sudden as the beginning. Levenhall struggled uppermost, and, quick as thought, shifted his grip and seized Pollet by his projecting ears. Once, twice, thrice he banged his head upon the floor, and the bushranger shuddered and lay still, while Charlie, gasping for breath and almost spent, staggered to his feet and fell heavily against me.

Better had I let him drop; but I was concerned for him. I knew the strain that he had endured in the past week, and how bravely he had borne himself, and I knew that he had been in dire peril of his life after the encounter with Somers.

So I lowered him gently to the floor, and stooped over him, flask in hand.

What Pollet's head was made of I don't know; but he had been shamming. He knew that the game was up; and when Levenhall got him by the ears his only chance was to feign unconsciousness. Then, when I was fussing with Charlie, at the very moment when the drawing-room door opened in response to my shouts, Bobby rolled over, got to his feet, and staggered, lurched, almost fell out of the front-door.

I sprang in pursuit, and so prevented Foster from sending a shot after him. I paused for a moment outside, uncertain which way he had gone; the next, I heard a hoarse croak of triumph and the beat of hoofs as Pollet and the man he had left to guard the stables galloped off to another spell of safety.

Such credit as there was in all this sorry business belonged to Levenhall, and I saw that he got it. The Ingram ladies could not make enough of him, and one of them at least had good reason to be thankful for his presence that night. Neither Pollet nor Trew—with all his shrewdness—had identified him, and up to the time of the meeting with Somers Bobby plainly showed his liking for his new hand. He sulked for a bit after the escape of the boundary-rider; but Charlie managed to smooth him down, and later on, seeing that Mrs and Miss Ingram were in no immediate danger, he followed his supposed chief upstairs to prevent mischief there.

But Pollet was not the man to trust any one fully, and he had arranged with Trew to trick us to the cave while he went to Toomburra, without taking even Charlie into his confidence. It was only when they started that Levenhall learned, to his horror, that they were bound for the station, and concluded to ride with them on the off-chance of getting a message through to me. If not, he would have died there in defence of the women. We all knew that.

But even had Charlie's messenger failed to head us off, we should have gone to Toomburra on the strength of Sandy's curious vision.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A GUN FOR KILLING WASPS AND BLUEBOTTLES.

PROBABLY few insects so rouse the wrath of the housewife as the wasp and the bluebottle. The former is dreaded because of its pugnacity, the latter as a carrier of disease. Invariably both are chased with a towel or anything of a similar kind that can be secured hastily, wherewith the invader is struck down; but this is not always a complete success, as subsequent developments, on the part of the wasp at any rate, often prove in no uncertain manner. In order to wage war upon more effective lines against these two pests, an inventor has devised a type of 'gun.' This is not dependent upon explosives to do its destructive work, but comprises a jaw which snaps the offender and crushes it to death. There are two flat pieces of metal, the upper being flexible like a spring, so as to enable it to be bent. This is accomplished by a thin metallic attachment which is brought back until a slot engages with a catch on the end of the trigger. In drawing it back, the front of the spring-like upper flat piece is pulled open in the same way as if a strip of cane were laid flat on a table and held with the thumb of one hand at one end, while the other hand lifted up the free end to make a bend. The stock is shaped like that of a pistol, and held in the hand with the finger on the trigger. The *modus operandi*, after the insect has settled, is to bring the gun into such a position that when the insect moves it comes within the weapon's jaws, when a slight pressure of the trigger releases the upper jaw, catching the insect and crushing it to death. The weapon is inexpensive, costing only a few pence, is less than nine inches in length over all, and is so simple in its operation that there is nothing to get out of order.

SELF-STARTING MOTOR-CARS.

Slowly but surely every manual operation in connection with the driving of the automobile is being eliminated in favour of mechanical action. The latest development is the evolution of a means whereby the car may be started from the seat merely by the pressure of a button or the movement of a small lever. The American manufacturers have perfected the one system—electricity; the other—compressed air—has been produced by British inventive effort. In the electrical system a small motor-generator is mounted near the engine, and is driven thereby, with a high-capacity accumulator stored in some convenient position where it is not likely to interfere with the seating arrangements of the vehicle. To start the car the driver merely moves a switch, and the current from the storage-battery sets the motor-generator in action, which in its revolutions carries the crank-shaft of the engine round with it. Directly the motor commences to work under its own power the mission of the generator changes. Instead of being a motor and driving the engine, it becomes a dynamo driven by the engine, the electricity generated being used to charge the accumulators while the car is running, until they are fully charged, when the dynamo is cut out automatically. This self-starter is used not only

for this purpose, but also for ignition and lighting the lamps, which draw their current from the accumulator. The British self-starting system is accomplished by means of compressed air. There is a small steel reservoir mounted on the engine and charged by a small air-compressor driven by the fly-wheel of the motor. This vessel is able to carry air under a pressure of four hundred pounds per square inch. In order to start the car a small lever is moved on the dash-board; this opens a valve in the compressed-air reservoir, permitting the air to enter the combustion domes of the cylinders, where the expanding air forces the pistons down, thereby revolving the crank-shaft until the engine picks up the motion with its own ignited charges of petrol-gas, when the reservoir is thrown out of action. In this instance another operation in connection with motoring is eliminated. The compressed-air reservoir can be coupled up to the valves of the tires, and the latter can be inflated with no manual effort whatever. Many labour-saving devices have been introduced into the modern automobile, but probably the elimination of the cranking and the inflation of tires are the two improvements which the motorist will appreciate to the fullest degree.

SEA-AIR FOR UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

One of the greatest objections to deep-level subterranean railways, such as the electric tubes, is the depressing character of the air, especially towards the end of the day, when it has become considerably vitiated. The problem of ensuring adequate ventilation of these tubes, however, has perplexed the engineer very sorely, as it bristles with difficulties of a peculiar nature. The Central London Railway has solved the problem completely, and by novel means. At each station an ozone-generating plant is erected near the street-level. By means of a fan, air is drawn from the outer atmosphere, then scrubbed and cleansed of all its impurities by being passed through a filter-screen. This air is carried to a mixing-chamber, where it is associated with a certain proportion of ozone, generated in accordance with the principles of Ozonair Limited. The proportion of this invigorator may be varied according to requirements and the period of the year. From the mixing-chamber the ozonised air is driven through large conduits to the station platforms below, and through delivery-pipes carried up the walls to a height of about eight feet above the floor-level, where it is discharged into the air in a strong, powerful stream, though without any draught. The air thus forced into the station circulates over the heads of the passengers, and, while cool in summer and warm in winter, it is highly refreshing. The tunnels are ventilated in a special manner. A large trunk-pipe is carried a short distance into the tunnel in the direction the train is travelling, and this being open at the end, the air is blown into the tube, to be pushed and drawn along by the passing trains as far as the next station, at the same time circulating within the carriages. The benefits of the system have already been appreciated, the air within the tubes being as bracing as that on the seashore. The total length of the tubes on the Central London Railway—up and down lines—is about thirteen miles, and over this distance eighty-four million cubic feet of ozonised air is circulated during the course of the day. The success of this experiment should lead to the adoption of ozonian ventilation at all underground railways and stations where complaint is levelled against the enervating and stifling atmosphere.

ATHLETICS AND LONGEVITY.

Do athletes die young? Are athletics conducive to longevity? These two questions have formed the basis for quite an animated discussion recently. In order to supply some definite data upon the subject, the director of the gymnasium at Yale University in the United States has been investigating the records of that great institution over a period of fifty years to obtain a comparison of the mortality among specialised athletes and students who preferred academic work to sport in the playing-fields. He has communicated his results to an American medical contemporary, and they offer interesting reading. Out of ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two students who have passed through Yale during the half-century, and who were not participants in athletic exercises and games, fourteen hundred and six have died, while nine thousand five hundred and sixteen are still alive. This gives a mortality percentage of 12·9. Among the Yale athletes during the same period only fifty-eight are dead out of a total of eight hundred and seven, representing a death percentage of 7·2. The medical director of the university therefore concludes that athletes do not die young; he also says that heart disease, despite popular belief to the contrary, is not the principal cause of death among them. On the other hand, lung troubles appear to be responsible for the greater proportion of deaths; but the percentage dying from this cause is not greater than the expected death-rate among non-athletes from similar troubles. While maintaining that the athlete is not short-lived as compared with his studying brother, still at the same time he does not think that longevity is in any way attributable to athletics, and that the athlete who happens to live to a ripe age is not warranted in thinking that his long life is due to this cause.

THE BIOLOGICAL TREATMENT OF SEWAGE.

The efficient, economical, and scientific disposal of sewage is one of the most important problems associated with country houses, isolation hospitals, sanatoria, villages, and settlements—in fact, in all situations where this dangerous

matter cannot be handled by a large central plant. Many so-called efficient independent sewage-disposal systems, although possessing several noteworthy features, are not completely successful, and lead to the outbreak of virulent epidemics through polluting water-supplies, contaminating the air, or providing disease-carriers, such as flies, with facilities to complete their deadly work. The biological treatment of sewage, therefore, has come to be regarded as the most perfect and scientific solution of the problem, when carried out on the correct lines, since thereby the most foul semi-liquid sewage may be converted into a harmless, sparkling, colourless, and odourless effluent which may with safety be turned into a stream. But the association of chemical action with a process is apt to alarm the country gentleman. He naturally supposes that such a system demands skilled and costly attention to secure efficient results, that the process is expensive, and is liable to breakdown. This is quite a fallacy; in fact, the opposite is the case. The plant, once started, requires no attention whatever beyond perhaps one hour a week from any intelligent man on the estate. The natural-process system, which has been perfected by the hydraulic engineering firm of Jones & Attwood, Limited, clinches this argument most conclusively. This method is the acme of simplicity, and, unless completely neglected, cannot fail in its work, while the whole series of operations are effected automatically. The sewage is first collected into one main drain, and thence conveyed into a septic tank. Here the solids are broken up and liquefied almost entirely by the action of anærobic bacteria, which are always present in effete organic matter. After remaining in this tank for about one day, the liquid passes through a cast-iron pipe to the distributor and filter-bed. This is preferably a circular chamber or well, having brick walls, and, for final purification, filled to a certain depth with granite, weathered slag, or other suitable material, broken, screened, graded, and laid in the filter in layers of suitable thickness, and evenly sprinkled with the sewage. In this way each particle is coated with a film of millions of bacteria and of the podura or sewage-eating insect, which change the dangerous organic matter into inoffensive mineral matter, with the assistance of other forms of plant and animal life. These organisms require oxygen from the air and food in the form of sewage in proper quantities in order to complete their work satisfactorily. The sewage is distributed into this filter by an ingenious appliance. Round the rim of the tank runs a single rail, and on this is mounted the distributor, the outer end being supported on wheels engaging with the track, while the opposite end is pivoted and geared to a stand serving as the supply-pipe from the septic tank. This distributor resembles an elongated waterwheel, over which the sewage flows in a steady stream, the wheel meanwhile revolving, and the sewage is distributed into the tank below in a thin, even stream. The distributor, however, not only rotates on its own axis, but runs round the circular track, both actions being carried out automatically by the sewage flow from the supply-pipe. Consequently no attention whatever is required. After the organisms have completed their work the purified liquid sinks to the bottom of the chamber, and thence escapes through an outlet-pipe into the stream, lake, or river. The effluent is absolutely clear and free from smell or foreign substances. Some idea of its purity may be gained from the fact that in one installation the writer saw a small pool which had been specially provided to carry the outflow from the filter, in which trout and goldfish—which are probably the most susceptible to water contamination—were living in the very pink of condition, while the ornamental lake into which the pool emptied was also well stocked with fish of all descriptions. The fact that this system has been adopted at Chatsworth, Langholm Lodge, and other famous country-seats, as well as in connection with hospitals, schools, and other institutions, not only in this country but in various parts of the world, is sufficient testimony to its value.

A DUPLEX LIFEBOAT.

Apropos of the question of lifeboats which has been raised in connection with the recent disaster in the Atlantic, inventive effort has been particularly active recently in evolving ways and means of saving life at sea, some weird, others frankly impossible, and a few practicable. Two inventors have perfected a new type of lifeboat, which they call the duplex, and which, as a raft, certainly has some attractive features. This device comprises a shell built up of airtight chambers made either in sheet-metal or granulated cork moulded to form to constitute the bulwarks, pointed at either end, and provided with coamings. The main feature is that both top and bottom are made alike; that is to say, the bottom is a replica of the top, so that, in an emergency, when pitched overboard, the craft is bound to present one life-saving surface, as it cannot float on edge. The raft resembles two lifeboats with their bottoms cut away, and fastened together, with an intervening partition to form the floor. The raft is free from complications, and the fact that it is certain to float in one of two positions when launched, either position being correct, affords an opportunity to passengers to clutch a positively floating object. In an emergency, such as the recent *Titanic* disaster, rafts of this class lashed to the boat-deck would, by release of the retaining ropes, automatically become detached if the vessel foundered suddenly, and would regain the surface owing to their buoyancy; while if launched in the manner of an ordinary boat they could be stocked with

provisions, oars, and other requirements. The stowage of such rafts would not cause any great difficulty on the boat-deck, as they could be stacked in pairs or more, and when the vessel sank, although they might be dragged down by the suction and be tossed about by the swirling waters, they would be certain to come to the surface if they cleared the top hamper of the sinking ship, and the struggling passengers would be able to crawl aboard. When they are fitted with valves like the ordinary lifeboat waterlogging would become impossible, and the pointed ends would facilitate rowing through the water in either direction without turning.

A NEW STUMP-PULLER.

Clearing is one of the most back-breaking and laborious jobs in connection with settlement in a new country. When the land is timbered, the general procedure is to drive a fire through the brush, burning off the light vegetation and tree-branches. The trees are then felled and pulled out of the way; the last operation being the removal of the stumps, which is perhaps the most trying task of all. As a rule animal power is employed for this purpose, horses removing the obstacle by sheer muscular effort. A Swedish firm, however, has devised another system, in which horses may be dispensed with, and the apparatus can be manipulated by one or two men. This device consists of two lengths of steel-wire rope, one having a hook at each end to grip the tree to be removed, while the other carries only one hook for attachment to the anchor-tree, the other end of the rope in this instance being fitted with a friction clutch. The puller proper is a bar, several feet in length, notched on each side for nearly the whole of its length, somewhat after the manner of the teeth of a saw. This notched bar fits into and slides in a long hand-lever, which has a slot to carry the notched member. At each end of the slot is a pawl; one engages with the teeth on one side of the bar, while the second moves along the teeth on the other edge. In the middle of the space between the two pawls a looped rod is fitted, this extending beyond the length of the notched bar, and taking up the second hook of the steel-wire cable attached to the stump to be extracted. The opposite end of the notched bar engages with the hook of the cable carried round the stump used as an anchor, and any slack that may be present is taken up by the clutch. In removing the stump all that is required after the plant is rigged up—an operation taking only a few minutes—is to rock the hand-lever to and fro, thereby bringing the two pawls alternately into action upon the teeth of the notched bar, which is thus moved through its slot in the hand-lever. As the lever is moved in this manner the ropes become tightened and a tremendous pull—up to ten tons—is exerted upon the stump it is desired to extract. If the stump is particularly refractory a heaving rope and block are used, but the former device suffices for general purposes. The total weight of the outfit is about two and a half hundredweight, and one man can handle it with ease if required.

A POPULAR FALLACY EXPOSED.

With the sinking of the *Titanic* we have had the usual revival of the time-honoured fallacy of the boilers exploding as the vessel went down. This false supposition has been exposed again and again by engineers of repute, including the late Sir Frederick Bramwell, yet it still crops up in the tales of surviving passengers from sinking steamships. The fact is that if the boilers did anything at all, they would collapse inwards when the water reached them, instead of exploding. Any one who doubts this statement can easily prove its correctness by making a simple experiment. The only apparatus required is a paint-tin containing a little water, and some sort of stove or flame to heat it. To carry out the experiment, punch a hole in the lid with a small bradawl, then hammer the lid down tightly and place the tin on a stove or over a flame until the water boils and steam is blowing out of the punched hole. Then plunge the tin into cold water, and it will immediately crumple up. What happens is this: as the water boils steam rises from the surface and pushes the air above it out through the punched hole, until in a few seconds steam only is contained in the tin. The sudden cooling immediately converts the steam into water again, leaving a vacuum, so that the tin is exposed to the full pressure of the atmosphere, or nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch, trying to get into it. This pressure is enough to squeeze up any ordinary tin of the type used for paints and like substances. The steam in the boilers of a steamship is condensed in a similar manner when the cold water reaches them; and, instead of having any tendency to explode the boilers, the pressure is all the other way, and unless they were enormously strong they would be squeezed up like the paint-tin by the pressure of the air outside. What gives the impression of an explosion is the large volume of steam produced when the water reaches the furnaces, which are full of glowing coal at an intense heat. Steam will not cause an explosion unless it is confined and cannot get away; but in this case there is ample room for it to escape through the stoke-hole grating and the funnel; hence, although the water on the fires may cause a species of report, there is not sufficient pressure on the deck or sides of the vessel to have any damaging effect.

DEALING WITH ANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A correspondent writes: 'Mr Gisborne's description of the white ant of Northern Australia in your February part is very interesting, and would apply in many respects to the white ant of South Africa. The queen ant, I may mention,

resembles a white worm about the length of a man's little finger, with the head and mandibles of an ant; she is practically a prisoner in a receptacle formed of clay, and if she is killed the workers and others either die or migrate. I knew a farmer at a place called Paardekloof who used to save his wheat-crops by strewing chaff among them. This the ants used to carry away, and leave the wheat unharmed. When there are nests near a house the insects are an intolerable pest; but I cleared them out of a homestead where I was living by boiling finely cut straw or chaff in sugar-and-water, sprinkling it with arsenic while yet sticky, and when dry placing the preparation under the flooring and in other places. I lived in that house for years afterwards; but up to the time I left we were never troubled with these pests again. Possibly some of your Australian readers might like to try this expedient in their homes when troubled as we were. Some species of these termites are winged when they emerge from their nests; but these wings they soon drop after settling. I have seen tables and floors nearly covered with discarded wings. If there are any red ants in the vicinity, they pounce on their white "brothers" and ruthlessly carry them off.'

FALL OF THE TANDIL ROCKING-STONE.

The *Buenos Aires Herald* records the fall of the famous Tandil rocking-stone, which has been a source of never-failing interest and wonder to thousands of visitors to Argentina. The stone was poised on the edge of a rock overlooking the Tandil quarries in the province of Buenos Aires. It weighed over seven hundred tons, and was one of the largest moving stones in the world. Thousands of picture post-cards have made its appearance familiar in all parts of the world, and photographs of it have been reproduced in almost every country. It was one of the great features of interest in Argentina, and one of the wonders of the world. The hill on which the rocking-stone had been poised since man's earliest days on the continent of America belonged to the Santamarina family. Several years ago the rocking-stone was made over by a deed of gift to the municipality of Tandil in perpetuity, the gift including the basement of the hill and its immediate surroundings, in order to prevent quarrying operations being carried on in dangerous proximity to it. Steps have been taken to restore the stone to its rocky eminence.

A NEW HOOK AND LOOP.

Hook-makers, having no hooks on their own garments, do not realise the urgent need there is for a hook which can be slipped out when garments go to the laundry. An invention just patented claims to provide such a hook, which can be adjusted easily, when the wire loop, from which the removable hook can be slipped, has been sewn on the garment. This needs no more sewing than the ordinary kind. The annoyance of the hook returning flattened from the laundry, and breaking when prised back, is thus obviated. The contrivance is strong, and can be used with the usual loop, eye, or bar-loop.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

MOONLIGHT ON THE NILE.

OVER golden sands she is coming to meet me,
reigning queen of the night, when day is done,
A pale, sweet vision of radiant beauty, soothing
palm-trees woo'd by a passionate sun.
Shyly sweet night-scents float upward to greet her,
wafting a welcome from me and you,
And the fairest blossom in a garden of roses sends
a wave of sweet perfume ere she sleeps in
the dew.

As I stand in the 'hush' of the dusk to listen, in
a mystical silence so deep and pure,
It seems like a message the stars are bringing to
solace a heart which has learnt to endure;
And I think that I hear a whisper from heaven,
or is it a zephyr just born of the night,
Or an angel's tear falling softly earthward as the
sun sinks to rest in an amber light?

Away to the west in a golden glory, with emerald
touches flecked by a roseate hue,
The sun gives place—slowly, reluctantly, surely—to
a canopied world set in silver and blue;
And gray shadows low-lying flee swiftly before a
radiant queen with her magical charm,
As the watchers shining in a world of white lustre
still a heart's wild throbbing to a restful calm.

The sun-kissed waters of the Nile grow softer,
silver wavelets answering in ripples of light,
And nought but the chirp of a quail in the desert
breaks the solemn content and the peace of
the night.
Sunshine and shadow, twilight and starlight, day
fading to dusk, then a moon set clear,
And over it all a mystical silence while I stand
alone in the desert to hear.

Was it all a dream? A fleeting fancy? A passing
illusion? Just a gossamer thing?
But I thought that the stars in God's garden were
shining as forget-me-nots grown in a heavenly
Spring;
And the broad, calm river, on her tranquil bosom
rippling before me through a mist of tears,
Was bearing away for ever and ever all the
burden and sorrow of the last long years.

O moonlit Nile, you have made me your lover!
for sadness and gloom have vanished away;
Entranced with your beauty, I'll worship you
always, and I'll love you for ever—not a year
or a day!
And from sleeping moonbeams, O silver river! I
return to the world, having shown you my
soul.
The wind may caress you, the desert possess you,
but I lay at your feet—just a heart made
whole!

E. A. HENTY
(MRS EDWARD STARKEY).

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE BLACK AUGUST.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Luck o' the Spey*, *The Bernardine*, &c.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

FROM my study window I look into my Highland manse garden. Dear to me are the bright faces of its flowers, its mavis-haunted laurels, its jewelled rowans, its honest vegetables, even its failures. From over the garden wall the voice of the river reaches me, familiar and neighbourly. Beyond the river's birch-clad bank, its dark moors scrambling like waves into the distance, breaking against headlands of inscrutable pines, my long upland parish climbs skyward, the brown shoulders of its mountains touched in points of relief by white farmhouses, by hillmen's cottages, by burns that catch the sun and are for ever slipping down their long silver ladders.

Left to my own guiding, I doubt if a manse would ever have been my anchorage. As a boy, I would fain have 'buckled to' in the open air at my father's farm, among the kind folk there on the braes above Speyside. But my own guiding was ruled out, for my brother was a lad of brawn and muscle, one who could chap hands on a bargain at the Forres or Elgin markets, and come home with the best of it, before he was out of his teens. This was to say a good deal, so he was destined, if all went well, for the lease of the farm; while I, a thin slip of a boy, was kept for another year at the little school. I was suspect (as I gathered since) of being unpractical, a scarcely forgivable fault among folk whose living was wrested from the brae-set holdings where the harvests were often late and scanty. Life brings anxieties to most men, but to many of these folk it was one long duel with the seasons. The daily round demanded sweat, and not seldom Black Care followed the plough. Wherefore self-reliance was in their blood, and a dreamer over books regarded with pity, tinged with uneasiness. Heads would be shaken over him—until he succeeded. Then he might be taken to their hearts, and mentioned in the same generous breath as the native who had made a fortune in America, or another whose 'beast' was first at the Highland Show.

I think that I must have shown signs of bookishness. I certainly loved some books and hated others. The mathematics never puzzled me, that I can say; but they never satisfied me. I was too young, or maybe too old, for mere logic, groping for and missing in it the action and heart-beat of life; turning, like a starving man towards food, to any books of history or romance that I could lay hands on.

My old dominie said but little, but he was of the salt of his kind, one who watched and tested and comprehended, or tried to comprehend, his charges. He lent me many a story-book, the good man! Their names ring sweet to this day —*Don Quixote*, *Monte Cristo*, *Gulliver*, *David Copperfield*, *Kenilworth*, and many another life-long friend.

When the time came for the settlement of my immediate future, it was he who advised, or, rather, entreated, my father to send me to the College at Aberdeen; and on the day I left, he gave me a word or two at the parting.

'Ye'll discover in time, lad,' said he—I remember the scent of the lilacs at his cottage-door —'ye'll discover that imagination and logic are twin bairns. If ye can handle one and no' the other, ye may become an auld growlin' pedagogue like mysel', maybe, or a poor bit scribbler wi' a pen that will never reach a human heart—a smokeless lum! But if ye can handle them both and break them in (and whiles I think ye might, in time), ye'll find them a fine team, mark ye, and they may carry ye safe and far. Ye might even write a story some day.'

He gave me good-bye, and I trudged off, half-glad, half-sorry to leave home and join the coach that was to carry me over the edge of the hills into the world.

As I recall his words now, it comes home to me, but without regret, that I have been carried safely, but not very far. The country manse, the ragged firs around it, the slope to the river, mark (in one narrow sense) my journey's limit. But beyond it I see a green valley, and the hills of Speyside heaved against the horizon, meeting the great arch of the sky, where the sailing clouds marshal their ceaseless phantasms, changing into mountains, seas, islands, shapes and figures innumerable. And my eyes, turning from these imperial distances, rest, close at hand, with wonder and thanks on the pageant of the year—brown earth, bud and flower, the teams swinging

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over the lea, twinkling gulls making a splash of foam in their wake, green days in the forest, the ways of my bees, nesting-time in the privet-hedge, and many such everyday and unconsidered miracles.

My old dominie would have been disappointed in his cautious hope that I might be a story-teller. The art of it has not come my way. So, instead of wasting time over ink and paper, I tended my flock as best I could, and my leisure has given me sound sleep after fresh air and quiet, happy days in my garden. I often think of it as a microcosm of the folk of my parish, with its mystery of growth and death, its flowers and its weeds, some honest human vegetables, here and there a few lovable failures; and I am content, for a man may do worse than try to keep something on earth 'snod' and decent, be it his parish or his garden or his heart.

The bolts of my imagination must be rusty now (not that they ever ran smooth enough to please me), and I cannot, if I would, weave a tale of make-believe men and women. The glens and forests and the brooding insistence of the hills around me would lend themselves, I make no doubt, to the fortunate ones who, unlike myself, own the golden key of Imagination. Yet, although I have no skill in clothing my countryside with the glamour of romance, I have heard many true stories of warm and vigorous life, with a pulse-beat in them that was never in a printed fancy. Some of these I have listened to round the glow of peat-fires in distant shielings; some when I have lain in the heather beside a shepherd on a spur of the Ben; some in the laird's smoking-room; not a few in my own study, for a minister, like a doctor, must often find, and in unlooked-for quarters, such things as courage, cowardice, stirring sacrifice, masterful primordial tangles—things to clutch the thoughts and make one wonder and ponder on the eternal mystery of the human heart.

One of such tales I call to mind. It concerns the Black August in the North in the year 'twenty-nine, the year of the Great Spate, long before I was born. It was told to me when I came home on my first holiday from the College at Aberdeen by one who knew the story, and (changing the names and places only) I shall set it down as well as my old memory serves me.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was hard work at one's books, many a trudge in the snow over the Spital to the College, snell winds from the North Sea that plucked at my brand-new red college-gown and sent me a-shudder, and along with it all a loneliness not good for a shy country lad, during my first winter session when I was a Bajan* at Aberdeen.

* First year's student.

I was often homesick; and when the spring came, the sap began to stir, and the days to lengthen, many a time I would almost have given my chance of a prize in the Humanities for a glisk of the Spey's gleam and the bonny, primrose-starred woods below the steading at home. So it was with a joyful heart one day, when vacation came, that I took my seat on the 'Defiance' coach at the Royal Hotel. Some bright, trivial pictures remain etched on the memory. I can see the scene yet. Six o'clock on a sunlit morning; the knot of people on the pavement; the team of four horses, the wheelers black, the leaders bay; the big coach, picked with scarlet; the jolly-faced driver gathering the reins. Then the red-coated guard blew a canorous blast. The driver shouted, 'Let go!' the cloths flying off as the hostlers gave the team their heads, and the 'Defiance' rattled off, the hoofs striking sparks from the causeway.

To me, a country-bred, after being mewed up in the city, poring over books for months, the journey was a delight; and when at last I came to Speyside, and looked on the kenned places and faces and heard the river's voice, I think, had I been a lassie, I should have been near tears. But I had begun to shave in Aberdeen, and I had a prize tucked under my oxter. I was a man home from the college. It was the wind that was smarting my eyes when my brother met me at the cross-roads.

To be at home again was good. No college bell haunted my awakening on these summer mornings. I had long days on the river, rod in hand; long tramps over the windy moors; long evenings with my books, or at some neighbour's listening to the homely, kind talk of the countryside. Down in the village, at the blacksmith's, in the evenings there were often stories told, often windy discussions on high politics, to the accompaniment of a clanging anvil, with maybe the warm smell of a sheep's head being singed or a horse being shod; the listeners, something like a Greek chorus, aiding the combatants or the narrative. Sometimes I would drop in there, or I might call on my dominie, and have a good filling talk on books; but it was a chance meeting at the close of a long day on the river that began my friendship with the man who told me the story that I shall repeat.

I was a good five miles from home, trudging contentedly along, with some good trout in my creel. The growl of distant thunder bade me seek shelter, and I made for the nearest house, a thatched cottage, a 'but and ben.' A regular sound of tap-tapping came through the open door, for the cottage was old Ayden the shoemaker's, and he was busy, bent over his lapstone.

He lived alone, and was a man who made few friends. A silent old man, with a reputation for reserve, he led a lonely enough life, for he had no relatives in the parish, and was rarely seen away from his cottage and its shabby

garden. He never went to the kirk, a singular, if not suspicious, omission in the eyes of the decent, critical folk of the place. He was a good workman, making a poor but certain living, paying his way for his few needs, minding his own business; and the parish came to like the lonely old man, although he 'kept himself to himself.' Day in, day out, earning his daily bread claimed him. One would have needed to be at his door very early or very late not to hear the tap-tapping of his hammer.

I had known him since I was the height of a couple of peats, bringing him brogues to cobble, or maybe some graith or a pair of bellows to mend.

'Come in,' he called, in answer to my knock at the door. Then he put his spectacles up on his brow, looked up, and made me welcome with a certain grave, deliberate courtesy. A lean old man, with a seamed and wrinkled face, he was painfully bent through his years of stooping over his work.

'Sit ye down, lad,' he said, and we drifted into a stream of small talk, punctuated by the tap, tap of his hammer.

Presently he rose.

'I've done my day's darg. I'm for my supper, and ye'll join me?' he asked.

'Gladly, if you'll accept a trout and cook it,' I made answer, proudly producing my spoils.

'It's a bargain,' said he simply.

When he set about his preparations I whipped out a book from my pocket.

'What's that you're at?' he asked.

It chanced to be *The Cloister and the Hearth*. It was but newly out, and be sure, like a clever lad from the college, I descanted wisely on it, as I thought; old Ayden listening.

After supper I produced tobacco, and the old man puffed contentedly, his feet at the fire.

'Maybe ye wouldna bother readin' some o' your book to an old man, laddie?' he said in a pause of the talk.

Nothing loath, I read until the moon was climbing the woods.

He thanked me, saying as we parted, 'My auld eyes are done, I'm thinkin'. Soon I'll no' be able to see to stitch, let alone read; so when ye come back be sure an' bring the book wi' ye.'

Thus a link—the strong link of a love in common for good writing—was forged between us. Often I found my way to old Ayden's of an evening, and together we finished *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

'A fine, a weel-handled story!' he said, as I closed the great novel.

'You must know a lot of stories yourself—stories of the Spey and the hills and old times,' I ventured.

He said nothing for a minute. The song of the river reached us.

'The Spey, said ye? Listen to her voice. There's music in it, but I've heard her in a different key, lad. I ken a true story o' her that I'll warrant ye have never heard.' And on a summer night by the river's bank he told it to me, thus.

CHAPTER III.

'I FIRST saw Speyside forty years ago,' he began; 'gettin' my first glint o' the river not a mile from where we are, on a bonny day in the spring o' the year. She was runnin' silver clear, a thin sun just lightin' her face, the eddies sparklin', like a girl's eyes, where they flisked the shingle. Lookin' up the glen, wi' its canty steadin's an' its green, green haughs, an' no' a hand's-breadth o' mist on Ben-Rinnes against the clear sky that day, I thought I had never seen a more heartsome sight. I have watched the river an' listened to her in all her moods since then; her lilt in summer-time that the reapers whiles stop to listen to; in winter, when the trees are threadbare, her hoarse, steady roar like the sound o' a forest fire, a hunder' burns fillin' her to the brim. To me, although I'm no' Spey born, she is the very heart an' voice o' the glen. There are some men that set store by the Dee or the Findhorn. Abana an' Pharpar! They're welcome to them! I never argue wi' them, for they dinna understand. Nor do they who come wi' tourist tickets, as they call them nowadays, or for a season to try their hand at the salmon. They may ken the river's face, but they come no nearer her. Ye speak a heap about the college an' learnin', laddie, an' no doubt ye hear things there that would wander an auld souter like me; but there are some things that knock at a man's heart that book-lear canna come at—the love o' a man for a song, or a river, or a woman.'

He rose and threw a peat into the fire, and stood for a moment looking into the heart of the flame.

'Up above a turn o' the Spey that ye ken, but that I'm no' to name, lived one Adam Forbes long ago, a farmer, geitterin' awa' on a sour bit o' land on the hill, an' makin' less than nothing o't. Times were no' so bad either. Barley was thirty-three shillin's, an' oats twenty-two, the quarter; an' mony a man might have hained some siller in the tack o' Adam's holdin'. But let some men sit rent-free an' they'll get bottom prices, bad luck, an' the wrang side o' the factor. So it was wi' Adam. Then some o' his scanty stock sickened an' died, an' the poor chiel began to lose heart. Lookin' to what happened after, I'm thinkin' he hadna a very stout heart to begin wi'. To crown matters, he began to be no' very canny wi' the bottle, an' oftener than was good for him or his pocket, he would be late at Elgin or Forres drownin' care wi' the riddlin's o' the market. Little wonder, maybe, for his outlook was as bare as the tap o' the Tiendlan'.

'Yet he owned a jewel, his daughter Alison.

I am told she was but a slip o' a lass at the time I'm speakin' o', barely out o' her teens; more like a rare flower that ye'll see under the laird's glass-houses than one o' the big, buxom, red-lipped queans that thrive by the score hereabout. Adam was a widower, an' the lass bided wi' her father, an' did her best for the poor, fushionless soul.

'It fell about that one day father an' daughter were in Elgin. The street was throng, holdin' some market; an' among the crowd, lookin' for likely lads for King George, was a young corporal on recruitin' duty, wi' his jaunty red, white, an' blue rosette, an' in the uniform o' the Scots Greys; booted an' spurred, an' his head well up over his stock. No doubt the chiel thought he cut a dash among the plough-tail lads. A tall man. He could have put ye in a neuk o' his greatcoat, lad.

'He got many a glance, I warrant, from the gigglin' lassies about, an' threw out his chest, givin' another turn to his moustache, gey weel pleased wi' himsel'. Alison passed an' their eyes met, an' the corporal swaggered no longer. From that moment—ay, for all his life—he was a humble man so far as she was concerned—her slave. Maybe the corporal was by-ordinar' well set up. Maybe it was the clothes. Colour an' uniforms have a kittle way wi' some women. They'll stand haverin' wi' a postman or a policeman, an' toss their chins at hodden gray.

'However, Alison fell in love wi' the soldier, an' to the last hour o' her life.'

Old Ayden refilled his pipe slowly.

'It's an auld sang now, lad, but I can picture them yet. He would often ride down the glen to woo, an' many a day that summer they were together, for they trysted as often as the corporal could win awa'.

'Some o' the good-wives o' the parish were like to haver about Alison throwin' hersel' away on a soldier, an' no doubt many o' the lads were ill-pleased an' agreed wi' them, for the army wasna what it is nowadays. There were many runagates, many jail-birds, in the ranks, an' drink an' light livin' came easy enough, a kind o' set off to the discipline an' the hard life they had. Still, they had done men's work in the Peninsula an' at Waterloo, so we needna throw stones. Not that the corporal was a man o' that kind. If he had any wildness in his blood, the lass kept him straight, for he worshipped the ground she walked on, as the sayin' is. Gradually it began to be looked on as a settled thing. The corporal was in great hopes o' promotion, for he was a good soldier. So they looked forward to the day when he would win his stripes, for then they were to be married, an' Alison would be put "on the strength" o' the regiment, as they say.

'In the autumn a couple o' troops o' his regiment were ordered abroad, an' the corporal wi' them. Alison buckled his sabre on him, an' said good-bye like the brave lass she was, dry-eyed, until he waved his hand to her at the bend o' the road an' disappeared.

'The winter that followed was a long an' hard one. Doubly so for the lass, for things were goin' from bad to worse at her father's farm. It was out o' the way in a fold o' the hills. Few folk cam' their way, an' fewer still when the snow was deep an' the stingin' wind drove through the funnel o' the glen. Adam Forbes sat at home, broodin' over his ill-luck; blamin' everything an' everybody but himsel' for the black turn o' his fortunes. He was but ill company for a young lass; but Alison bore wi' him an' his bairn's whims an' tempers, for every now an' then a letter would come from the corporal, an' she would go about her work singin' like a lintie, countin' the days until he would come home after the dour winter an' make her his own.

'But there was a time when no word came from him. Alison waited an' waited, never doubtin' him, but aye she got the paler. Then one day, when the woods were greenin' an' spring was in the air, the auld minister came up the brae to Forbes's farm. Alison met him at the door. He told me about it himsel'. She just gied him the one look, an' read his face.

'"He is dead!" she said, her great black eyes searching his, an' fell like a stricken flower.'

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

By P. Barrow Gregson, Richmond, Virginia.

FIFTY years have passed since the first battle of the Civil War (the battle of Bull Run) was fought, and time, with its healing agency, has now left it but a memory without rancour or hate. The war itself was characterised by the intimate connection each side had with the other, and the passion with which each side fought in devotion to its cause. Abraham Lincoln (President of the United States) and Jefferson Davis (President of the Confederacy) were both Kentucky men, born within a few months and miles of each other. The leading officers on both sides were trained at West Point. Jefferson Davis himself had been in the United States army, and Secretary of War for the United States Government, and many of the Southern officers, like General T. J. Jackson, had married Northern ladies; and it must have been a hard struggle for them to choose between their duty to the United States Government and patriotic allegiance to their own native state.

The war on both sides was waged at the outset

almost exclusively by volunteers. The Federal standing army was only sixteen thousand strong, and was scattered in remote parts of the country. The South, of course, had no standing army. At the first call for volunteers by Jefferson Davis no less than four hundred and fifty thousand responded, far more than arms could be provided for. The devotion of the Southerners was immeasurable. Public and private citizens gave up everything and fought in the ranks, and women offered the hair of their heads to be sold abroad for arms. In the ranks were lawyers, teachers, bankers, merchants, planters, college professors, students who afterwards became Chief-Justices, Governors, and occupants of the highest public stations. To provide weapons of some sort, pikes fastened to long poles were given to the men who had no other arms; but few of these 'pikemen' ever came to close enough quarters to be able to use their implements, the one side or the other in battle usually giving way under the terrific fire of musketry before the pike or bayonet could be brought into requisition. It is said that more tons of lead were wasted in a battle than all its dead victims would weigh. Stout pine-trees were cut through by the tornado of bullets, and in one engagement before Richmond a tree eighteen inches in diameter was entirely mown down by the Confederate musket-balls. For the most part, the trenches and earthworks constructed during the siege of Richmond are still intact. One breastwork about four miles south-east of Richmond forms a line twenty miles in length, and spans the country from the James River to the Chickahominy. It averages about eighteen feet in height from the trench, and about twenty-five feet in level breadth on top, the trench itself being about thirty feet wide and ten feet deep. It was constructed by the Confederate slaves, of whom twenty thousand were employed, and is of clay throughout, every shovelful of which was tamped down to compact it.

On the breaking out of the war each side was equally confident of victory. Indeed, so certain were the planters of success that in selling their estates they insisted on the price being paid in Confederate notes, which notes became absolutely worthless. When the Confederate Government first issued notes it was intended merely that they should take the place of the United States money which was circulating in the South; but long before the end of 1863 the issue of these notes exceeded by far the circulation of the United States money. By the end of 1861 a gold dollar was worth one dollar twenty cents in Confederate money; by the end of 1862 it was worth three dollars in Confederate currency; a year later it was worth twenty dollars; and in January 1864 sixty-one dollars in Confederate notes were paid for one United States gold dollar; while in April 1865 it took eight hundred dollars in Confederate notes to buy one United States dollar. Prices of commodities also rose even more rapidly than the price of gold. 'Before the war,' said a wag, 'I went to market with the money in my pocket and brought back my purchases in a basket; now I take the money in the basket and bring the things home in my pocket.' The following was the cost at the end of 1864 of an ordinary dinner at a Richmond restaurant. Soup, per plate, one dollar fifty cents (6s. 3d.); roast-beef, per plate, three dollars (12s. 6d.); cabbage, per plate, and potatoes, per plate, were each one dollar (4s. 2d.); coffee, per cup, three dollars (12s. 6d.); tea and milk, per cup, were each two dollars (8s. 4d.); and bread and butter, one dollar fifty cents (6s. 3d.)—namely, fifteen dollars (£3, 2s. 6d.) for one meal! Two boiled eggs cost two dollars, and flour was one thousand dollars (£200) a barrel.

Georgia was the great 'storehouse' for the Confederate army, and Sherman's historic march across from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, though unaccompanied by severe fighting, cut off all resources of the Confederate Virginia armies, and left them dependent for supplies upon a very small and mostly mountainous area of country; yet, incredible as it may seem, the Southern newspapers proclaimed that Sherman's army was fleeing to the sea thoroughly whipped and panic-stricken, in order to get under cover of the Federal navy for protection.

Before the end of 1864 no less than two million seven hundred and seventy-two thousand troops had been drafted by the North for the war, exclusive of one hundred and eighty-six thousand coloured troops; and to meet this vast number conscription was resorted to by the Confederate Government of all males between the ages of fourteen and sixty. As Grant said, 'The cradle and the grave were robbed to find troops.'

Probably in no military organisation that has ever existed have there been such cordial relations between officers and private soldiers as in the Confederate army. Half-starved, badly clothed—nicknamed the Scarecrows—the men loved their Generals, and marched and fought like machines which felt no need of rest or food or sleep. Jackson's men idolised him; and in one day they marched fifty miles, many without shoes, over roads so slippery with ice that numbers were falling and their guns discharging all along the column; and at night the men lay down, without blankets, on the snow, with no camp-fires and no food. Even after fighting four battles in five days, they would go into action again without straggling, without lagging, all for love of their General, 'Stonewall' Jackson. They had only to see the man in the old faded uniform appear, and hunger, cold, and fatigue were all forgotten. Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when his troops had made a forced march, on halting at night they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour came for setting the watch for

the night. The officer of the day went to the General's tent and said, 'General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but is asleep. Shall I wake them?' 'No,' said Jackson; 'let them sleep, and I will watch the camp to-night.' And all night long he rode round that lonely camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave but weary and silent body of heroes.

Often a position was taken and retaken during a battle, and an experience of Captain (afterwards Colonel) Brown, of the army of Northern Virginia, may be related. His regiment formed part of the division defending General Lee's line at Spottsylvania when it was forced by the Federal troops. The attack was made at early dawn, in the obscurity of a Scotch mist, and so complete was the surprise that Captain Brown was only made aware of the presence of the enemy by dimly discerning, a few paces distant, a Federal soldier with his musket levelled at him. The soldier fired, and Brown fell insensible, shot through the lungs. Upon recovering consciousness he found himself on a litter borne by Federal soldiers. A Northern officer leaned over him and offered him some liquor from his canteen, which revived him so far that he was able to speak. His humane captors then volunteered to transmit any message to Brown's friends and relatives. While Brown was rallying his failing senses to deliver his message a rattling fire of musketry opened upon them, and the litter-bearers and the officer were all shot down, the latter falling across Brown, who relapsed into insensibility. When he again recovered consciousness he found himself on the same litter, but now being borne by Confederate soldiers. The position had been retaken, and his good friend the Federal officer had been shot dead.

When General Grant was pushing his way through Virginia to invest Richmond, the two armies (Federal and Confederate) bivouacked one on each side of the Potomac, and the pickets had come to an understanding that there should be no firing at each other while on picket-duty. On the Confederate side were camped two men, Fontaine and his close friend Moore. These two men took picket-duty alternately, Moore's turn coming at midnight. Fontaine roused Moore at this hour, and on Moore rising and stepping to the picket-fire there was a flash across the river and the whiz of a bullet, and Moore sank to the earth without a groan, with a bullet-hole just above his left eye, the victim of a dastardly treachery. Fontaine vowed to have revenge; and, reckless of life, he performed feats without any parallel in the history of war. He and one comrade, unassisted, charged and captured a piece of artillery manned by eight Federal troopers. On another occasion a shell exploded against his horse's head, blowing it to atoms, and breaking Fontaine's thigh. While he was being carried from the field another shell wounded him in the hip. He was placed under a tree, and there a Minié-ball struck him, penetrating the back of his neck and passing down his spine. His right side and leg became paralysed, but he rejoined his company, performing his military duties with his crutches tied to his saddle. In this condition he fought in seven battles. In one of these (Warrenton Springs), to secure information for his General, Fontaine volunteered, swam the Rappahannock River, surprised three armed pickets, and brought them across the river to the General. In another battle (Hazel River) a ball broke one of his crutches, and an enemy's riderless horse ran against him and broke the other. In the second battle of Manassas his horse was killed under him, and another was killed under him at Germanstown. Capturing and mounting another horse, he pursued the enemy, when a pistol-shot knocked him from his horse. On yet another occasion he, single-handed, captured six prisoners.

The Confederate Commissariat Department was badly organised, and there was much waste of army necessaries, and much was stolen or lost before these reached the armies. During the engagement at which he met his death, General Cleburne, while riding along the line encouraging his men, beheld an old friend, a captain in his command, shoeless and his feet bleeding from cold. Alighting from his horse, the General asked his friend to 'please' pull off his boots. The captain did so, and General Cleburne told him to try them on. This the captain also did. General Cleburne then mounted his horse, telling the captain that he was tired of wearing his boots, and could do as well without them, and rode away; and in this bootless condition General Cleburne was found dead at the close of the battle.

During the investment of Richmond a large tobacco warehouse (Libby's) was used as a prison for Federal soldiers. Living a few miles out in the country was an old lady at whose house General Grant and his staff called one day. One of the officers said to her, 'I guess you've never seen so many live Yankees before in your life!'

'Oh yes, I have,' she briskly replied.

'Where?' asked the officer, rather surprised.

'In Libby prison,' she rejoined.

General Grant never succeeded in taking Richmond by assault, though on several occasions he pierced the famous twenty-mile breastwork, only to be beaten back again. Here some of the most sanguinary battles in the campaign were fought. At the battle of Cold Harbour, on the storming of this breastwork, Grant lost ten thousand men in the first twenty minutes, and over thirteen thousand men in less than an hour. In the turmoil of such actions the dead were buried very hastily, and one of the saddest features in connection with the war is the number of graves marked 'unknown.' At Cold Harbour there is a monument marking the spot where eight hundred 'unknown' soldiers were interred in one common grave. At Seven Pines, near

Richmond, is another burial-place marking one thousand three hundred and eighty graves, of which one thousand two hundred and eighteen are 'unknown.' There are three hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and fifty-five Federal graves under the supervision of the department at Washington, only one hundred and seventy-two thousand four hundred of the number being identified.

When it was found that Richmond was no longer tenable (March 1865), General Lee and Jefferson Davis determined to evacuate and join the army operating in the south. This General Grant surmised, and, allowing Lee to march out, barred his advance and simultaneously cut off his retreat. This brought about the surrender at Appomattox. Out of the whole twenty-five thousand troops in Lee's command only eight thousand were able to bear arms, so enfeebled by hunger and wasted by sickness were they. On conclusion of the terms, General Grant ordered rations immediately for these twenty-five thousand men, and as they marched into places assigned they were saluted by the Federal troops. Just at this time news came of the assassination of President Lincoln by Wilkes Booth, a Virginian, and the escape of Booth. The news was so staggering that for a while it was incredible. It was the worst possible disaster for the South, for it was the murder of her most powerful friend. A reward of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was offered for the capture of Booth, and finally one Captain Jett, a Virginian, yielded to the temptation, and disclosed Booth's retreat. Booth shot himself before arriving at Washington. So incensed were the Virginians at the action of Captain Jett that, strange as it may seem, he was absolutely ostracised, became insane, and died in a Virginian asylum.

But how to live was now the problem with these Confederates. There was an old farmer living near Appomattox who gave employment and food and a small wage to as many as he could. He divided them into squads according to their respective ranks, and set them to work. When asked later on how he found they worked, the old man replied, 'Well, the privates are good workers, but the captains are not so good, and the colonels are still worse. I ain't agoin' to hire no generals!'

On the 21st July 1911, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the first battle of the war, and on the same field of Manassas, the veterans once more met, and the evolutions of the battle were gone through; but at the 'charge' every man extended his right hand and grasped his 'opponent's' in cordial handshake, as a symbol of burial of past passions for ever.

BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

CHAPTER VI.—FETTERED WINGS.

NO sooner did Jacob and Carol find themselves in the street than the latter grasped her brother-in-law's arm in a manner which was more forcible than affectionate. 'Jacob, there mustn't be any more of this foolery! What do you mean by it?' She spoke with a certain roughness which grated on him. 'You said you would write and say you were bringing your sister-in-law. Why didn't you?'

'I thought it would do quite as well if I said so when I got there.'

'It was *mean!*' Carol cried, all the music gone out of her voice. 'See how humiliated I was! You noticed what Lady Hind did—or possibly you didn't notice it, being rather obtuse.' And she released his arm as abruptly as she had seized it.

Jacob felt very uncomfortable. Carol had every reason to be angry with him, and he was aware of it; but he did not like to be spoken to in this way. He stopped and faced her. 'Look here, Carol; you shall not talk like this. I knew the vicar was the kind of dear old chap who would welcome you just as heartily as he would my wife, and I had an idea that we were going to dine with him alone. I never imagined that Lady Hind and the other people would be there. Of course I was a fool; but I am learning a lot of things gradually.' He stopped speaking and bit his lip. 'I am only a country organist, and cannot be expected to know everything.'

She took his arm again, and this time in a quite gentle and friendly fashion. 'There, I'm awfully sorry, Jacob. I spoke too hastily. Cheer up, old boy! Explain it all to Lady Hind the very next time you see her, and she'll laugh the whole thing off. That was a nice young man, that Mr Ayres.'

'Yes,' said Jacob; 'not a bad sort.'

Carol looked at her pretty shoe demurely. 'But he said one or two rather daring things to me, considering.'

'I *say!*' said Jacob, with a grin, 'and in a clergyman's house, too! He believed you were a married woman, and yet—oh dear, I *thought* I was coming to a very wicked place when I came to London!'

'That brings us back to where we started,' said Carol. 'I think he thought the same as Lady Hind.'

'And what did she think?' demanded Jacob defiantly.

'Well,' said Carol, 'she thought I hadn't a wedding-ring on, and she thought right.'

'Oh, that occurred to you, did it?'

'Occurred to me! Really, Jacob, what do you know about women? What do you suppose they are thinking of? Women are watching and taking in each other from cradle to grave. Old Miss Vyvyan was too much taken up with her dinner and ours to think of looking at me; but Lady Hind had no eyes for anybody else. Why, directly I saw that you were going to allow me to be thought Mrs Miller I thought of the ring. It didn't matter at the At Home the other night, because I didn't have to take my gloves off all the time.'

'Yes, yes, it has all been very awkward. That Lady Hind is an old cat! It is quite evident that she fancies—— Well, never mind; I 'll put it all right.'

Carol snapped her teeth as they entered the booking-hall of the tube station. 'Did any woman in the whole long history of the world ever find herself in such a ridiculous position? I shall write to Lady Hind myself.'

'Whatever you do, don't do *that!*' implored Jacob. 'It is impossible for you to be as clear on paper as I can be by word of mouth.'

'Your tactics so far,' sneered Carol, 'having proved you to be a born strategist!'

'Never mind,' said Jacob, 'let me have my own way. It will end by you and me and Lizzie all going out together. That young man who admired you so much is nephew to a duke—in fact, his heir. What will Padditch say when they hear that Caroline Darby may one day be the Duchess of Wiltshire? It ought to do the shop a bit of good, oughtn't it?'

Home looked very homely when they reached it. A few gray ashes were in the grate, and some unfinished work of Lizzie's lay on the table. Lizzie had had the forethought to lay the supper for them, for she had said to herself, 'They will be too excited to eat much at the vicar's.' It looked a very humble little supper.

'By Jove! I must buck up and make some money,' said Jacob. 'Some of these people will expect me to ask them back, you know.'

'I don't expect many of them will be particularly *exigeant* in that respect,' murmured Carol dryly. 'Oh, Lizzie has left a message;' and she handed Jacob a piece of paper on which had been hastily scribbled: 'Please do not make a noise. Baby has been very fretful.'

'She leaves me these things every night,' snapped Jacob, tearing up the tiny missive.

On the following morning arrived the card of invitation from the Duchess of Wiltshire. Going to this garden fête would afford him an early opportunity of explaining matters to Lady Hind, so Jacob promptly wrote and accepted her grace's invitation for himself and his wife.

Lady Hind was discussing the fête with the duchess when Jacob's note arrived.

'I have asked your new music man, you see, dear,' said the duchess. 'By the way, my nephew, Bob Ayres, met him last night at the Vyvyans'. He was not impressed with him, although he admits the young man plays well; but the lady appears to have made a great impression on him. That is the worst of Bob, he is so impressionable. If he were not, he would have been married long ago. He no sooner takes a fancy to one girl than he falls in love with another.'

'So,' said Lady Hind in a deadly cold voice, 'Miller has had the effrontery to accept your invitation on behalf of that woman?'

'What is the matter, Agnes?' purred the duchess, who was really very much bored over the fête, for she didn't care two pins about the Melanesians, and had only lent her name to the affair in order to please her old school-friend Lady Hind. Nor did she care who came to the fête. She would be entrenched behind a flower-stall, and quite safe from molestation.

'I am very much upset about the man,' said Lady Hind. 'He has been to my house and to the Vyvyans' with a girl whom he represented to be his wife, but who is nothing of the kind.'

The duchess gazed quizzically upon her friend. 'Agnes,' she said, 'your unfortunate habit of patronising artistic wildfowl will get you into trouble. I can hardly write and tell them that I cannot receive them, so how shall you comport yourself when you meet this young man and his abandoned woman companion in my garden?'

'You may be quite sure that I shall know how to deal with them,' said Lady Hind with acerbity.

'Oh, a garden-party!' said Lizzie, turning over the crested card of invitation. 'That sounds rather nice. I might go to *that*. How do you think my pink would look?'

Jacob snatched the card away from her. 'It 's quite impossible for you to go. Until I have explained everything to Lady Hind, Carol will have to go on being Mrs Miller.'

'But a garden-party 's different!' cried poor Lizzie. 'There will be a band and hundreds of people. Our names won't be called out or anything, and no one will take any notice of us.'

'You 're coming out of your shell when it 's too late,' growled her husband. 'You 've got me into a nice fix through being so silly. I don't know how I am going to get out of it. Lady Hind was as cold as ice at the vicar's. She noticed Carol hadn't got a ring on.'

'I simply don't want to be a drag on you,' said Lizzie humbly.

Jacob threw himself into a chair with a black look on his face. As he watched Lizzie moving about the room in her quiet way, he wondered, when he had put everything right with Lady Hind, what sort of figure his wife would cut in the rarefied atmosphere to which he must introduce her. It was physically impossible for her to rise to such heights. It was second nature

to Carol to do so, but Lizzie would always be —Lizzie. He swore as he jumped out of his chair and stalked into his own room, the room where he wrote his music, where the great piano now stood.

The baby was asleep, and so Lizzie took up some sewing. Her work-basket seemed to be a part of herself. Apparently it was chaos; in reality everything was in its place, for she instinctively knew where everything was to be found. Woman's work-basket! Are not its contents somewhat like unto woman's nature? Mere man gazes into it and finds nothing but confusion; to woman it is not at all complex —it simply represents her feminine self.

Lizzie felt, as she had declared, that she was a great drag on Jacob. She felt that the distance between them was immeasurable. He was destined to be a great man; she would always be just what she was.

Her eyes filled with burning tears, but such is habit that she still sewed on and kept a perfectly straight line. Her face was grief-stricken like a child's as the tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the little garment she was fashioning with such loving skill. She was a drag on Jacob. He did not mean to be unkind, but he was ashamed of her. She could see he was, and he was proud of Carol, who was so handsome and gay, who could hold her own with anybody. But then, Carol had mixed with the world, and had not been battered by the tempestuous sea of motherhood, that sea which is navigated with mingled pain and joy; with how much pain few know, with what joy only a true woman can tell.

The tears flowed unrestrainedly down her cheeks, and even the thought of the treasure she possessed in the room above could not comfort her, for, after all, she had only one husband, and him she loved very dearly. And she was a tie and a drag on him. She heard Jacob bang the front-door. He had a choir practice that night, and she would be in bed before he returned. Carol, too, had gone out to see some friends, and it was the servant's evening off. Luke, of course, would be busy at his office all night.

Lizzie sat in the silent house, her heart full of unutterable misery. It seemed to her that she was of no account to anybody except the little one who lay asleep upstairs.

The evening drew in, and night found her still sewing, a great sorrow at her heart, and upon her cheeks sad little tears which she did not trouble to wipe away.

CHAPTER VII.—THE HUMBLING.

THE garden of Wiltshire House, a grand oasis in a vast desert of bricks and mortar, was thronged with a very mixed collection of people; for, just as charity uncovereth a multitude of shins, so does it open aristocratic gates to people who would not be allowed to pass through them under other circumstances. The fête, as recorded, was being held on behalf of the mission to Melanesia, and it may be questioned whether ten per cent. of the guests could have told you precisely where Melanesia was. Still, what did that matter? The band of the Irish Guards discoursed musical comedy in a rhythmic, if hardly soulful, manner; the fair, and sometimes frail, ladies one sees on picture post-cards sold sweets and flashed their teeth in professional smiles on the foolish men and women who clustered round them like bees. Celebrity and notoriety worship was at a premium, and so was strong, overdrawn tea, sold at a shilling a cup.

A number of the individuals present could have written out a cheque for the whole amount the fête was likely to realise, and not have felt it —the Duke of Wiltshire, for instance; but in order to raise money for religious and philanthropic purposes it appears to be indispensable to go to an enormous amount of trouble and expense so that people may feel that they are getting something in return for what they give. It is astounding with what readiness a rich man will write out a cheque for an expensive racehorse or a diamond necklace, and with what reluctance he subscribes a sovereign towards the work of the Church of which he has been baptised and confirmed a member, and in which at the hour of death he places his hopes of future bliss.

In this gay assemblage, however, there was one man who was entirely the reverse to gay, and that was the new organist at St Monica's, in which parish Wiltshire House was situated. On arriving at the fête he had saluted Lady Hind, who had replied with an exceedingly cold bow. But Jacob was not going to allow himself to be daunted by such a reception, being determined to put himself right in her ladyship's eyes without further delay. A frozen glance, charged with a deep sense of outraged propriety, sufficed for the dainty Carol, who had invested in a new dress of the very latest cut, which showed off her rounded figure to the utmost advantage. Lady Hind, in all her bitterness of soul against her ex-protégé, could not deny that the girl was very pretty; although that, of course, made it all the worse. Had she been plain, like the nieces who trailed behind her ladyship, the crime would not have seemed quite so heinous.

It was not long before an opportunity presented itself to Jacob of addressing Lady Hind. He found her standing by herself, looking about for the unfortunate missionary who had co-operated with her in organising the fête.

Jacob cleared his throat. 'Er—Lady Hind,' he said, 'I have been waiting for an opportunity to explain to you'——

'I do not think any explanation is necessary, Mr Miller. I quite understand.'

Jacob laughed in a relieved way. 'Your

ladyship has saved me a great deal of trouble,' he said lightly.

But Lady Hind did not smile. Her face, indeed, was very grim. 'I do not know,' she said in a hard voice, 'what relations exist between you and the young person'——

'Young lady,' was Jacob's quiet correction.

Her ladyship's eyes flashed. 'You are, of course, the best judge of that, Mr Miller. I will content myself with saying that I do not wish to have anything further to do with you. You have had the effrontery to introduce into my social circle a young woman'——

'Lady,' Jacob again reminded her.

'A young woman who has masqueraded as your wife. What she is to you one can only surmise.'

'She is my sister-in-law,' said Jacob bluntly, 'and she came with me because my wife would not.'

'There does really exist, then,' inquired Lady Hind acidly, 'a Mrs Miller?'

'There does exist a Mrs Miller,' Jacob assured her, 'and I shall have much pleasure, should I be afforded the opportunity, in presenting her to your ladyship.'

'I am not likely,' said Lady Hind in her most stony manner, 'to afford you that opportunity. You have very much to learn, Mr Miller.'

'Evidently!' snarled Jacob; 'for it is a blow to me to find that a man who is the victim of circumstances must not expect to enjoy a fair hearing from a person of Christian principles. I had no idea at any time of palming off my sister-in-law as my wife, your ladyship may be interested to hear.'

'I am not at all interested in anything you have to say; nor do I desire to discuss the matter further;' and with a final glance which was intended to inform Jacob that she didn't believe a word he had said, she moved away, making Jacob wish for the moment that he had never shaken the dust of Padditch from his feet. For he could look ahead, and he recognised that Lady Hind's influence could make a vast amount of difference to his comfort. She was a leading light at St Monica's, and he had noticed that the vicar was as wax in her hands. Altogether, the outlook was gloomy. He supposed he would have to look out for a fresh post; he would probably receive a hint from the vicar that it would be advisable for him to do so.

Jacob's apprehensions were, however, relieved by a little wave of philosophy that suddenly swept over him. After all, he had not been greatly impressed by his brief dip into society. Everybody had been very kind, but there was a touch of patronage about their attitude which had grated on him not a little. True, he lacked their money, and could not claim the same blueness of blood; but in other ways he felt himself their superior. He could do something that they couldn't do; his art put him on a plane very much more exalted than their own. He felt hot and angry, and particularly angry with Lizzie for being such a little fool as to be frightened by these very ordinary people with whom he had been mixing lately. A sudden honest feeling of self-contempt possessed him, and he saw himself in his true colours—those of a snob of the first water. Although he was furious with Lizzie, he was fair-minded enough to acknowledge that she had at any rate been thoroughly straightforward about the matter, had flatly refused to mix with people so superior in station to herself, and had adhered to that refusal. Carol, on the other hand, had been dazzled and attracted by the glitter of this new world. Lay her nature bare beside her sister's, and which was the nobler?

Angry as Jacob felt with his wife, he felt angrier still with Carol, who at this moment was prattling gaily to a curate attached to St Monica's. Yes, she had got him into this scrape, and yet she did not seem to care twopence. What did it matter to *her*? It was a huge joke. She was having her fling amidst this sort of society before finally marrying some one suburban and retiring from the glitter of great houses.

Altogether, it was questionable whether there was a more unhappy young man in all London than Jacob Miller as he trod the smooth turf of the Wiltshire lawn, and thought, with a certain regretful longing, of the cheery, homely society of Padditch, where the country clergymen and their wives had never seemed to patronise him. He sought out Carol and gruffly told her that they must be getting home; but at that moment he was hailed in the stentorian tones of Sir George Gregory, who led him round and round the lawn by the arm, discoursing volubly on musical matters. So elated, in fact, was Sir George to have such an appreciative listener—for Jacob was intelligent to his finger-tips—that the old composer insisted on taking 'Mrs Miller' and her husband home to dinner with him.

'Just a plain knife and fork,' said the old gentleman, 'and you can come just as you are. And then I will show you some manuscripts that you will be interested in, I have no doubt.'

Jacob was too disgusted with the situation to attempt to explain to Sir George what his real position was with regard to Carol. He could not help accepting the invitation, because he hardly had a chance to decline it, Sir George being one of those arbitrary old gentlemen who, having decided that they wish somebody to spend the evening with them, will accept no refusal and no excuse.

So it fell out that it was half-past eleven o'clock before Jacob and Carol emerged into the cold May night air and headed for the nearest tube station.

Carol chatted gaily enough, but her brother-in-law was mute. He was full of bitterness against his wife. His face was dark.

Carol shivered as they trod the streets lead-

ing to Jacob's home. 'Do you know,' she said with a nervous little laugh, 'I have such a curious feeling. I feel that something is going to happen.'

'Late hours,' muttered Jacob.

During the rest of the walk there was silence.

Arrived at Chez Nous, Jacob put his key into the door, but before he could turn it the door was opened by Luke, who held up a warning hand.

'Be as quiet as you can,' he said in a low voice. 'Lizzie 's ill.'

Carol clutched his arm. '*Lizzie!*'

'Yes, very ill. The doctor is with her, and I 've telephoned for a nurse.—You had better go up, Carol, and do what you can.'

The girl shed her wraps and sped swiftly and silently upstairs.

Jacob turned a pale, inquiring face to the other man.

'She didn't seem well,' said Luke, 'so I stayed with her. About nine o'clock I sent for the doctor. I should have telephoned for you both had I known where you were.'

'Is she as bad as that?' said Jacob with white lips.

'She is very ill indeed.'

(To be continued.)

A NEW INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE.

By W. O. Horsnaill, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

THE man who proposed to grow strawberries upon raised beds, so that he could pick them without stooping, was apparently before his time, as this course will certainly be advocated when the latest industrial science known as 'motion study' is applied to fruit-growing.

One might well suppose that the art of bricklaying, having been practised for thousands of years, would now have become so perfect that it would be impossible to teach the modern bricklayer how to do his work more quickly; yet the originator of 'motion study,' Mr Frank B. Gilbreth, has been able to do this, and with such effect as to treble the number of bricks laid by the most skilful workman, without increasing his bodily efforts.

We have all watched a bricklayer at his work, and it sounds incredible that the simple operations of spreading the mortar, placing the brick in position, and cutting off the waste mortar should be capable of any substantial reduction; but the quicker way of doing it seems simple enough now that it has been invented. The main thing is to place the bricks and mortar in such positions that the bricklayer can reach them without stooping or making a step in either direction. Then the bricks must be piled ready in a certain way so that the workman can take them up in one hand and place each in position without altering his hold. At the same time as he reaches for a brick, the bricklayer picks up mortar on his trowel with the other hand; and if the spreading is skilfully done, the brick goes straight into position without a pause whilst the trowel is cutting off the waste mortar.

It must be remembered that this remarkable speeding up of the work has been obtained with men who were accustomed to working 'by the piece,' and who would, therefore, have already done their best to economise in time and labour so as to increase their wages. This would appear to indicate that the workmen themselves are not capable of scientific 'motion study,' a fact which has been abundantly proved by the originator of this science. Such results can only be obtained by a scientific investigation, in which every motion is timed with a stop-watch, and some of the best brains in the United States have been applied to simplifying the procedure.

'Motion study' can be applied to all kinds of repetition work, and a striking illustration of its application is given in Mr Gilbreth's book. After watching a girl at the Japanese-British Exhibition who was putting papers on tins of boot polish at what appeared to be a marvellous speed, Mr Gilbreth suggested several alterations in her motions, with the result that she was able to reduce the time taken for two dozen tins from forty to twenty seconds without working any harder. This girl was acknowledged to be the most skilful who had ever done the work in question—a statement amply supported by her selection for show work at the exhibition.

Perhaps the best example of economy in motions occurs when a fire-brigade is turned out. Every part of the equipment is designed to enable a rapid preparation of the fire-engine by ensuring the simplest and quickest motions on the part of the men, and the new science of 'motion study' consists in the application of similar principles to all kinds of industrial operations. It is not intended to make men work harder, as the maximum of effort has already been obtained by increasing the pay according to the work done. The idea is to simplify the motions and improve the tools so that more work can be done with the same amount of effort.

Take, for instance, a simple operation like shovelling earth or coals. It may be thought that if you give the strongest man a shovel, he can do the greatest possible amount of work in a given time. This, however, is by no means the case. In the first place, a short man can do more work than a tall one, because he does not stoop his body so much; secondly, the weight of

the shovel is important, as the movement of it uses up energy which is practically wasted—hence the lighter the shovel the more useful work will be done; thirdly, we have to consider how much should be carried in each shovelful to get the best results. Then the actual motions have to be studied, and experience shows that they can be improved, so that the man does more work without employing greater efforts.

'Motion study' was originated in the United States, where labour is more costly than in this country; but the results have proved that even with the comparatively low wages paid over here, an enormous saving could be effected by the application of these principles to British industries. There is not the slightest doubt that the Americans mean to take every advantage of the new science, and if our position in the world's markets is to be retained we shall have to do likewise.

THE SAINT OF KHATTA KHARAK.

By Colonel STANLEY-PATERSON.

ABOUT sixty years ago—some five years before rebellion ran red-handed over the parched plains of Hindustan—a smart young subaltern joined one of the native cavalry regiments then administered by the old 'John Company,' and stationed at Lucknow.

Except for his remarkably red hair, he was a good-looking boy, the son of an ancient, if not overwealthy, county family. He had left home, with his father's blessing and a fair allowance, to carve for himself a career in India, and was bright, cheerful, and inclined to make the most of life, so it goes without saying that he had a royal time of it. Too much so, in fact; for, being unaccustomed to the handling of money, he handled it so freely that soon none was left, and he gambled a bit to make it up; then, worst of all, he got entangled with a woman, wife of a brother-officer. She might have saved him, but she was not that sort. Instead, she gleefully helped him to spend the money till all was gone, when she quietly put him aside and turned to another. Then, as is the way with love-sick youth, the universe tottered around him. Never had a man been so used before; never had a man suffered such torture. So he took to sighing sadness, and the drinking of many brandy pegs, and seemed comfortably settled on the downward path.

Whether time, the sight of a new and pretty face, or a cheque from home would have put a fresh complexion on life, as it has done for so many in similar plight, cannot be said for certain, for at the critical moment active service—that boon of Indian soldiering—claimed him, and drove all other thoughts out of his head.

One of our periodical little expeditions—they can hardly be called wars—was resolved on, the regiment was ordered to the front, and with it our young friend rode in many a stirring charge, till, one evening, in the final dash that scattered the enemy, a keen tulwar cut through his guard and deep into the muscles of his neck, leaving him lying helpless on the ground, while the rush of battle carried his comrades far forward in pursuit.

In those days field-ambulances were neither so plentiful nor so efficient as they are now, so it was well into the next morning before he was rescued and carried off to be roughly bound up. And as through the long watches of that hot night he lay racked by the fever of his wound, clamouring for aught to moisten his burning lips, many serious thoughts came surging through his brain. He saw his life as it was, and vowed that if he recovered it should be altered, and devoted henceforth to the good of mankind. So peace came, and he slept.

When, months later, he crept from his hospital-bed, stiff, crippled, and disfigured, with shrunken shoulder and head on one side, he was no longer a soldier; and instead of rejoining the regiment, he attached himself to a small band of earnest missionaries who were doing their best, according to their lights, to turn pious Hindus into doubtful Christians. At first he threw himself with all his energy into the new work, and, having learnt in the regiment how to deal with natives, was soon on the best of terms with all sects, Brahman, Buddhist, and Mussulman alike eagerly welcoming a discussion with him on matters religious.

Amongst his special friends were two old Buddhist priests, with whom he would argue through many a long night, and gradually the moral purity of their doctrine—alas that the same cannot be said of their lives!—so permeated him that in his teaching he began to graft Christianity on to Buddhism, and soon acquired great reputation as a wise man amongst the followers of that creed.

Of course this immediately came to the ears of his colleagues, shocking them beyond expression, and they peremptorily ordered him to discontinue it or dissociate himself from them. In vain he argued, pointing out the strong hold he had gained on the sect, and the good he could gradually do amongst them; but it was useless—they would have none of him.

He hung on in the station for a little time, his colleagues shunning him like a leper; then one night he quietly disappeared.

A year later rumours of disaffection, at first

stoutly denied, and even up to the last moment barely credited, hastened all officers on leave back to their stations in case of emergency; and amongst those so recalled was the surgeon of that Lucknow cavalry regiment with which we are acquainted, who had been away shooting in the Himalayan foothills. Resting near a small disused hut close to the edge of the plains, he was accosted by two passing natives, who told him that a Yogi lay dying within.

Looking into the hut, he saw stretched on a heap of filthy straw in the corner a man in the dress of a Yogi, his empty begging-bowl lying on the ground beside him.

He looked again. That flaming red hair and that deep scar on the neck could not be mistaken! There, in the worst stage of rheumatic fever, apparently almost beyond all medical aid, lay the ex-subaltern, alone and uncared for. To move him was impossible, to remain with him equally so. Military duty called, and that must be his first thought. So, after applying such remedies as he could on the spot, the doctor mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the nearest station, whence he at once despatched a party to care for and bring down the sick man should they find him still alive. But when the party arrived at the hut it was tenantless, not a sign of a human being near it.

Then broke out the great Mutiny, and for years minor matters lapsed into oblivion. But now and again there floated down to the plains the echo of a rumour that a mad red man was preaching a mixture of fanaticism, Buddhism, and Christianity far and near throughout the distant hills.

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Away on the northern border of India, in the centre of the great Himalayan range, hemmed in on one side by the unapproachable, and until recently mysterious, land of Tibet, and bounded on the other by the almost equally impassable kingdom of Nepal, lies the State of Garhwal. It is a country of huge snow-mountains with forest-clad bases, deep, narrow valleys, rushing rivers, and scenery that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world.

Tourists do not flock to it. There are none of the amenities of civilisation there—no railways, coaches, hotels, golf-links, or similar comforts such folk love. The best roads are mere rough footpaths or sheep-tracks frequently cut out of the rock, and barely wide enough to let two people pass one another. Every yard travelled in that country must be compassed on one's own feet, and sometimes it is no light work, calling forth robust and determined effort. Every pound of food and equipment has to go on coolies' backs, the only transport feasible on these roads, and the only kind that passes along them, excepting the droves of sheep and goats that annually bring in the precious salt, slung in little bags upon their backs, over the passes from far Tibet. In these high mountains winter is insupportable, so all the villages are deserted, the inhabitants migrating to the lower valleys till summer comes again. Therefore, except for a few officials who make a yearly tour of the district, some keen sportsmen who search the inmost recesses of mountain and valley in quest of game, and latterly one or two of those energetic mountaineers whose sole object in life seems to be to climb a little nearer to heaven than their neighbours, the country is but little known, and the grandeur of its scenery has but few eyes to appeal to.

About twelve years ago, accompanied by Mohammed Rahim, an old Mussulman *shikari*, ex-sowar of native cavalry, to whom I am indebted for the relation of those events set down in the first part of this story, I was travelling and shooting in this out-of-the-way land; and, having with great difficulty elicited from the natives that there were many fine *tahr*—the short-horned Himalayan goat—in the mountains to the east, we turned off the main route and made our way up a long, lonely valley, at the head of which there was a small village. The villagers seemed none too pleased to see us; nevertheless they were most anxious that we should go no farther, and proposed that we should camp near the village that night, and return down the valley on the morrow. It was no use our staying, said they; the big *tahr* had all moved away, the precipices were impassable, and so on, with a string of palpable excuses.

As it was evident that there was something behind all this anxiety for our well-being, we pretended to fall in with their views, and pitched camp for the night, and then the wily old *shikari* set about making secret inquiries.

Next morning he came to me with the information that what seemed to be the end of the valley was in reality only a kind of step in the mountain, and that above it the valley ran on to a fine *kharak* or grazing-ground, about three miles farther up; but that, for some unexplained reason, he could find no one willing to guide us to it. This did not worry me, for well I knew the sheep-tracks would, sooner or later, lead us there. So, sending for the headman, I announced our intention of moving camp to the *kharak*.

Thereupon there was great consternation, and then the truth came out. If we camped on Khatta Kharak we should certainly displease the Holy Man, and bring dire disaster on the village. For many years, it appeared, in the narrow valley above the *kharak*, there had lived a Man of God with red hair, and his head set on backward, who had done much good to the village, and brought many pilgrims to the shrine which had been erected in his honour. But he might not be seen by any eye, and to offend him meant certain sickness and death. Therefore those who daily carried food to his altar approached it with bowed heads and closed eyes, and the

shepherds while grazing their herds ever turned their faces down the valley, lest by chance they might see that which they dared not look upon.

Naturally, I swallowed all this with the proverbial grain of salt. Nevertheless the opportunity of testing its truth made me keener than ever to get to Khatta Kharak.

Never shall I forget that climb, hands and feet, up an almost perpendicular grassy wall, with never even a solitary shrub or rock to give helpful hold. How the laden coolies managed it was little short of miraculous. But it was worth the exertion. Once we were on the top, away in front of us spread a beautiful level sward studded with wild flowers, a clear stream trickling down the centre, while running up to the snow-line on each hand a forest of many-hued rhododendron trees in full bloom stood out against the dazzling whiteness of the mountain-tops, and gave gorgeous colour to the picture. From the far upward end, away towards the glacier-beds above, led a dark, narrow valley—practically a rift in the great black rocks—the entrance to which was partially closed by a rude, red-painted stone shrine, on which lay an empty begging-bowl.

Leaving camp and coolies on the *kharak*, we clambered on past the shrine, through the valley, and up the frowning precipices that towered high over it on each side; but during that weary day's hunting neither man nor beast did we see.

Just as the quick-coming Indian night fell we were picking our way quietly down the boulder-strewn valley, when suddenly from behind an outstanding buttress of rock a man appeared. Hobbling sideways, crab-like, with head on one side, and so twisted as to look almost behind him, half-dressed in the rags of an old and faded yellow robe of a priest, his long, unkempt beard and matted hair thickly streaked with gray, but otherwise of a flaming red, this weird, never-to-be-forgotten figure burst on our view with a kind of shock, arresting our footsteps on the spot. For a moment we gazed half-stupefied; then Mohammed Rahim muttered a name, and, old man as he was, he bounded rapidly forward, prostrating himself at the apparition's feet.

The saint started, feebly raised one hand as though to screen his face, then swinging round with unexpected celerity, ran behind the covering rock. And as he turned I saw that the eyes were sightless, and the face was the face of a white man. Pity, horror, and indignation at one of the ruling race being left in such conditions seized upon me, banishing all other considerations from my mind; so impulsively I rushed after him, calling out a name unspoken for nigh fifty years. Round the buttress we ran right into a small cave, with a bundle of mildewed straw in one corner; and there, face downward on the floor, fighting furiously amidst the ashes of a dead fire, lay a wild, gibbering, crumpled fragment of humanity.

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There is now no saint at Khatta Kharak; but any visitor to a certain well-known private asylum in the south of England will see an old, silent, hideously deformed patient, who strenuously refuses to dress himself or to touch food unless it is placed in an old begging-bowl, battered and black, which he jealously guards.

MAMMOTH MOVING PICTURES MADE BY ELECTRICITY.

By Day Allen Willey.

THE moving picture, so popular in America and Europe, is the rapidly moving series of film photographs that bring to the eye the motor-boat race, the cavalry charge, the soldier on parade, or the cross-country fox-chase. Thousands of amusement places depend on these mechanical scenes for their audiences, who pay their two or three pence in England or a dime in the United States for an hour's entertainment.

Recently, however, the electrical inventor has found another way to produce moving pictures, by the flashing of electric lamps arranged to represent human beings and animals actually in motion. These are of such size that they can be seen a half-mile away by the throngs on the city street when the pictures are displayed in the darkness of night.

This free entertainment is to be seen in the larger cities of the United States, but especially New York, where nightly a congregation of thousands of people gathers to gaze at the rapidly changing picture posed in the air from the top of some high building where an assemblage along a half-mile of street or avenue can see it. There are so many electric advertising signs in New York City alone—for such they are—and so thickly are they clustered about the theatre district, that on any night Broadway, the Strand of the American city, presents the appearance of being illuminated for some great carnival. Dominant among these signs is one recently erected on an hotel. It overshadows all others, not only in point of size, but as a spectacular display. It represents a Roman chariot-race, done in white and coloured lights, in which the horses appear to be speeding around an arena at a mad gallop. The main theme of the display is represented by the words placed at the very top of the sign—namely, 'Leaders of the World.' One of the chariots, which appears in the immediate foreground, is represented as being well in the lead of the other two. The horses, while galloping at full speed, nevertheless seem to be holding their own without the frantic efforts

shown by the other two teams. The spectator is supposed to be moving around the arena with the leading chariot, and for this reason the stadium, the arena wall, and the arena roadway appear to be travelling past the horses at high speed. While the horses are going through all the motions of running, their tails and manes are waving in the breeze, the drivers' garments are fluttering, and the wheels of the chariot are revolving at such a speed that the spokes are invisible. A cloud of dust rolls up behind the wheels, while at every plunge of the horses the dust is raised by their hoofs. At the extreme right of the display a number of horsemen are represented as clearing the way and announcing the approach of the racers.

The entire spectacle is produced in brilliant colours by means of thousands of small electric lamps. Above the arena is a large curtain on which advertisements are displayed of various concerns whose goods mark them as leaders of the world in their special lines. These announcements are flashed out every few seconds, the entire series occupying a period of about nine or ten minutes, after which the series is repeated.

To attract any attention in New York, where the people are so used to dealing with huge proportions, a display must be of gigantic size; otherwise it will pass unnoticed by the busy throng. In this respect the sign is not lacking. As it is intended to display the announcements of the 'leaders of the world,' it has been made the leader of the world in point of size and number of electric bulbs. It rises to a height of seventy-two feet above the hotel roof, and is ninety feet wide. Many seven-story structures are not more than seventy-two feet high. To support so huge a sign in safety under all conditions of weather, it was necessary to build a very strong steel structure on which to set the many lamps comprising the scene. There are over sixty tons of steel-work to support the scene described. At first thought it may seem that undue precautions have been taken, and that the support for the sign is entirely too massive. But the sign is not a skeleton structure; it presents an unbroken area of ninety by sixty feet, against which the wind-pressure is enormous. It will be recalled that on the afternoon before the opening night, which was 18th June last, New York was visited by a storm of almost cyclonic proportions, which was certainly the most severe storm that has been experienced in this neighbourhood for some time. Not the slightest damage was done to the sign by the wind or rain, and immediately after the storm, when night fell, the current was turned on and the display was begun without any interruption whatever.

To give an idea of the mammoth size of the sign, it may be stated that the length of the tassels hanging from the curtain is considerably more than the height of a man, that the letters which appear on the curtain are four feet high, and that the chariot-wheel in the immediate foreground is eight feet in diameter. Altogether there are twenty thousand electric bulbs in the sign, which consume about six hundred horse-power. Half a million feet of wire are used, and there are seventy thousand separate electrical connections. About two thousand seven hundred and fifty electric switches are employed, and the lamps are flashed at the rate of two thousand five hundred flashes per minute. A train of eight railroad cars was required to haul the sign to the city, after which a large force of expert riggers and electricians worked upon it for three months before it was erected and completed.

The aim of the sign is not merely to attract the attention of passers-by, but to hold them and impress them with the spectacle, and to cause the public to make special excursions to see it. In this respect the sign is a decided success.

A most careful study of the motions of a running horse has been made, so as to make the display as realistic as possible. The subject of the illumination, both direct and by reflection, has received every attention, and the general effect produced is such as one would expect to find in a theatre rather than on so stupendous a scale out in the open air. As in theatrical displays, the scene is staged. In the foreground is the curtain on which the advertising is flashed. Three feet back is the first chariot. The other chariots and the horsemen occupy a third stage, while the arena wall and stadium occupy the fourth stage. By this means a certain perspective is obtained, which would not be possible were the entire sign produced on a flat surface, as has heretofore been the practice.

The method of producing the running effect is as follows: The bodies of the horses are stationary. The off horse of the first chariot is not provided with any legs, though this is not noticed by the spectator. The reason for crippling the animal to this extent has been to prevent confusion by a multiplicity of legs in motion, for in order to make the scene true to life the horses should not move in unison, but should break step. The legs of the near horse are outlined in eight different positions, and these outlines are successively illuminated so rapidly that the eye fails to detect the change, making the legs appear to be moving as if in running. The mane and tail are provided with series of lamps, which are successively lighted in such a way as to produce luminous waves representing the waving of the hair. Even the tassels on the harness of the horses are made to move in this way. Great care has been taken to prevent any mechanical appearance in the movements of the horses; and instead of preserving a rhythmic movement the motion is made to vary slightly, as it would in real life.

This is particularly noticeable in the horses of the second chariot, which are supposed to be trying their utmost to reach the leaders, and their running, instead of being regular, is varied in order to give the appearance of an occasional slackening in speed to recover, as of horses near the point of exhaustion. The garments of the leading charioteer flutter and wave in the wind in an irregular fashion. Series of lights extend from the neck of the charioteer down the folds of the toga. The interval between these folds varies, so that as the lights flash up successively the garment does not appear to be moving rhythmically, but to be flapping wildly, as it would in an actual race.

One of the unique features of this moving picture is the production of the dust-whirls under the horses and the chariot-wheels. The way in which this illusion is produced is interesting. Rows of electric lights, curved to conform to the dust-clouds, are placed behind opalescent glass. The lights are successively flashed, causing the eye to follow the luminous waves, and thus to appear to be watching the actual motion of the dust-clouds. The apparent motion of the roadway is similarly produced by means of lights placed behind opalescent glass. The lights are arranged in radial rows, and as these rows are successively illuminated, waves of light appear to be travelling around the roadway in a direction which is the reverse of that which the chariots are pursuing. By having the rows of lights arranged radially the circular form of the track is brought out. The arena wall behind the leading chariot also appears to travel with the roadway. It is illuminated by means of small bulbs which outline the upper edge and also the wreaths suspended from the wall. The face of the wall, however, is lighted by reflection. Rows of high-power lamps are placed behind the charioteer, which concentrate their light upon one side of the wall, and in this way a high light is produced, which gives the illusion of a convex surface. This method of shading a surface by means of electric light, just as an artist would shade a round surface by means of different tints, is something quite unique in sign-work.

While the mechanism for producing the electric flashes which give the illusion of motion is kept under lock and key, it may be said that each moving part is separately timed so as to produce the most realistic effect. Thereafter all the parts are so geared together that they work automatically. The speed of the leading horse's legs has been regulated to represent a horse running very fast, and the ground beneath him is made to move in the opposite direction at a speed which represents the ground that would be covered by a horse moving at this rate. Not the least effective feature of this advertising sign are the torches which appear at each side. The flames seem to be belching forth out of the braziers as if they were real fire, and they cast a lurid glare over the whole scene.

On this night-thronged street of the American London one may walk for hours and see on every corner an electric picture given in the interest of the shrewd advertisers of this or that staple. For instance, there is the gigantic lady hurrying through the mythical street in the rainstorm, with umbrella raised above her by one hand, and the other holding her skirts, which the wind is blowing outward. It is an advertisement of a rainproof dress, according to the lettering formed by the electric lamps above. A huge turned bottle, from which frothy liquid is flowing into a glass held by a human hand, is another scenic spectacle that advertises a famous American brewery. Still another is a coffee-pot, glowing with electric lamps, from which a steaming, glittering fluid representing the great American breakfast beverage is being poured into a coffee-cup.

In all of these the illuminating lamps are arranged and operated by electric circuits on the same system as that described in the chariot-race. Even pictures of summer resorts are produced, with a series of scenes showing the town, the sea breaking on the beach, and the electric sun rising on the horizon and actually tinting the landscape. A second of darkness and a noonday spectacle at the resort is presented, with bathers on the beach, the surf rising and falling, and the pleasure-seekers promenading along the ocean-front. The last is a scene with the moonlight falling upon the place, hotels and cottages glittering with lights. It is so realistic that the crowds who gaze upon the labyrinth of moving lights which create the picture are held in a spell at its reality.

BURNT-OUT.

THE sunset, late a bar of flame
That smouldered in the opal skies,
Beneath night's looming shade grows tame,
And with a last wan flicker dies.
Those splendid shapes of rosy clouds,
The golden plume and giant crest,
Rise gray like pale ghosts freed from shrouds—
Burnt-out the glory of the west.

Yet, since awhile, by that grand pyre
The wide seas were incarnadined,
And far bleak Alpine snows caught fire,
And vales with purple mists were lined,
We tread more bravely through the gloom,
We dream more sweetly in the night,
We feel less terror of the tomb,
Remembering that enfolding light.

I watch my heart's red holocaust,
And stir its sullen flame in vain.
Brave hopes! what azure skies you crossed!
Now comes the darkness once again.
But if the shade in some dark tent
Dispelled by my heart's pyre may be,
Great God, who gilt the firmament,
Kindle this little flame for me!

C. FARMAR.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE CURSE OF CLUNY (A.D. 1532).

A REMINISCENCE OF THE HIGHLAND SURVEY, 1869.*

By an OLD ROYAL ENGINEER.

'A tale scarce heard before,
A tale of the olden time,
And a roundelay of love and crime.'
Anon., 1805.

THERE are many great mountain-passes in Scotland and Wales, and there are also some of great repute in the south-west of Ireland. In the Scottish Highlands, the great Pass of Glencoe, the Pass of Ben Venue in the Trossachs, and the Pass of Killiecrankie are recorded in both romance and history.

Being personally acquainted with most of the passes, none of them, we find, presents itself to us like the great Pass of Corrie Yarrick, situated at the junction of Lochaber and Badenoch, in the wildest district of Inverness-shire. This celebrated pass stands in as lonely and isolated a position as any in the Highlands, is little known, and seldom frequented even by the most arduous tourists. Few people have ever heard of it, and still fewer have wandered through its solitary and mystic paths. On rare occasions an enthusiast for Highland scenery may pass that way 'in the pleasant summer-time;' but in winter's snow and storm the difficulties presented to the traveller would be awful and dangerous. That, however, it was so passed by an army of the clans in the depth of winter's snows we have historical authority for believing. Professor Aytoun, in his poem upon the 'Execution of Montrose,' says:

'Twas I that led the Highland Host,
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle for Montrose.

He alluded to Ian Lom (Bare John), the bard of the clan Macdonald of Keppoch, who led Montrose with his Highland army through the Pass of Corrie Yarrick in the depth of winter (1645). No such march would have been possible without the guidance of this grand old minstrel, whose intimate knowledge of all the West Highlands was perfect. Montrose was on his way to Inverness when the bard overtook him at Fort Augustus, and informed him of Argyll's position, advised him to return and give battle, and offered to guide his army through the pass and along the adjacent glens of Lochaber. Montrose decided to act on his advice, placing himself and his army under the guidance of Ian, who successfully accomplished the service, finally bringing them to Inverlochy, Fort William, where they defeated Argyll and his clans with great slaughter on Sunday, 2nd February 1645.

The Pass of Corrie Yarrick rises to an elevation of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-two feet, and from its remote and solitary position—at least two miles from the nearest shepherd's house, with no other habitation within miles on either side—it may easily be imagined that it causes a subduing influence to fall upon the lone spectator's senses. Often on the finest summer day its summit is shrouded with dense, rolling mist-clouds gliding ghost-like over its lofty brow and sides, soft and white as carded wool; but in winter's storm—and we have seen it under both aspects—the gloom is simply awful; the river, foaming and brown, roaring down the gorges of the corrie; the mist cold, damp, and penetrating; and the snow lying fathoms deep in the dark chasms on the mountain-sides.

As to the appearance of the corrie, it can best be described by conceiving an enormous inverted bowl or basin, with a large section shaped like the segment of an orange cut deep into its side from summit to base, and hence we may assume that the Gaelic name, *Coire Ghearraig* (pronounced like Corrie Yearraig—that is, the Hollow of the Gash, Cut, or Rent—is the original Gaelic name, now anglicised into its present form, Corrie Yarrick.

Owing to the corrie's peculiar formation it produces a remarkable echo, and this may have been the cause of the substantial bothy or hut (built for the herd-lad to reside in during the summer months) never having been occupied. For instance, if a dog barks, the echo is so quick-repeating, loud, and startling that one would imagine a pack of hounds had broken loose and invaded its solitude. In such a situation it can easily be imagined that to the isolated and lonely

* From the original notes collected and verified on the ground by James Archbold, R.E., examining surveyor, Statistical Department, Ordnance Survey, 1869.

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herd-lad any strange sound at night would become intensified; the weird aspect of the surroundings would conjure up visions of haunted and uncanny things, and would doubtless produce on the mind of the superstitious Highlander eerie and creepy sensations.

The march of Montrose and his army must have been a weary and hazardous one, and would be even now, when the Highland military road has been made to traverse it, a risky and strenuous undertaking in winter. These military roads were made by General Wade and his soldiers, by order of the Government, between the years 1726 and 1737, throughout the greater part of the Highlands, in order to suppress the constant rebellion and ravages of the clans. So far as it is possible to carry them, they run in long stretches or traverses in a straight line, and then frequently turn off abruptly, with little or no curve, into another stretch, and so on, following the windings of the glens. This road, after passing for miles through the Badenoch country, enters Corrie Yarrick with a north-western deflection, then approaches and is abruptly brought to a standstill at the base of the pass. From this point it is constructed up the steep ascent of the face of the corrie by seventeen zigzag traverses cut into the mountain's side, and is a weary climb; for even when the tired traveller imagines he has arrived at the summit of the pass, he finds there are still long reaches of upward journey before he attains the top of the watershed and with pleasure can gaze on the ribbon-like roadway stretching onward far away down the glens, leading westward many miles on to Fort Augustus.

Early in the month of May 1869 the duties connected with the survey of the Highlands under the Ordnance Survey Department necessitated a camp being established for the surveyors at this remote and out-of-the-way place. The site selected for the camp was about two miles east from the entrance to Corrie Yarrick, by the side of a large stream flowing into the Spey. The position was a beautiful one, and the ground level, but owing to the great width of the glen it left little protection in bad weather. By a strange coincidence regarding the site of the camp, we found it was within a hundred yards of the spot where, one hundred and fifty years previously, the road-making soldiers of General Wade had resided. This was plainly indicated by a level space on which the foundation-stones of the small huts in two parallel lines were to be seen cropping out above the grass, twenty on each side, with a broad path in between; and what was evidently the parade-ground occupying a level space from the huts to the edge of the existing military road. We were informed of this by the aged shepherd of the glen, who also pointed out a large, conical-shaped cairn of stones at some distance up the glen, which he said was *Carn Bean an t-Saighdeir*—that is, the Grave of the Soldier's Wife—who was, so he informed us, buried there at that time.

The ground surrounding the camp sloped gently down to the Spey, and was covered partly with heather and grass pasture. This level extended for a considerable distance around, with no object to break the view for a long reach both up and down the glen except a standing stone which no one appeared to take particular notice of. The surveyors having finished their work and left, the examiners followed with the skeleton plans to fill in the ornament (rocks, woods, &c., also any omissions or corrections), when it fell to our duty to take over the maps for completion by inserting the Gaelic place-names and recording the antiquities, historical associations, &c., so far as they bore reference to names on the maps. It was necessary for this duty that we should engage the service of some intelligent old resident of the glen thoroughly conversant with the names of every place and feature, and any historical or traditional incidents connected with the surrounding country. Our thoughts at once reverted to the aged shepherd of the glen, a fine old Highlander named Ian MacLaren, the shepherd of Corrie Yarrick, who informed us that his forebears had dwelt in this remote spot, father and son, through long-past generations, and knew all its incidents, associations, and secrets.

One of the first objects that came under our notice was the standing stone, and we examined it with an entirely different interest from our former casual glance. We noticed that the slab now standing had a portion broken off in a slanting direction, as though the stone had been struck by lightning, which was very probably the case. The standing portion was about three feet six inches in height; alongside it, lying on the ground, was just such another piece, and this piece, if erected and placed in position, would correspond and fit on almost accurately to its upright fellow-slab. Both portions bore the appearance of great age, and were covered with gray lichen and tufts of moss. Having drawn Ian's attention to the object, I asked him if there was anything to tell about it. His answer, which I give in his own words, was as follows: 'Indeed, sir, there is that. That is the Curse of Cluny the chief; but it's a long story, and as we have a good deal of ground to go over to-day, put it down by the name we always call it—Clach a Chathalain [that is, the Stone of Cathalan or Cathœlus]. And you see that bold, rocky craig overhanging the river [Spey]? Well, that is Creag a Chathalain; and as we must go there now, first in that direction, I'll show you the cave. I doubt no stranger could easily find it, as there is no appearance of it in the face of the rock, and it's a small cave whatever.'

After a two-mile walk we waded into the Spey; then passed through a wide bed of beautiful bog-myrtle, *Myrica Gale* (in Gaelic *roid*, pronounced *roitch*), which gave out rich aromatic

odours every time our legs touched it; and ascended the steep slope of Creag a Chathalain, whose rocky sides were graced by a goodly sprinkling of silver birch and hazel trees, and at length reached the cave. This craig is a large, prominent precipice overhanging the river Spey. On its south side is a wooded defile running down for a distance of half a mile from west to east, through the gorge of which a small stream flows. About half-way down this declivity, and high overhead in the south face of the cliff, is the cave. It is formed by three large rocks, two upright forming the sides, and one resting on and overhanging from the top forming the roof. The entrance to the cave is narrow and well adapted for concealment.

Referring to the origin of the name of the standing stone Clach a Chathalain, we would remark that old Ian informed us that it would never have crossed his mind to mention it had we not asked about it. He assured us that the following story was quite true; but he questioned if any one outside his own family knew much about it, and he only knew it from having it handed down through his own people.

Sometime about the year 1532 the chief of the great Clan Chattan or Macpherson clan, whose crest is a wild or mountain cat, with the motto, 'Touch not the cat but a glove' (that is, 'without a glove'), and whose title was best known among his clansmen as Cluny—that being the name of his castle or stronghold—espoused his eldest daughter to one of the great chiefs of Ulster. This chief came over from Ireland with a considerable retinue of his house and warriors of his clan to celebrate the nuptial festivities. One of the Ulster chieftain's retinue, named Cathalan or Cathœlus, whilst taking part in the honours paid to the head of his house, found time to make love to the fair bride's younger sister. These young lovers, believing that the old chief Cluny would never be persuaded to give his daughter's hand to any one but a chief who was the head and front of an independent clan, determined to take the matter into their own hands, and adopt the good old plan of a runaway match.

The time not being opportune for such an adventure, the young chief Cathalan returned to Ireland with his liege lord of Ulster. In the fall of the same year Cathalan, with his faithful body-servant, returned to the wilds of Badenoch, and after a short time succeeded in getting into communication with the young lady of his heart. It is said love is blind and will venture all things. The lovers fled, intending to get over the great Pass of Corrie Yarrick, and so by journeying on down the west coast be able to cross to Ireland by boat. Together the lovers made their way for about seven miles up the glen, when the lady became worn-out with fatigue and anxiety, and, night coming on, they sought refuge in the solitary cave in the place which ever since that time has been known as Creag a Chathalain. But to flee from Cluny's wild country at that time of year was no easy matter.

The old chief had in the meantime discovered his daughter's absence, and soon found out its cause. He summoned his gillies, and with fearful imprecations and curses bade them pursue the lovers, swearing that nothing but the heart of the Irishman would satisfy his vengeance, and forbade them at their peril to return to his presence without it.

The clansmen speedily got information as to the direction the lovers had taken, and entered on an immediate pursuit. Towards early morning on the following day Cathalan and his lady-love left the cave and took their way towards the great Pass of Corrie Yarrick. Unfortunately for them the snow had fallen during the night, and lay like a white sheet over mountain and glen. The pursuers traced their footprints on the snow, and the fugitives were overtaken about two miles from the cave in the direction of Corrie Yarrick. At the spot in the glen where the remains of the stone now stands Cathalan was surrounded by his enemies. He made a stout resistance, but was at last overcome by numbers. The savage clansmen murdered him, cut out his heart, and carried it back to the old chief Cluny as a token that they had faithfully executed his vengeance. They had buried the body of poor young Cathalan on the spot where he was murdered. From some papers found in a wallet upon his body he proved to be a person of higher degree in his own country than Cluny had been led to believe, and it suited the old chief's Highland pride to have this acknowledged; for although he did not approve of his daughter being carried off without his consent, yet he would have it widely known that it was no mere *duine uasal* or bonnet laird that had made free with the daughter of the proud chief of Clan Chattan, but a rightful thane of Ulster.

The old chief expressed his regret for having, in his anger, ordered the death of poor Cathalan; and in order publicly to mark that he did so, he caused the standing stone to be placed over his grave. This stone, standing as its fragment still does on a level space in the wide glen, must at the time of its erection, and when in its original and unbroken condition, have formed a very conspicuous landmark to the wild inhabitants of that solitary district.

What became of the young lady, or how she fared at the hands of the ruthless old chief, her father, my informant never heard. But the faithful Irish servant of the murdered Cathalan got clear away, as he had been sent on in advance by his master to arrange for a *birlim* or barge to take the unfortunate lovers over to Ireland. As he never returned to Badenoch to ascertain his master's fate, it is pre-

sumed he guessed it, or perhaps had timely warning, and wisely sought his own safety in flight.

The broken stone in the lonely glen is all that now remains to indicate the site of this long-forgotten tragic event, the result of the swift and summary vengeance of 'The Curse of Cluny.'

BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RECKONING.

JACOB was in the room where the piano stood. As was the case at Padditch, this big grand piano occupied an entirely disproportionate place in the apartment. There was not very much room for anything else besides the piano. As at Padditch, so now it represented the proportionate part music played in its owner's life. But now he had no thoughts for the piano, for his compositions, for his little successes and triumphs. His thoughts were all upon that room above, where lay his wife, the mother of his child, sick unto death.

The realisation of the approach of a great calamity comes home harder to a selfish man than to an unselfish one. It brings remorse which regret cannot alleviate. The man who thinks of others has so much less cause for self-reproach when the blow falls. Jacob had been vaguely aware that Lizzie was not as well as she ought to be; but she had not complained, and his sheets of music-paper had come between her suffering face and the eyes that should have read the warning signal Nature was holding up.

He was not an observant man, but he saw enough in the faces of the doctor and the nurse to experience the liveliest apprehensions. They looked anxious, and he knew that such people put the brightest face possible on every case. Had he known it, they had found themselves confronted with something more to strive against than the actual disease; there was a vitality-absorbing depression of spirits, a chronic don't-careness that fought with a force antagonistic to the patient. The knowledge of it possibly rendered the doctor's manner towards Jacob somewhat cold and abrupt. For if a wife cares not whether she live or die, where shall one look for the cause?

The long day wore on; the house was very still. The domestic of the establishment and Carol took charge of the child by turns, seeing that its cries did not reach its mother. Luke, knowing not what else to do, busied himself in the tiny greenhouse which opened on to the small plot of garden. Occasionally he spoke to Jacob, and Jacob made some unthinking reply. All were treading the Valley of the Shadow.

And while the life-and-death struggle was going on in this small house, the indifferent world without was revelling in the warmth and glory of the sunshine. Tradesmen's carts rattled merrily past; the errand-boy whistled carelessly on his rounds. Callously the birds sang on in their light-heartedness; the hum of the bees came through the open windows, together with the scent of the flowers they were despoiling. Upstairs, in the sick-chamber, the sun's rays shone athwart the bed; the summer zephyr gently stirred the blind.

Jacob, with a dull pain at his heart, was not insensible to the beauty of the day; indeed, it seemed to taunt him. For the happiness of Nature when she smiles may be man's if he will but earn it. He had sowed the wind with plans to gain applause, and the harvester was now pacing by his side. There was nothing to comfort him. All day long there came to his ears just the sound of quiet footsteps, of rustling starched skirts, of whispering voices. These are the noises of the battlefield on which skill and science are pitted against a grim, black phantom.

A letter which arrived by the afternoon post served temporarily to divert his thoughts. It was from a friend at Padditch. 'You cannot think,' it ran, 'how we miss you. The singing in the church is something awful, and only about half the choir attend. There have been two organists since you went—you know what the vicar is! I hear the present man is resigning, and I 'm not surprised. Well, we must bear up. We see your name in the paper now and then, and we are very proud of you.'

He smiled a little sadly over this letter. After all, how much happier he had been in the little country town than up here on the slopes of lofty Parnassus!

The day wore on into evening. Jacob, haggard and white, had not touched a morsel of food, had hardly sat down. All the time he had been on sentry-go, passing from his own room into the little sitting-room, thence into the tiny conservatory and into the garden, round the garden with slow, miserable steps, and back through the conservatory into the sitting-room, and so into his own room where the piano stood. The evening came, and the night.

Luke could not be absent from his work for two nights running, and so shortly after five he had gone up to town. About seven o'clock Carol relieved the nurse at her sister's bedside, so that the trained attendant might obtain the walk and fresh air so necessary for the upkeeping of her own strength. The doctor had said he would come again about nine that night. And so Jacob was alone.

In the homely sitting-room lay some unfinished work of Lizzie's, a little petticoat that she had

been hemming. Once or twice he had picked it up and looked at it. In his more thoughtful moments he had wondered at the untiring industry of a woman doing this humble work. He had sometimes wondered how a woman could withstand the monotony of it, but he did not understand that this little petticoat represented to his wife a work of art just as fascinating as one of his own compositions was to him. All the time she was busy upon it her thoughts were filled with anticipation of the moment when she would hold it before her eyes a completed garment. No matter how crudely fashioned, it would be her very own handiwork.

Almost mechanically he looked through her work-basket, and there found a little scribbled list of the various goods she would require on the following Saturday from the grocer. He noted how carefully and wisely it was made out, what a small amount of money each article seemed to cost. He realised as never before how women have to think in little sums, in small quantities, in ounces and pounds; how sturdily they grapple with serious arithmetical problems. There was, he saw, considerable cleverness in the way his wife's weekly packet of money was distributed, fairly and evenly, on the necessaries of life. Was it to be expected that Lizzie could enter into his high imaginings when she had so constantly to knit her pretty brow over the price of washing-soda and cornflour?

Before the doctor came Jacob threw himself on the little sofa in his own room. He had been awake all the previous night, and he was tired out, exhausted. The doctor, on his way down from the patient's room, thought he ought to speak to the husband. He peeped into the room, and saw that Jacob was asleep. 'Poor fellow!' he thought, 'I had better not wake him,' and so went out and away.

The house grew quite still. The baby had ceased its querulous whining and was plunged in deep slumber that would last till morning; the servant had gone to bed; Carol was lying down in her own room. Jacob was sleeping only fitfully; now and again he muttered in his slumber. Without actually waking, he would sometimes raise himself on his elbow. The last cab had rattled past; the last merry theatre-goer was indoors. It was a perfect night in early summer, following the sort of day which seems to make amends for all the blusterous and unpleasant days that one experiences early in the year. After all, to appreciate the calm one must go through the storm.

Jacob, in his restless tossing, fancied that he heard a footstep in the hall. He half-rose on his elbow. He hadn't turned the gas entirely out, and so the room was dimly lit with the single gas-jet that just peeped through the gloom.

Into this dimly-lit room came the trained nurse, and in the expression on her face, even in that half-light, Jacob read his fate. He sat up, a dead weight on his heart. Then, with an effort, he rose to his feet and followed the nurse. The flimsy staircase creaked beneath their footsteps. This was the only sound in the still house. Like a prisoner going to his doom, he followed her. She had left the door of the sick-room slightly ajar; she pushed it open and stood aside for Jacob to enter. He went in, and the nurse closed the door behind him, she herself remaining on the landing.

He was alone with his wife.

Lizzie turned her head towards him and smiled, and there was that in her smile, an extraordinary resignation and peace, which struck like a knife into her husband's heart. Kneeling down at the bedside, he put the white, outstretched hand to his lips.

'Lizzie! Lizzie!' he said hoarsely.

'Jacob! Poor Jacob!' came the answer, in a tone so faint that it seemed to fall to his ears from another world. 'Poor Jacob!'

His salt tears fell on her hand. He could say nothing. All she had for him was a message of pity. It was her farewell!

'Poor Jacob,' she said, 'I am so sorry!' And she sighed.

He sprang up and leaned over her. She lay calm and motionless, with a slight smile still playing on her lips.

'Lizzie! Lizzie!' he cried. 'Come back to me!'

But the hand he clasped was quite still, and the last smile still lingered about her lips.

. . . . . .

The sun was beating almost hotly through the windows of his little workroom when Jacob awoke and sat up. It was full day. Outside were sounds of traffic; not the intermittent patter of City-going men, but all the cries and calls of the day's industry. He could swear that that scraping sound was the scrape of the dustman's spade, and the dustman was not due round until ten o'clock. He was still a little dazed, but gradually his mind cleared, and then like a crushing blow came the memory of that last scene in the bedroom. He stood up, swaying as he stood. The moment would have been one of deep poignancy to him had he been a kind and indulgent husband; but remembering what he had been, how he had shaken off her caresses, how he had regarded her even as a stumbling-block in the way of his career—these things bore him to the ground in an agony of remorse. He pressed his hands to his eyes and stood motionless, and the opening of the door and the sounding of a voice found him thus.

'Hallo, Jacob; you 've had a good snooze, old man!'

It was Luke. The young musician looked at him almost fiercely. What right had the man to talk in this off-hand way?

'I came down by the first train,' said Luke, 'just after six.'

Jacob, glancing heavily at his friend, noticed that he looked white and tired. His words surprised even himself: 'Won't you go and lie down now, Luke? You haven't had a proper sleep, you know, for two days.'

The suggestion was so unexpected that Luke was touched.

'Oh, that's all right!' he said. 'I'll have a sleep this afternoon, and I shall sleep all the easier for knowing that Lizzie is out of danger.'

'*What!*' Jacob was looking at him with quivering lips.

'Out of danger,' said Luke lightly.

'What—what—are you joking with me for?' exclaimed Jacob. 'Don't think that I can't bear the news. I know. I was with her last night when she died.'

Luke, stout and strong, grasped the young husband by the shoulders and shook him.

'You're dreaming, man; you're dreaming!' he almost shouted. 'Lizzie's not dead. She's on the mend.'

'But I was in her room,' said Jacob. 'I held her poor little hand.' And his voice faltered.

'It was a dream,' said Luke, smiling cheerfully. 'She's getting well, I tell you. Come up and ask the nurse if you like. There's her dress rustling on the stairs. Go and ask her.'

Still dazed, and fearing that the news was too wonderful to be true, Jacob stepped out into the hall. The nurse had just reached the bottom of the staircase. She read the inquiry in his eyes. 'Your wife is much better, Mr Miller,' she said, with her quiet professional smile; 'but you had better not see her to-day. To-morrow perhaps.'

She stopped speaking suddenly, and Luke followed out of the sitting-room just in time to catch Jacob Miller as he fell back insensible.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIA AND MONGOLIA.

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OWING to the haziness of our common knowledge, the world-wide importance of Russia's recent action in declaring Mongolia a sort of protectorate seems to have been slow to attract the notice of Europe. The importance of the new situation lies in the fact that, for the first time in three thousand years of history, the 'horseback states' (as the Chinese picturesquely termed them at the beginning of our era) have been brought under the sway—perhaps for the present only the moral or indirect sway—of a civilised and thoroughly progressive Government. This means that instead of wasting 30 per cent. of their manhood upon the lazy, immoral Lama priesthood; instead of setting their ambitions upon decorative Manchu marriage-ties, tinselly yellow jackets, buttons of rank, 'soft' palace berths at Peking, and 'banner' subsidies, the Mongols may now at any time revert to their old manly habits, and once more, as irresistible horsemen, sweep the plains from Manchuria to the Volga under Russian leadership, as they or their forebears have often done before on their own account, or under Turkish leadership.

From ancient times till now there has really been but one leading race in occupation of this vast six-thousand-mile plain, and up to our own day there has been but little organic change in its fundamental habits of life. It has been demonstrated quite clearly by the handful of orientalists who have given the matter their special attention that the Scythians of the Greeks and Persians (as described by Herodotus); the Avars, Huns, Hephthalites, and Turks of the Greek authors treating of the fifth and sixth centuries of our era; the Ouigours whose descendants still rule in parts of Chinese Turkestan; and, finally, the Kalmuck and Khalka Mongols, are but varieties of one and the same eternal people. It is only by putting Greek, Arab, Persian, and Chinese history together that we can arrive at anything approaching the exact truth in this complicated matter; but it has already been done in great part, and day by day our further proofs are accumulating: for instance, the d'Ollone mission has just published two admirable volumes about the Chinese Moslems and their Turkish forebears. Moreover, it is becoming plain that the chief, if not the sole, connecting unrecorded link between Western and Eastern civilisation and thought was the *horseback expedition*, which from time to time, under this or that national designation, passed swiftly from the Chinese to the Roman frontiers. And Chinese standard history is our best and safest guide to prove all this in progressive detail.

Confucius himself said two thousand four hundred years ago, 'If it had not been for our warrior-statesman (alluding to events of the seventh century before Christ), China might now have been wearing her hair down and her coat buttoned on the left'—that is, she might have been 'pigtailed Tartar.' For several centuries before Confucius's time both the Chinese emperor and his chief vassal princes had been at perpetual war with the nomads of the north, all the way from Corea to Lake Kokonor; two thousand nine hundred years ago one enterprising Chinese emperor actually made a demonstration or a political expedition as far as a point in the Tarim Valley, half-way between Kokonor and Kashgar; both the later puppet emperors, his successors, and their increasingly formidable nominal

vassals, were in those days largely 'infected' with Tartar blood; intermarriages were frequent between the imperial house and the princely houses on the one hand and the Tartar tribes on the other, and there was at times a good deal of feminine Tartar influence at the federal courts. Yet wars and frontier raids were almost unceasing; so that prince after prince found it to his advantage to rear up a Great Wall in order to keep the elusive horsemen out. The so-called Great Wall of China, completed about three hundred years after Confucius's time, was simply the linking up and prolonging from sea to desert of a number of walls already in existence; this took place when truly centralised and imperial China first began, when the federated states had been conquered one after the other by the westernmost and *most Tartar* of their number. This was, in round numbers, two thousand one hundred years ago, and China was then only just beginning to cross the Yangtsze in her expansion southwards, and the d'Ollone mission just mentioned has shown quite clearly that a great part of South China is still populated by unabsorbed non-Chinese races.

A few years after this great transformation, the *Hiung*, or *Hün*, as the Chinese called them (a persistent word which probably corresponds with our European word *Hun*), became exceptionally formidable under a chief whose name in its awkward Chinese dress has been identified as Baghdur. The description of this man's wars is most vivid and interesting: how he surrounded the Chinese emperor with three hundred thousand men, these horsemen being divided into four wings or columns according to the horses' colours, rapidly encircling the exhausted Chinese army of three hundred and twenty thousand, chiefly infantry. The emperor or empress, in some discreditable way not fully described, managed to bribe Baghdur, or Baghdur's jealous queen, to leave open a back-door of escape. Later on Baghdur had the temerity to offer his hand and heart to the same emperor's widow. Incessant wars with these Hün or Huns went on for at least four centuries; besides which, the Hün themselves split up into rival factions, and, succumbing to Chinese intrigue, drove each other westwards. These movements account for the successive appearance of the Hephthalites in Persia, the Huns in Europe, the Avars in Constantinople, followed by the Turks in pursuit of all three. It is even probable that, earlier than the earliest of these, the Parthian rulers of Persia had similarly been driven westwards from the region of China. But it must here be added that certain weaker bodies of the Hün and the Turks remained behind on or near the Chinese frontiers, took service in the Chinese armies, and gradually recovered strength in their own pastures. Once more, therefore, it was a question, when feebler Chinese dynasties happened to be on the imperial throne, whether China should become 'pigtailed Tartar' or not; and, in fact, from A.D. 200 to A.D. 600 it is hardly an exaggeration to say that real old genuine China —that is, the valley of the Yellow River—was more Tartar than Chinese; for quite a number of Hün, Mongoloid, and Turkish 'dynasties' actually ruled parts of North China as 'emperors,' on a footing of political equality with the native Chinese dynasties of the Yangtsze valley and the south. It was during this unsettled period that imperial China's centre of gravity was gradually moved, together with vast masses of the Chinese people, from the old northern habitats to the 'new south.'

The Turks are first heard of about the year 520, and it is made perfectly clear that they were merely a petty, neglected tribe of the Hün, who had been ironworkers for the leading political tribes for many generations; and were originally so called from a prominent mountain of peculiar helmet-like shape on the lower slopes of which their encampments were pitched. The Turkish word for 'helmet' was then (and possibly is now) *t'uh-küeh*, an imperfect Chinese way of spelling syllabically the native sound approaching *törkö*. In A.D. 620 the great native Chinese dynasty of T'ang not only succeeded in reuniting China, but succeeded also, after bloody and protracted wars, in splitting up and driving west these later Hün, or Turks, in exactly the same way that their predecessors had (eight hundred to six hundred years earlier) split up and driven west the original Hün. These Turkish events coincided with the rise of Islam and its conquering expeditions eastwards; and within the past twenty years the old Turkish language has been reconstructed from stone inscriptions in Turkish and Chinese, *proving* all this. Islam and the Turks clashed in the region of Afghanistan, Persia, and the Pamirs; and an indirect result of this *choc d'opinions* was the simultaneous introduction into China of Nestorian Christianity, the doctrines of Islam, and the Persian religions. Jewry came later. The genuine Turks—that is, those originally hailing from Mount Helmet—almost disappeared from China after three hundred years of frontier warfare. The northern branch, known as Ouigours, continued in possession of the Mongolian plains, both politically and pastorally, right up to the times of Genghiz Khan (A.D. 1220). As had been the case with the Hün five hundred years before, some of the minor Turkish tribes remained behind on or near the frontiers of China, took service with the emperor, joined in various intrigues, and in the tenth century of our era even gave several ephemeral dynasties of emperors to North China. Marco Polo's 'Prester John' was the lineal representative of one such.

In the tenth century, however, the Mongol-Manchu tribes of the extreme east began to come prominently to the front. In the heyday of the Hün and the Turks, between B.C. 200 and A.D. 900, these tribes had always more or less loosely

belonged to, or had at least paid tribute to, their more westerly and formidable horse-riding neighbours; from A.D. 900 to 1200 these eastern tribes —under the name of Kitans and Juchï (the Cathayans and Ciorcia of Marco Polo), making Peking their chief Chinese capital—effectively ruled almost the whole of North China, forcing the native Chinese emperors of the Yangtsze valley to pay them tribute. The Cathayans were neither pure Mongols nor pure Manchus, but the Juchï were really the ancestors of the Manchu tribes who have now been driven from the throne; their own capital was Ashiho—practically the new Russian *entrepôt* of Harbin. The genuine Mongols were a small tribe allied to the Ouigours, and perhaps also to the Kitans; their encampments were on and about the river Onon, or, roughly speaking, in that part of North Mongolia which borders upon the present Russian 'sphere' in North Manchuria. Temudjin (Genghiz Khan) was a petty pastoral and 'horsy' chief, whose ancestors had for long paid tribute to the Juchï emperors of North China. Owing to a personal pique he rose against his suzerain, by sheer force of character attracted the various tribes (including the Ouigours) to his banners, and commenced that series of sweeping conquests which, under his successors Ogdai, Kayuk, and Mangu, ended in establishing the Mongol power from the Yalu in Corea to the Danube in Europe. It was reserved for Mangu's brother Kublai to conquer China, which he did largely through gunpowder *brought from the West*. He was the first Tartar to rule over *South* China. It must be noted that the Manchus have never been either 'horsy,' milk-drinking, or tent-living; nor have they (or the Cathayans) ever moved from place to place with their herds of milk-mares, sheep, camels, and cattle in search of summer and winter pasture. Consequently their capacity for 'swooping' has been limited.

It may be useful here to explain that the word 'Turk,' as we use it, is but an ethnographical makeshift. There never has been any general national designation, for the simple reason that there never has been any national centre. The idea of land ownership, racial unity, and state organisation has until quite recent times always been absent.

It is comparatively modern history how Genghiz 'conquered the world,' and was only just held back in time by the diplomacy of Christian princes from conquering West Europe too, as Attila nearly did. The first idea of himself and of his immediate successors was to slay every living thing in China, to raze the entire country, and to turn the whole place into one gigantic pasture for the Mongol flocks and herds. This is, in fact, the root idea of free nomad life—to roam anywhere and everywhere; to do no work but what is agreeable; to move about with camels and carts for the women and babies, rear flocks and herds for food, milk, and clothing, and breed-horses for riding. Settled life, confined spaces, stuffy houses—all these are anathema. If refinements of civilisation, silks, gems, cottons, fruits, liquor (beyond the native mares' milk and koumiss), are wanted, then take them in glorious and exhilarating raids: as the Hün said to China, 'We are nature's merry boys; send us lots of your stuff, or we will make you smart for it.' The Mongols, as a dynasty, never really took root in China; they have left no traces of their rule anywhere, except so far as gravestones, mosque tablets, and temple inscriptions bear witness to Moslem or other religious enthusiasts in their armies. They were like the Turks in Europe. They were driven, bag and baggage, ignominiously out of China in 1368, after only a century of direct rule; practically the only respectable ruler of the whole dozen emperors was that gouty old sportsman Kublai Khan, of whom Marco Polo tells us so much. They left no literary traces of any kind behind them. Nor did even Kublai make the Grand Canal, as is generally supposed; he only patched up and eked it out (as with the Great Wall).

The native Ming dynasty ruled from 1368 to 1644, and during this period China was incessantly harried by the ubiquitous horsemen along the whole line of the Great Wall from Corea to Kokonor, precisely as the Hün had plagued the Han dynasty (B.C. 200 to A.D. 200), and the Turks had plagued the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 600 to 900). In 1449 the Chinese emperor was captured about one hundred miles to the north-west of Peking, and, held to ransom, kept prisoner for a year. A century later the Tartar chief known as the 'Little King' made a raid upon the Ming dynasty's capital of Peking, and the celebrated Portuguese adventurer Fernão Mendez Pinto actually accompanied the expedition; indeed, a Russian (or more probably a 'Strogonoff' or Cossack) mission was following the Tartar Court at the time.

In 1644 the Manchus succeeded in filching the Chinese throne from the degenerate Ming family. They had the good sense from the beginning to make friends of the Eastern Mongols, to treat them as equals, and to conciliate them by marriage alliances. They also had the political sagacity to see how the Khalka and Kalmuck rivalries, the establishment of the Cheptsun Damba 'saint' at Urga, and the situation created by the Mongol conquest of Tibet (which took place just at the time the Manchus 'slipped in') might be utilised politically by encouraging other Lama 'saints,' together with idleness, 'humanity,' religion, &c., in Mongolia. Add to this, the Mongol princes have always received Manchu salaries and military subsidies; and their subjects have not been in any way discouraged from ruining themselves with *samshu* (whisky). Lastly, the Khalkas and Kalmucks in turn, as well as all the Turkish or Mussulman tribes of Turkestan, have been one after the other brought well under the Manchu

yoke. But now at last it is the Manchu turn to become eunuch-ridden and corrupt, and Russia is 'slipping in' so far as Mongolia is concerned.

The important and even startling general results of the recent political development in Asia is that Russia is practically and potentially, if not actually and literally, in possession of the entire empires of Baghdur, Tuman, Dizabul, Attila, Genghiz Khan, and the Khun-daiji or Kalmuck 'emperor' of the Ili and Kuldja region, who was so powerful a buffer between Russia and China when Bell of Antermony (what Scot, by the way, can tell us where Antermony is or was?) accompanied Ismailoff's mission, sent by Peter the Great to Peking nearly two hundred years ago. Part of the object of these Russo-Chinese missions was to arrange about the Turgut branch of the Kalmucks who, under their khans Chorlok and Ayuki, had escaped from the Mongol-Manchu welter to the Volga. In 1770, after the final conquest of Ili, the one hundred thousand Russian Kalmucks suddenly decamped under Ayuki's great-grandson Ubasi Khan, and, to the Emperor K'ien-lung's huge delight, succeeded in fighting their way, during six months of intense hardship, back to their old encampments on the Ili River. The latest news now is that forty thousand Chinese Kalmucks have sought the 'protection' of Russia, who accuses China of 'ingratitude' in connection with the Russian occupation of Ili during the Yakub Beg wars of forty years ago. As to the Japanese part of 'Manchuria,' this never was really Manchu, but Chinese-Corean; and the conquering Manchus only *moved down* to Mukden.

In a word, Russia has secured first call upon the best part of a million hardy horsemen, who have in the past already once conquered both Russia and Tibet; who can, under Russian direction, at any time sweep the whole backbone of Asia; and against whom even 'unhorsy' Japan can do nothing. But there is really no reason why either Great Britain or Japan should thwart Russia's civilising mission, so long as Russia does not cross legitimate Japanese interests in South Manchuria.

THE BLACK AUGUST.

CHAPTER IV.

'IT was long ere the lassie cam' over the door, an' when she did, it might have been the ghost o' herself that the folk caught a glimpse o' at the little hill-farm.

'It seemed that the ship bringin' the detachment home had been wrecked, and not a man saved—the corporal among the drowned.

'There was ill news, too, concernin' Alison's father. He was like to be turned out o' his farm, an' but for the good hearts that most o' the folk o' the North try to hide, he would have been roupit an' out o' the place that year.

'The devil, they say, trokes wi' them that have idle hands. I'm thinkin' that he has an easier job wi' them that have empty pockets; for about this time Adam Forbes fell in wi' one Inglis, a man new come to Speyside from the east country. He had ta'en a farm, Treeburn, one o' the best an' biggest on the run o' the river, an' (as he would need to have been for the lease) he was a man o' substance. A gross-lookin', short man, an' as ignorant as a stot except for the gatherin' o' gear; but for that he would stick at nothing. His name never rang very clean in the countryside. Stories o' drink an' worse leaked out, an', 'deed, if his habits were none o' the best his face was no liar, for he had a heavy an' leerin' jowl that a decent man, let alone a woman, would scunner at. But, cups or no cups, he was greedy an' shrewd at a bargain, keepin' what siller he had, an' layin' by as well.

'Well, Forbes an' he would forgather at the markets, an' he might take a turn over to Forbes's place on an evenin'. Everybody but Alison herself put two an' two together. The glen has a way o' makin' two an' two five, or whiles seven; but this time it was right. It was the lass he was after.

'I canna' tell the rights o' it; but this I ken, that Alison, hardly crossin' the door, saw no one but this man Inglis an' her father, either market-merry or mopin' wi' the shadow o' ruin over him.

'Little by little she cam' to understand—God knows wi' what thoughts, poor lassie!—that her weddin' Inglis would clear her father's feet, an' her refusal o' him spell ruin an' leavin' the bonny hillside. So it cam' about that Forbes spoke to her. She heard him to the finish about his troubles, Inglis's well-filled stackyard, an' so on.

'"So be it!"' she said.

'Her father cam' to her with a shamefaced "Good lass!" an' gave her a clap on the shoulder.

'"Do not touch me!" she said, an' his eyes blinked before the look in hers. "Ye wish to sell me. So be it!" an' she turned her back on him.

'In a month she had married Inglis.

'This was in the forepart o' the year 'twenty-nine, a black, black year for many a roof, laird's or cottar's, in Morayshire.

'The sun had blazed fiercely in May and June, the land birstlin' in the heat. I remember it was so burned in places that the young shrubs an' trees planted by the laird were killed. Then, later in the season, it seemed as if the

elements had made up their minds to play the daftest tricks. Men waited an' prayed for rain, an' when it cam' it was in sudden bursts, more like waterspouts, an' as soon over; an' then out would come the sun, an' the glen sweltered in the heat again. The very weather-glass seemed to have gane gyte, for it rose an' fell under some spell o' its ain. High winds would get up an' rant an' howl on the stillest days, an' then in a clap they would be gone. The Northern Lichts louped in the sky nicht after nicht as clear an' bonny as ye could wish to see, but awesome, out o' their due time, an', as some folk thought, no' o' this earth; something no' canny about them, things sent for a warnin' o' trouble. However, matters were a hantle better in July. It fell out a good growin' month, wi' the hay weel saved, an' a good braird on the oats, an' things promised well enough for the harvest.

'Then cam' the Black August. On the first day o' it, lookin' down on the run o' Spey, ye would have seen many a bonny green haugh, cattle an' flocks, the crops ripenin' for the harvesters, the trig bit crofts an' the bein farm-houses; men makin' ready to take their ain an' their wives' an' bairns' reward from the laden land in the crown o' the year. Well, well! "Paul may plant and Apollos may water." In a day man's handiwork vanished like thistle-down in a blast; an' Spey, that we hear singin' so cheerily down there, changed into a great savage sea, roarin' like a furnace.

'Westerly winds had been blowin'. Then suddenly there cam' a blast from the nor'-east, an' up among the Monadhliaths—the Gray Mountains in Badenoch—the rain fell past human belief. Like the Book says: "The windows of heaven were opened." The rivers o' the north cam' down wi' as little warnin' as the thief i' the nicht. A spate is no' the word to fit what followed. Spey was like an unkennelled beast, a great brown torrent, miles wide. 'Twas a dauntin' time, wi' a yellin' gale overhead that not a bird tried to face, an' the rain so thick that ye would have thought that the wind was made o' water. The river snapped Fochabers Brig like a rotten branch, an' I saw trees an' houses wi' men clingin' to them carried down like chips o' driftwood. Years o' labour, men's lives, the poor dumb beasts, the crops an' the woods, were swept away like bairns' sandploys on the seashore by an incomin' tide. There has been nothing like it in the memory o' man. The strath was swept by a sudden flood miles wide, that carried ruin, desolation, an' death; a great, brown, peetiless sea.'

CHAPTER V.

'ON the Monday evenin' a travel-stained man rode up the glen as far as he could, an' then, no' trustin' himsel' or his horse—for the flood was creepin' level wi' the road's bank—he struck into the moor an' contrived to make another mile or so, his head down against the blast. But the good beast's ribs were heavin', an' nicht was comin' on. So he louped off an' tethered his horse to a tree in what beild he could get in a handfu' o' birks on the hillside. Syne he took a sheep-track an' faced the storm. Whiles it blew him to a stan'still. He cam' to a roarin' hill-burn that was like to fairly beat him, but he tried a ford he kent o', an' plunged in. He was a tall man; but the burn was up to his neck, an' he had a struggle for life, for he was carried down like a feather. He was strong, but it cost him a fight to win the opposite bank, drenched an' half-deid, an' wi' a broken arm. He rested for a bit, then got up an' struggled on, his head birlin' an' his feet like lead. In the end he cam' to his knees, an' not another yard could he win against the rain an' the gale. It was a nicht so dark that ye couldna have seen your hand in front o' ye. Sleep owercam' him, an' until dawn he lay there like a man deid. When he woke he got to his feet, stiff an' shiverin' in his sodden clothes, an' his arm stingin', an' set off again. Daylight gave him his bearin's. He saw that he was only about three miles from his goal, Adam Forbes's farm on the hill, where he hoped to see his Alison; for the man was the corporal.'

'I thought he was drowned,' said I.

'So did everybody. Better for him, maybe, if he had been.

'It seemed that he an' some others had managed to land, but had been in the hands o' half-savages for months. However, he got free, an' his first thought was to hurry North to the lass, an' he travelled nicht an' day to compass this.

'He reached the house in the early mornin', an' knocked at the door. Forbes was at the stable, an' cam' round the corner o' the house, never lookin' for any one at that hour. His nerves, never o' the best, were agley in fear o' the flood. The corporal was standin' bareheided, the eemage o' death from pain an' weariness. Forbes might have ta'en the example o' the collie, that kent the soldier an' was dancin' an' barkin' round him, but he just gave one look an' his silly wits saw the corporal's wraith. He gave a shudderin' cry, turned, an' fairly ran for it. The corporal stared after him, puzzled an' angry, watchin' him skelter down the hillside. Then he tried the door. It was barred.

'He sent it to pieces wi' his foot.

'"Alison! Alison!" he called.

'The servant-lass heard him, an' cam' in from the yard.

'"Where is Alison? Where is your mistress?" he asked.

'The lass looked at him, afraid, for she kent him.

'"Answer!"

'Still the lass stared. She had a heart, an' she saw the hunger in the man's eyes.

'A sudden fear shook him.

'"Is—is she dead, lass?" he asked.

'"No. She's married — last March," she managed to say.

'The man rocked once where he stood, an' the lass began to whimper. He stood silent for a minute, until the sound o' her voice roused him. Then he went out an' walked slowly round the house, an' once up an' down the patch o' garden. In a corner, cowerin' from the wind, was a white rose-bush. It was under the lee o' the hedge, an' a solitary flower had cheated the gale. The corporal stooped down, plucked it, an' put it out o' the rain in his pocket. Then he went back to the door.

'"Where is she?" he said.

'"Treeburn," answered the lass.

'"So," said he, an' turned on his heel. She watched him go out o' sight in the misty mornin'. He never once looked back.

'At Treeburn, a level haugh farther up the river, the flood cam' on them unawares. A high bank there ran in a curve like a sickle-blade, fendin' the river's force. For a time it looked as though the farm might fare better than most o' them. There were two or three hours on the Monday evenin' when the head o' the flood sank an inch or more, an' the distraucht folk in the valley got a glint o' hope. Inglis had herded his stock into a field an' steekit them there, ready to send them higher up should the waters rise. But the dour curtain o' cloud up-country never lifted, growin' bigger an' blacker, until the sky seemed slowly lowerin' an' lowerin' as if it would sink an' smother the earth. The wind got up again, an' the rain cam' down in thick sheets. The noise o' it a', flood, storm, an' rain, was beyond belief. Not a man that awfu' nicht but was in terror for the next hour's happenin's. 'Deed, it looked like to be the end o' the world.

'Spey rose another couple o' feet, an' at Treeburn she burst the bank, cuttin' a channel as clean as a spade through gravel, an' a great rush o' brown water tore through. Inglis an' his wife Alison got into a salmon-coble just in time before the flood struck the house, an' were driven, more by guid luck than guid guidin', into an eddy. The nicht was pit-mirk, an' the coble could hardly have lived in the main stream that was hurlin' down trees an' boulders like playthings.

'Inglis had seen a' his worldly gear swept away in a blink. The stacks o' his last year's crops had sailed past down Spey like ships. His stock had run wild, an' were by this time drowned. His land an' standin' crops were under water.

'The creature's heart, if he had one, was in his siller, an' where a decent man would have faced his throw wi' fate, the rotten strain in Inglis gave way. He had been at the bottle, an' lamented an' raved an' cursed like a madman. Alison had managed to fasten the coble to a stout tree, an' the rope held. The drenchin' rain half-filled it, an' there the lass sat through the nicht, listenin' to Inglis an' the fearful sounds o' the flood. Inglis would fall into a drunken sleep an' waken up to fall to greetin' like a bairn about his plight; tak' anither pull at the bottle, an' maunder an' curse till at last a streak o' daylight cam'. It showed the tree to be on the border o' a haugh on the left bank. A couple o' hunder yards away they could see the house, the flood up to the second story, an' beyond it the fierce mid-current o' a stream, two miles broad, a' manner o' wreckage whirlin' by.

'Inglis might well have been thankful to "let the tow gang wi' the bucket," as the sayin' is, an' ta'en his mind aff his miserable siller. But 'twas a strange thing that this man, who would never have risked his skin if he had seen a human bein' strugglin' in the flood, had a kind o' desperate courage—the courage o' a rat, if ye like—where his pocket was touched. I never got the rights o' it; but the story runs that he minded on some siller he had forgotten in the house, an', muddled wi' drink an' greed, his wits egged him on to try to get the coble ower, an' then win into the house at Treeburn by the window. He loosed the coble, an' pulled up a hunder yards or thereby in slack water. Then he let the boat swing down-stream, an' turned to put her into the current. When he looked round to tak' his bearin's, the sight killed the last o' his nerves, for he was just in time to see the flood sweep away the house, like a besom would a handfu' o' dust. He collapsed on the oars. The coble was sucked into mid-stream, an' swept down wi' the speed o' a millrace.'

CHAPTER VI.

'MEANWHILE the corporal had hurried down the hillside into the valley, with but one thought in his heart—Alison's safety, an' the wish to hear the truth from her own lips. He cam' out on the right bank (where the keeper's house is now), an' saw Treeburn half a mile away, with the water nearly level with the roof. Then he sought a boat. There was none to be had for love or money, barrin' a battered skiff that nobody in his senses would have risked.

'"She's mine," said the owner; "but ye'll no' get her. It wad be black murder to lend her. Ye can shove your boot through her, an' a knock frae a tree or a stane oot there would see the last o' ye. Forby, your airm's broken."

'The corporal took an oar in his sound arm, an' threatened to brain the first man that contered him. They let him have his will. He got into the boat an' floated down, sittin' in the stern, steerin' wi' one hand on the oar as best he could. Then, with a groan, he saw the waters swallow the house at Treeburn. He was almost in mid-current, an' the skiff cam' near to bein' stove in

like matchwood by the wreckage. In a lift of the drivin' rain-smoke he caught a glisk o' a black speck bein' swept down, an' steered aslant towards it. It was a boat wi' a man an' a woman in it; the man insensible in a heap in the bows, the woman sittin' in the stern, her head in her hands. She never saw him approach till his skiff ran alongside an' its bow touched the coble midships. Then their eyes met. For a moment she thought it was all a cruel dream, until she heard his voice.

'"Alison!"

'"Jim!"

'But it was no time for lovers' greetin', for the corporal saw that the coble was leakin' an' half-filled already. The girl's danger made him swift to act.

'The current was hurryin' them down-stream. He stepped into the coble, gave a look at the dazed man in the bow, then took an oar with his right hand, an' signed to the girl to take the other.

'They bent to the oars together, side by side, for dear life, never a word between them until they swung into safety a couple o' miles down the river.

'There 's a screen o' sweet-scented aitnachs * a mile from the river's bank to-day where they landed. The man, wadin' in the shallows, dragged the coble after him, an' tied it fast to a tree.

'"Come!" he said, an' held out his free arm. The girl took it an' cam' ashore, an' at the touch o' his hand broke into a torrent o' weepin'; an' between her shakin' sobs she told him o' the report o' his death, the lonely, dark winter, her father's plight, her marriage.

'The wild wind flung her hair ower him.

'"You are mine, Alison. Come with me!" he said, an' kissed her. For a moment she hesitated. Then she took her hand from his, an' shook her head.

'"Come, my dear!" he cried again, wonderin' at her silence. Still she shook her head, then slowly held out her hand an' pointed to her weddin'-ring.

'He seized her hand, pulled the ring off, an' threw it into the river. Then he pointed to the sorry figure in the coble's bow.

'"To that!" he said, an' his anger blinded him to the misery in the girl's eyes. "You love me, Alison?"

'"You know," she answered; an' the man spoke o' their happy days o' wooin' by the river, their promise to each other, his love for her. She listened, joy an' grief stabbin' the heart o' her.

'"I was at your father's house early this mornin' to claim you, an' plucked this." He held out the white rose to her. "You are mine. Come with me, Alison," he pleaded.

'She took the rose, an' the man, a great joy in his heart, drew her to him. "Keep the flower until death, my heart," he said.

'"Until—death," she said, puttin' the rose in her bosom, an' her wet cheek went close to his.

'The sudden sound o' the coble strainin' at its tether startled them both. The water was still risin'. The man knew that the coble should have been hauled ashore, but he felt faint an' exhausted, an' his arm seared him like a hot iron.

'"I must leave you, my dear, until I go for help. I 'll hasten back," he said. "This is our last partin'. To-morrow we 'll be miles away—together."

'She watched her lover disappearin' in the storm-wrack, an' then turned, an' her eyes fell on the huddled heap in the boat. She stood motionless, her hands clenched, dry-eyed, very pale.

'In front o' her the merciless river; behind her, where she dared not look, her lover, happiness, dishonour, joy, shame.

'She went swiftly down to the coble.

. . . . . .

'The corporal got willin' offers o' help, an' ran back before the others arrived.

'There was no boat to be seen.

'"My God! I tied it fast enough," he whispered, a nameless terror clutchin' him.

'He shouted her name. The deafenin' gale an' a pitiless burst o' rain mocked him.

'He ran down to the water's edge, an' saw a blindin' sight. For the rope was cut through, strugglin' in the wind like a thing alive. In its knot, by the tree-trunk, was the white rose.

'He strained his eyes into the livid waste o' the surge. There was nothing to be seen on its grim face.

'He understood, an' the gray mornin' fell about him like a windin'-sheet.'

. . . . . .

One day, a month afterwards, the tap-tapping from the cottage ceased, for the old man was found dead over his lapstone, his hammer in his hand.

He had no known relatives, and the kind wife of a neighbour and I saw to the last duties.

'I only kent him since I cam' here, an' that 's ten year come Martinmas,' gossiped the goodwife to me; 'but an auld man from west the country told me that he minded on him lang years past when first he cam' North. He was a soldier, he said, an' as fine an upstandin' lad in his regimentals, on foot or mounted, as ever he saw! It 's a wonder to me that he never marriet!'

Among his few belongings I found an old calf-skin, brass-studded chest, and in it I chanced on a little wallet. I took it to the window to open it, and a vagrant sunbeam, glorifying the poor room for a golden moment, glinted on a Waterloo medal. It was marked: 'Jas. Ayden. Troop 3. 2nd Dragoons;' and beside it lay a dried stalk and a few shrivelled leaves, the ghost of a long-dead rose.

THE END.

* Speyside vernacular for the juniper.

THE DRAMATIC METHOD OF TEACHING.

By Harriet Finlay-Johnson.

THEY were two little girls, and their respective parents were not overburdened with this world's goods. In the daytime they attended a little private school, and scrambled through the arithmetic-book at the rate of one or two 'rules' per day, often consulting the key, and more often than not working backwards from the answer until the sum 'came right' somehow. But in the evenings, when school—legitimate school—was over, and particularly in the long winter evenings, they ran their own 'secondary' school. Not that they ever thought of their lovely times as anything so commonplace as a school! Sometimes at the home of one, and sometimes at the home of the other, they energised freely in all the directions of which they were capable, delighting in finding their own powers, educating themselves in the best possible way, discovering, tasting, and assimilating their own mental and moral sustenance, and finding it infinitely more palatable than the arithmetic-book with a key!

Sometimes they burned to be great musicians, and then for a time the piano in the parlour became the centre of absorbing interest during every spare minute. Old instruction-books were turned out of dusty cupboards, where they had lain for a generation or two, and their contents mastered with difficulty but absolutely unabated zeal. The two, whom we will call Eva and Dit (as a matter of fact their real names, for the story is true), attended all the popular concerts and penny readings in the neighbourhood in order to watch the methods of the various pianists; and the summit of ambition's heights was reached when Dit, the more musical of the two, having saved up enough money for the purpose, set out for the local musicseller's shop, where Liszt's 'Rhapsodie Hongroise' and Schubert's 'Impromptu in B flat' were duly purchased. Regardless of their difficulty for so young a novice, she proposed to master them, since they had struck her fancy at one of the popular concerts; and slowly, but certainly, she did so. To this day, almost the only piece of classical music which she can play from memory is Schubert's 'Impromptu in B flat.' After such an achievement the accompaniments to such songs as would suit their voices were quite easy of management; and when younger sisters had mastered a few recitations—selected from standard authors, mark you—a Grand Concert was given in the parlour, with 'Chairs one penny and arm-chairs twopence' printed on the notices. Dreadful to relate, an adult (Eva's father) took an arm-chair ticket, and came to the concert; whereupon all the singers, except the one at the piano, lost their voices. *She* could sing because she had her back towards the dread critic, and 'what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over.'

Then the 'drama' occupied their energies, and the piano became merely an adjunct to this. At first they essayed to write original plays, but these took so long to write that they interfered with legitimate school-lessons. So the two hit upon the happy plan of adapting scenes from Dickens or other favourite authors; and many a bright, happy, never-to-be-forgotten evening did they spend thus, unconsciously 'rubbing brains' with the best English writers.

Then in the long, summer days—'sweet childish days that were as long as twenty days are now'—they played out on the Heath, finding ample materials for the games which were to be so useful to them, because they were unconsciously educating them in the 'things that count.' Did they find a bare, sandy stretch of ground, that became a desert; every stray patch of green, an oasis; and they were soon camels or caravans journeying along. Of course this would be followed by discoveries of chapters on the subject of deserts in their lesson-books or story-books, and they must play the game again. Did they find a clump of pine-trees on the Heath, then these were Douglas pines, and they were in British Columbia, and must needs play at lumbering. But their crowning delight was the discovery of a pond or even a large puddle. Reader, can you not remember being fascinated by a pond? How you thrilled with delight when some sportive breeze dimpled its surface with miniature waves! How you *must* throw in a large stone with a splash to cause the ripples to spread out in ever-widening circles until finally they lapped the 'shore,' advancing and receding like a real ocean tide! How much more delightful it was when the pond had rushes or reeds growing up through its surface, in and out of which toy boats might sail or come to grief; and a shallow margin where such craft might safely be launched! One such pond did Eva and Dit discover after a long rainy season. Then it was that geography and maps became real things instead of myths. Only they did not call it by any name so dreadfully suggestive of text-books and school—they called it playing; but the toy boats had not been long on the water before some one must suggest a crew on board (sometimes merely bits of twigs or tiny pebbles), and a 'pretend' cargo, and, of course, a starting-point, a destination, and a name for the ocean. For, although the ocean, the ship's crew, and the cargo were 'make-believe,' like all children they wanted the names which they attached to their puppets to be probable. Children love a story to be 'real true;' and these two, being no exceptions to the rule, took great.

pains in looking up geography-books, and delighted in each new discovery of something which could appropriately be played on their own particular pond.

The Heath (it was Hampstead Heath, to be exact) was indeed a veritable fairyland to Eva and Dit. They were the keenest of nature students in days long before nature study was mentioned and accepted in school codes as a 'subject' for the time-table. And think how many years elapsed before any one *dared* to smuggle in 'nature study' as a sort of educational luxury to be used sparingly in school hours! The two little nature students mapped out every inch of the Heath; they knew the names of all the flowers, and, what is more, they knew the habits, structure, and workings of those flowers and plants at all different seasons. They knew no Latin names of course; but they had, in their own way, found out similarities of structure and formed classes of their friends the flowers which answered to the botanist's species and genus, &c. What was most valuable, they were learning to use their eyes to some purpose—not merely to criticise or classify objects, but also to admire and love them for beauty's sake. That to my mind is the reason why nature study—really *nature studied by the child*—should be the *base* of all school lessons rather than the ability to read, write, and cipher. For the three R's are inclined to encourage uniformity and to obscure individuality, whereas nature study, with its training in observation, artistic appreciation, and originality of thought, encourages individuality. The child will need his reading when he desires to find out what others have observed before him in his own fairyland of Nature; but I do not think his intelligence should be tested by his ability to read with a certain fluency, nor should I say a person had received a good education because he left school able to read fluently. Similarly, it is a good and absolutely essential thing that a child should write and spell well. It is well for him to be able to make nature notes; but it is better for him to be able to *remember* correctly all the points he may have observed about his flowers and trees because he *loves* to find out those points, and *loves* the objects themselves. So that, I contend, at least *as much* trouble should be taken to allow a child freedom to develop the side of his true self, which is sure to be in sympathy with those things which (for want of a better term) we classify under the term 'nature,' as is taken to ensure his being able to write clearly and spell all sorts of out-of-the-way words. And if there is not time for both things to be done well, which one should be neglected, dear reader?

As I write, I have on my table, where it catches my eye, a book with the suggestive title, *Going about the Country with your Eyes Open*, by Owen Jones and Marcus Woodward (C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.). It is a volume clearly designed to interest young people in the art of seeing all there is to be seen in even the commonest objects of the wayside or woodland. Such a book would be an admirable aid to either teachers or parents who, although they may not have had the opportunity of studying nature freely in their own young days, desire to give their children or pupils better opportunities. Eva and Dit were fortunate in having parents who allowed them plenty of liberty and every opportunity of 'running wild' in 'summer days when they were young.' Their parents either had the good sense to stand back and almost efface themselves occasionally, or perhaps they were often too busy to take a very active part in the children's games. Consequently self-reliance and a delightful sense of being untrammelled during out-of-school hours minimised very greatly the deadening influence of ordinary school routine. Indeed, their attendance at school was more often 'honoured in the breach than in the observance,' and thus there were often long days when they got very close to Nature with a free mind, 'opening the windows of their souls to all the sweet influences' which she sheds around those who are 'content to live in the presence of beauty.' 'Merry goes the time when the heart is young.' Yes, and peacefully too, before it has yet learned to strain and pulse and hurry—perhaps break—in the rush for existence.

I would fain, therefore, preach the gospel of happiness in youth for those who will assuredly be the world's workers and fighters in the future. I would beg those whose cry is for an 'education that will fit the child for its future career' to have a care lest they rob the child of its growing and storing time, and thus *un*fit him for anything but a tired, jaded cynic at middle age, a man who has missed the best that life could offer him, who cannot relive his youth in seeing himself reflected in the young around him, because he has never known what it was to be a child of nature, free and inconsequent. He has only known what it was to be a little machine—fed and pumped and improved and fitted up to work! Therefore I say, go slowly with your technical instruction of elementary school children, oh ye educational bodies! It will not hurt the little girls to *play* at being little housewives, nor the boys to *play* at being handy-men; but there is not time to be children and technical students both together. Which shall it be?

Eva and Dit grew up in time. At least, they added inches to their stature and years to their ages; but I doubt very much if they have outgrown the instinct for play which their happy childhood fostered so well in them, and I know it has helped them over many a difficulty which might otherwise have become a tragedy. And now the scene is shifted, and we are in the interior of an overgrown chalk-pit, surrounded by trees, with patches of dwarf ivy and little grassy glades. Time—a June afternoon. Voices are

heard singing 'Under the greenwood tree, who loves to lie with me,' &c. The tiny birds overhead fill up the pauses with their own happy notes. Seated on a little sloping bank are a group of little girls and boys, with their teacher, all quiet and expectant-looking. The song ended, one of the boys proceeds to establish himself in an improvised arbour of tree-branches bent and tied down. Another lad mounts on the back of a third (who wears a few horse 'brasses' to distinguish him as a 'horse'), rides round the chalk-pit, and approaches the arbour (otherwise 'cell'). He carries a long stick which the children hail as a 'lance,' and his bearing is clearly that of a knight of the olden times. We are, therefore, not a bit surprised to hear him exclaim, as he leaps from his 'horse,' 'Now, St Julian be thanked, who hath sent me good harbourage! I will e'en knock up the worthy hermit who no doubt dwelleth here.' He strikes at the imaginary door with the butt of his lance, and the boy (we beg pardon, *hermit*) within answers, 'Pass on, whoever thou art, and disturb not the servant of God and St Dunstan in his evening devotions.' The two actors then proceed to give us the scene from Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* contained in chapters xvi., xvii., and xx., which they have prepared in their own spare moments. If it were not for their small stature, childish voices (which, however, they try to make gruff), and queer costumes, we might reasonably imagine ourselves in the presence of the Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst, so thorough and natural is the impersonation, so entirely free from stage tricks and exaggeration. The ordinary schoolboy costume is embellished with a silver-paper helmet in the case of the knight; and a friar's cowl, made of some old gray dress-material, in the case of the clerk, who is further bedight in a gray mackintosh tied round the waist with a rope! These 'costumes' were made and arranged by the girls, who used the silvered paper wrappings from packets of tea for the purpose of fashioning the helmets, &c. The jester Wamba wore a jester's cap and bells of red flannelette, and the followers of Locksley old deerstalker hats with green ribbons, and had home-made bows and arrows slung around them.

The scene ended, actors and audience mingle together, all eagerly discussing which events in the book they shall next adapt; and, having decided that it shall be the parts of chapter xiii. which describe the contest in archery in which Locksley splits the willow-wand at 'fivescore yards,' they disperse round the chalk-pit in search of natural phenomena to furnish material for their school lessons—drawing, painting, writing, discussing, &c.—and 'so home.'

'Was it a half-holiday?' I hear you ask. No; it was merely an ordinary afternoon's lessons of a class of children from the Sompting Elementary School—a village school near Worthing, Sussex. 'But what about time-tables, codes, rules, inspectors, and the like?' I hear some one exclaim. And I reply, 'Codes recommend the study of good literature. What better way of helping young folks to study it than that of allowing them to 'play' at it? Eva and Dit achieved much more *real* progress in their 'secondary' school *out* of school hours than under iron rules, as witness the 'Impromptu in B flat.' These little scholars of Sompting School were being allowed to study by themselves, under encouragement, *in* school hours, and were really studying a *living* page instead of *dry bones* of reading-matter. Events proved that this was so when, later, the young scholars essayed to write their own Historical Plays, one of which I have quoted verbatim in my recently published book, *The Dramatic Method of Teaching* (Messrs James Nisbet, 22 Berners Street, London), which also contains a number of photographic illustrations showing, amongst other things, the silver-paper armour mentioned in this article. The proposed archery contest *did* take place; but, as the weather was inclement on that day, it was held in school, in spite of want of space. I wish any sceptic who doubts the genuine efficacy of the dramatic method could have heard the ringing shout of the 'populace' when the Hubert of the piece—having practised much in private—actually hit the bull's-eye: 'A Hubert! a Hubert! In the clout! in the clout!' The young players never let their performances degenerate into mere displays of acting from the showman point of view. They were merely playing at being Locksley and his merry men, just as many children may have done before; with this difference: they were playing so *in* school hours, and setting up a new school tradition—namely, a child is one person, and his nature is the same *in* school as *out*. Hence, he who would educate the child with the least loss by friction and the greatest saving of energy should take some account of his instinct for play—the dramatic instinct—and harness it for use in school. He will soon find that children do not then require laborious lessons in 'how to speak correctly,' nor to be told constantly to 'look at your book and pay attention.' Ye gods! their attention is absolutely *glued* to the subject in hand, and they will soon bring up a teacher with a start if *her* attention should wander from the point!

Fiction did not claim *all* the scholars' attention. They played history, and displayed their ingenuity marvellously when faced by problems that balked the teacher. For instance, after his defeat at Worcester, Charles escaped to France in due course. (He navigated the school floor in a tin bath, at which no one even smiled, because they were playing in earnest!) But when he arrived there, knowing nothing of the language, was he dismayed? Not he! He merely talked in English, and made the Frenchmen talk to him in *broken* English, interspersing it with a few simple French phrases

borrowed from 'Little Lessons in French' in the *Children's Encyclopædia.*

Space forbids me here to describe at length (as I should love to do!) the many plays with which the scholars made memorable their happy school-days. They never slackened their interest, but just went on from height to height. They never bored either themselves or any one else by sameness of treatment; their 'Nelson' play (adapted from Southey's account) was not even remotely like their 'Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham' (which latter was played in the chalk-pit so that the soldiers could really scale the cliffs); their 'American' game was totally distinct from their 'Africa,' which included two scenes devoted to Livingstone; their 'English Lake District' would not be confused with their 'Switzerland,' the latter giving an ingenious representation of a glacier. They played Shakespeare, making themselves word-perfect voluntarily; and then they modelled fairy plays of their own. Even every nature ramble became a part of a living fairy play to them, and they made it their pleasure to compose at least one verse of rhyme—perhaps set to music—during every ramble. Often the class left at work in school would pause and glance up with a smile. They heard joyful singing in the distance. It came nearer, and in would dance a band of the ramblers, dressed out in garlands of flowers and foliage. Forming a semicircle in front of the class, they would tell us their verses, and all the rest of us would praise them, resolving we would make equally good verses when *we* went out next! And then—— But no, I am not to write a volume, and I must write a conclusion. You want to know whether all this led to nowhere, or what were some of the results. Well, in the case of Eva and Dit, Eva has become a splendid housewife, and knows all there is to know of domestic science and economy—she couldn't have done better if she had learned it all in school—and she has her happy childhood to thank for her sane, healthy outlook on life. Dit became the writer of 'these few lines' and the fellow-pupil (I will not say teacher) of the Sompting scholars. Poppy (another of the playmates, and the sister of Eva) became the champion speed shorthand writer and the pioneer of the 'business girl' in the City of London; later, she became the secretary to the editor of a famous London daily paper; and she 'played' herself into shorthand with us in the old front parlour at Hampstead, afterwards voluntarily attending classes when she felt the need of them. Those are three results.

And if you would care for one simple, near-at-hand result, how does this little poem from the pen of a little thirteen-year-old Sompting player strike you?

MAY-TIME.

Oh pleasant is the may-time,
Dame Nature's happy play-time!
When clothed in green of brightest sheen,
With glints of blue just peeping through,
We pass the hours 'mid fragrant flowers
Which come before the hay-time.

Oh happy, joyous may-time,
The little children's play-time!
When to and fro fresh breezes blow,
The leaves uncurled like sails unfurled,
And apple-bloom that falls too soon,
Quick flies our childhood's day-time.

Oh glorious, glorious may-time!
The flowers are in their gay time,
The lilac's scent with wallflowers blent,
The cuckoo's throat sends forth his note,
The fields are bright with daisies white,
And soon we'll have the hay-time.

And, remember, the scholar had no instructions about metre or form; she did not know anything about those things. She had absorbed them from her general reading, and expressed herself through them. They were so well liked by the class that we all united and set them to music of our own. I cannot stay to tell you more, dear reader; but, you know, there is my book which he who chooses may read.

CONTRAST.

THE sun is shining bright above, the flowers are very fair;
The voices of the children float upon the summer air,
They break in rippled music like the waves upon the sand—
The voices of the children ringing through the happy land.

They shout in careless merriment beneath the spreading trees,
And gleeful laughter, silver-sweet, rings out upon the breeze;
And mimic battles gay they fight, their weapons but the flowers,
Their little lives all bound about by radiant, golden hours.

But yet my heart is sore and sad, as in a dream I see
Those children in whose dreary days no light nor sunshine be;
Those little ones who never smile, who never seek to play,
But drift with odd unchildlike air from hopeless day to day;

Those children who are never kissed and never rocked to rest,
With tender prayer and cradle-song, upon a mother's breast;
Those feeble and neglected ones whose young hearts never know
A sweeter memory than that of stammering curse and blow.

Ah dear ones! reared in happy homes, who play among the flowers,
And know no dream of bitter words nor starving wakeful hours,
Think of the children by your gates, and stretch a helping hand
To all the little weary ones who weep throughout the land.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.

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SEVENTH SERIES

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

By Reginald Horsley.

IV.—NOT BORN TO BE HANGED.

IT was early in the days of the gold-rush to Baraldarong, and Sandy Macneil, Charlie Levenhall, and Jack Tarrant, good troopers all, were over there keeping order, when news was brought to Tom Foster and me at Bildarong which sent us flying after them in a hurry.

The commissioner's hut had been broken into during his absence in town; Jack Tarrant, who was on guard, had been shot through the heart, and the strong-box rifled of four thousand pounds' worth of gold-dust and nuggets belonging to various diggers, who had handed over their takings for safe keeping until they could be sent off under escort to the capital.

We picked up a clue at the very start. Bobby Pollet, who had again escaped us when we thought we had him cornered at Toomburra, had given us trouble enough and to spare during the past six months. Over and over again we thought we had him, and then, just as we were closing in upon him, he vanished. Yes, he vanished as completely as if he had been dead and buried, and lay low in some hiding-place which, search we ever so carefully, we could not find. The same hiding-place had no doubt been used by Pollet's cousin, the late unlamented Flower; for, during the last year or so of his career, that notable bushranger used to disappear in the same unaccountable manner after a raid. Bobby of the Boomerangs, as Foster styled him, had had but little luck in his independent ventures; but it looked this time as if he were going to win the game.

The clue was given us by a prospector who had caught a glimpse of Bobby, with six rascals at his back, some ten miles from Baraldarong. Even without this hint we should not have hesitated to conclude that murder and robbery on so grand a scale must be set down to Pollet; but it was something to be assured that he was again upon the war-path. So Tom Foster and I started early next morning to pick up the trail, leaving Macneil and Levenhall to follow us as soon as the commissioner returned.

We rode to the spot where the digger had seen the gang, and there we struck a trail which led us through the bush over Baraldarong Ranges, past Murderer's Gully, and right to the margin of the Great Swamp, ten miles beyond and north-west of the ranges. And there it stopped.

'Lost him again!' groaned Tom, staring in disgust at the sullen swamp.

'It is very queer, though, Tom,' I said. 'They can't have crossed that bog; yet there is never a sign to show that they have gone round it, or yet taken the back-track. Where on earth have they hidden themselves?'

We hunted all that afternoon round the margin of that great dismal swamp; but when we met again at night neither had any news for the other. Pollet and his brother-outlaws had once again utterly vanished.

It was winter, and the ground by the margin of the Great Swamp was of such a nature that had the trail led away from the swamp we must have seen it; but the tracks led straight down to the edge and stopped there. It was as if the horses had suddenly sprouted wings and flown away. Even in our dry, hot summers the swamp never hardened or completely dried, and in winter it developed into an immense bog, six feet from the margin of which a man would sink up to his neck in the ooze, while that a horse could be got across it was inconceivable. We had on former occasions tried it, and we knew. The swamp was about a mile across and several miles round, and fairly in the middle of it was a large, tree-covered island, rising some fifty feet above the level of the ooze. It was altogether a very curious formation, and the only one of the kind I ever saw in Australia.

Now it must not be supposed that we had been so careless as not to have explored that island when we had the chance. In summer, when it was possible to cross the swamp, Foster and I had visited it, and found, as we had quite expected, no sign of occupation. The island was split almost in half by a deep gully, with rocky, tree-grown walls, where a company of men might certainly have lain snugly hidden; but—and we searched it with particular care—we found not the slightest evidence that any but ourselves had ever set foot upon it. The traces of a picnic-party in a secluded spot will remain for long

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after the departure of the merrymakers; how much the more, then, if this remote island had been occupied for weeks at a time by a gang of rough men! They must, one would certainly have said, have left some litter, some sign of their presence; but there was nothing.

That was in summer. If they had not used it then, when the island could hardly be reached, how was it possible that they could be there in winter, when the swamp was impassable? And yet, if they were not there, where were they?

'It fairly beats me,' Tom said for the hundredth time, as we stared at the trampled shore and then at one another.

'Seven men and seven horses could not vanish like so many ghosts,' I remarked sourly, my eyes still upon the squelch caused by the restless movements of eight-and-twenty hoofs. 'To ride to the edge of the swamp, and then—oh! it's'——

'Maddening!' supplied Tom. 'So it is. But what are we to do, sergeant?'

'Strike into the bush and hunt for a trail,' I snapped.

Tom glanced about him once more. 'They must have covered the hoofs of their nags, so as to blind the trail after leaving here,' he suggested.

'Naturally; but there ought to be some sort of marks even then. There is no use staying here. We'll camp, and search in the morning.'

We were in the act of turning away when I let my eyes rest for the last time upon the island. Then, all of a sudden, an extraordinary idea leaped into my mind. Tom, watching me, read my face, and instantly inquired if I had picked up a sign. Then he too fastened his eyes upon the island.

'Come on! Don't stare at it,' I said hastily. 'You don't know who may be watching us.'

'Watching us!' Foster echoed with a gasp of astonishment, and staring at me as if he thought that I had gone mad. 'From the island! Why—why'——

'Come out of this!' I urged excitedly, sinking my voice as if afraid of being overheard, so full was I of my idea. 'I've got a notion. There may be nothing in it; but—— Come along, just as if we had given it up and were going away.'

We moved off into the bush, Foster asking questions which I did not answer. When we reached our horses we rode off, without once looking back until we came to a spot where we could not be seen from the swamp, and there I slipped to the ground.

'Tether your horse, Tom,' I said. 'Don't hobble him. We don't want them straying back to the swamp and giving away our game.'

'Whatever do you mean, sergeant? I can't see'——

'Neither can I, clearly,' I cut in. 'Fill your pipe and help me to figure things out. I may be quite wrong; but from something I saw, or rather something I didn't see'——

'Something you saw, but didn't see!' Tom repeated helplessly. 'Why can't you talk sense?'

'Well, you saw, or didn't see, as much as I did, or didn't,' I retorted, enjoying his bewilderment. 'Joking apart, how long is it since we were here?'

'Two years—the summer before last—when we were after'——

'Never mind that. We walked all round the swamp, looking for tracks, just as we did to-day.'

'We did, and searched the island. Well?'

'Well, did you see anything then which you have not seen to-day?' I paused. 'You noticed nothing different? I did, but the importance of it did not strike me until a few moments ago.'

'What was it?' Tom asked eagerly.

'Stones.'

'Stones!'

'Yes, stones. When we were last here the shore and the fringe of the bush were dotted with stones—boulders, rocks, what you will—sticking out of the soil or lying around loose. As we wandered about to-day I idly wondered what had become of them all. If you go back, Tom, and use your eyes, I'll bet you won't see a stone of any size within fifty yards or more of the swamp, almost all the way round.'

Tom stared at me. 'What on earth have stones got to do with Pollet and his gang?'

'A good deal, if there happens to be anything in my idea. They explain how it is that Flower and Pollet have been able to disappear so completely after their raids. Flower was a man of some education, you know, and very clever, while Cousin Bobby is no fool.'

'I know. But—stones!'

'Stones. Flower was clever enough to make an experiment, and I am of opinion that he experimented successfully.'

'I do wish you would explain,' pleaded Tom.

I laughed. 'You'll be all right when the fighting begins, Tom. I'll explain; but first I'll tell you a true story. Some years ago a gang of robbers on the western plains of the United States used to disappear in a most incomprehensible manner after a raid. One day a clever scout came along and noticed on the prairie a huge mound of rocks, thirty feet high, covered with growing grass and shrubs. The scout remembered that out-of-the-way spot, and was certain that the mound had not been there when, six years earlier, he crossed the prairie. He used his eyes and the brain behind them, and observed that the prairie had been cleared of rocks, boulders, and stones for miles around. To be brief, he discovered from an Indian scout that the robber gang had erected the mound. By means of horse and mule labour they had dragged the rocks to one spot and built them into a fort, though it looked natural enough with its trees and grass. It took a week to reduce the place, which was found to be full of traps and chambers. Tom, do you not think that

Flower may have heard that story? And, if so, was he not clever enough to see at once how useful rocks and stones might become to him?'

'My word, yes!' said Tom, after thinking for a few moments. 'You mean that they may have made a causeway to the island with the rocks and stones which used to lie about?'

'Exactly so. I can imagine that Flower explored until he found a line along which the swamp possessed a shallow and resisting bottom, and there he laid his causeway. He was cunning enough not to build above the surface, so that, after one has crossed, the ooze just settles back, leaving no trace.'

'Do you mean to say that he laid a stone road half a mile long under the bog?'

'He must have done so, if he reached the island at all during winter, and it was in winter that he used to disappear. The road may be longer, for he may not have been able to proceed in a straight line. There is, of course, no masonry. The stones are just piled in so as to afford a foothold. We will search as soon as it is dark, and test the soundness of my theory.'

'It may prove a long job,' said Tom.

'I don't mind if we search for a month, so long as we find the road. If Pollet is over there, he can't get out without betraying himself.'

'You may be sure that the road, if there is one, won't begin anywhere near all those hoof-marks,' said Tom. 'However they got their horses away, those marks were left as a blind.'

'Good for you, Tom! I have an idea, though, that the road—if, as you say, it is there at all—will start from this side of the swamp. Come on! The water is boiling.'

After supper we went back to the spot where the trail ended, and I stripped to my shirt, while Tom tied round my middle one end of the lasso without which, since his residence in the States, he never moved. I had cut a long sapling; and, thus armed, I advanced into the bog, prodding as I went.

For an hour nothing came of my efforts, and then, at a spot about fifty yards south of the trail-end, I struck bottom, and felt under my feet a causeway some forty inches wide, and evidently fashioned of rough stones. I went as far as the length of the lasso allowed, and there the causeway so suddenly curved outwards that I almost fell into the bog. Then I rejoined Foster.

'Well?' he whispered, all excitement; for he had not been able to see my progress.

'I have found it,' I answered. 'It is a foot and a half below the surface. 'They can't take horses over, so they must have put on mufflers and hidden them in the bush. All that trampling was made to deceive us, if we came along; though they would hardly expect that, not knowing that they had been seen by the digger.'

'What is our game, then?'

'Watch and watch during the night,' I said. 'At dawn we will withdraw to some point where we can keep the island under observation, and wait for Sandy and Levenhall. Then across to the island. If the four of us cannot knock out seven rascals we had better leave the force.'

Tom rubbed his hands. The prospect of a fight always exhilarated him.

'I 'll go to the camp and shift the pegs, so that the horses can graze,' I said as I dressed. 'Ah! look at that.' A tiny point of light glowed on the island and disappeared. 'Bobby must feel very sure of his position,' I observed, 'or he would be more strict about his men lighting their pipes in the open. So long, Tom. Don't stir until I come back.'

'If Flower occupied that island two winters ago, how was it we found nothing to show that he had been there?' queried Tom.

'Flower was a good general, as you ought to know. I have no doubt that he enforced a much stricter rule than does Bobby, and his lieutenants would see that all evidence of occupation was removed before they left. So long again.'

I was away longer than I had any idea of, as it turned out, but at last I was ready to return. Just at that moment I heard faintly the peculiar sound of a horse blowing and shaking himself—another proof, I believed, of the correctness of my conclusion.

Forgetting Tom, I moved in the direction of the sound; but, after wandering for some time without result, turned again, as I imagined, towards the swamp. As I felt my way through the trees I heard a soft footfall ahead of me, and as I drew back my extended foot a dry twig broke beneath it with a sharp snap. The footfalls ceased at once; but I heard the still more ominous sound of a revolver being cocked. I felt sure that I had blundered upon the man left ashore to guard the horses, and I strained to catch his slightest movement; for it was now a case of quick hearing and quicker shooting.

I slid behind a tree, and, as I heard a faint rustling to my front, aimed carefully in the direction of the sound. Then—it was all a matter of seconds—two revolvers roared, one in front and one behind me, something clumped me violently on the back of the head, and as I went down I knew before my senses left me that my own weapon had also exploded.

I opened my eyes to find myself lying on the floor of what was evidently a log cabin. A door led into another room, from which came a low murmur of voices; and each room, as I afterwards found, possessed a door giving on the outside of the cabin. A shuttered frame did duty as a window, and light was now supplied by a candle stuck in the mouth of a bottle.

I felt rather sick, but otherwise sound, and as recollection returned, concluded that I had been picked up and carried to some out-settler's hut, probably by Tom Foster. And where was he now? Had he been in the hut he would have been watching by my side. I looked at my

watch, and found the time to be ten o'clock, or only a little more than an hour since I was shot. Where was Tom? Had he ridden off to the diggings for help?

I was about to hail the fellows in the next room, when I heard a movement, and something —probably my policeman's instinct—gave me pause. I rose and moved silently to the inner door. It had no latch, and I opened it a chink, through which I could see into the other room.

I was most disagreeably surprised. Seated upon a rough stool was Bobby Pollet, and with him were three men whom I had never seen before. I felt for my revolver; but it was gone of course, and I presently observed it, with my belt, upon a rude bench beside one of the men.

I wondered how I came to be in a hut alone with these fellows, and I was presently enlightened, for one of the men said, 'I think it was a mistake to bring him over to the island, captain. If he should get away'——

'He won't get away, Monty,' interrupted Pollet. 'I had him carried here expressly that I might pay off a few old scores. He will leave the island, but only for the other world, and by none too easy a road.' The others laughed.

'Wish we 'd got hold of dat blasted Foster,' growled a big ruffian with red hair and beard. 'If dey sbotted de drack'——

'Rubbish, Dutchy! Nobody could suspect, much less spot the track. But I shall tell Sparks of it before he dies. It will be amusing to see his annoyance.'

'He has mighty sharp ears,' remarked the third man. 'He heard me behind him, and fired without asking any questions. I do wish my bullet had gone through his brain, instead of glancing from a tree and grazing his thick head.'

These words puzzled me. I had fired to my front, so far as I could be said to have fired at all, and this man had fired at me from behind. Who, then, had fired from my front, missing me and startling this bushranger?

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND THROUGH GERMAN EYES.

By Joseph George.

WHEN the budding German officer leaves his school at Kiel as a *Fähnrich-zur-See*, just before becoming a full-blown *Leutnant*, with sword and tail-coat after the British model, he abandons his study of English temporarily, only to find with disgust that as *Leutnant*, and even *Oberleutnant*, he is condemned by a hard-hearted *Sprachenkommission* of superior officers to spend a small amount of his hard-earned pay, and to pass many hours of his much-valued winter evenings' leisure in receiving lessons in English conversation. Then his teacher, always an Englishman, generally insists on his resuming the study of a little book with which he has already wrestled at Kiel. This book is called *The Little Londoner. Englische Realien in Modernem Englisch; or, A Concise Account of the Life and Ways of the English, with special reference to London, supplying the Means of Acquiring an Adequate Command of the Spoken Language in all Departments of Daily Life.* This work is now in its fiftieth thousand, and was written by Dr R. Kron, of the Kiel Naval Academy. It contains some solecisms and mistakes, in spite of having been revised by distinguished Anglo-Germans; but its chief interest lies in the unintentional peep that it gives an English reader of the German mind towards our social life, by laying stress upon many things it considers out of date or curious.

Opening as it does with the well-worn proverb, 'An Englishman's house is his castle,' the German officer is told how to call: 'It would be quite out of place in England to make a morning call in full dress (or in evening dress, or in a dress suit);' and you must give 'several (at least four or five) raps (or knocks) with the knocker, a kind of iron (or brass) hammer such as are to be seen on most English front doors.' In speaking to the servant, 'you must not take your hat off.' After this you will be invited to dinner, and the meal is described. 'Punctually at the fixed dinner-hour (usually seven) the muffled sound of the gong is heard, and all march into the dining-room and take their usual seat.' Then, 'a thick or clear soup, which is very strong and often seems to be prepared after Spartan recipes—oxtail or mock-turtle as a rule—opens the meal.' What would the average Anglo-Saxon think of the German summer soups—water in which cherries or black-currants have been boiled, for instance? Then follows great praise of our roast-beef, for Germans detest mutton.

But our vegetables are worse than our soups; they 'are distinguished by the absence of seasoning. They are boiled in salt and water, and then seasoned with salt, pepper, and oil (to be found in the cruet-stand) by each person according to his taste. A bottle of hot ready-made sauce (Worcester sauce or Yorkshire relish) is mostly seen on the dining-table.' After dinner, 'the German custom of shaking hands and saying *Gesegnete Mahlzeit* is unknown in England.' Finally, it is a breach of etiquette not to appear 'in evening (or full) dress . . . but not in white gloves; fancy coloured gloves are the rule.'

Again, you must drop German manners at table, for 'it is considered very bad form to use the knife instead of the fork,' and 'toothpicks are utterly banished.' And, 'clinking

glasses strikes an Englishman as a distinctly German habit.' Lastly, 'most English after-dinner speeches are short and to the point, whereas quite the opposite is very often the case on the Continent.' Is this true?

Foreigners studying the English language 'generally stay at a boarding-house (or, shortly, at a boarding). The cosmopolitan character of London and the striking peculiarity of English life and customs are nowhere more strikingly represented than in a superior (or high-class) boarding-establishment, such as are to be found near (or in the vicinity or in the neighbourhood of) the British Museum.' That is why so many nice young German gentlemen wearing *Offizier-stiefel* (spring-sided boots) are to be seen hovering about Bloomsbury.

About London there is a severe truth. 'In no city in the world is drunkenness amongst the lower classes so conspicuous as in the English Metropolis.' London has also another defect to a German used to four or five editions of the same newspaper in one day. 'Subscribing to a newspaper at a post-office is unknown in England.'

On the subject of clothes, &c., Dr Kron is decidedly funny. Pyjamas are 'a flannel night-dress with legs.' 'Englishmen hardly ever have a pocket-comb and brush or a cigar-holder.' And 'engagement-rings' (for men) 'are almost unknown in England' (so are wedding-rings).

I am sure no Oxford or Cambridge man will agree with Dr Kron's account of the universities, or describe London as 'the most important university' of the kingdom. As regards dress at a university, 'the cap is black and looks much like the *Czapka* of the German Uhlans; the gown is a black, loose robe, rather short; the graduates have long gowns, and much like the robes of the German judges or clergymen.' Student life is a poor thing; 'there are no drinking-clubs or drinking customs or students' songs, and no duelling. Boxing is only practised as an athletic exercise, and never in settling an affair of honour.' The Scottish universities 'are in many respects like those in Germany. Trinity College, Dublin, on the other hand, is on the same lines as Oxford and Cambridge.'

Apropos of English Sunday observance, Dr Kron tells the following story of Bismarck: 'Prince Bismarck, when whistling on first setting his foot on English soil at Hull, was stopped by a passer-by, who said to him, "No whistling, sir, if you please!" "No whistling! Why not?" was Bismarck's reply. "Because it is prohibited on a Sunday." The "Iron Chancellor" got into a temper, and left at once for Edinburgh.' (*Si non è vero, ben trovato.* But has not Dr Kron got hold of the wrong end of the stick?)

Our amusements, it seems, are poor. 'London theatres are, on the whole, not on the high level of the Paris or Berlin stages, because they are not subsidised or supported by the State.' This, most people will agree, is just; but what of the following: 'and rarely frequented by the aristocracy, except on a first-night.' 'Moreover, the average Englishman is, after his late and substantial dinner' (Germans dine in the middle of the day, and seem never to stop eating in the evening), 'not in a state of mind to follow a high-class play, but makes a point of seeing life as it is.' And, 'the "penny gaffs" (admission one penny) in the East End are only visited by the costermongers, and the performances there are seasoned with the most revolting vulgarity of language and action.'

There is a good advertisement for papers of the 'snip' order; for, says Dr Kron, 'most travellers on English railways take a life insurance by buying and carrying with them a copy.' 'In case they are killed in a railway accident a considerable sum of money (one hundred pounds, one thousand pounds, two thousand pounds) will be paid to their nearest relative.' Poor consolation, after all, for the risks of railway trains that go at four times the rate of German ones.

On our army and navy Dr Kron's remarks are accurate and worth pondering. 'The German standing army numbers more than double as many officers and men; the annual cost of a German soldier is only half that of a British one.'

When the German lieutenant has perfected himself in English many small posts are open to him. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that increasing numbers of German officers take advantage of the three months' leave of absence and increased pay granted to those who have attained a certain amount of conversational proficiency, at Kiel or Wilhelmshaven, and wish to stay in London or the Isle of Wight. In the luggage of the young officer doing this, Dr Kron's *Little Londoner* is always to be found packed up with a *Baedeker*.

BACK FROM PARNASSUS.

CHAPTER IX.—THE ATONEMENT.

LADY HIND, feeling exceedingly virtuous and forgiving, was on her way to see Jacob and his wife. She was driving in an open carriage and pair, and looked quite the great lady. The appointments of her carriage were perfect; her coachman, with his immobile face, seemed to have been born to sit on a box; her bay horses were a delight to the eye. She felt conscious, as the lace on her parasol fluttered in the gentle summer breeze, that she was bound on a benevolent errand, the sort of errand that would be placed to her credit in the Good Book. She was

going to see the organist of St Monica's, this rather forward young man from the country whose undoubted talent for music was shared by a strange ignorance of social ways. The presumption of the man, Lady Hind told herself, had been almost unpardonable. Deliberately to drop his wife and substitute his sister-in-law—the idea was hardly conceivable! Lady Hind was on her way to see this somewhat mythical wife; she had heard that the young woman was ill—so ill that the organist had not been able to preside at the usual Friday evening service at St Monica's. It behoved her ladyship to look into the matter.

She had been abrupt—nay, severe—with the young fellow at the Wiltshire garden-party; perhaps a little too severe. She had felt this later. After all, the man had erred rather through ignorance than design. Yes, she had to admit to herself that she had been a little too severe. And, after all, one had to take into consideration that he was not an ordinary organist. He was a man of some little note; he had produced a composition that had been approved by great musical critics. She had not failed to observe what an interest Sir George Gregory had taken in him, and what Sir George Gregory said about music was final. The young man would undoubtedly rise in the world, so was not a person to be lightly brushed aside.

Presently Lady Hind's carriage turned into a district with which her ladyship was entirely unfamiliar, a district of little houses—Clerkopolis. The carriage, with its splendid bay horses, looked very large indeed in these quiet streets, amid these homes of humble, patient workers. Lady Hind didn't despise the inhabitants of these houses—she simply didn't know anything about them; they belonged in every way to an altogether different world. She noticed many faces peeping at her magnificent equipage; these were the womenfolk of Clerkopolis. She did not feel any contempt for them; she simply didn't think about them at all. She hardly realised that the same sun shone on herself and them.

The coachman had heard the address rather vaguely, and consequently pulled up in the wrong street and had to go through several other streets, once or twice asking for directions. This somewhat annoyed Lady Hind, and she looked a little stern as she stepped from her carriage and knocked upon the door of the Millers' house. She tapped gently on the glass panel with her parasol, because the knocker was muffled. The door was opened by the 'girl,' who stared in astonishment at the magnificent caller. This also annoyed Lady Hind.

'I wish to see Mr Miller,' she said sharply. The girl hesitated. 'Never mind about announcing me,' went on the visitor, and stepped into the tiny hall.

At that moment Carol came downstairs. The girl gazed calmly and without recognition at the titled caller.

Lady Hind, quick-witted woman of the world, read Carol's thoughts in her face. 'Your brother-in-law,' she said stiffly; 'can I see him?'

'I believe he is in,' said Carol. 'Will you come in here?' and she opened the door of the sitting-room.

Jacob, as a matter of fact, was promenading the garden with Luke. The young organist was in a happier frame of mind than he had been in for many months. He and Luke were beginning to understand one another. Never had he realised till now what a good fellow Luke was—how strong, how patient he was; how quietly and modestly he went about doing his work in the world. Jacob was at peace with himself, for he was in possession of something that he had hitherto lacked, and that was a proper appreciation of his wife. He realised their respective positions, and his duty—that he was the stronger partner of the business, the protector of the weaker one. In certain fearful moments of agony he had realised what her loss had meant to him. These moments had left some gray hairs in his youthful head.

Luke knew what was passing in his companion's mind, and approved it. Not from this to his dying day would he utter one word on the subject. This was one of those crises which are not talked about. He felt the subtle alteration in their attitudes, and he knew that hereafter they would be very much better friends; for so does affliction draw man to man.

Carol went out to Jacob and told him that Lady Hind had called. 'Of course you will have to see her,' she added.

'Of course I shall,' said Jacob, walking without hesitation to the door of the conservatory leading on to the small lawn.

Lady Hind, polished and perfected lady to her finger-tips, showed her greatness on this occasion; for a great lady she undoubtedly was. 'How do you do, Mr Miller?' she said, extending her hand. 'I have heard, with great regret, that your wife is ill, and I have called to inquire after her.'

Jacob bowed slightly over the patrician glove. 'This is very good of your ladyship,' he said. 'My wife has been very dangerously ill, but the worst is over.'

'I am much relieved by your news,' said Lady Hind. 'May I—do you think I might see her?'

'If you will excuse me, I will inquire.'

Two minutes later he came back. 'I am sorry, Lady Hind, but the nurse won't give her consent. My wife, however,' he went on with a quiet smile, 'will, I am sure, be very pleased to hear of the interest you have shown in her.'

There was a slight hardening of Lady Hind's manner. Well aware of the strictness of sick-room etiquette, she felt nevertheless that a

point might have been stretched in *her* favour, especially after her long drive. However, she knew that there was no person more autocratic in her own sphere than a trained nurse with a proper respect for her duties. 'I am sorry,' she said. 'I should have liked just to see her.' She turned and looked at an engraving over the mantelpiece, then back to Jacob. 'I feel, Mr Miller, that I owe you some apology for the attitude I recently adopted towards you. I felt, I must confess, that you had not acted properly.'

'No one is more ready to admit that than I am,' said Jacob quietly. 'It is I who owe the apology—a thousand apologies.'

This was exactly what Lady Hind liked; the young man was full of penitence. She could now be gracious up to the hilt.

'You have not been in London very long, you see,' she added in condonation of his offence. 'In the country they are more lax about these things.'

'Yes,' said Jacob, 'I suppose so.'

'And now,' purred Lady Hind, 'let us say no more about it. As soon as ever your wife is well enough you must bring her to see me, Mr Miller, and we must be very good friends. I think I understand how matters are—that she is a little shy. But you must bring her to St Monica's. She must play a wife's part, and take an interest in her husband's work. I should so like to have a talk with her when she is well enough.'

Jacob bowed. 'You are very kind,' he said, 'but I am afraid it is not likely that my wife will ever come to St Monica's, because I have resigned my post there.'

Her ladyship stood aghast. 'You have *resigned!*'

'I posted my letter of resignation to the vicar shortly before you arrived,' said Jacob. 'It is quite final, I assure you.'

'But have you obtained another post?' demanded Lady Hind hurriedly. 'Surely this is not a wise step on your part! St Monica's is an exceptionally good post for a young man like yourself. Have you considered what you have done?'

'Most carefully,' said Jacob. 'I am going back to Padditch.'

Her ladyship suddenly sat down in a chair which had never been easy, in spite of its name, and had grown less easy with years. She was of opulent build, and the flimsy thing creaked beneath her.

'My good fellow,' she said, 'do you mean that you are going to bury yourself in that country place again? A young man of *your* talents!'

'I think my wife would prefer it,' explained Jacob.

'But the husband's way should be the wife's,' urged the visitor. 'It is not a question of whether she prefers the country to the town, but of your career. What can you do in the country? You want scope; you must be in the world. London cannot afford to lose such a clever man!'

'It is very good of your ladyship to say so,' returned the young organist with some difficulty; 'but I shall not leave London altogether with regret. And, after all, I can compose as well in the country as here. For the present, my wife's health and happiness must be my first consideration.'

Lady Hind rose from her chair. The afternoon was going on, and she had other appointments. 'You will, of course, think this over? You must not act rashly.' She shook hands with him cordially, and swept out to her carriage, feeling more astonished than she had felt for years.

As she drove back to her fashionable world she was surprised to find a certain humility in her mood. After all, one must not, she concluded, gauge people too lightly. This young fellow had exhibited a strength and dignity which she had not suspected him of possessing. Of course the vicar would not accept his resignation—*she* would see to that; this absurd folly about returning to the country must be overruled. Nevertheless, Lady Hind had certain uneasy doubts as to the result of her intervention in the matter. And she was well warranted in harbouring these misgivings, because Jacob had made up his mind.

. . . . . .

Jacob had gone out into what he was pleased to call the 'village'—meaning the main street of the suburb, where all the shops were—and Luke was doing something with the pots in the tiny conservatory when Carol came in. He did not turn round, but was putting a pink geranium in its place, when it was snatched from him and put down anywhere.

'Now then,' she said, 'when you have done arranging those stupid pots, perhaps you will talk to me. You have hardly said a word to me the whole week. I'm tired of it.'

She sat down on the third tier of the flower-pot stand. Luke brushed the light mould from his hands, looked at her doubtfully for a moment, and then sat down beside her.

When Jacob came in from the 'village' he found Luke and Carol sitting together; so close, indeed, that Luke's arm was round Carol's waist, and Carol's fair cheek resting on Luke's shoulder. They were not in the least afraid of the new Jacob, though they might perhaps have been of the old. Luke stared at him with a strange hardihood; and Carol, lifting her head for a moment, simply said, 'Go away, Jacob!'

And Jacob went away. He stole upstairs and gently opened the door of his wife's room. Lizzie was alone, dozing. One white hand lay limply on the sheet. Jacob sat down in the nurse's chair, and in a few moments Lizzie opened her eyes and looked at him.

He took her hand in his, and she smiled.

THE END.

THE FUTILITY OF PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

ARE votes in Parliament swayed and determined by oratory and argument? The intellectual charm of an eloquent speech makes a universal appeal; but does the weight of debate decide the issue of political controversies? Do powerful speeches delivered on one side of either House bring persuasion and conviction to the other side? Lord Rosebery once, discussing this question in an after-dinner speech, told a curious story. While the Liberal Government of which he was Premier was in office an important Bill was introduced in the House of Lords which two Tory peers of his acquaintance intended to vote for; but, having heard the speech of the Minister in its support, they changed their minds, and went into the lobby against it. 'That is not a satisfactory way of turning votes,' added Lord Rosebery; 'but it is the only solid and concrete instance that I can tell of in the House of Lords in which a speech has influenced votes.'

In an assembly like the House of Commons of educated or experienced men, with definite and fixed opinions, and rigidly divided into highly organised parties, speeches, however fine, in truth seldom, if ever, turn a single vote on political issues. On special subjects, however—subjects outside or above party divisions—a great speech has often had immense influence. There is the instance of William Conyngham Plunket, one of the leading advocates of Catholic Emancipation in the House of Commons in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, who in 1821 converted six votes to his side by the persuasive powers of his eloquence, and consequently carried a motion in its favour. But in that case it was not only that the speech was one of the most masterly combinations of sheer logic and thrilling eloquence ever heard in the House of Commons, but also that Catholic Emancipation was then an open question, for it was not included in the programme of either the Whigs or the Tories, and found both opponents and supporters on each side of the House. Another case in point is a celebrated speech by Macaulay on the subject of copyright. In the session of 1842 Lord Mahon introduced a Bill in the House of Commons to give copyright in a book for twenty-five years, reckoned from the death of the author. The scheme was regarded with great favour until in committee Macaulay moved that the protection should be extended to forty-two years, reckoned from the date of publication, and supported his proposal in a speech which is described as having been 'as amusing as an essay of Elia, and as convincing as a proof of Euclid.' When he finished, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, crossed the floor of the House and assured Macaulay that the speech had compelled him to alter his views on the law of copyright; and in the debate which followed member after member also confessed to an entire change of mind brought about by the same agency. The result was that the term of forty-two years was adopted by a large majority. But here again the question at issue had nothing to do with party.

The question of party undoubtedly entered, in some degree, into the issue at stake in the case of Palmerston's famous Don Pacifico speech, which carried the House of Commons with him almost against its settled determination. Don Pacifico was a Gibraltar Jew living in Athens, whose house was destroyed by the mob; and because his extravagant claim for compensation was not acceded to by the Government of Greece, Palmerston, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sent out the fleet to make reprisals. The incident brought to a head the widely prevailing impression that Palmerston was overbearing and bullying in his manner of conducting the foreign policy of the country, greatly to the danger of the peace of Europe, and he was brought to account in the session of 1850 by a formidable combination of many followers of the Government with the Opposition.

The speech in which the Minister defended his action placed him at one bound among the greatest speakers of his time. He began at a quarter to ten, and finished at half-past two in the morning. So fiery and vehement was he that he seemed to be more of a fanatic advocating a religious belief with proselytising fervour than a Minister argumentatively explaining a course of political action. One sentence of the speech has become historical. 'As the Roman in days of old,' said he, 'held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England shall protect him against injustice and wrong.' Under the influence of the speech the forces of opposition melted away, and the Government, which expected defeat, was supported by the substantial majority of forty-six.

A somewhat similar crisis in the existence of a Ministry occurred in 1895, during the term of office of Lord Rosebery's administration; and in like manner the Government was saved from imminent collapse by a memorable oratorical achievement. In this case the speaker was Sir Henry Fowler. A duty was imposed on cotton goods imported into India for the purpose of raising revenue, and though a countervailing Excise duty was levied on similar goods made in India, it was contended that this import duty was unfair to the Lancashire cotton manufacturers;

and a motion to have it repealed, moved from the Opposition side of the House, was expected to obtain the support of the Liberal members for Lancashire, and thus bring about the defeat of the Ministry.

But Sir Henry Fowler, as Secretary for India, appealed with moving eloquence to the patriotism of the House. 'Every member of this House is a member for India,' said he. 'All the interests of India, personal, political, commercial, financial, and social, are committed to the individual and collective responsibility of the House of Commons. I ask the House to discharge that gigantic trust uninfluenced by any selfish or party feeling, but with wisdom and justice and generosity.' So powerful was the speech that Mr Goschen, who was on that occasion leading the Opposition, proclaimed himself on the side of the Minister, and the day was won for the Government.

Under a democratic form of Government, eloquence must always be a power. On the rare and exceptional occasion of a great controversy suddenly arising in public affairs the orator wields immense influence; and members, under the spell of his eloquence, will often cast aside party ties and obligations and vote according to their convictions, or, it may be, their emotions. It is certain that in a time of political excitement and confusion and uncertainty, such as that created by Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule in 1886, great speeches in the House of Commons carry doubtful and wavering votes into one lobby or the other. It is also the fact that on the raising of fiscal reform by Mr Chamberlain in 1903, members were impelled to take this side or that by persuasive and convincing advocates for or against that new and unexpected issue.

But in regard to political questions which divide parties on the old orthodox lines, or as to which the politician's mind is permanently made up one way or the other, the influence of oratory in Parliament—whatever its glamour during delivery—is practically *nil* in the division-lobbies; that is to say, its weight of argument or its emotional appeal does not decide political controversies. But, oh, how transfiguring is the gift of eloquence which glorifies even every petty party move on the orator's side into a deed of the noblest and rarest proportions! And when the theme is truly great, how marvellous is the performance! Often have I seen Gladstone, enwrapped in a tragic splendour, become the oratorical embodiment for the time of Ireland's past anguish and present national aspiration. The orator is followed with the intensest interest by the crowded House. His emotional triumph is reflected in the countenances of his entire audience. Every listener is fascinated by the changing play of his features, the flashing of his eyes, and his dramatic gestures. Every ear is intent on the stately or impassioned flow of language from his lips. The senses of all, irrespective of party, are aroused by this lofty display of the art of oratory as by the trumpets and drums of soldiers on the march. It is always an æsthetic joy to listen to a glowing burst of eloquence. But how is it with the intellect and will of the assembly? Their mental attitude towards the orator and his fine frenzy is sounded from their lips. Listen to the thunderous cheers of the orator's followers! That full chorus of applause tells of the elation of the side on which this eloquence and reasoning are displayed. Undoubtedly, the periods of the orator carry conviction to those who desire only to be persuaded of the right and justice of their opinions; and the shouts with which his every point is received express the delight of minds already made up in finding reinvigoration for prepossessions, and perhaps prejudices—by which in any case they were determined to stand—in the arousing and sustaining appeal of their protagonist.

But is there any wavering in the ranks of the opponents across the floor of the House? They are obviously deriving intellectual pleasure from the speech; but what of light and guidance? Are their political opinions being undermined by the persuasiveness of the orator's power of argument? Listen, for answer, to their roar of defiance! They are being pelted rhetorically with stones, and not a single face winces. To be sure, I have occasionally seen from the Reporters' Gallery a shade of uneasiness or depression passing along the opposite side, as if they derived from the passionate heat of the orator only a shadow of doubt, a shiver of perplexity. Perhaps there is a disquieting feeling—especially if the orator can make use of logic with the same masterly skill as he can play upon the senses and the emotions—that a damaging blow is being struck at their cause, and questionings may arise whether, after all, it is so well founded upon right and justice as they had hoped and believed. It may be that the thoughts of the most earnest-minded are like accusing spirits. 'Am I in the right?' 'Is my party allegiance consistent with the supreme guiding rule that a man must in all things follow the promptings or dictates of his own conscience?' 'Are not my principles and my conduct irreconcilable, and therefore a reproach both to my sincerity and honour?' Soon, however, these hot and cold misgivings are all banished from the minds of the waverers. By-and-by an orator on their own side rises, and by a wave of his magic wand their doubtings are once more lapped in slumberous conviction. Never more will Parliament see an orator like William Murray, Earl of Mansfield—the great lawyer of the last half of the eighteenth century—if what Lord Ashburton said of him be true (which I take leave to doubt), that such were his amazing intellectual powers that 'it was exceedingly difficult to answer him when he was wrong, and impossible when he was right.' For everything that is effectively said in Parliament there is an equally effective reply. The party system

baffles the most brilliant oratorical achievements. In the House of Commons the only irrefutable argument is a majority; the only weighty and unanswerable judgment is when the Speaker, having announced the numbers on each side of the division, says finally, 'So the Ayes have it,' or else 'So the Noes have it.' In truth, eloquence is almost powerless to deflect opinion in regard to questions by which party interest and passion are strongly excited.

Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that this complacency of the mind political, this subserviency to party discipline, are purchased at the expense of principle and duty. It is true, the dominating influence in the House of Commons is party. To its service, on one side and the other, all the debating capacities of the assembly, intellectual, emotional, argumentative, are devoted. Party is the force by which all processes in the legislature are controlled. It is also true, therefore, that members on both sides bring not open minds, but foregone conclusions, to the consideration of Bills and motions of a party character. But this submission to party is not the product of chicanery or selfishness, nor of an indolent tendency to follow the line of least resistance, and obey others rather than think and act for one's self. It has its roots in settled political opinions, honestly and sincerely come to and entertained. Good party men have not deliberately put a padlock on their minds in order to shut out reason and conviction. They have enlisted for service in a party working upon settled political lines to definite political ends, and it is their firm faith in the right and justice of the fundamental principles of their party which gives them generally a religious peace of mind that is equally unshakable by the autocratic crack of their own party whip or the thunders of the enemy's oratorical guns.

In the House of Commons, despite its diversity of individuality and contrasts of temperament, there may be noted two general characteristics. One is that both sides are alike swayed by identical passions and emotions, which carry them, nevertheless, in different directions, up and down the stream of political thought. The other is that however emotion or passion may occasionally urge a member to take independent action, as a rule he quickly beats a hurried retreat to the party entrenchments once more; for, having freely accepted service under its banner, the sense of the obligation he feels he is under to the discipline of his party—to the accepted customs and recognised rules without which no party could be held together—almost immediately asserts its sway.

In no party that it is humanly possible to devise can there be a complete identity of mind, of wishes and views, of feelings and interests, among all its members. When men unite together to work for a common political end, they are bound to sacrifice to that essential purpose a certain measure of their individual wills in things unessential, and that they can do, of course, without the slightest discredit, humiliation, or loss of honour. In this we have the explanation why eloquence beats its luminous wings in vain, so far as making converts is concerned, in the jars and conflicts of party warfare in the House of Commons. That assembly contains no body of opinion independent of party, and therefore susceptible of being swayed or seduced by argument; and party loyalty is proof against the eloquence and reason, the facts and figures, of the other side. Only the orator's own supporters follow his speech with eager acquiescence, and in the division-lobbies give to his views the endorsement of their votes.

Indeed, if our representatives had minds unsettled as regards political principles, they would, under the hypnotic spell of oratory, be blown about by every wayward wind of doctrine; and in the result progress, political or social, would not be continuous and sure—as it is under the party system—but halting and uncertain. Change, undelaying and unending, is ever required in the interest of political and social advancement; and it can only be secured by the competition of parties, by the rivalry of the two sides of thought, the two ways of looking at things. Thus it is that so long as lasts the party system—and the Constitution is based upon it—open-mindedness, with respect, at least, to political and social issues that have become sufficiently crystallised to be added to the party programmes, can never be a characteristic of the House of Commons. Hence the general aim of parliamentary debates is more to give stimulation than to carry conviction. Indeed, a great party swashbuckler rarely, if ever, attempts to persuade or propitiate his opponents. On the contrary, he more often aims at inspiriting his own supporters by irritating and alienating the other side. A passage of bitter partisanship will send the House into a frenzy of excitement—rage on one side and exultation on the other.

Is oratory, then, of little or no utility in Parliament, the most famous arena of its exercise? 'Loving life—and time, which is the staff of life—I read no parliamentary debates, and rarely any parliamentary speeches. I have learned by experience that there is not once in seven years the smallest gleam of new intelligence thrown on any matter, earthly or divine, by an honourable gentleman on his legs in the House of Commons.' So said Carlyle, who, as the great high priest of force and silence, never did much but write innumerable screaming flouts and gibes, to which the world has charitably become rather indifferent. It is true that one has never heard of a great speech—or a series of great speeches, except those perhaps of Edmund Burke—which, like a great book, has revolutionised or profoundly modified every motive to human action in the domain of politics. But we get in the parliamentary

debates the ablest exposition of the merits and defects of the current political questions of the hour in the light of Liberal, Conservative, Nationalist, and Labour principles. If these discussions have little or no effect in the division-lobbies, they compel thought, and that is greatly to the good. Moreover, distributed broadcast as they are through the agency of the Reporters' Gallery, they also make schemes of legislation plain to the people; and thus it is that Bills and motions, irrespective of their fate in Parliament, are carried or rejected in the mind of the nation.

KINGS AND MEN.

By Owen Oliver.

IT was eleven o'clock on the evening of the King's Birthday, and official Britain forgathered at the Prime Minister's reception. Charles Anderell, C.B., newly appointed Director of Documents in the Defence Department—the youngest director in the service—had come on to the Foreign Office, after the official dinner of his department; and in three-quarters of an hour had advanced barely twenty yards along the corridor. He saw no chance of ever reaching the top of the stairs to be 'received,' and he was thinking of giving up the attempt, when Reginald Delaton, one of the Foreign Minister's private secretaries, beckoned to him from a side-passage.

Anderell promptly slipped out of the crowd and joined him.

'There 's a back-stair, I suppose?' he suggested, mopping his forehead.

'Yes,' said Delaton; 'but you needn't bother about the reception. The Prime Minister is just leaving it, and he wants to see you.'

'Me?' said Anderell doubtfully.

'You,' Delaton assured him.

'Do you know what it 's about?' Anderell asked.

'Not the least idea,' the youth answered. 'Sir George told me to bring you to his room. I've brought you.'

He opened a door, closed it behind Anderell, and departed.

Anderell found the Prime Minister seated at a table with Sir George Lynstead, the Permanent Secretary, with whom he had only the slightest acquaintance. He bowed twice, and received two nods.

'This,' Sir George stated, 'is Mr Anderell.'

'I know you by repute, Mr Anderell,' the Prime Minister said affably. 'I hear that you have the smallest regard for red-tape of any man in the service.'

Anderell bowed. He never wasted words.

'Mr Anderell has a reputation for decision and initiative,' Sir George asserted.

Anderell bowed again, and the Minister eyed him keenly. He liked his silence.

'We are in need of a man who can act for himself,' he said slowly, as if he measured his words. 'The service is a diplomatic one, outside your particular line; but you won't trouble much about "lines," I think. We are compelled to look outside the Foreign Office, in order to avoid suspicion. The matter demands several qualifications, in addition to capacity and decision, which I assume. I fancy I may also assume courage?'

'I hope so,' Anderell answered.

'Our agent must have some acquaintance with Coronia. I believe you have spent several holidays there?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You speak the language well, I am told—almost like a native?'

'Yes, I might possibly pass for a native.'

'You know their ways?'

'Tolerably well.'

'Good! I expect you know the Emperor by sight.'

'I have seen him several times. I have a good memory for faces.'

'Well, we want you to convey a small package to him. It contains some documents of private importance to His Majesty — very great importance.' The Prime Minister toyed with the braid on his uniform. 'The documents are so important, from his personal point of view, that—— There is no bargain, but I think His Majesty's gratitude would secure a certain treaty. Apart from any private service which we may be able to render him, he is friendly to us; but his Chancellor is an important person, and possibly you know his aversion to our country.'

'I have been in Coronia,' said Anderell briefly.

'Then you may realise that if the Chancellor had these documents he would make the fullest use of them. Possibly you may realise that the Chancellor would not be very scrupulous as to the means of getting hold of them.'

'Possibly not,' Anderell agreed. 'Is there any reason why he should suspect me of having them?'

'None that I can see,' said the Prime Minister frankly; 'but he has sources of information that we can't make out; so many people are secretly in his service that the Emperor daren't trust any of his own officials to fetch the documents; and we dare not send them by a Foreign Office man, who would certainly be shadowed.'

'Then I must be prepared for shadowing,' said Anderell.

The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders. 'If you are shadowed,' he remarked, 'you won't hand over the documents?'

Anderell set his lips. 'I shall be shadowed,' he prophesied; 'but I shall hand them over. Leave it to me, sir.'

'Well,' the great man said, 'if you hand them over you shall not complain of your reward. If any harm comes to you, your family'——

'I haven't any,' Anderell stated.

'Unmarried?'

'Unmarried. I don't mind the risk; but I'd like any information about the agents I must guard against, and so on.'

'Sir George will give you all the information in our possession,' the Prime Minister said. He shook hands, made a few complimentary remarks, and departed.

Anderell sat in close conversation with Sir George for an hour. In that time he learnt a good deal about the secret service of Coronia. In particular he studied some photographs of Ressell the Chancellor and some of his agents. 'None of them,' said Sir George, 'are so dangerous as his daughter. She has her father's passion for intrigue, and she is his best spy. She is a consummate actress and an adept in disguises. This is her picture in Court dress.' He produced a photograph from a box. 'I have half-a-dozen more in disguises which she wore when she was in England,' he added, exhibiting them: 'a fisher-girl, a nurse, an elderly woman, a Suffragette lecturer—she was actually apprehended by the police over here, but we had to let her go!—a countess, and the reputed daughter of a reputed Jew banker. It is a curious employment for a princess, isn't it? She is said to be one of the most fascinating young ladies in Europe. So you had better steel your heart. She is believed to be still over here in disguise, looking for these very documents. Well, here they are, sealed with a secret seal of ours. The Emperor knows it. You will mention the word "indirection." He knows that too.'

'Could you lend me that seal, and some violet wax like this?' Anderell requested.

'I don't quite see'—— Sir George remonstrated.

'Don't you?' said Anderell. 'Then, if *you* don't, *they* won't, Sir George.'

He left a few minutes later with the documents, the seal, and the wax sewn up inside the uniform in which he felt so out of place. Two men jostled against him in the street as he walked to his cab. He felt his pockets 'fanned.' The men apologised, like tipsy gentlemen. He accepted their apologies politely. They got into another cab behind his, and followed it at a respectful distance. He alighted just round the corner, paid the driver, and stood in a doorway while they passed, pursuing his empty cab. He went to his brother's chambers instead of returning to his own. The next morning he dressed in a suit which he kept at his brother's, and set off for Coronia in the evening. He did not take the usual overland route, but went by steamer round to the Mediterranean, intending to come back from Marseilles by train. He chose this particular steamer, as the first-officer was an old school-friend. He informed Sir George of his route by letter. There he probably made a mistake. It was conjectured afterwards that letters were 'steamed' open by a messenger at the office, and the contents divulged to emissaries of Ressell.

When he was on board the ship he padlocked a little despatch-box to his bedstead, and arranged with the first-officer that a steward should keep guard over the cabin. He visited it himself very frequently, in spite of the allurements of the company aboard. The allurements were principally Miss Emily Priest, a vivacious and beautiful young lady of two-and-twenty, who spoke English with just the slightest hesitation, though very correctly. She had lived much of her life, she said, abroad. He called her Eve from her singularly feminine disposition. Curiosity was a prominent feature in it. He told her more about himself than it is likely that the Prime Minister or Sir George would have thought discreet, though he teased her about her Eveish curiosity.

'One is naturally curious about one's friends,' she apologised artlessly.

'Naturally,' Anderell agreed. 'Of course you tell your friends things—when you are sure that they *are* friends.' He tested friendship by holding Miss Priest's small hand. As it was not withdrawn, he felt able to assume friendship, and to confide in her. He did not tell her of his mission, of course; but he told her more than was judicious, judging by the standard of secrecy observed in the Defence Department. She was very prettily interested in his confidences; so prettily interested that Anderell kissed her pretty hand. Miss Priest then remembered the flight of time somewhat suddenly, and retired to her cabin. She walked up and down it for nearly two hours before going to bed. She kept looking at her hand; and she shivered unaccountably, considering the heat of the weather.

The next evening was the last before their disembarkation at Marseilles; for, as it happened, Miss Priest was disembarking there too. Anderell seemed drawn two ways: toward the cabin where the despatch-box was chained, and toward the quiet space in front of the wind-screen where Miss Priest elected to sit. She seemed a little touchy at his restlessness. Apparently, she said, he could not stand her company for more than twenty minutes without a break. He vowed that twenty hours would not be too long for him. She retorted that a single hour was long enough for a test. He hesitated and looked at her.

She shrugged her shoulders. 'I suppose,' she said, 'you have something in your baggage more precious than me—the "something of importance" that you won't talk about?'

'It is of very great importance,' he assured her gravely.

'Then,' she said, with her bright eyes sparkling, 'I shall try to prove that I am of more by keeping you here. If you don't stay for an un-

broken hour I sha'n't believe that you mean the nice things that you say. Now, it's a challenge.'

He begged her to substitute another proof, and explained that it was just the time when the steward who looked after the cabins was at dinner; but Miss Priest was inflexible—remarkably inflexible for so sweet a young lady. Mr Anderell was also very obstinate for so facile a suitor.

'I oughtn't to do it for *anything*,' he said at last. 'And I will only do it for a temptation that is beyond my power to resist. I give you my word of honour that I will do it on no other terms. At the end of the hour will you give me a kiss?'

'No!' said Miss Priest. Anderell rose, and she held the arms of her chair very tightly. 'Yes,' she substituted. He sat down again.

At the end of the hour he claimed payment, and she paid him fairly and squarely. He tried to take interest, but she sprang to her feet and pushed him away.

'I have never done that before for any man,' she said with a catch in her voice.

'Perhaps you never have liked any other man so well, Emily,' he said. 'If I thought it were possible'——

'Don't!' she cried in a fierce little whisper. 'Don't! It is not possible. Good-night!' She held out her hand. He looked at her. 'It is not possible,' she repeated. Her tone was final.

He drew a deep breath. 'This is the end of it?' he asked.

'It is the end of it,' she said.

'Then,' he said, 'kiss me again before you go.'

She held up her face and kissed him. Then she went.

He took a few turns in the air, apparently oblivious of his despatch-box. He looked at it very closely, however, as soon as he reached his cabin. The lock was scratched, as if by tools. He opened it with the key on his chain. A glance showed him that the bundle was only an imitation, substituted for that which he had left in the box. He sat on his berth with his head on his hand till far into the morning.

He only saw Miss Priest for a few seconds at Marseilles; and, strange to say, he did not attempt to speak to her. She went ashore before the formalities with the Health Officer were completed, while the ordinary passengers were detained. She seemed to have influential friends. The time-table train was kept back on account of a special to Coronia. He felt no doubt that she had gone by that.

It was late in the evening when he arrived at the capital of Coronia, and he went straight to bed. Early the next morning he made his way to the palace, and after some delay obtained audience of the Emperor.

'I was to mention the word "indirection" to your Majesty,' he said, 'and to hand you certain documents. Your Majesty will probably recognise the seal?'

The Emperor looked at the cover of the documents, and then at Anderell. 'I recognise the seal, Mr Anderell,' he said gravely, 'but I have reason to fear that the contents have been tampered with.'

'I think not,' Anderell asserted. 'Will your Majesty examine them?'

The Emperor shook his head; but he opened the package. Then his manner changed. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'these—these are they!'

'I have not seen the contents,' Anderell said; 'but I had reason to believe that they were intact.'

There was a long silence.

'Presumably,' the Emperor said at last, 'you are aware that certain persons believe that they have obtained them from you?'

'Yes,' Anderell agreed. 'They obtained a dummy packet from my despatch-box. This one was locked up in the cabin of the first-officer of the *Katherine*, an old and trusted friend of mine.'

'Give me his name,' said the Emperor. 'He shall be suitably rewarded.' Anderell wrote down the name and address. 'And now—yourself. No, I will fix the reward for you. You have done me a great service—freed me from the hands of my enemies, and'—the Emperor smiled grimly—'put them in mine.'

'I presume,' said Anderell, 'if your Majesty will forgive the question, that the dummy package is in the hands of Prince Ressell?'

'Prince Ressell,' the Emperor agreed, 'who undertook to place it in mine this morning unopened. He gave me his word for that. The price that I was to have paid was a treaty unfavourable to your country.'

Anderell drew a deep breath. 'The price that *I* have paid for placing the package in your Majesty's hands,' he said, 'is—a heart! It was the Princess Ressell, I think, who—— I pray your Majesty to spare the princess, and, if possible, her father. I ask no other reward.'

The Emperor considered for a long time, frowning and biting his lips.

'I have said that *I* will name your reward, Mr Anderell,' he observed somewhat stiffly. 'It is for me to deal with traitors in my own country.'

'I merely appealed to your Majesty's generosity,' Anderell apologised. 'I thought that if you knew that suffering to the princess was suffering to me—— I could not take a reward for hurting the princess.'

'I understand,' said the Emperor. 'It was to avoid a hurt to a woman that *I* had to pay. My confidence is safe with you.'

'Yes, your Majesty.'

The Emperor sighed, and turned a paper-knife over and over. 'Wait here while I receive the prince,' he said; and then he talked about indifferent things—the differences in character between the British and the Coronians, and their difficulty in appreciating one another;

yachting and sport and art; and other things—the fictitious interests of life.

Finally, Prince Ressell came—a large, dark, gray man. He raised his eyebrows at seeing Anderell. 'Your Majesty's promise was absolute,' he remarked.

'Pardon me!' said the Emperor; 'it was conditional upon your placing in my hands certain documents.'

'Which I now do!' said Ressell.

The Emperor smilingly refused the proffered package. 'You may open it,' he said. 'You will find — shall we say blank paper, Mr Anderell?'

'Blank paper,' Anderell agreed.

Ressell looked from one to the other.

'Come,' said the Emperor, 'open it.'

Ressell bowed composedly. 'Mr Anderell's word is sufficient for me,' he said. 'It seems that we'—he stopped abruptly—'that I underrated him.'

'We!' the Emperor corrected. 'Or shall we say "she"?'

Ressell paled suddenly. 'Your Majesty is never ungenerous,' he said. 'The responsibility is mine. I pray you to visit it on me only. I have served my country according to my lights. I am in your Majesty's hands, and for myself I make no plea.'

'It is not only you that I have to consider, prince,' the Emperor said sternly. 'It is my country. Do you think I do not know your daughter's cleverness, and her revolutionary ideas? Do you suppose me ignorant of her popularity? There is no peace for this country while she can enter into its politics. There is only one way in which I can be sure that she will cease to have any influence in them.'

'Sir,' Ressell cried, 'you would not kill a woman—a young woman, little more than a child?'

'You must know,' the Emperor said, 'that I would not. I do not mean death. I mean marriage; marriage in a sphere which will remove her from her rank and from the possibility of return to it; marriage to a man of a country hated in Coronia, which will alienate the confidence of the Coronians. I give you your choice—disgrace and imprisonment for yourself, and loss of rank and estate and banishment for your daughter, unless she marries this gentleman forthwith.'

'But, your Majesty'—— Anderell began.

'Tut!' said the Emperor, 'there is no compulsion. She chooses freely. I presume you will marry her if she prefers that to losing her father's freedom and her own estate?'

'I see little likelihood that she would so choose,' said Anderell; 'but in all things, save honour, my life is at the service of the princess. Prince Ressell will understand that I pleaded my love for her in the hope that your Majesty might be inclined to pardon her from your gratitude to me, and with no idea of this. I plead now that your Majesty will pardon her on promise of good behaviour, without other condition.'

'I have spoken,' said the Emperor. 'Prince Ressell will send for the princess.'

'Will your Majesty permit me to bring her?' Ressell asked. 'If I might acquaint her with your Majesty's decision, and save her the humiliation of discussion?'

'Very good!' the Emperor agreed. 'You can go and tell her.—*You*, Mr Anderell, will stay. Be seated.'

When Ressell had gone the Emperor looked through the documents. He sighed several times. Then he heaped them in a tray and burnt them. He turned from the ashes to Anderell.

'A heart is a curious thing,' he said.

'A heart is a curious thing, sir,' said Anderell. 'If I might speak to you for one moment as a man. The princess has a heart too. She is young. Spare her heart.'

The Emperor nodded slowly. 'She has not spared yours,' he said; 'but, very well!'

Anderell bent to kiss his hand, but he put it behind him.

'We have dealt as man and man,' he said.

Ressell and his daughter came soon afterwards. She was very pale, but she faced the Emperor without flinching.

'Well, princess,' he asked, 'your choice?'

'My choice,' she said, 'depends upon Mr Anderell. I do not mean—I am sure that he has not proposed or advocated this condition'——

'That is so,' said the Emperor.

'But I do not know if your Majesty's proposal is agreeable to him?'

She looked at Anderell; but the Emperor answered, 'It is not agreeable to him for one reason only,' he said: 'that it is forced upon you; and because he loves you he wishes to forgo you.—That is so, is it not, Mr Anderell?'

'It is so,' Anderell said.

'I have listened to his pleading. I am prepared to forgive you without any other condition than that you promise unwavering loyalty to me in future.'

The princess held herself proudly. 'If it please your Majesty,' she said, 'I find it easier to promise unwavering loyalty to Mr Anderell.'

The Emperor took two or three steps up and down the room. Then he turned to her. 'Child,' he said sorrowfully, 'I will not force you into marriage. Be disloyal if you must. I pardon you.'

The princess's proud face quivered. She dropped suddenly on one knee and kissed her Emperor's hand. 'I pledge my loyalty of my own free-will,' she said with a sob.

The Emperor patted her shoulder. 'Then I have gained a good subject,' he said; 'but you have lost a good husband.'

The princess looked up at Anderell, wiped her

eyes, and smiled. 'But your Majesty said that you would not punish me,' she protested.

'Emily!' cried Anderell.

The Emperor took her hand and placed it in Anderell's. 'Your reward!' he said, and waved them from the room. Then he turned to the Chancellor. 'And your punishment! Come, have I not been a good diplomat, prince? You cannot oppose the Anglo-Coronian Treaty after you have married your daughter to an Englishman!'

The old Chancellor smiled grimly. 'It is hard to feel my punishment heavy,' he said, 'my girl is so glad. She was beyond me, and bound to make her own choice some day; and she might have done worse. And your Majesty did not do it to punish me.'

'No,' said the Emperor. 'No.'

'Therefore,' said the Chancellor, 'like my daughter, I render thanks for your Majesty's consideration. I am not conquered by the Emperor, sir, but by the man.'

The Emperor put his hand on the Chancellor's shoulder. 'Let us deal with each other so in future,' he proposed. 'Kings are men, Ressell! Kings are men! And Chancellors!'

'But there is always a woman!' said the old Chancellor.

OLD BOOTY.

By H. G. Archer.

AMONG the traditions or legends of the sea, few have gained more popular credence or possessed greater vitality than the story of Old Booty, which is said to have given rise to a lawsuit known as 'Booty's Case.'

All accounts agree that Old Booty was a Gravesend shipping contractor, *temp.* James the Second. He supplied the navy and mercantile marine with biscuits and beer, the former being weevily and the latter much adulterated. Therefore his fate, as related below, was considered by the seafaring part of the community a matter of just retribution.

The full story, which will be found in several old magazines of different dates, purports to be taken from the reports of the King's Bench cases, the *London Gazette*, and the *Records of Westminster*. It is rich in circumstantial details, inasmuch as the journal of a Mr Spinks, who appears to have been the supercargo of a merchantman engaged in the Mediterranean trade, is quoted as the principal evidence given at the alleged trial. Though differing in a few details, the stories are substantially the same, and the following is the gist of them.

Spinks's vessel anchored off the Lipari Islands —a volcanic group situated to the north of the eastern half of Sicily—on the 14th May 1687, and there found in the roads three other British merchantmen, commanded by Captains Barnaby, Bristow, and Brown respectively. On the following day Spinks, Captain Barnaby, and a Mr Ball, attended by a party of seamen, landed upon the island of Stromboli, famous for its constantly active volcano, to shoot rabbits. When they had finished they called all their men together. To their great surprise, they all of them then saw two men come running towards them 'with such swiftness that no living man could run as fast as they did.' The runners passed so close to the shooting-party that they could see their faces, and Captain Barnaby exclaimed, 'Lord bless me! the foremost is Old Booty, my neighbour at Gravesend;' but he said that he did not know the other, who ran behind. The foremost man was in gray and the other in black clothes. Pursued and pursuer fled up the mountain, and seemed to disappear into the crater; and as they did so 'there was a great noise which affrighted us all.' Captain Barnaby desired all to take the time of the strange occurrence (which is given as 3.43 P.M.), and to put it down in their pocket-books, and when they got on board to enter it in their ship's log.

When Captain Barnaby's ship returned to England, and was lying at Gravesend, on the 6th October 1687, his wife came on board, and she immediately said, 'I will tell you some news. Old Booty is dead.' Captain Barnaby made answer that he and his companions had seen him or his ghost run into hell.

The story got about, and eventually Booty's widow heard it. She had Captain Barnaby arrested in a thousand-pound action for what he had said of her husband. Captain Barnaby gave bail, and it came to a trial in the Court of King's Bench. The plaintiff had her husband's wearing apparel brought into court; the sexton of the parish and the people who were with Booty when he died swore to the time of death; the defendant and his witnesses swore to their journals, and the time was the same within two minutes. Ten sailors swore to the buttons of Booty's coat. The jury asked Spinks if he knew Booty. He answered, 'I never saw him till he ran by me on the burning mountain.' Then the judge said, 'Lord have mercy upon me, and grant I may never see what you have seen! One, two, or three men may be mistaken, but thirty men can never be mistaken.' So the widow lost her case.

Other versions of the story contain embellishments—as, for example, the following. Just before the runners appeared, Spinks and his party were eating ship's biscuits manufactured by Booty, and as one of them was knocking out

some weevils he cursed the soul of the contractor who had made such bad biscuits. Then some of the party saw the apparitions struggling together on the verge of the burning crater, and losing all fear in the interest and excitement of the contest, cheered on the combatants, clapping their hands, and vociferating, 'Pull, devil! pull, baker!' and it was said that here we have the true origin of this curious expression.

Investigation reveals that the *London Gazettes* of 1687 and 1688 do not contain any report of the alleged trial; neither do the *Records of Westminster*. The facts of the case are unlikely, and the law impossible. As the time of the death and the time of the occurrence were the same within two minutes, and Stromboli is about fifteen degrees east of Gravesend, Booty must have run to hell before he died. An executrix by the English law could never maintain an action for slander of her testator, and no suit such as it is alleged Mrs Booty instituted was possible prior to the passing of the Act 9 and 10 Vict. cap. 95. The position of an attorney who arrested and held to bail a defendant in a suit for unliquidated damages would have been unpleasant if he had been brought before the court. Lastly, it cannot be ascertained if any of the actors in this remarkable narrative ever existed.

However, it is possible to trace what appears to be the origin of the legend much farther back. The belief that volcanoes were mouths of hell, of course, is very ancient. A story resembling that of Old Booty is to be found in St Gregory the Great's *Dialogues*, where it is related that an anchorite of Lipari told some sailors that he had seen Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, barefoot and bound, led between Pope John and Symmachus, who threw him into the crater of Stromboli. On the sailors' return to Italy they discovered by comparison of dates that Theodoric died on the day—30th August 526—on which the hermit noticed his punishment by the hands of his victims.

Another variant of the legend crops up in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Mr Gresham, a London merchant, had extensive dealings with one Antonio, a rich but unscrupulous merchant of Palermo. Gresham, when returning from a business visit to Antonio, landed on Stromboli, and, accompanied by eight sailors, ascended the volcano. They penetrated close to the edge of the crater, where, among other frightful noises, they heard a loud voice utter the following words: 'Make haste, make haste! the rich Antonio is coming.' Gresham fled, and the mountain began to vomit fire. Contrary winds compelled Gresham's ship to return to Palermo, and on arriving there he found Antonio dead. Gresham made this surprising incident known to Henry the Eighth, and the seamen were summoned to Court to attest the truth of it by their oaths.

Again, a similar story figures in Dorset folklore, being told of one Jones, an attorney at Lyme Regis, who incurred great odium by the part he took in prosecuting the followers of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, many of whom were inhabitants of Lyme. It is said that a vessel from Lyme, when sailing in the Mediterranean, saw in the offing a strange-looking craft, which they hailed as she approached. A sable figure stood up, and a voice as of a speaking-trumpet replied, 'Bound for Stromboli, with Mr Jones on board.' A note in the log-book was made, and it transpired that the day and hour corresponded with that of Jones's decease.

In the eighteenth century the Old Booty story was often told, with the name of Booty changed to those of various shipping contractors from time to time suspected of causing sickness among seafaring men by the inferior quality of their wares. Till comparatively recently our bluejackets made Sir William Curtis, who supplied the fleet with biscuits during the long war with France, the hero of the tale. Sir William was a fat and aspirateless London alderman who became a favourite of George the Fourth, and accompanied the king on his visit to Scotland in 1822, where the alderman afforded great amusement and provoked innumerable caricatures by masquerading in the Stewart tartan.

In conclusion, one may remark upon the coincidence of Stromboli figuring in all these different stories. Perhaps this is due to the fact of Stromboli being the only example in Europe of a volcano in a state of constant activity; while from an elevated point above the crater, which is at the side of the cone below the summit, it is possible, when the wind blows away from the observer, to sit for hours and watch the operations going on within the crater. The observations engaged in by Spallanzani in 1788 made him the father of modern volcanology, and furnished some of the most important data upon which the science is founded.

SUMMER RAIN.

How lovely is the rain!
When all the earth is weary of the sun,
And leaf and blade have thirsted long in vain,
How sweet, when the hot day is all but done,
The gentle fall of rain!

Silently, one by one,
Each glowing flower—a shy and trembling pleasure,
Full of desire—lifts up
The drooping chalice of her secret cup
To drink the heavenly treasure;
And every hedgerow, glad to be made fair,
Laughs greener in the soft and freshened air.

Then, like a floating veil,
Across the quiet sky
Cloud after cloud departs, and lets the pale,
Clear, tremulous evening die
In a still hush; its tender pain gone by—
The delicate, sweet pain
Of falling summer rain.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.

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THE ROAD IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

THE road has during the present century become a matter of paramount interest to the community. In early times the footpath for the pedestrian and the bridle-path for the horse-rider constituted the only roads by which journeys were made. To this there was one exception: the conqueror, as he advanced into a land, had need of a road in the true sense, along which he could move great columns of troops. Good roads were necessary if he intended to occupy the country and to be able to move troops rapidly as the military exigency of the moment might require. The Roman conqueror constructed roads which are to this day a lasting testimony to the skill of his engineers. Much labour must have been expended in laying a good foundation, and in placing on it a bearing crust. The surface consisted of a stone pavement carefully laid and fitted, so as to be impenetrable to water, while the rainfall was efficiently drained off, so as to prevent it from lodging in the base of the road. There are portions of these roads still visible, and they put many of our later road-makers to shame.

There is no trace in history of any attempt to make ordinary roads scientifically until the end of the eighteenth century. It would appear that the foot-passenger established paths, which gradually became wider and better formed as horses were taken over them. It was not till many hundreds of years after the Romans had left the country that vehicles were seen on the roads. At first these were of the sledge description, and later the use of the wheel became common. When traction came into practice, it was no longer possible to trust to the tamping action of the feet of horses and human beings to keep the way from breaking up. The horse ceased to be a load-carrying animal only, and became a hauling power dealing with great weights in sleds or wagons. The effect of this was to cause the horse to press his feet into the ground so as to get a purchase for moving his load. If the ground was soft he pushed it back till it gave a firm rest, so that he could use his weight by bending forward. And the sleds or wheels with a heavy weight upon them cut into the road, which thus became broken up, allowing water to lodge in the surface—that most fatal enemy to the maintenance of a good road.

As a result, attention was roused in some degree to the urgent need of efficient road construction and maintenance. The first move was not made by the State, as it should have been. The earliest trace of any practical effort at road improvement indicates that it was taken up by the Church as a work of 'piety and charity.' Thus history records that in the fourteenth century the Bishop of Durham remitted part of the penalties incurred for wrong-doing by any who did good work in, as he expressed it, 'helping to smooth the way of the wanderer.' He also granted 'forty indulgences to persons who gave donations of money for the work.' But apparently he failed to stir up the zeal of the community. Self-sacrifice declined, and mud increased. That the state of things was dreadful is clearly indicated by an ancient statute, in which it is assumed that the road must become impassable, and it is enacted that 'where any highway is worn deep and incommodious, another shall be laid out alongside.' This only meant that bushes and boulders should be removed, but did not imply any attempt to form a solid way. The road was always a quagmire full of rounded stones, which rolled about loose when fine weather dried the surface.

It is difficult for people to-day to realise what travelling must have been at that time and for several centuries following. Pictures are often responsible for false impressions. A Queen Elizabeth or a Queen Mary is shown arriving, after a journey to some stately castle, with not a trace of mud or dust upon her velvet skirts, nor a sign of fatigue in her face. The reality was something very different. We learn from the diary of the French ambassador that Queen Elizabeth complained to him of being 'full of aching pains for days' consequent upon a drive through London in a regal chariot which she was using for the first time. And so it must have continued for generations. Sydney Smith, writing at a much later date, utters a humorous wail, professing to know 'approximately' the number of 'severe contusions' he endured in a journey by coach from Taunton to Bath, which he puts down at 'ten thousand to twelve thousand jolts.'

Notwithstanding the fact that the deplorable state of the highways led to laws being passed

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ordering the inhabitants to do what was called 'statute labour' on the roads—the citizens being required to give six days' work annually—the work was done with no knowledge and without system, was often evaded, and more often scamped, and the money provided by those who commuted for the service was squandered if not pilfered. In 1737 Lord Hervey complains of not being able to reach London from Kensington, a distance of two miles. 'All Londoners tell us,' he says, 'that there is between them and us an impassable gulf of mud.'

A traveller in 1770 relates that 'the whole range of language does not supply terms sufficiently expressive to describe' the road between Preston and Wigan, and speaks of 'ruts which I measured, four feet deep and floating with mud,' the only mending consisting in 'throwing in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose than to jolt a carriage most abominably.' And for the state of matters in dry weather, we have Bob Acres's account of his drive from London to Bath: 'I came all the way like a comet, with a tail of dust as long as the Mall.'

During the eighteenth century five hundred and thirty Acts of Parliament were passed for improvement of roads, yet at its close things were in this dreadful state. One good road only was made, and again it was for military purposes. As a military necessity General Wade made a road through the Highlands, and such a blessing did this prove itself to the inhabitants that an obelisk was erected on which was carved as good a bull as ever was produced in Ireland:

Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would hold up both hands and bless General Wade.

It will not surprise the reader to learn that in those days a journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow occupied two days, and a journey from Edinburgh to London required fourteen days, this being considered a 'good run,' although the speed was not thirty miles a day. Sir Henry Herbert said solemnly in the House of Commons, 'If a man were to propose to convey us regularly to Edinburgh in seven days, should we not vote him to Bedlam?'

It was in the early part of the last century that the making of roads on scientific principles was taken up by Macadam and Telford, two Scots. They formed their views independently, and as regards the base of the road they were not in agreement, but about the surface crust their views coincided. Their aim was to provide a surface which would throw off water, so that as long as possible no water should pass down into and through the crust of the road. In this way the body of the road would remain dry and closely packed, neither tending to have its binding squeezed out in the form of mud in wet weather, nor to have its stones moved and picked out by the traffic in dry weather.

Want of space forbids that this part of the subject should be gone into in detail. Let it suffice to say that in laying a road sharply broken stones of small size were put on in layers, and packed by the pressure of wheels and hoofs, being bound by the grit chipped off the stones in the gradual process of pressing down. No water was used, all the material being dry, and packed only by its own chippings. Macadam's desideratum was that the material should be 'so selected and laid as to be impervious to water, and this,' said he, 'cannot be effected unless the greatest care be taken that no earth, clay, chalk, or other matter that will hold or conduct water be mixed with the broken stone.'

Every traveller on wheels had perforce in Macadam's day to be a road-maker. He was compelled to do the tamping and rolling by his horse and wheels. Thus, for a considerable time after road-laying, the road-user had to go upon rough stones, a somewhat trying experience. Still, the result was a fairly good road, if not responding absolutely to Macadam's requirements. It became possible to say that the journey from London to Edinburgh could be made in three to four days instead of the seven days which the M.P. had declared to be an idea worthy only of Bedlam.

The improvement of the highways was very great, but there was a terrible falling off when the railroad era set in. The public ceased to take any practical interest in the road, which came to be used only for short journeys. In the last half of the century, during which the railroad monopolised the long-distance traffic both for passengers and goods, the roads were allowed to fall into a very poor state, and were often shamefully neglected. In the last quarter of the century one great change was made, the introduction of the steam-roller. Indeed, some such mechanical appliance was necessary; for whereas in Macadam's time the number of vehicles on the road set the stones in a comparatively reasonable time, the few vehicles using the road after railroad transit became general could not roll down the surface until many months had passed. The steam-roller had this beneficial effect, that it brought the stones to a flat surface in one operation, and this was of course a great relief to road-users and their horses.

But it must be confessed that the heavy road-roller has not been an unmixed blessing. When it came into use it was found necessary to depart from Macadam's strict rule of excluding water from the crust. For as the rolling in by the steam-roller was not a gradual operation, in which the stones were by degrees brought into close contact and made their own packing, a device had to be resorted to that the spaces left between the stones by the heavy roller should be closed up by added packing. This is done by making what can only be described as a soup of dirt and

water, pouring it upon the stones, and then brushing and rolling this liquid mud into the crust of the road. Thus, when opened for use, the road is crusted not with packed stone and grit, but with stones whose only binding is dirt diluted with water. The result is that it can never be a good road in very wet or very dry weather. As long as it is in a slightly damp state, not subjected to heavy rain or to drought, it may be a fairly good road. In wet weather water can get in where it came out, reproducing the mud soup, which the weight of the traffic squeezes up and out on to the surface. In dry weather, the binding being reduced in bulk and loosened by the evaporation of the moisture, the stones move and are picked out of the surface, and so holes are left for the water to lodge in the dirt below when once more rain begins to fall.

Nor is this all. The heavy roller has developed another evil. The roller coming on to a body of stones surrounded with mud in a liquid condition and therefore non-resisting, and pressing down the stones by its weight, must move the water and dirt in suspension; otherwise the stones would not go close together. The liquid is therefore squeezed out of the way, and as the great width of the roller prevents its escaping sideways, except at the edges of the roller, it must go forward, and water being practically incompressible, the roller forces the water that is in front forward and the stones in front upwards, forming a ridge. The roller advances, and when it cannot force the ridge higher, the roller mounts and passes over it, with the consequence that the road is formed into a series of ridges and furrows, and when drying forms a series of dark-toned wet hollows and light-toned dry mounds. The road becomes bumpy for the traveller, and is unable to free itself from water. The material remaining soft and wet in the hollows and becoming dry in the ridges, the road is open to destruction by the feet of the horses and the wheels of the vehicles dumping down and striking compressing blows in the depressions, throwing out the water and liquid mud, or, if it is dry, sending the dust in all directions. There can be nothing worse than this for horse and vehicle, and nothing more fatal to the durability of the road surface. It is the very opposite of Macadam's road.

Another evil which has followed on the adoption of steam-rolling is that stones are used of much larger size than Macadam prescribed. His rule was that the largest stone to be used must pass though a one-and-half-inch gauge, and should not weigh more than six ounces. Such stones packed very closely when slowly pressed down by the traffic. Now larger stones are passed, and this is most inimical to good road-making. In addition to the fact that large stones and stones of varying sizes cannot bind themselves as small ones will, there is another evil which attends the use of large stones. If the edge of a horseshoe or the edge of a wheel presses down on one part of the surface of a small stone, the stone is not liable to be dislodged. But if the same thing happens to a large stone, it is at once tipped up and loosened out of its seat, and the road surface broken, so that water can enter, and the picking action of the point of the horseshoe makes a hole of ever-increasing size.

Such was the state of matters at the beginning of the present century. As it has now been evident for some years that one important consequence of the success of mechanical traction on roads is enormously to increase the traffic, the public mind has been stirred up to consider what the road of the future is to be, a road which will have to carry an increasing proportion of motor-traffic, and a decreasing proportion of horse-traffic. The study of the question must be directed: (1) to find the best mode of road-construction to provide a surface that will not break up under traffic; (2) to secure the ease of the traveller and the safe transit of goods; (3) to cause the least interference with the comfort of the road-user whether on foot or in vehicle; (4) to prevent the formation of puddle-holes, mud, or dust; (5) to secure a durable road which shall not require constant patching or relaying at short intervals; (6) to secure these advantages without a cost too burdensome to the ratepayer.

Towards these ends much thought and experiment are being directed. It is now universally agreed by all who have given any attention to the subject that the old road of stones and mud must be rejected, and a road provided which will be more resisting to weather, more capable of carrying a large amount of traffic without breaking up, and which, when laid, will remain efficient for a much longer time than has been the case when water-binding was used. Recognising this necessity, His Majesty's Government have intervened to give aid to the road authorities who undertake the improvement of the highway. A Road Board has been constituted for the United Kingdom, and to that Board the proceeds of the motor-vehicle tax and the petrol tax are handed over, to be administered by the Board in the promotion of road improvement. From this fund money is provided in the form of grants in aid, or of loans, to assist those responsible for the roads in bringing them up to a better and more durable standard. The Board has also organised extensive laboratory researches, from which much is being learned regarding the most efficient materials and combination of materials for road-construction, and the best material for use as a binder, in place of the dirt-binding of the past. The Board has also given opportunity for those who have devised road-laying systems to have them tested under fair conditions for comparison. A long stretch of road has been divided into sections of equal

length, and each section has been handed over to a firm or company desiring to compete. The sections, when laid, are regularly inspected by the Board's engineer, and reports made from time to time. Much valuable information has been obtained as regards efficiency and expense, which will be of great use in advising the road-authorities what is the best material to use, what is the best form in which to use it, what are the best substances to apply for binding, and in what proportions they should be applied. It is hoped thus to ensure that in the near future efficient work will be done, mistakes avoided, confidence in the choice of materials attained, the best mode of manipulating materials ascertained, and waste of money avoided.

Two very important questions are at present engaging close attention. The first is: What is the best mode of constructing the bearing crust, which shall be placed upon the base of the road, so as to distribute the pressure of the traffic and maintain a bearing surface without giving way? In other words, what shall be substituted for the inefficient road-crust which consists of stones and water-binding, and in which it is found that injurious motion is taking place under traffic, the stones losing their sharpness, and so tending to disintegration of the crust? The second question is one absolutely novel. Can there be interposed between the bearing crust and the hoof and wheel a protective film which will yield to the pressure of the traffic but shall resume its form and surface when the pressure is removed? If this can be done it will be great gain. For such a skin would protect the bearing crust, and so increase its life, and would diminish the wear and tear of the limbs of horses and the springs and frames and wheels of vehicles.

As regards the first desideratum, there is ground for being satisfied that an efficient, durable, and impervious road-crust can be made which will be free from the disadvantages of the mud-bound road, and will give that impenetrability which Macadam laid such stress upon as essential to a durable road. A combination of small stones and pitchy or bituminous material has been found to provide a crust in which the stones will not move, but will hold their places absolutely in their bedding, so retaining their angularity and their fixed position. So close and firm is the structure that if a piece of such a crust be taken and broken across—an operation that can only be done by the use of enormous pressure on a piece of small area supported at the ends only—the stones are not pulled out, but are themselves fractured, leaving their halves fixed in the structure on each side of the break. This is in striking contrast to the water-bound road, a piece of which, if cut out, will give way and crumble under the pressure of the fingers. Moreover, the water-bound road does not last half so long as the road here described.

There is still the second question, Can an elastic skin or carpet be provided, which will thus be interposed between the bearing crust and the vehicle running upon the road? The problem is to find a material which shall be resilient—yielding to the weight passing over it, but resuming its form and surface when the weight is removed. Just as in a golf club-house the floor is protected from the hobnailed shoes of the golfer by placing a protecting semi-resilient film of ribbed india-rubber or kamptulicon over it, so it is a question whether the road floor can be protected from attack by horseshoes and wheels by a film of some substance that will yield and recover without being disintegrated. The laboratory experiments which have been carried out indicate that this can be accomplished. It is found that there are materials which, though solid to appearance, are not really so, but are of a viscous character, acting like a liquid, though very slowly. It has been proved that a bituminous material mixed with other ingredients such as sand has the properties desired. If a film of it be laid on and integrated with the road-crust a valuable protection to the road is given, making the road-crust practically permanent, it being only necessary from time to time to repair, and when needful to relay, this carpet, or 'topping,' as the road-surveyor calls it.

It may be desirable to explain how such a topping will operate. Every one knows that if a wooden floor is left bare, persons going over it cause much noise, and if nailed boots are used they will wear away and gradually break up the surface. The noise is the effect of the shocks and consequent vibration set up in the wood by the successive blows struck by the feet coming down upon the floor. This noise is prevented by putting carpets, kamptulicon, or oilcloth on the floor. The blows fall as before, but the covering yielding and absorbing the effect of the blows prevents the floor being moved in vibration, and so prevents the noise. It is the same in the case of the road. The horse strikes blows with his feet, and the wheels plunging and bumping over and into the unevennesses of the road send vibration downwards into the road-crust. And the mud-bound road not being tough and elastic like the wood of a floor; its stones are caused to move and to grind against each other, and so lose their sharpness, and in consequence lose their seating. In a short time they can no longer cling and fit together so as to maintain a firm and even surface. It is astonishing to find how far in the ordinary mud-bound road the effects of the impact of horseshoe and wheel go down. Stones taken out five or six inches below the surface are found so knocked about that their holding surfaces are gone, and the road is no longer firmly bound.

But if the road with its improved crust can be clothed with a resilient carpet, the shocks will be lessened, the main crust will last for an indefinite period, and the road be less unkind by

its return shocks to persons, their vehicles, and their horses.

Such is the prospect which is before the road-user in the near future—a dustless, lasting, and resilient road-surface. The promoters of the mechanical road-vehicle have had to submit to unmeasured abuse in the past, and their best revenge will be the acknowledgment which must come from every candid citizen before long that whatever cause of complaint he may have had while things were in a transition state, the advent of the power-vehicle has been the means of bringing about the development of the road from an inefficient condition to one of excellence never before known. It needs little discernment to see that power traction is already predominant in the passenger department, and is rapidly becoming predominant in the commercial department. Can any one doubt that much material prosperity, much facility for road travelling, much convenience in many departments of business, much advance to healthier conditions in our towns, are necessary consequences of the change which is taking place in road-locomotion? The blessings of a good, durable, and clean street and road-surface cannot be overestimated. The health and the happiness of the community must be greater when the road that was bad is made good, and the road that was filthy is made clean. Both these good ends are in course of accomplishment, and at no distant date the road will be a mudless and dustless way. What it will be any one can see by paying a visit to the Thames Embankment in London, formerly one of the worst roads in Great Britain, now the best road in the world—free alike from dust and mud. Even during the phenomenally dry season of 1911 no watering was required. The surface was washed down at night only.

SOME ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT SPARKS, OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

IV.—NOT BORN TO BE HANGED—*Continued.*

A TERRIBLE possibility suddenly occurred to me. Tom Foster, anxious at my non-appearance, might have been trying to hunt me up, and have strayed my way in the dark. What if the random shot from my weapon had struck my dear old comrade! The thought lay like lead upon my heart; for, if not lying dead in the bush, where was Tom? Had he remained by the swamp these men must have encountered him. If he had got away there was a chance yet. I stole from the door and stretched myself out on the rug.

A quarter of an hour later Pollet entered and stood looking down at me with an evil smile. 'So you have come round, Sparks!' he said. 'Do you know where you are?'

'In one of your retreats, I suppose,' I answered quietly.

'Exactly. You are on the island in the Great Swamp.'

'Oh, tell that to the marines!' I scoffed, with all the incredulity of voice and manner I could muster.

'You can't believe it? Well, I will show you to-morrow that I am speaking the truth. Flower, my cousin, whom you killed, used the place before me. The way to the island is hard, no doubt. The way out, I think you will agree with me, will be harder—for you.'

I knew what he meant. It was common talk that both he and Flower had more than once put into practice torture tricks which they had learnt among the desperadoes of the States.

'I'll send you some food,' Pollet added as he left the room, 'for I want to keep up your strength in view of your—er—journey to-morrow.'

Dutchy appeared in a few minutes, bearing a plate of meat, some damper, and a jug of water. He flung coarse insults and threats at me; but I did not trouble to answer him, and he withdrew, scowling.

Knowing what I did of the causeway, I should not have felt unduly alarmed had I been assured of Tom Foster's safety; but the thought of his possible fate so depressed me that when Pollet returned he flattered himself that he had terrified me.

'That graze on the scalp does not seem to have done you much harm, Sparks,' he observed. 'Can you walk? If so, I'll show you something.'

I rose without a word and followed him from the hut, which I at once recognised must be invisible from the shore; for it, and five more like it, occupied the bottom of the gully which split the island. I saw, too, that the outer door to each room was designed to facilitate the escape of the occupants in the remote event of an attack.

'The moon having risen, I am anxious to show you where you are,' Pollet said as we climbed a natural stair to the top of the gully, whence the shore was clearly visible. 'Are you surprised?'

I succeeded in looking more surprised than I felt; for Bobby grinned and inquired, 'How do you suppose we get here?'

'I can't tell you,' I replied with double meaning.

'I'll tell you before you leave us. Have you any choice in the matter of a grave? The bog is our usual cemetery when we—er—die with our boots off.'

'Which is not often,' I retorted. 'You can't scare me.'

'We shall see. Where did you leave your horse?'

'He is where you won't find him,' I answered, and he took me up wrong.

'Ah, bolted! That accounts for your wanderings in the dark. What of Foster?'

How I wished that I knew. 'He too is beyond your reach,' I replied.

Pollet looked hard at me. 'What a lot you will have to tell us in the morning!' he said, as if half to himself. 'Do you bear pain well?'

I was silent, and he went on: 'I am going to turn in; but remain up, if you wish to do so. Smoke—think—take a last look at the moon and stars. To-morrow—well, there may be difficulties.' He departed chuckling.

The sooner I was off the island the better it would be for my health, and I made up my mind that when my foes were asleep I would look for the hither end of the causeway. For these confident fellows kept no watch.

Pollet knew, of course, that I must suspect him of having found, or made, a practicable path to the island; but he was assured that I could not discover it. He was no doubt watching me, in the hope that I would make a vain search, and I determined to gratify him. Later I would search seriously, and once I found the path I could defy Pollet and all his gang.

So, descending, I made a tour of the island, being very careful not to poke about under the swamp; but when hoisting myself up the rocks on my return I had a piece of real good luck. I touched something slimy, and knew at once that some one had unwittingly dropped a bit of the bog from his boot for my guidance. This meant that the causeway was opposite to my present position, and a glance over my shoulder told me that I was about twenty yards to the left of the shore end, which indicated a curve somewhere in the swamp. It would be dangerous to cross; but it was certain death to remain.

A mocking laugh greeted me at the top, and Pollet said, 'You have amused me immensely, sergeant. Found out everything?'

I sat down in my former place, and Bob sneered on, 'We shall have such an interesting chat to-morrow!'

'To-morrow never comes,' I growled.

'You may safely wager that the day after will not—for you, that is,' he assured me.

'I may revisit the island in spite of you,' I retorted unwisely; for the man angered me. But he misunderstood me.

'Pooh! No ghost ever frightened me,' he laughed as he swaggered off. 'I reckon it's only in that form that you'll leave your card on us.'

'Why not I, if Kate Oliver can return?' I said solemnly, and I saw a shudder run through him. I had mentioned a name which recalled one of his blackest crimes, and the mention of it had power to touch him. He backed down to the gully and called up to me, 'You devil! I'll teach your tongue to talk before I've done with it. Another word, and I'll shoot you where you sit!'

'Do so,' I urged. 'It will be better than what you have in store for me.'

'Quite so,' he agreed, and thrust away his revolver. Had he not gone on the instant I think I should have taken chances, and brained him with a rock.

An hour later I went down to my room, which was in darkness; but a candle was burning in the next room, and I saw, to my great satisfaction, that my belt of arms was still in the same place, though Monty was snoring on the bench beside it.

I slipped off my boots, crept into the room, and secured my weapons. Then I put out the light, lest Monty should wake and discover his loss.

Perhaps it was excitement, perhaps the shock I had endured obscured my judgment; but I own that the extraordinary ease with which I had recovered my arms, and the unguarded position in which they had been left, did not strike me until later. Had I given a little thought to the matter I might have known. However, in my satisfaction, I gave no thought at all to the matter.

'I am ready for them now,' I muttered, as I drew on my boots and reloaded the empty chamber in my revolver. I lay down feeling fairly happy; for I had twelve shots ready, and seven men to deal with if the worst came to the worst. If not, I had a good idea where to search for the causeway.

As I lay thinking the door was pushed open, and Pollet let in a flood of moonlight. Had he given any sign that he noticed my belt of arms I would have dropped him where he stood, and the unequal combat would have begun; but he withdrew, apparently satisfied that I was asleep.

Terribly long and anxious was the vigil I kept that night; but it came to an end, and at three o'clock, the deadest hour of them all, I stepped noiselessly outside the hut to begin my endeavour to escape from what threatened to be worse than death.

I moved very cautiously up the rocky stair and to the bottom of the outer slope, where I crouched for a few minutes among the rocks and trees in order to be sure that all was quiet in the gully.

I was about to step from my concealment, when a small stone clattered down the slope. Half a minute more, and I distinctly heard a movement some yards to my left, near the island end of the causeway.

'Are they watching for me?' I wondered; and, thrusting first one and then the other

revolver under my coat, I noiselessly drew back the hammers. Then, with a weapon in each hand, I crept towards the spot where I had heard the falling stone.

I had covered half of the distance of twenty yards or so, when on the stillness of the night air was borne the plaintive note of the mopoke, that solitary bird. My heart thumped at the familiar sound.

Hoop-poop! hoop-poop! it called; *hoop-poop!* But it was not that. There was nothing surprising in the hoot of a night-jar; but when, thirty seconds later, the cry was succeeded by the harsh croak of a bull-frog it meant a good deal, for this was one of the many signals which Tom Foster and I had arranged, by means of which we could communicate under almost all circumstances with one another. This combination meant, 'I am watching. What about you?' Similar sounds in answer meant, 'All's well! Stay where you are.' Reversed sounds in answer meant, 'Danger! Come to me.' We had many other calls, each with its own significance.

I replaced one of my revolvers and drew out my watch, which could be plainly read. A moment later came from the same spot *Hoop-poop! hoop-poop!* I eagerly counted the seconds. Thirty! *Craak-ach-ach!* My word! it was Tom Foster! Tom, alive and well, had steered his way across the bog to my aid. Splendid fellow!

In my excitement I neither gave any return-signal nor remembered the rolling stone. Indeed, so certain was I that Foster was there that when, as I advanced, Pollet rose from behind a rock and confronted me I got a nasty shock. For a moment I believed that there had been no signal, and that the combination had been merely accidental.

There was a silence. Then Monty rose and stood beside his chief. 'Be careful, captain!' he said in mock terror. 'The beggar helped himself to his arms while I was asleep.'

It did not require his sneering laugh to cause me to understand how I had been fooled. Too late I remembered the ease with which I had recovered my weapons. Too late I wished that I had shot Pollet where he stood and made the best defence I could inside the hut. 'Well, I was armed at all events, thanks to their cat and mouse game; and, if it came to shooting, one of those grinning villains should go down before I did.

Bobby's smooth voice broke in upon my broodings. 'It's a bit of a disappointment; isn't it, sergeant? Such a pity, too, when you got back your weapons so cleverly. As it is'—*Hoop-poop!*—'surrender, Sergeant Sparks. I will'—*Craak-ach-ach!*—'give you two minutes to decide.' *Hoop-poop!*—'Time us, please, Monty.' —*Craack-ach-ach!*

The lieutenant took out his watch and proclaimed the passing seconds. 'Five! ten!'—*Hoop-poop!*—'fifteen! twenty! twenty-five! thirty! thirty-five! forty!' *Craak-ach-ach!*

My thoughts raced. 'Tom *is* there! Gorgeous! If we can overpower these two without firing we may be able to bag the rest before they can take alarm. Worth trying for!'

Monty's voice reached me, 'One hundred and fifteen! one hun'—— With a gesture of despair I laid down my revolvers on a rock and advanced with empty hands.

Pollet's own hand came out of his pocket empty. 'I knew you would be sensible, sergeant,' he said. 'At the expiry of the two minutes I should have shot you through my pocket; but I would not have killed you. The attempt was useless from the start, my dear fellow We watched'——

He got no further. My bent head was raised, my hanging hand shot out as I leaped at the pair, and before they could so much as twist I had grasped a throat of each and was squeezing for all I was worth. Taken aback, Pollet was not beaten; for he instantly dropped, carrying me with him, and tearing my grasp from Monty's throat. We rolled on the ground, and I felt the lieutenant's fingers closing round my neck, when they were violently jerked away, and I knew that Tom Foster had sprung from his ambush to my aid.

And then I had plenty of occupation; for Pollet's left hand rained blows upon my face, while his right sought his revolver. But my grip upon his throat never relaxed, and I seized his right wrist just as he wrenched the weapon from his coat-pocket.

Had I been able to hold on he must soon have become exhausted; but it was the other way. The bullet which had grazed my head had given me a greater shock than I suspected, and as a faintness seized me I knew that my strength was failing fast. In fierce despair I realised that Pollet was to triumph over me once more, and this time his triumph would be complete.

Behind me I could hear the desperate struggle which raged between Foster and Monty, and knew that no help could come to me from there; and then rage seized me, for Pollet laughed.

It was a queer sound he made, for he had little breath to spare; but it was a laugh, and the sneer in it which told me that he had sized up the situation braced me up as nothing else could have done.

As he shook his throat free from my slackening grasp I loosed my grip of his right wrist and made a swift clutch at his revolver. So unprepared was he for this that I wrenched it without effort from his fingers, and in a second the butt swung over his head and crashed down in a blow which might have killed him. But he still had the best of me, and with a vigorous twist just avoided the descending butt. In an instant, before I could recover my poise, he had wriggled from under me, scrambled to his feet,

and staggered away along the margin of the swamp.

What was meant for a shout for help escaped him; but, fortunately for us, he had no breath for that. I groaned as I saw him turn and mount the steep rock just beside him; and then, half-fainting, with closing eyes and failing breath, I hurled his revolver after him with all my remaining strength. By blind chance it struck him on the back of the head, and as I sank down exhausted I saw his hands go up, his feet slither upon the rock. Then his back curved, and, almost as a man taking a backward dive, he shot outwards in a half-somersault and plunged head down into the bog six feet from its margin. Such was his impetus and weight that he instantly disappeared to the waist.

The horror of the sight roused me, and I staggered up, only to sink down again, utterly spent. There was a startled exclamation on my left, and I saw Foster astride Monty, holding him down, but staring at that dreadful tragedy. He dared not move, lest Monty, who was still able to resist, should fling him off and manage to give the alarm. And so we watched helplessly the miserable end of the bushranger.

I would not have condemned even Pollet to an end so ghastly; and I hope and believe that he died without regaining consciousness after the revolver struck him. For his legs crooked limply down upon the surface of the bog, and in that fantastic but appalling attitude he vanished under the slimy ooze.

What between awe and weakness, it was some moments before I could realise anything but the tragedy completed before our shocked eyes. Then, recovering, I crossed to Foster and sat upon Monty while my comrade handcuffed and gagged him. I could do no more; but my weight told.

'Tom, it 's wonderful to see you,' I said weakly. 'Wasn't that awful?'

'Horrible!' he answered, and silence fell between us.

'There are five more of them,' I presently told him. 'That is why I didn't fire first or last.'

'I guessed that. We 'll manage them. Glad you 're not dead. I thought you were when they started to carry you over.'

The rest was simplicity itself; for the very security in which these rascals lived had bred a carelessness which proved their undoing. Each of them awoke to find handcuffs upon his wrists, and then we brought up Monty and placed the whole gang where we could watch them.

Fellows of this complexion never keep their dishonest gains for very long. They not only spend recklessly, but are forced to pay out large sums in bribes to friends in the 'bush telegraph' business, whose friendship lasts just so long as they receive their bribes. But in the present instance the gang had had no time to make away with the plunder, and we found in Pollet's hut the whole of the gold stolen from Baraldarong. Great was the joy of the owners when we rode back to the diggings with pack-horses laden with the metal they had never expected to see again.

When we had secured the bushrangers and foraged out an early breakfast, Foster and I came down to explanations. I had noticed a blood-stained bandage round his head, and I now inquired, 'What have you done to your head, Tom?'

'Me? Nothing. I went off to hunt for you as you were so long in getting back, and in the dark I got off the line of our camp, and blundered into one of these fellows.'

'How do you know that?' I asked him.

'Who else could it have been? I heard him as he cocked his revolver, and let drive at the sound. I must have missed him, for he blazed away at me just as I fired again. I thought I was done for, and half-an-inch lower I should have been. As it was, the ball creased my scalp and knocked me silly for a while, and then—— Why, Sparks, old man, what 's the matter? You are as white as a sheet. Is your wound'——

'No, no,' I said huskily, and grasped his hand. 'Tom, we have both of us to thank God that things are no worse than they are. It was I who stood in front of you, and you who faced me. It was my bullet which struck you; for my revolver exploded as I fell. You missed me, and very nearly bagged one of the gang, who supposed that I had fired at him. But a little more, old friend, and you and I might have killed one another.'

Tom wrung my hand, and I saw his brave eyes grow dim. 'It was all my fault,' he muttered. 'If I had obeyed orders and stayed by the swamp'——

'You would have been shot, to a certainty,' I put in; 'and then where should I have been without your help?'

'My word! I never thought of that,' said honest Tom.

My laughter at the old familiar phrase broke the tension of the moment. 'And what then, Tom?' I inquired.

'I came to,' he replied, 'and heard the dickens of a row. I managed to trail down to the swamp, and there I saw a small torchlight procession, while four of Pollet's fellows were carrying what I took to be a dead body. Their talk told me that it was you, and I was mightily relieved to hear some of them swearing because you were only slightly wounded.'

'That poor wretch Pollet was glad to get me alive,' I said. 'He promised to do some very unpleasant things to me. It strikes me that he was mad.'

'Mad with the blood-lust,' growled Tom. 'But he has paid his debt; so let him rest. Well, that 's my yarn.'

'You have forgotten one item,' I corrected.

'Wounded and faint as you were, you risked the crossing of that unfamiliar, dangerous causeway to help me. In that thick darkness a false step would have been fatal, and you dared not wait until the moon had risen. Yet you ignored the danger, made nothing of your wound and dizzy brain, and took your life in your hand for my sake.' I grasped his hand. 'Was that not worth mentioning, Tom?'

'My word, no!' laughed Tom. 'I never thought of that.'

THE END.

THE DOUKHOBORS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By J. T. Bealby.

IN 1908 a good deal of surprise was occasioned in Nelson, the principal town of the Kootenay district, in the south-east corner of British Columbia, by the news that the Doukhobors had bought a tract of two thousand nine hundred acres of fruit-land beside the Columbia River, some twenty miles west of Nelson, and three thousand five hundred acres at Grand Forks, seventy-five miles farther to the south-west, and intended to plant them with orchards. People began to ask one another, 'Who are the Doukhobors?' 'Where do they come from?' 'What are they going to do with all that land?' And in allusion to certain somewhat disagreeable rumours which had attended their coming, the further questions were occasionally heard, 'Is it true that they go about without any clothes?' 'Don't they ever marry?' 'Are they dangerous religious fanatics?' 'What do they believe, anyway?'

In a little while certain items of reliable information became known about the newcomers. Originally the Doukhobors were a religious sect which sprang up one hundred and seventy years ago in the government of Kharkov, one of the provinces of the southern part of Middle Russia. Their religious tenets are in several respects akin to those of the Quakers. They object to bear arms for any cause whatsoever. The present leader of the community in British Columbia, Peter Veregin, was exiled to Siberia for fifteen years for refusing to join the colours when called upon in the usual way; and his brother, who is also in British Columbia, was sentenced to eleven years' exile in the same part of the world for the same cause. At one time this tenet seemed likely to lead to trouble when the recent Canadian census was taken. The people who are settled at Brilliant, the Doukhobor colony beside the Columbia River, refused to give the authorities any information whatever. Their leader, Peter Veregin, ably backed by his lieutenant, John Sherbinin, tried his utmost to persuade them to comply with the demands of the census officials. Nevertheless they quietly but firmly resisted his authority; and yet the deference they habitually pay to him is very great, and every man who meets him invariably raises his hat in greeting. The ground of the revolt was the fear and suspicion that the Canadian Government wanted to enrol them for military service.

Another of their distinguishing traits is that they refuse to eat the flesh of any animal which has been killed for that object, and to wear its skin or hair or wool. To the outside world their most noticeable peculiarity is that they own all property in common; there is no private property. Their houses even stand two together, one being occupied by the women and the other by the men. The women work one week in the fields, woods, and factories, and in the second week do domestic work in the houses. They are simply but neatly dressed, the women wearing shawls over their heads instead of hats, and aprons over their gowns; and the men being dressed in jerseys and woollen head-dresses. They are clean in their persons, and wear an air of contentment and prosperity. Their food consists, of course, of fruit and vegetables, with milk and bread.

After suffering persecution on various occasions from the Russian Government, and being moved from one part of the empire to the other, a large body of them, numbering several thousands, settled in the district of Yorkton, in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, in the year 1899. In making this move they were assisted by English and American Quakers and by Count Leo Tolstoi, the well-known Russian writer, who was a very close personal friend of Peter Veregin, the Doukhobor leader. Indeed, people who know the latter state that he is himself a very remarkable man, long-sighted, a deep thinker, and a man of lofty ideals.

In 1902 and the following years part of their body occasioned the Dominion authorities a certain degree of anxiety. They became possessed with the idea that the Second Advent of Christ was imminent, and they insisted upon setting out to meet Him, taking with them no food and rejecting their own clothing wholly or in part in order that they might appear before the Lord divested of all adventitious aids to any claim upon His consideration. It was with considerable difficulty that they were induced to turn back to their homes, after being escorted for some distance by the Royal North-West Mounted Police.

In 1908, as stated above, their leaders bought six thousand four hundred acres of land in the Kootenay district of British Columbia; and these first purchases were quickly followed by others—

namely, one thousand one hundred acres at Slocan Junction, about fifteen miles west of Nelson; two thousand five hundred acres at Pass Creek, a few miles farther west; fifty acres on the opposite side of the river from their settlement at Brilliant, part of this being an orchard in bearing; and finally, in September 1911, they bought the Crescent Valley Ranch, only three to four miles from Slocan Junction, comprising one thousand two hundred acres, a ranch which had been cultivated for some eight years by a prominent citizen of Nelson. In this way the Doukhobors now own approximately eleven thousand acres in British Columbia. The settlement at Brilliant numbers about one thousand five hundred people, and that at Grand Forks nearly five hundred. In addition, there are still four thousand left at Yorkton, in Saskatchewan.

In Saskatchewan they have seven flour-mills and six elevators or big wheat warehouses. They engage principally in agriculture, and are said to be good farmers. One who lived five weeks amongst them quite recently says: 'I watched during my visit to see if I could find a frown or a discontented face, and I was unable to discover one. In cleanliness they are superb. There is no liquor drunk among the Doukhobors, no tobacco used in any form, no profane language, while an exhibition of bad temper is impossible to find. And the morality of these good people is a world-beater. . . . The Doukhobors are an extremely honest people, good neighbours, and most law-abiding citizens. The progress they have made in Saskatchewan is marvellous.'

In British Columbia it has been equally marvellous; although it is only three years since they began operations, they have already cleared at Brilliant alone a total of one thousand acres of land, all of which is planted with fruit-trees, these numbering sixty thousand in all. But they include within the range of their energies many other trades and crafts, represented in the following: house-building, saw-milling, planing-mills, bee-keeping, sash and door factories, brick-making, flour-mills, linseed-oil mills, a jam-factory, and in Saskatchewan twenty threshing-machines with full complements of engines and men. At Brilliant they have also constructed a hospital; a huge concrete tank or reservoir one hundred and fifty feet long, seventy feet wide, and thirteen feet deep; and their own telephone system. At Brilliant they possess fifty horses, and in Saskatchewan no less than seven hundred teams and six hundred span of oxen. In the spring of 1911 they started a jam-factory in Nelson, and agreed not only to pay the market price for the fruit, but also to send their own pickers to gather it. This should prove of immense advantage to all those fruit-ranchers who are dependent upon small fruits for a living during the time that their orchards are growing up and before they come into bearing. The high cost of labour is a real handicap to the grower of small fruits. Not only is it dear, but it is also difficult to obtain. Hence the advent of this body of trained workers in the heart of the fruit-growing district of West Kootenay is likely to prove of great service to the community in general.

During the hot summer of 1910 the Doukhobors proved of very great assistance to the local government fire wardens of the province in fighting the many bush or forest fires which broke out. They were able to send out quite a small army of men at the shortest notice, and in fact did so on more than one occasion. They are strong, sturdy men, and accustomed to hard, muscular work from their youth up.

They live in frame or wooden houses, 'large, two-storied, cottage-roofed buildings, with fine high ceilings and plenty of windows.' They are built from lumber sawn in their own mill, and veneered with bricks made in their own brick-kilns.

At first there was a certain amount of prejudice against these people, partly because of what was supposed to be their religious fanaticism and partly because of their refusal to fuse with the rest of the population. It was felt that they were creating a self-contained community which held itself aloof from the rest of the people amongst whom they had come to live. An endeavour was made to break down this spirit of exclusiveness by getting up an agitation which should call upon the provincial government to enforce the attendance of the Doukhobor children at schools similar to those which exist in every other part of the province. To this the Doukhobors have expressed their willingness to conform, and have even invited the Board of Education to furnish them with proper teachers for the schools which they are building for themselves. Time shows that if there does exist any religious fanaticism amongst them, they are at pains to keep it to themselves, and none of it is evident to their neighbours about them.

One tendency is, however, noticeable which cannot but be disturbing to their leaders. Several of the men have left their communities, and after working on their own account, have begun to buy little plots of land here and there, and clear them and plant fruit-trees. This movement towards individual independence, which as yet is not at all pronounced, is extremely distasteful to Peter Veregin, and he seeks to discourage it by all the means in his power short of force, which his beliefs will not permit him to exercise.

A SHAVE FOR SHYLOCK.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

OLD Vishnudass, grain merchant and money-lender of Talagaum, having recovered his monthly dues from clients in the surrounding villages, was riding homeward, well satisfied with his day's work. The proceeds of his collection were contained in a number of small bags cunningly concealed within the folds of his voluminous garments; and the melodious *chink, chink* of the silver rupees, as they jostled each other with every movement of his pony, sounded gratefully in the ears of the rider. Plump and bulky was the equestrian, as became a man of substance; lean and scraggy was his steed, as befitted the drudge of the most notorious skinflint in the district.

Vishnudass prided himself on his honesty and rectitude—he owed not to any man; on the contrary, many men owed to him. He posed as a public benefactor, as a friend of the widow and orphan, always ready to relieve the poor in time of necessity. Relieve the poor he certainly did—of all their cash, spare or otherwise. Woe to the luckless wight whose name should once become inscribed in the books of the usurer. There it was likely to remain till his dying day. Far better would it have been for him to have hanged or drowned himself than to have signed a bond condemning himself and his dependants to life-long misery. Every man has his own interest at heart, which, in the case of Vishnudass, figured out at a trifle over 200 per cent. Too much? Not a bit of it. He would have his bond to the last farthing, or the *Sarkar* (Government) would know the reason why. Long live the *Sarkar!* Might the shadow of its omnipotence never grow less! Why had law and justice been instituted in India if not to enable Vishnudass and others of his kidney to drain the life-blood from the hearts of the Indian *ryots* (cultivators)? Let the human scarecrows toil and moil all day and every day, till the sweat streamed down their aching bodies, till the ribs protruded from their emaciated frames! What else were they made for? According to the philosophy of Vishnudass, the peasant was made to work, and the usurer was created to enjoy the fruits of the peasant's labour.

Thus pleasantly mused the man of metal, over whose obese countenance there stole a smile of smug complacency, as he made a rapid mental calculation of the interest that would accrue to him on unpaid loans at the end of the year, and decided on the terms of renewal he would exact in each case. Next spring, on the occasion of his son's marriage, he would astonish the town by his munificence; the feast to the Brahmans should be for quantity and quality on a scale hitherto unparalleled; the name of Vishnudass should become great in the land. And—who knows?—perhaps some day he might be elected a municipal councillor.

Absorbed in these reflections, and forgetful of his surroundings, he was proceeding leisurely with slackened rein, when his pony stumbled and nearly precipitated him over its head. Then he became aware that the hour was late, that darkness was rapidly setting in, and that Talagaum was still a good six miles distant. The district, he knew, was infested by dacoits, always well informed by the villagers of the movements of wealthy travellers. Money-lenders were their natural prey. It was more than likely, therefore, that some of these marauders were even then lying in wait to rob and murder him. His wretched pony was ready to drop from exhaustion; there was no possibility of reaching home before nightfall. How he cursed his stupidity for not starting betimes and accomplishing his journey in broad daylight!

Skinflint though he was, Vishnudass nursed his own hide with tender solicitude, and would rather have given two annas (now 2d.) in charity than have parted with a single shred of his precious cuticle. Although, after the fashion of the country, he carried a curved *tulwar* (sword) encased in a wooden sheath covered with gaudy velvet, he felt little inclination to test the temper of his flimsy weapon against the broad blades of the gentlemen of the road. In this perplexity he suddenly bethought him that there was a small *chauki* (police guardhouse) on the roadside close at hand, where he might perchance obtain a night's shelter. Whipping up his steed into a slow, shuffling amble, he gained the *chauki* without mishap, and found the two constables in charge, Faiz Ahmad and Sheik Hoosein, cooking their evening meal under a clump of mango-trees. Faint and hungry, having fasted since morning, he would fain have asked for food; but, prohibited by the rules of his caste from breaking bread with Mohammedans, he merely asked permission to sleep in the *chauki*, explaining that he dared not continue his journey through fear of the dacoits.

'You are welcome to such accommodation as our humble dwelling affords,' said Faiz Ahmad, rising and saluting the new-comer. 'The sacred laws of hospitality shall be respected. You may rest with an easy mind, for not a hair of your head shall be touched. My comrade and I will give a good account of the dacoits should they dare to molest you.—Say, Sheik Hoosein, have not I spoken well?'

'Yes, brother,' replied the other constable, 'on our heads be it to answer for the safety of our guest;' adding, 'The illustrious one, who is the

mirror of kindness and the soul of generosity, will not forget that we are poor men.'

Vishnudass, accepting the hint, fumbled in his clothes until he had found the smallest of his money-bags, extracted therefrom two rupees, and gave one rupee to each of his hosts.

'Make it five, master of millions,' said Faiz Ahmad, extending his palm with the solitary coin lying on it, and winking at his comrade. 'The dacoits carry very sharp swords.'

'They do indeed,' corroborated Sheik Hoosein, 'as many of their victims could testify.'

Realising that he was in their power, the usurer reluctantly handed over the money, though not till he had protested in heartrending terms against the iniquity of exacting from a poor man such exorbitant payment for a night's lodging.

The *chauki* was a small mud building facing the road, with a single door opening inwards, and an iron grating as window in the back wall. Vishnudass, after locking the door, threw himself down on a *charpoy* (bedstead) and tried to sleep, but was kept awake by the doubts and fears which tormented his mind. He had intercepted the glances of his hosts as their eyes fell on his money-bag, and had liked them not at all. The constables had already shown the cloven hoof by extorting money from him. How weak he had been to accede to their demands! Why had he not pushed boldly on to Talagaum and risked encountering the dacoits? He might have reached home without losing an anna; whereas now—agonising thought!—he was a clear ten rupees out of pocket. Consoling himself as best he could with the reflection that on his return to Talagaum he would call upon the Superintendent Sahib and make a charge of blackmailing against his protectors, he at last fell into a fitful slumber.

Vishnudass, after a brief spell of sleep, was awakened suddenly by the sound of low voices in stealthy conversation without. Springing up, with all his faculties on the alert, he stole cautiously to the grating and listened. The speakers, of whom there were three, were seated with their backs against one of the side-walls of the *chauki*. The usurer recognised immediately the voices of the two constables; and he discovered, to his amazement, that the third person was no other than Jemadar Abdul Kadir, an influential and much-respected police-officer of Talagaum. What he heard made his blood run cold. He could hardly believe his ears. It was a plot to rob and murder him, and, what was worse, to *bury* his body. The inhuman monsters actually contemplated committing to the earth the remains of the noble and upright Vishnudass—most orthodox of Hindus, celebrated for his piety and for strict observance of the tenets of his faith—whereby the sacred rites of cremation would be denied to him, and his soul would be lost. What sacrilege! It was a wonder the earth did not open up and swallow the dastardly trio as they sat concocting their devilish scheme.

Vishnudass the wary found himself, for the first time in his life, in a situation of extreme peril. How to save both his pelt and his pelf was the difficult problem he now had to solve. It was characteristic of the man that, even with death impending, he should calculate his chances of saving that which was only one degree less dear to him than life itself—his money. His first impulse was to try bribery, a pecuniary argument being one to which a poorly paid native official seldom or never turns a deaf ear. He would offer his enemies a large sum of money to spare his life, swearing at the same time, by all he held most sacred, not to betray them. Then it occurred to him that Mohammedans, so truthful themselves, know exactly what reliance can be placed on the oath of a Hindu, and that the axiom 'Dead men tell no tales' is thoroughly appreciated by the Indian police, who as a rule leave nothing to chance. To reveal himself would but precipitate his doom. It behoved him, therefore, to remain silent, and to trust to luck to extricate him from his unpleasant dilemma. He conjectured rightly that the conspirators, to avoid the possibility of detection by chance wayfarers, would defer the execution of their design until they could act safely under the cover of darkness. The moon was shining brightly in the heavens; without it was as light as day. Vishnudass, therefore, had still a few hours of existence before him.

The unhappy usurer, crouched on the floor of the *chauki*, trembling in every limb, heard the details of the hideous plot being gradually unfolded: how he was to be murdered in his sleep; after which his corpse was to be dismembered and buried under the mango-trees, where, it appeared, lay the mortal remains of several other victims of the guardians of the peace. The murdering and burying part of the business was to be performed by the constables. The Jemadar, who scorned to sully his hands by dipping them in the blood of a Hindu, would confine himself to seizing the lion's share of the booty. This worthy, after giving final instructions to his subordinates, and assuring them that he would return in a few hours' time, mounted his horse and rode back to Talagaum. Vishnudass, though in the last stage of misery and dejection, could not but admire the astuteness of the police-officer, who, taking no risks, yet stood to win a large stake; for he knew that, under similar circumstances, he would have acted exactly in the same way himself.

Faiz Ahmad and Sheik Hoosein then arranged that each should sleep in turn, while the other kept watch. Vishnudass, meanwhile, passed a weary vigil, hoping and praying for succour. Not a sound reached his ears save the howling of the jackals scouring the surrounding desert in quest of food, and he shuddered at the thought that these ravenous beasts might erelong be rending the flesh from his bones. Two hours

passed, and the moon was beginning to fade from the sky when the two constables commenced to converse together in whispers. Vishnudass, with his ear applied to the grating, heard Sheik Hoosein, the younger of the pair, expostulate with his companion, and declare he would be no party to slaying a man, even a Hindu, in cold blood; while Faiz Ahmad, evidently a hardened villain steeped in crime, jeered at him for his scruples and accused him of cowardice. The last taunt proved effective. Sheik Hoosein ceased to demur further, but, vowing that he needed a stimulant, suggested that they should repair to the nearest village and fortify themselves with strong liquor—a proposal to which Faiz Ahmad readily agreed. The constables, peering through the grating of the *chauki* as a precautionary measure, beheld the portly figure of the Hindu stretched inert, and apparently somnolent, on the bedstead, and heard the heavy, stertorous breathing as of one in deep slumber.

'The son of a burnt father sleeps soundly, but will have a rude awakening,' muttered Faiz Ahmad as he turned away, satisfied with his inspection.

As soon as the coast was clear Vishnudass ran to the clump of trees in quest of his pony, but found him gone. He determined, therefore, to take refuge in the jungle, to reach which he would have to traverse about a mile of sandy desert. No sooner, however, had he started than the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering along the high-road from the direction of Talagaum warned him that the Jemadar was returning. Hastily retracing his steps, he clambered up a tree, and screened himself, as best he could, by lying at full length along a thick branch. He was only just in time. In a few minutes the Jemadar arrived on the spot, and, tethering his horse to the very tree up which the usurer was concealed, entered the *chauki*. Finding it empty, and concluding that his confederates had already disposed of their man and were engaged in burying the corpse, he flung himself down on the *charpoy*, and was soon fast asleep.

Vishnudass, in momentary expectation of the reappearance of the Jemadar, lay perfectly motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, casting wistful eyes at the steed standing saddled and bridled so temptingly beneath him. After a few minutes had passed, and the Jemadar still gave no sign, Vishnudass, realising that now or never was his chance, slithered down the tree with remarkable agility for one of his bulk, clambered into the saddle, and, turning the horse off the high-road, made for Talagaum by a circuitous route.

Shortly after his departure the two constables, mad with drink and lusting for blood, burst furiously into the *chauki*. In the dim light they discerned the form of a man lying prone and helpless on the *charpoy* in the abandon of profound slumber. With a savage yell they rushed upon the sleeper, and before he could rise hacked him almost to pieces with their sharp swords.

'The Jemadar Sahib will have no reason to complain of the manner in which we have carried out his orders,' cried Faiz Ahmad, with a fiendish chuckle, 'though we haven't made a very clean job of it. Bear a hand, comrade, and we'll carry the unbelieving dog, or what's left of him, outside, and then relieve him of his money-bags. You take his head and I'll take his heels.'

Sheik Hoosein was in the act of raising the head of the murdered man, when his fumbling hands encountered a beard. With an exclamation of horror he dropped his ghastly burden.

'What ails you, clumsy fool?' demanded Faiz Ahmad angrily.

'The infidel has escaped us, and we've slain one of the faithful instead,' returned the other in awe-stricken tones. 'The dead man wears a beard, so he can't be a Hindu.'

'Impossible,' retorted his companion. 'You're either drunk or bereft of your senses.'

'Judge for yourself, then,' said Sheik Hoosein, striking a match and holding it close to the face of the corpse. 'And, what's more, we've killed the Jemadar Sahib himself.'

'Serve him right,' said Faiz Ahmad, spurning the corpse brutally with his foot. 'Abdul Kadir grew fat and rich by the dirty work he delegated to poor devils like ourselves, and always took care to keep his own precious neck out of reach of the halter. At last he has fallen into the trap he so often set for others. *Kismet*. It remains only for us to bury him in the grave intended for the Hindu, and then to seek our fortunes farther afield.'

Next day the Superintendent of Police, acting on the information supplied by Vishnudass, caused the ground under the mango-grove near the *chauki* to be dug up, and this led to the discovery not only of the corpse of the Jemadar, but of the remains of numerous wealthy citizens whose disappearances had been attributed to the dacoits.

The virtuous Vishnudass, in recognition of his eminent services, received a handsome pecuniary reward from Government, which enabled him to extend widely his money-lending operations and to increase proportionately the number of his victims. Faiz Ahmad and Sheik Hoosein found congenial employment in the service of a robber chieftain over the border, and were never heard of again in British territory.

THE CAMPANILE, VENICE.

By Day Allen Willey.

STAYING with her father and mother in Venice, a little American girl became fond of going down to the Piazza of St Mark's to see the doves fed, as they have been fed for centuries. Something happened one day in the year 1902 that caused her to run home as fast as she could. This was the story she told her mother: 'Everything was quiet, and the doves were having their dinner, when I looked up at the big tower. Little puffs of white smoke were coming out of it. Then I looked up higher, and saw the great golden angel sinking down. It went faster and faster, until a cloud of something white covered it up, and I ran home to tell you.'

That was the way one of the world's greatest towers, one of history's landmarks, fell in a heap of dust. It was a great tower, the Campanile, reaching three hundred and twenty-five feet into the sky, or more than half the height of America's highest monument to Washington. For over three hundred years it had thrown its full shadow over the Piazza where the doves feed—perhaps it stood there before any doves came to be fed. But the pile was so high, so massive, that no less than seven hundred and two years passed after its foundation was laid before the angel was placed on the top, to be regarded by Venetians with a sacred devotion that has continued to this day. So the fall of the Campanile was considered a public calamity.

When the throngs attracted by the news gathered around the shapeless heap of white which had been once so beautiful, so stately in its colour and proportions, many of the men and women sobbed aloud as if grieving for the death of a dear one. They wondered how it could fall, this tower apparently so solid, so strong. Rumour said it had been blown up by enemies of the Catholic Church to weaken its power. Some of the people who believed in magic thought its destruction due to the work of magicians. But the men of science—the engineers who studied the ruins of the foundations—said the Campanile came to its end merely because of old age; like an old man or old woman it became too weak to stand, and so after remaining erect all these centuries it finally collapsed.

For over five centuries those bells of St Mark's had pealed forth day by day, their tones echoing and re-echoing against the marble walls of the ancient palaces, and carrying far out over the blue waters of the Adriatic. These bells had a mission. Far away back in the ages, when to the City of the Isles came ships from all ports of the known world laden with rich silks and cloths, ivory, spices, even gold and jewels—the wealth of the ancient cities of the East—the watchmen in the belfry of the Campanile struck the brazen tongues to tell the waiting people when the treasure-craft was coming into the harbour. Away up in the spire that crowned the Campanile were lookouts in time of war to note the approach of any galleys and barges of hostile nations. Seeing many miles over the waves, if any enemy appeared in the distance they rang the chimes and thus aroused the men-at-arms on guard. How many times the bells of St Mark's saved Venice from possible capture and ruin is not known, but it is a matter of record that they were regarded as the 'fire-bell' is in our country towns, to give an alarm of danger. The bells were sweetly toned, and rang in such harmony that, in the morning and evening especially, the Venetians would bare their heads and listen to the chimes in reverence.

Such is a bit of the history of the Campanile which is worth telling, because it had so attached itself to the folk of Italy, and had so fixed itself in their memories. It was associated with their fathers and forefathers, with the early progress of the nation, and with the days when Venice was the queen of Italy and possibly the richest city of the then civilised world. That is why another great edifice rose slowly but surely—another Campanile of the same height, the same shape, the same proportions. Even the same delicate colouring of the older one is to be seen on the outside of that which has taken its place. On the very site where stood the other the newer pile has risen skyward; and, strange as it may seem, it is held up partly on the foundations on which the first Campanile stood during its thousand and more years of existence.

The construction of the original Campanile was a great feat of human genius and ability, but the present work is equally interesting and important. No less than twenty thousand tons of concrete, stone, and brick are contained in it, and all this on a base which is less than fifty feet square. In other words, it is just forty-two and a half feet long, and you walk exactly the same distance along the side from end to end. If this enormous weight rested on solid rock, or even on firm earth, the task might be easier; but here is an instance of 'putting something upon nothing'—to use a common phrase—and actually holding it up. This is because the great city, with its stone and marble galleries, palaces, churches, even its streets where the canal does not afford communication, is actually built over the Adriatic Sea. It rests on a thick cushion or bed of compact clay, into which the foundation-piles are driven. This cushion rests in its turn on a deep stratum of watery sand. It is essential, in building,

that the clay should not be pierced, otherwise a geyser of water and sand is at once thrown up and the pile loses its carrying-power. This clay-bed varies in thickness from about eighteen to twenty-four feet in different parts of the town; it also varies in consistency. At the island of Dorso Duro (or Hard Back) it is, as the name implies, very firm; so, too, at the point where the Campanile stands. Borings in the clay stratum have disclosed the fact that there are layers of peat or pockets of sand and mud.

Think of trying to build a tower over three hundred feet high on a foundation so narrow that a boy could walk across it in ten steps, with not a piece of stone or rock in it, and below the sand and clay the waters of the sea! Yet the men of Italy have built another Campanile, and they worked along very similar lines to the way in which their ancestors worked. We have heard the saying, 'There's nothing new under the sun.' This comes near being true in what the world calls the restoration of the Campanile. That's the word—'restoration,' and a fitting term it is. Of course they had to begin the task far below the surface of the city, so they carefully examined the material of which this natural sponge was composed, also the supports that upheld the old tower. These supports, strange to say, were merely wooden braces or piles driven into the clay. The piles, at the single point where they were examined, were found to be of white poplar, in very good preservation, and presenting a closely twisted fibre. On the top of the piles was a platform composed of two layers of oak beams, the lower layer running east and west, the upper layer crossing it from north to south. On this platform were laid the foundations, properly so called; they consisted of seven layers of stone of various kinds and sizes, held together in some places by mortar. Above the foundations came the base of five courses in layers of stone, set in stepwise. The height of the foundations from the platform to the crown of the base was sixteen feet. When the weight of the tower was removed by its fall, the whole foundations rose thirteen to sixteen inches, owing to the upward thrust from the stratum of watery sand that underlies the clay. It was also found that a settlement of six inches had taken place at the north-east angle of the tower.

These curious movements show the immense downward pressure that the old Campanile exerted upon its base. Another strange discovery was made that a stone fortress built by an unknown nation had stood here at one time, as a part of its foundation-wall formed a portion of the foundation for the original tower. Work on the tower was begun in the year 902, over ten centuries ago, but this fortress was constructed probably before the Venetian era.

Finishing the examinations, the Venetian engineers formed their plans for the making of the tower. As to its support, the problem was solved by deciding to preserve and enlarge the old foundations, and this decision was rendered irrevocable by the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Campanile in the centre of the old foundations—a ceremony performed with all pomp, on 25th April 1903, by the Count of Turin, representing the king; by the then patriarch of Venice, now Pope Pius X.; and a host of international, national, and civic notables.

It was resolved to proceed by the old method of piles, platform, foundations, and base. A ditch about sixteen feet deep—that is, down to the level of the pile-heads—was dug all round the old foundations to the width of about twelve feet. Into the area thus laid bare the engineers proceeded to drive three thousand and seventy-six piles of larchwood from Cadore, fresh cut so as to ensure the presence of abundant resin. The average diameter of each pile is eight and a quarter inches. Larch was preferred to oak, partly because experience has shown its power of resisting decomposition when buried in the clay of the lagoon-bed, and partly because larch piles are straight, whereas the oak is often bent and twisted. The piles were on an average thirteen feet long. They were driven home to almost absolute resistance. They are calculated to have a carrying-power of thirty tons each, giving a total carrying-power of about ninety thousand tons, the weight of the tower they support being estimated at twenty thousand tons. At the angles the piles are in contact with each other, but elsewhere they average twelve to the square metre; the total enlargement of the foundation area amounting to two hundred and forty square metres.

The driving of these piles was a slow process. It was carried on by the primitive method of hand-rope and pulley and weight; eleven ropes to haul upon, and eleven men to each pile-driver. Day after day, month after month, from behind the palisade that hid the works came the long, monotonous drone of the foreman giving the time to his 'hands' in one of those chants to which the foundation-piles of Venice have always been driven home; each line ending in a prolonged 'eh' or 'oh' to mark the downward haul on the rope.

Three months were needed to drive all the piles home, to make them secure. Then upon them was laid what is called the platform, or, it might be said, the floor, of the new Campanile. This is made of two layers of oak beams, which were fresh cut in the forest of Montello. The lower layer runs parallel to the sides of the foundations, the upper is laid across; but at each angle there is a third layer placed in the form of a fan of seven sticks, an ingenious device by which the pressure at the angles is distributed over a wide area. The layers are fastened together by wooden pins, and the cracks filled in with cement and chips of porous stone.

On the top of the new platform come the new foundations, formed of massive blocks of Istrian stone carefully cemented together. They are in eleven courses. Istrian stone was selected on account of its compact grain, which resembles that of marble. These blocks are set into the old foundations to the depth of six feet six inches, the largest blocks being nine feet nine inches in length and four feet seven inches in width, so that the new Campanile rests almost entirely on new foundations and a new platform, while its weight is borne partly by new and partly by old piles.

The method adopted for conveying these great blocks was the method used, no doubt, by the builders of the original foundations; they were slowly and laboriously hauled by hand, with wooden rollers and ropes, up the length of the Piazzetta from the pier where the barges were moored.

On the foundations rests the main tower, which extends upward to a height of about one hundred and seventy feet. Upon this is laid a covering of metal to strengthen it and protect it from the weather. Then comes what is called the 'bell-seat.' This is where the new chimes of St Mark's are hung. Above the bells is the dado. This is surmounted by a slender, graceful spire sixty-eight feet in height. As a base for the statue of the Campanile is the *acrotero*. And above all stands another golden angel modelled by one of the most noted Italian sculptors. It is fifteen feet in height, and looks down nearly three hundred and twenty-five feet upon the Piazza and the doves. The new Campanile may vary an inch or two in height from the older one, but not more, so wonderfully accurate have been the calculations of its designers.

One reason why this slender pyramid could be built so far up in the air on such a small base was because of the plan followed by the builders. The four walls each consist of two sections or 'shells,' with a space between, making them much lighter than if solid. The shells are fastened together by bars of concrete. The outside wall is of bricks specially manufactured for the tower to stand the pressure of the great weight upon them. The clay from which the bricks were moulded was first filled with steam to make it more compact. The moulds were powerful wooden presses that were of the proper size. From the kilns the bricks came seemingly as hard as granite blocks; but before being set in the tower they had to get a washing, and for seven days were soaked in water to remove any chemicals that might discolour the tower after they were placed in the walls.

As one looked at the Campanile during its erection, it seemed to be growing out of the ground, as the tree grows, without any human aid. No steam-engine was hissing and puffing as we usually see in building operations. Even on the upper part of the tower no 'booms' or other apparatus for lifting weights were to be seen. Actually all the work was done by human labour. Even the movable scaffold which was set around the unfinished top of the tower was lifted by jack-screws which the men turned round and round, raising it less than an inch at a time. Working with this scaffold the wall-makers added ten feet to the height of the tower before it was necessary to change it. Then eight men 'stood by' the jack-screws and turned them for three hours, only stopping a few minutes to rest, until this curious movable platform had risen another ten feet in the air.

The bells of St Mark's have once more rung out after a silence of ten years. Director Piacentini, in predicting that 'the completion of this work will probably be achieved in 1911,' was not far out, for the new Campanile was inaugurated on 25th April 1912. Unconsciously the director chose the word that most fittingly described the task that will be a monument to his ability, devotion, and patriotism. In restoring the Campanile, he and his little band of Venetians have *achieved* what is a truly marvellous feat.

HIS NAME!

A LOCAL INCIDENT.

I PAUSED beside the monument*
Which memory loved to rear
For those who, with their valiant lives,
Purchased a peace too dear.

Their names the lettered bronzes bear,
Columned in sombre state;
Each has a deeper record hid
In hearts that weep his fate.

I saw two weary women near,
The elder marking time,
The younger earnestly engaged
In reading every line.

At length she, with averted eyes
From off that roll of fame,
Turned to the listless one, and cried,
'Oh mither, here's his name!'

Then, pointing with her finger, traced
The letters one by one.
Her mother saw, and, seeing, said
Or sighed, 'Thy will be done.'

Oh, when shall valour's stately deeds
Their humble source disclose?
Oh, when shall we with judgment see
The font whence virtue flows?

That mother lit the spark which glowed
In manhood manifest;
That sister fanned the flickering flame
Which fired the patriot's breast.

Their names ascended in the prayer
That heaved his parting breath;
His name shall linger in their hearts
Till life dissolve in death.

F. SARTORIUS.

* Monument on the Mound in Edinburgh to the soldiers of the Black Watch who fell in the Boer war.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

A MAN has now come to London who is, in a sense, the most important man in Europe at the present time, and two directly opposite views are expressed as to what exactly he has come for. On the one hand it is said that, at a time of great stress and doubt and keen national anxiety in two countries, he has come as an angel of peace, bent on bringing to an end by the most kindly and conciliatory measures the feeling of distrust and danger that has encumbered the relations between Great Britain and Germany for such a long time past. It is to be peace and friendship, firm and sure, at nearly any price. This is the minority view. The majority view, those who express it smiling sardonically upon the others, is that he comes to London with the mailed fist, the strongest and most resolute of Germans, the man who, next to the Kaiser himself, is most ambitious for the future of Germany, and the one who has been the most implacable enemy of this country ever since he became a force in international politics; that he comes, not with kindness and a resolute determination for peace and goodwill to be obtained, but with an ultimatum that his country's interests must be served, and that he is here to see that they are so. The reference is, of course, to the Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the new German Ambassador to the Court of St James's, who takes the place of Count Wolff Metternich. It is one thing or the other. The change at the German Embassy at such a critical period in our relations with the Fatherland is no ordinary one; it is part of a fixed policy, and many of the circumstances of the Baron's diplomatic career do seem to suggest a weakness in the minority view, as it has been expressed in a few English newspapers and—naïvely, and with possible purpose—in many in Germany. Why, it was this new Ambassador in London who inspired and wrote out the famous telegram from the Kaiser to President Kruger in 1896, in which he congratulated him on the failure of the Jameson Raid; but it is believed that if he had had his own way that telegram would have been framed in terms which would have inspired even greater resentment in this country than it did. At that time the Baron Marschall, as he is generally called, was the German Foreign Secretary, and immediately after the Jameson Raid the Kaiser repaired to take counsel with the Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, the Foreign Secretary, and the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Hollmann, upon the new and interesting situation that had thus been brought about. When he got there the telegram lay upon the table ready for his signature. Those who have knowledge of what occurred at the time insist that at the outset the Kaiser was very unwilling. He preferred that no telegram at all should be sent; but with many arguments and much strength of determination the Baron Marschall brought him round, putting it forward that in the circumstances something of the kind was absolutely necessary, and that it would receive the most cordial approval of the German people. Then the Kaiser made numerous alterations in the wording of the message, toning it down appreciably, and so it was despatched, to be much regretted afterwards even in Germany.

* * *

The Baron Marschall is in all respects a deeply interesting personality. Here he comes to London to fill the most difficult position that exists in diplomacy, and not merely to take a place and go on evenly with the work, but to initiate and try a new line of action of the most stupendous importance and difficulty, at the age of sixty-nine years. In the month of October he will be seventy years of age, and now he has to engage upon the most difficult business of his life, and he does so with virility, zest, enthusiasm. It is work that is to his liking. Young men do not make good ambassadors—they do not make ambassadors at all; but it is seldom that such duties devolve upon any prince of diplomacy at seventy as now devolve upon this Minister of Germany. In his own words, it is a 'steep and stony path' that lies before him, and that is why he likes it. He is the typical German in appearance. He is tall and bulky; his head is big and his features somewhat inclined to the German swarthiness, with the coarse, wiry moustache of the Bismarck kind. On one of his cheeks there are shown plainly the marks that were made in duels in his student days. He is not an affable man, but is possessed of the rarest tact, and knows how to be exceed-

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ingly agreeable to persons of comparatively little importance who, he conceives, can be of use to him. Ambassadors are not easy people to approach; but if a visitor who desires an audience has something to tell the Baron Marschall that may possibly be of use to him the door flies open. In his private life he is a curious study. He will spend an hour or two in brooding upon a problem on the chess-board, or he will fill up an interval of leisure in performing vigorously upon his piano, or, if he would be in the open air, you may find him pottering about in a summer garden. Always, like other men of his strength, you find him to be unconventional, a man of strange and independent moods.

* * *

He is worth considering in yet more detail, for the Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, as is easily perceived, is destined inevitably to play a part of overwhelming importance in relation to the future of our country within the next few years. Already he has begun to play it. The climax of the drama may be soon or it may be late; but a climax vast in its consequences will arrive. He comes from Southern Germany, belonging to an old family of nobles that has supplied various persons to minor offices in the State. Only his grandfather before him rose to a position of appreciable national importance, becoming a Minister in the Government. His father was a judge, and it was intended that he too should follow a legal career, and he was educated for the Bar and soon established as Crown Counsel. For some ten or twelve years he was State Prosecutor; then he gave up the law and set before him a great ambition in the direction of politics. The first step was to get elected to the Reichstag. Soon he edged his way into the outer diplomatic circles, and some thirty years ago he was sent to Berlin as the diplomatic representative of Baden, having a seat in the Federal Council. There, with the aid of Von Holstein, he soon worked himself into the great political intrigues that were then current, and was one of the party that successfully manœuvred for the overthrow of Bismarck, who used to refer contemptuously to him as the 'Baden State Attorney.' He had his reward when Count Herbert Bismarck, the son of the Iron Chancellor, retired from the office of Foreign Secretary, the post being given to him. In this high capacity he was not an unqualified success. It was inevitable, of course, that he should have many enemies, for he was regarded as an upstart. While he was Foreign Secretary there were many political scandals exposed, and the Baron Marschall was very freely attacked in connection with some of them. But, on the other hand, some great affairs of high international consequence were carried through. The Triple Alliance was renewed, and Russia and Germany co-operated in the Far East when there was great work to be done after the conclusion of the war between China and Japan. At the end of his period as Foreign Secretary he quitted Berlin to take up the post of German Ambassador at Constantinople, with the special object of increasing the influence of his own country. The Kaiser had already laid the foundations for this great enterprise, and the Baron Marschall built up on them a magnificent edifice of German power and strength. His insight, his diplomacy, and his pushfulness were wonderful; all the powers of Constantinople were quickly subjugated to him, and he came to be recognised as the strongest influence in all Turkey. All that influence was for the increase of the German interest and the lessening of the British, and well did it succeed. Soon the German Ambassador was the strongest and most important man in Turkey. When the Sultan went and the New Turkey party came in, it was prophesied that the Baron Marschall's reign would come to an end, and that the German power would disappear at once. But adaptability and resource have always been among the most prominent features of this astute diplomat, and he quickly ingratiated himself with the new forces, adapted himself to their requirements and tastes, and was as powerful as ever. Little wonder, then, that he should be called the 'Giant of the Golden Horn.' It is because of these great successes for German policy that he has at this fateful time in the history of Anglo-German relations been removed from Constantinople to London.

* * *

The Baron Marschall belongs to a new kind of diplomacy of which he is at present almost the sole representative. Ambassadorial methods and etiquette are for the most part saturated in tradition and convention. It has been made to appear that the loftiness of the functions of the representatives of the Powers at foreign Courts would not permit of the employment of any means or manner that were not extremely old-fashioned and most highly dignified. No doubt there is much virtue and wisdom in the principles that govern these ways; but the Baron Marschall realises that the world is very different now from what it was only a little while since, and that it behoves those who would achieve their ends with ease to make employment of all the new and powerful weapons that modern civilisation has placed at their disposal. When kings and emperors have begun to make use of the Press it is not for ambassadors to abstain. No member of any diplomatic corps in Europe has ever made anything like such careful and thorough use of it as has the new German Ambassador in London. When he was in Constantinople he had what was virtually his own Press agent. This was Herr Paul Weitz, who was nominally the Constantinople correspondent of one of the leading German newspapers. Through him the Baron Marschall not

only gave his own representation to the German public of what was going on in Turkey, and of what might happen there in the future, but he inspired the public with his own views and suggestions concerning many matters of general European politics. Through Herr Weitz, the Ambassador in Constantinople was an unseen force in the affairs of the Continent all the time. Did any person of consequence in some political aspect, though perhaps of humble station, find his way to the Turkish capital, somebody having something to tell that might be of interest to the Baron Marschall, he was almost certain to come into contact with Herr Weitz, all suavity and graciousness, and the latter would then be most likely to suggest that perhaps an audience with the Ambassador would be agreeable and interesting to him. The invitation would forthwith follow. He cultivates the foreign journalists. The story is told that when, on the occasion of the Hague Peace Conference, two or three representatives of the leading British newspapers called upon one of the British delegates, hoping that they might be given some knowledge of the proceedings and possibilities of the conference, they received something very much in the nature of a snubbing for their pains. As soon as they left, one of them was met by Herr Weitz, who learned what had happened. He at once asked whether he would like to 'talk conference' with the Baron Marschall, the senior German representative, and the suggestion being agreeable, the invitation to an audience came along at once. The meeting took place; the Baron expressed his views, and on the correspondent taking his departure, assured him that he should be glad to see him and continue the discussion every morning while the conference lasted. Let it be said that the new German Ambassador has brought Herr Weitz with him to London. Another thing that he has brought with him, indicative of his shrewdness and his application of new methods to old systems, is a very precious typewriter which has special type that nobody in the world except himself and one or two officials in the German Foreign Office can read. For obvious reasons only he himself ever uses this machine. When he desires to send a message in his private code, the machine is taken out from its bolted case, the ambassadorial fingers play upon the keys, the document is sealed and despatched, and the machine is put back again. Except in such an application these machines with secret codes are no novelty, and are very easily devised, while to work them is the simplest matter. The keys are just the same as those on an ordinary typewriter, and the operator spells out his words correctly upon them. But the lever belonging to each key has at the end of it not the letter which the operator touched, but another one or some peculiar sign, and so the codification is in a sense automatic and exceedingly simple. But only those who know what is at the end of each lever can afterwards read the message.

* * *

Ambassadors, Ministers, and all others who are at the heart of things in the greater world constantly afford material for the most interesting contemplation in the newspapers and in books; but the view you gain of them is rarely an intimate one. Such a one, however, is presented in a very attractive form by Mr George W. Smalley in the second series of his *Anglo-American Memories*, lately published; for Mr Smalley, having represented a great British newspaper at Washington, and having there, in London, and other parts of the world come into the closest contact with celebrities of the most diverse kinds, ambassadors and politicians, millionaires and artists, has interesting stories to tell us of most of them. From his own knowledge and experience he fashions for us some of the neatest cameos about our foremost men. Writing a chapter on Mr Balfour, he says in it: 'Perhaps he expects from others what he only is capable of—the power of an instant response to a demand, of instant brain-work at full-speed ahead. I will venture on one illustration. It was after dinner at Wynyard Park, the house filled with people, most of them celebrities. I was standing with Mr Balfour, British fashion, on the hearthrug before a lighted fire. He had heard I meant to write a book, a comparative study of British and American politics, and other matters, and asked some questions. Presently he said, "Well, you have had great opportunities. You ought to write such a book. Have you begun it?" "No." "Then go upstairs *now*, and write the first chapter." Alas! it was a counsel of perfection. It was what he himself would have done. But Lady Londonderry presented herself at that moment, and required us to make up a bridge-table, and I did not write my first chapter that night; nor have I written it since.' Then there is Lord Rosebery: 'He has another gift in which Lord Salisbury was pre-eminent—the power of work. I was with Lord Rosebery one night at Mentmore. He sat in his room upstairs, inside a rampart of Foreign Office despatch boxes, three sides of a quadrilateral and as high as his writing-table. As I left, about one o'clock in the morning, I asked, "When are you going through these?" "Now." "But that may mean half the rest of the night." "I can't tell how long they may take till I have looked at them; but, long or short, they must be done to-night. The only way to deal with F.O. business is to start with a clean slate every morning." I remembered having heard from a Foreign Office clerk that Lord Granville used to leave his boxes unopened for three weeks at a time. And I remembered having met Lord Granville on a Sunday morning in the country, when he learned from a Sunday newspaper arriving about eleven o'clock a piece of diplomatic

intelligence of high importance which must have been known in the Foreign Office in London the day before. Well, yes, and I remembered having been told in Berlin that high officials of that highly and deservedly praised German bureaucracy thought themselves lucky if they got papers back from the Emperor three weeks after they had been sent. "Penal servitude for fourteen hours a day," was Lord Rosebery's own description of his work at the Foreign Office.'

* * *

Here is a tale of Mr Pierpont Morgan and his collecting of the art treasures for which he is hardly less famous than for his amassing of millions of American dollars: 'He has *flair* and he has luck. If you do not believe in luck I will tell you another story. In the double house at Prince's Gate, in London, reposed for a long time an imperfect *garniture de cheminée* in Sèvres of the best period. The complete set was of five pieces, and Mr Morgan had only four. He had ransacked Europe. Every dealer in Sèvres knew of it, and was on the lookout; but Mr Morgan had relinquished all hope of finding the fifth. One evening just before dinner the bell rang, and the servant brought up a message that a man at the door with a parcel wished to see Mr Morgan. "Send him away," was the answer. But as the door was closing, Mr Morgan, from pure caprice or impulse, as he described it, but really from an inspiration, called the servant back and told him to bring up the parcel. There at last was the missing fifth piece of the *garniture de cheminée!* "Now, bring the man up." He came. "You wish to sell this?" "Yes." "How much?" The man named the price. "I was not sure," said Mr Morgan, "I had so much money in the house; but the sum was got together and paid, and a receipt taken." Then he asked, "Had you any particular reason for bringing this to me?" "No, sir, except that I had heard of you as a buyer of good things, and this is very fine Sèvres." "Yes, I am aware of that. Good-evening."' And then there is a somewhat curious anecdote of Whistler in this Smalley collection which does not reflect the utmost credit for their taste upon the artist's friends of the occasion. 'It has been said of Whistler truly enough,' this story runs, 'that he was proud of the white plume in his black hair. But with his pride went, naturally, a certain sensitiveness. He wanted his little tuft of white treated with respect, as a flag. It was sacred, as the white flag was to Comte de Chambord. Most people respected Whistler's wish, if not all. I went one day to a lunch given by a lady whom her friends set up as a rival to Mrs Langtry. It was a large party. When the ladies went upstairs, most of the men were bidden by their hostess to follow as soon as the first cigarette had been smoked. Whistler was not told; on the contrary, a man was asked to hold him in talk for ten minutes. Once in the drawing-room, the hostess produced a number of white feathers, one of which she fastened into each man's hair, in front, where Whistler wore his. Then she marshalled her men in line, facing the door, and sent word to Whistler in the dining-room that he was staying a long time, and she would like him to come up. He obeyed, and when he opened the door of the drawing-room found himself confronted with a line of black-haired men each decorated with a white plume in imitation of his own. His face turned red and then pale. He walked slowly past the line to the end where stood his hostess enjoying what she thought an innocent *plaisanterie*. But Whistler's expression had in it much more of tragedy than of comedy. "Ah, yes," he said, "very pretty—very pretty indeed. To not one of you will I ever speak again." With that he turned his back on his hostess and her guests, and marched out of the room, and downstairs, and out of the house. Yet his anger did not last.' The anger of many other far less sensitive people than Whistler would have lasted.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

By F. G. Aflalo.

'WELL, they will for *me*, anyway!'

It was said with a superb assurance which evidently tickled the veterans, yet the speaker was so curiously handsome that most women, at any rate, would have been inclined to agree with him; and it was to women that Mars Stonor, the young Canadian artist who had come only yesterday to the little colony at Polben, alluded. The gray eyes, set slantwise and a little too close together, gave an Indian touch to the face; but the high forehead, straight nose, curly chestnut hair, and perfect teeth — Stonor, some one had enviously said, would smile at his own funeral—were irresistible, as was also the splendid confidence of his youth. The athletic figure was displayed to advantage in the Norfolk coat and knickerbockers, and he was a man who had evidently lived out under the stars. He loved his art; and, as the son of a wealthy father who had always made him a handsome allowance, he was magnificently indifferent to money-matters. His boastful prophecy was a challenge in reply to a remark made by one of the *anciens* that the little Breton models were showing growing reluctance to take off the national coif when posing for the head and shoulders.

'*Ecoutez, Apollon!*' cried Lanfried mock-

ingly; 'zey veel for me, aneevay!' He mimicked the other, quite without malice and with irresistible drollery. Lanfried was a Dutchman who smoked a volcanic pipe apparently charged with shredded lava. He was a genius, who painted as the fancy took him; moreover, he was nine-and-forty, and wholly careless of an appearance that must at one time have been attractive. Wherefore he eyed the pride of youth without envy, though not perhaps without pity for the illusions art must have in store for one so confident.

'*Tenez!*' he went on, and then offered to bet the new-comer a hundred francs that before the end of the week he would not get one of the local girls to pose without the coif.

'Done with you!' said Stonor, and the wager was solemnised in Dubonnet and other cordials.

The conversation took place on the stoep of the hotel, in presence of several artists and of one or two amused tourists, and every word of it was overheard by a young woman seated in the window of a private sitting-room on the first floor, a little back from the edge, so that she could see, though herself unseen. She was a beautiful woman, little more than a girl in years, yet with an indefinable air of trouble that had aged her prematurely. Her ivory complexion almost shone under the coronal of black hair; but the face, lacking animation, suggested that its owner was bored to death, suggested that she neither lived in the present nor cared to recall the past. Of the future she may have thought, with Professor Max Müller, of whom she had never heard, that it could not possibly be worse than what had gone before. Yet here, at any rate, in this forgotten corner of old Brittany, she had found peace. Her eyes narrowed as she looked down on the young Canadian, and for a moment she held her breath, finding, as it were, something compelling in his face.

Then she crossed the room and pressed an electric button beside the mantelpiece, and to the trim little maid who answered the bell she said that she would lunch at once, and that Carl was to have the car ready in an hour's time to take her into Concarneau. '*Tiens*,' she added, as the little maid was withdrawing with a smiling '*Oui*, madame,' 'and who is that young man talking down there?'

'But did not madame know? He was an American'—the Canadian intonation had done this—'named Sturgees.' It is a fact that Stonor had so entered himself in the hotel book. 'He had arrived only last evening from Quimperlé, and was going straight off to Concarneau that afternoon. He was a painter, but seemed not to find Polben good enough.' This was said with a *moue* at such blindness as could find no inspiration in the beloved Polben. 'The American monsieur was, in fact, in so great a hurry that Jean'—a quick blush suggested that Jean was an interesting fellow—'had said that he must be running away from the police. But that, of course, was nonsense, and he was *joli garçon*, and generous too, for had he not given Jean five francs for just walking with his easel as far as the Bois that morning?'

Little Marie seemed to have reached the limit of her breath, and went straightway to give madame's orders. And madame turned again to look at the American who was supposed to be fleeing from justice; but he was no longer there. So he was going to Concarneau, by the afternoon train of course! Well, she was going also to Concarneau to gratify a whim of being photographed in Breton costume by Charles, the well-known photographer. And what was that bet he had made with the bearded man? Oh! As a thought passed through her mind she blushed like a schoolgirl. Well, why not? Life was so dull, and, after all, it would be harmless fun, something to pass the afternoon, and Carl would be handy, of course.

The fine eyes, no longer hopeless, were dancing with excitement. She snatched a time-table of the trains from the shelf, and found that his train was due to reach Concarneau a little after half-past two. That would be cutting things fine, so when Marie presently reappeared with a tray laden with a *plat* of *œufs en crème*, half a lobster, a salad, and some late strawberries, she sent a message to Carl to have the car round at half-past twelve.

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Down the platform of Concarneau Ville came young Stonor, carrying his easel and paint-box, and he passed out with a crowd that shambled in its *sabots* towards the harbour. Then he hailed the only *fiacre*, and, after brief conversation with the driver and consultation with a loud-voiced ticket-collector at the gate, consented to be driven out to the Sables Blancs, a rock-strewn beach about a mile out of the town. The horse, which had been dreaming of better days, was persuaded to limp sadly over the cobble stones, and the old vehicle rumbled away past the Grand Hotel and through the market-place. No sooner was it clear of the station than a pretty fisher-girl walked quietly across the road and up a side-street where a smart green closed Panhard was standing at the kerb. Looking up and down the street, and seeing that she was unperceived, she gave a quick order to the chauffeur, and disappeared inside the car, which at once glided in the same direction as Stonor's cab.

Inside that tumbril the Canadian had lighted a pipe, and, after the fashion of men who have lived in the lone backwoods, was engaged in animated conversation with himself.

'Well, they'll have my letter at the Embassy by now,' he mused, 'and I must be there if they want me the day after to-morrow. They can hardly bring it in murder, anyway; but, oh, the skunk! the nasty skunk! He *would* have it!

And am I always to see him lying there with that cursed pleased smile on his rotten face?'

The interesting Jean had, if he only knew it, been nearer the mark than even the faithful Marie believed. True, Stonor could hardly be said to be flying from justice, since he was only wandering about to put in time until his ambassador should decide whether he ought to give himself up. Away in a ditch, a little way out of Touques, lay a dead man, and beside him was a duelling pistol with one barrel empty. But the bullet in his black heart had never been in that pistol. The man was a personage, a nobleman of ancient name, and of great wealth which had come to him through the marriage that regilded his coronet. He was also a decadent, a shame to his order, a disgrace to a great family. His death was not yet known. The duel, arising out of an unsavoury episode at the Trouville casino, involving cruel insult to a little, unprotected English girl, had at his express wish been without witnesses. The combatants had stood in the gray of the morning at opposite ends of the ditch, and the Canadian's bullet had gone straight to its mark. The marquis was no coward, and had killed many a better man than himself; but what chance had his shaking hand and bloodshot eye against the youth who had before now pistolled geese flying across Canadian lakes? Such a business might have unnerved one who had not lived under bush-law, which holds human life a little less precious than it is held in cities. As it was, Mars Stonor had been shaken as he looked down on the dead man; and, after addressing a full and circumstantial account of the whole business to the ambassador in Paris, undertaking to be at the Bristol Hotel within a week, so as to come up if wanted, he had taken the first train for Caen, then gone on to Rennes, and thence to Polben, hardly knowing or caring where he went so that he could keep going. He knew that the papers had not yet got hold of the business. It was even possible that the dead man's family—he had had no friends—might leave it at suicide, and make no scandal. It was a proud family, and had no great reason for regretting the death of its one black sheep.

His reverie was interrupted by a jolt that sent his paint-box flying from the seat. The *fiacre* had stopped dead, and he looked up to see a beautiful curve of white sand, with little sailing-boats coasting along the rocks. He dismissed the driver, and said he would walk back later. And as he made his way gingerly down to the water's edge, the old horse turned its fly-spangled nose gladly back the way it had come, and hardly noticed the green auto that met it a few minutes later and ran up to the door of a villa-annexe of the hotel on the quay.

It had not taken Stonor long to set up his easel, and he was soon busy on a foreshore study so absorbing that he not only forgot the dead man in the ditch outside Touques, but did not even remark the approach of a demure little Breton girl who, as he looked up, dropped him a curtsy and a '*B'jour, m'sieu!*'

Devoted he may have been to his art, but he was no more than four-and-twenty, and it was the man as well as the artist that did willing homage to her beauty. The girl leant daintily against the smooth top of a weed-draped rock. What a picture she made in her snow-white coif and velvet corsage against the blue background of the bay! Nor was she silent. Monsieur, no doubt, had come to paint her beloved Brittany. How beautiful it was! And was he painting the natives also?

Had Mars Stonor's ear been more critical he must at once have detected an accent curiously pure for a Breton tongue, but the difference escaped him. In a flash he remembered his wager with the untidy man at Polben. What if—— Well, she could but say no.

'Mademoiselle,' he began, with a hesitation more attractive than his earlier assurance, 'they tell me that you young ladies will not remove the coif to sit for the head and shoulders. Of course, the dress is so becoming that I understand your reluctance; but I have a fancy—at this moment—dare I ask it?'

The gray eyes looked into hers, and, besides, she had already made up her mind. 'But certainly, if monsieur wishes it. But I make one condition, and that is that monsieur permits no one else to see his picture until I have seen it again myself. On monsieur's word of honour?'

Stonor readily agreed, and for the next three hours and more he was hard at work on his sketches of the loveliest face he had ever put on canvas. It was quite unlike that of the ordinary pretty model, and indeed the little Breton girl, he reflected, could hardly be used to posing, for more than once she quite unprofessionally changed her position without warning, and had to be posed again. All the time they were talking in the most lively and unaffected fashion, for Stonor could always talk and paint at once. So she listened to his stories of the moose and caribou in the pine-woods, and he learnt that she had never been out of Brittany, and only once as far as Lorient. Vaguely he mused at the ready flow of conversation in one so provincial; but she set a careful guard on her tongue, and kept within the simple range of the part she had set herself to play.

So the time flew happily, and the young people forgot their troubles; but half-an-hour before sunset she began to grow restive, and said that she could not give him another sitting, which, when a protest had failed, made him work the harder. Was monsieur living in Concarneau? No; for the moment he was staying at Polben. Backwards and forwards the brush flew between palette and canvas. At Polben! But did he know that he could not catch even the last train for Nivez, itself quite

a walk from Polben? No matter; he was not going to lose a precious moment of daylight and her. He would eat something in the town and walk back by moonlight. The young giant! The dear giant! How she longed to take him back in her car!—longed, but dared not.

A little longer the stalwart young backwoodsman and the pretty little Breton girl played their merry comedy, and then they parted, she towards the villa at the edge of the wood, and he back to the town. He had given her the name of Sturgis, and the hotel at Polben, and she would write him what day he would find her here again; but no, not if he came every day beside, would he see her. Ten minutes later the green car passed him tramping merrily along the road, and drew up at the photographer's, where she had to change into the less picturesque raiment of the outer world. It was with a sigh of genuine regret that she laid aside the borrowed disguise in which she had spent her happy afternoon.

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Late that night, long after the village was hushed in sleep, she sat at the window overlooking the hotel stoep and listened to the firm tread of iron-shod shoes coming down the street, and to a voice that hummed the barcarolle from the *Contes d'Hoffmann*. Yet her mind ran on other matters. She was free at last from the living nightmare she had once called husband. Could she—still a mere girl; she who had given two of her best years to so much of his hideous companionship as he had spared for her—pretend to regret the man she had been forced to marry? Surely not, and it was with fierce joy that her hand clutched the packet her old father had brought in his car from Paris that afternoon. In it was the newspaper-cutting and the letter from his friend the British ambassador. Her father had been waiting more than an hour when she got back from Concarneau, and, worn-out by his journey, was sleeping soundly along the corridor; for early to-morrow they must start for Paris. There were matters to be seen to—the funeral and the lawyers—formalities! The horror of it!

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Tired after his long walk, young Stonor lay in bed till late next morning, half-conscious, as he dozed, of two powerful cars leaving the street in company. Thus do the Fates spin! A little later he rang for his morning chocolate and bath-water, and with them came a note addressed to Monsieur Sturgis. Who could have addressed him so? Was it the bearded man? The *valet de chambre* had no idea. The note had been found on the bureau downstairs. That was all.

Stonor tore it open, and its brief contents gave him the keenest disappointment, for all it said was: '*Desolée, mais impossible vous revoir à Concarneau. Surtout n'oubliez pas votre promesse!*—La Bretonne.'

What! not see the dear little girl again? Then what was the use of going back to Concarneau at all? What was the use of staying on at Polben? What—oh, hang it!—what was the use of anything or any one? He remembered his undertaking to be in Paris. He conceived a violent distaste for Brittany. He would leave by the midday train. Hurriedly he packed his bag. Downstairs he found the Paris *Daily Mail*, and in it was the news at last: 'Supposed Suicide of Well-known French Sportsman.'

Sportsman! Faugh! Satyr rather!

And so he turned his back on Polben, but not before he had left at the bureau an envelope addressed to M. Lanfried, and containing notes to the value of the lost wager.

All through the long and wearisome journey—which took twelve hours, so terrible is cross-country travel in Brittany—the little Breton girl was in his thoughts, and more than once he took from his portfolio the sketches he had made of her, and hungrily devoured every line of them.

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It was on a brilliant morning, the last in July, that a card was brought to him: 'M. de Rochemarée.'

'Who on earth? Ah, it must be connected with the Touques business.' No word had reached him from the Embassy, and he had concluded that it was going to be dropped by tacit consent. This M. de Rochemarée was perhaps a chief of police. Well, he would make a fight for it, anyhow. Meanwhile he signified that the visitor should be shown up; and the first sight of the singularly aristocratic old man, with the charmingly diffident manner and the perfect courtesy of a Paris that is all but forgotten, dispelled any notion of police agency.

It was a very delicate mission, he explained in his beautiful voice, on which he had ventured to come to M. Stonor. Monsieur understood French? Ah, *tant mieux!* for his English (which had been perfect) was so poor. Well, he must present himself as a friend, a very intimate friend, of the De Montpensier family—the family, as perhaps monsieur would remember, of the widow of the late Marquis de —— Ah yes, a most unfortunate affair! But he was in a position to say that the family—nay, the young widow herself—bore monsieur no grudge, but realised that he could have acted in no other manner.

The expression on his face seemed rather to go farther than his words, and to suggest that the Canadian had indeed been an instrument in the hands of a merciful Providence.

The family, needless to say, did not propose to instigate any further inquiry. For the world, it was—here the white hands were spread in an expressive gesture of pity for that poor world which believes what it is told—a case of suicide. *Mais parfaitement!* but the young marquise had

expressed a strong wish to see M. Stonor, and to learn from him some particulars. Yes, of course, it seemed an awkward suggestion; but he had known the marquise ever since she had been a little child, and he could answer for her perfect reasonableness at the interview she sought. But M. Stonor was to consider himself absolutely at liberty to refuse if it seemed too painful to him. Would he come with him now?

For a bare instant Mars Stonor hesitated. For that instant, it may be, even the Fates held their breath. Then his mind was made up. After all, why not? So much, at any rate, the woman had a right to ask of the man who had slain her husband. An expression of regret, even though he could not feel it, might not be out of place. Yes, he would come.

His visitor, evidently pleased with the success of his mission, turned to take up his stick and gloves, when his eye fell on an easel standing in a corner of the bright little apartment. He uttered an exclamation of astonishment, startled for the moment out of the perfect repose evidently habitual to him.

'Is it permitted to ask'—— he began, with an expressive gesture in the direction of the unfinished picture on the easel. Then, going closer to it, he murmured to himself, 'No, in such a dress it cannot be; and yet, how extraordinary a likeness!'

'Oh, that,' said young Stonor, colouring to the roots of his hair. 'Oh, that,' he repeated rather lamely—'that—I really don't know.' Then, with great deliberation, he turned the picture with its face to the wall. 'Please don't think me rude, sir,' he stammered, seeing a look of amazement flit across the well-bred face opposite. 'The fact is—well, that is rather private!' He realised that, unconsciously, he had broken his promise to his little Breton girl. Of course it could not matter away here in Paris. Still, a promise was a promise; and Stonor showed unmistakable distress.

'I fear I must have seemed indiscreet,' said the other quietly. 'I hope you will forgive me, sir. It will be as if I had not seen it.'

Stonor knew that it would be so. Quite reassured, he followed his visitor to the taxi in the courtyard, and in a few minutes it had drawn up at the front-door of the Hôtel de Montpensier. He had gathered that his interview was to be with the widow alone. She had willed it so.

Feeling unaccountably nervous, Mars Stonor followed an old servant in quiet livery up the broad staircase, and was shown into a pleasant apartment which, from its upright grand piano and abundance of cut flowers and china, he judged to be a lady's boudoir. It was unoccupied; and when the old servant retired, with the assurance that madame la marquise would be down shortly, Stonor set about making friends with a delightful Persian kitten, which, with the irresistible *mièvrerie* of its kind, made advances to him the moment he came into the room. So engrossed was he in its fluffy antics that he did not notice that the door had opened softly, and that some one stood on the threshold looking at his broad back, vaguely troubled as if it were in some way familiar to her. Then he turned.

'My G——! You!'

'But'—— She held out her shaking hands. 'Oh, to think of it!' A smile twisted her face, and was chased away by shadows.

'But—marquise'——

'Yes,' she said softly—'marquise! That is it. Well, my friend, this is a strange meeting. And if we had only known down there—at Concarneau!'

'Well,' he asked, for the sake of saying something, 'if you had known, what then?'

'Ah, *mon ami*, who knows?' she answered inconsequently. Then, pulling herself together, 'But you have come to tell me—of the end. Yes'—putting up a little hand in protest—'I know you acted quite honourably. You would. But a duel without witnesses, alone! How compromising! And you a foreigner! Ah, how like him! *Quelle horreur!*' And the beautiful head went down as if shamed by the baseness of the dead.

In a flash Stonor saw what had never occurred to him when the dead man had proposed their lonely *rencontre*. 'But, marquise,' he protested, 'surely nothing matters—now!'

It was some moments before she recovered her speech. Then, 'And your quarrel?' she asked, almost below her breath.

'Ah no, madame; not that, *please*. It was not—not fit for your ears.'

'Good, my friend; I thank you for your consideration. And, though I ought not, I thank you—yes, *thank* you—for my freedom!'

'Is it so precious, madame?' he asked. His shyness was falling from him. He was once more the youth who, a week earlier, had said so proudly, 'They will for *me*, anyway!' He towered over the frail little creature in the mourning-gown, and the gray eyes were blazing now with the tenderness that conquers. 'Is it so precious—that freedom?' he asked again.

'I—yes. Oh, why do you ask?' She was startled now.

'How long do you mourn your—dead, madame?'

'Oh, the mockery of it!' she wailed. 'The family married me to him. Not for an hour did he treat me as anything but a toy. I had not seen him for over a year when he—when you—— Oh, go, please!'

'How long, madame, do you mourn?' There was about this backwoodsman a strange and dignified simplicity. When he asked a question he clearly expected an answer. And she, accustomed to all the deference commonly paid to rank and beauty, liked him the better for his insistence.

'*Eh bien!* Listen,' she said. 'There is in Normandy, not far from St Valery, a château of my mother's. There we shall spend the autumn. There also,' she added, with a smile of great sweetness, 'is a little beach with—with rocks!'

'I also, madame, am going to Normandy. Curiously enough, it is to St Valery that I travel.' The effrontery of it took her breath away. 'We might, perhaps—that is, if you cared—we might finish the picture there.'

'Oh my friend,' she answered, regaining her composure, 'give me time. I think—yes, I think—that you may come to St Valery.'

. . . . . .

Six weeks later M. de Rochemarée was permitted to see the portrait, finished this time. But not until the following summer did he learn its whole history. That was when he was summoned to attend a quiet wedding at St Valery.

The honeymoon was spent in Canada.

BRAHMINY BULLS.

By O. Paul Monckton.

IF a sturdy British farmer were to wake up one morning in early summer, and on looking out of his window should see a fine bull browsing in his best oatfield, his feelings can be better imagined than described. Certainly the English language would be the richer, though not so the anticipated oat-crop. But if, on sallying forth to drive away or capture the bold intruder, the same farmer were to find two or three other animals of like breed taking their toll of his winter wheat, and perhaps still others in his hay-crop just ripening to harvest, a fit of apoplexy would assuredly end his career on the spot.

But this is part of the everyday life of the native farmer or ryot in India. Bulls varying in colour from white to black—through all the intermediate tints of piebald, gray, and blue, and even skewbald—roam over the fields at will; they are nobody's property, and therefore everybody's property, and are only safe from the dire punishment meted out to all robbers because of their sanctity. Every one knows that the cow is a sacred animal in India, at least to the Hindu portion of the population, though not to the Mohammedan; but not many are aware that only a few centuries ago beef was eaten throughout India by all sections of the population. The Brahminy bulls—*sahs*, as they are called—are a feature of Indian agricultural life peculiar to that vast peninsula, for which mankind as a whole can be thankful. Hindu immigrants into Fiji or British Columbia do not keep up this expensive religious observance, which would certainly not be appreciated by the native owners of the soil. In India, however, it is a feature which obtrudes itself even into the large cities. Quite a common sight in the busy streets of Calcutta or Benares is a large sacred bull taking his morning meal from the baskets of grain spread out before a shop-front. Every one tolerates him. The gracious shopkeeper allows him a free meal, but restrains undue greed with a handy bamboo. The ratepayers, without a murmur, allow him the pavement, which is not much better than the road, it is true, but still a walkable path as opposed to a slimy morass, which is the usual state of Calcutta side-streets. The little brown street-urchins play around his feet, and pull his tail, and even clamber on his broad back with impunity. Close contact with humanity has tamed his once wild spirit; 'Live and let live' is his civilised motto.

The way in which this strange custom of the release of sacred bulls originated is somewhat obscure, but may be distantly connected with the Jewish practice of the release of the scapegoat. In sculpture the goddess Shiva, who with Vishnu and Brahma form the great trinity of the Hindu Pantheon, is usually represented as accompanied by the sacred bull. At the present day, should a Hindu commit any serious offence against his caste or creed, his village priest directs that, amongst other punishments—which, needless to say, include the paying of much backsheesh to the priestly caste—he shall liberate a bull-calf as a kind of free-will offering to the gods and as a 'scapebull' for his own sins. These calves, whose colour varies somewhat according to the crime committed, are branded on the rump in no uncertain manner with the sacred trident-mark of the goddess Shiva. This emblem notifies all and sundry that the bearer is sacred, and as such is to be treated with the respect which the odour of sanctity is always supposed to inspire.

But it must be admitted that these bulls are an intolerable nuisance, in spite of the halo which surrounds them. This is particularly so in some of the rich alluvial districts in the Gangetic plain, where the luxuriant crops attract herds of these wanderers, whose battles are furious and occasionally deadly; while the whole field of combat is trampled into a veritable sea of mud and gore, to the destruction of the growing crop and to the great wrath of the defenceless cultivator. The only useful purpose which they do serve is to act as the peripatetic sires of all calves in the land free of charge to the owner of the cow. As against this, the toll which is taken from the growing crops is out of all proportion to the consequent benefit accruing to the community. The sacredness of the custom is the only reason for its continuation, combined with the fact that the whole community suffer in the same degree. The fields in India are only

separated from each other by small ridges of earth about a foot high; and, as a consequence, a bull, when once let loose, can wander from Poona to Calcutta should the modern spirit for travel seize him. Even wide rivers are crossed by these beasts, which grow strong and sleek and fat on the very best that the dusty earth can afford.

The Mohammedan population, speaking generally, bitterly resent the intrusion of these living reapers, but, beyond driving them away, are powerless to protect the crops. To kill a sacred bull would raise a riot which might take several regiments to quell. But in spite of this the natives of India—not always Mohammedans either—treat these animals in a cruel manner, especially at night, missing tails and ears being quite mild examples of this brutality. The intense exasperation caused by the financial injury inflicted must be taken into consideration in accusing the natives of wilfully ill-treating these vicarious fathers of the working country kine. After all, the Indian agriculturist is one of the very poorest of the poor on the face of the earth.

At times the number of bulls in a district becomes so great as to be a public nuisance. The usual method of getting rid of a fierce or troublesome brute is to drive him twenty miles or more across country, and if possible over two or three rivers. *Sahs* can and do swim wide rivers, such as the Ganges; but they do not perform these Captain Webb or Burgess-like feats readily. Unfortunately they possess a homing instinct, which is provocative of the wildest despair after two or three attempts of this kind have been made to dispose of some grandfatherly *sah*. When the bulls are very numerous the zemindars (native landowners) combine together, often with the assistance of any local European planters. As many of them as possible are collected and placed in cattle-trucks, and then conveyed by rail, over wide rivers if possible, to some country station near a large jungle, and there turned loose. Nor is this method of disposal in any way inhuman; for they are quite capable of fending for and protecting themselves. The jungle contains ample fodder for their sustenance, though of a kind which does not give such a sleek and smooth appearance to their apparently ribless sides in such a short time as a succession of full feeds of oats just ripening to harvest. Occasionally they are to be found harnessed to the plough and worked by some Mohammedan ploughman. The writer has many times observed pairs of these animals working in the Calcutta mill districts; while Government, for fear of religious riots, had to take steps to prevent the wholesale deportation of these sacred creatures from the up-country districts to the large industrial centres. Needless to say, no Hindu will work them, though European planters have been known to use them very occasionally. They rapidly lose flesh when worked, and become as thin and scraggy as their less fortunate plebeian brethren, which are usually mere drum-skins drawn tight over a very bony framework. When worked to a reasonable degree of thinness—work which is, however, a very small fraction of the value they have eaten—they are again turned loose to feed at will on some one else's crops. Nor is this process of regaining flesh a very lengthy one either.

Whilst driving ladies along a road in a buggy it is by no means an uncommon experience to be chased by a Brahminy; and as the bull can cut off the corners of the winding earth-roads, the fate of the occupants is likely to be an unhappy one unless a sufficient start has been gained, or some village is near at hand where assistance can be shouted for and perhaps obtained. The bulls can gallop very fast, though their lasting power is not very great; but, luckily, it is only a very few which are fierce enough to attack an individual or a bullock-cart, and then generally only when they consider that some love-dream has been deliberately shattered.

Like all bulls, Brahminies gallop with their tails up and heads down. The young bloods amongst the planting fraternity have a curious, perhaps an unkind, method of dealing with these agricultural free-lances. The planter, mounted on his pony, gallops after the bull, which promptly makes off at full speed, tail in air. The chase, however, continues, and on coming up with the lumbering quarry—which he will do in about half a mile or so, according to the size of the bull and the pace of his own mount—the rider, who must be fairly muscular, seizes hold of the uplifted tail with his right hand and turns his pony's head through half a right angle. The effect is instantaneous if the tail be tightly held, and not, like that of a small porker, too greasy. The brute's hind-quarters are pulled away from him, and while going at speed he comes over with a thump which must make him think that an earthquake at least has struck him. He is left to rise as best he may, bruised and shaken, but with no bones broken, and let us hope wise enough not to enter that planter's domains again.

AUSTRALIA: WHAT SHE OFFERS.

By J. G. MACDONALD.

IT is both natural and proper that the man who would start a new career in another country should look very carefully before he leaps. Especially is this the case when his capital is limited, and most of all when he has given hostages to fortune and has others who depend on him. To the man with no capital other than the primal asset of brain and muscle, the considerations are less complicated. He need have fewer misgivings. To both there are broad facts which must appeal in considering what Australia has to offer in comparison with their present condition, and with the ascertainable facts regarding other places.

The men who have built up Australia are men who went there with little or no capital; only a very insignificant minority had anything. In the new land they were tempted by opportunity, and their confidence in themselves grew. The conditions were hard then, they are easy now; the back of the work has been broken for those who follow. It is instructive to consider the different and happier conditions which exist now, as the work of these men.

There are three great facts which appeal to the Australian in his youth, in his middle life, and in his old age. In his youth education is free, secular, and compulsory. As he grows older he has no direct taxes to pay. In his age, should he require it, he gets, as a right, an old-age pension of ten shillings a week, payable at the age of sixty should he be unable to work, but not until sixty-five should he be capable of earning his own living until that time. These, surely, are facts worthy of serious consideration.

Australia wishes to open out her land; therefore she offers special advantages to those who will engage in agriculture. A large proportion of the emigrants who accept the offer of assisted passage are Scots, some of them with a capital of five hundred pounds. These emigrants are required to deposit, in the case of Queensland, five pounds with the Agent-General, and are then granted a free passage. In the case of families fifty pounds must be deposited. The sums are returned on arrival in the state, with 3 per cent. interest added. At present no passages can be granted, as it is impossible to secure sufficient tonnage to convey passengers.

In this manner the free emigrant who is an agriculturist may reach Australia, keeping what capital he has intact. Should the intending settler desire to pay his own fare and to travel in an ordinary passenger-steamer he must pay about sixteen pounds. Though it may be of some advantage that an intending settler should have a knowledge of agriculture, any healthy, intelligent man can take up dairy or fruit farming. Conditions in Australia differ from those in Scotland or England; and if the man who knows nothing of agriculture or dairy-farming has much to learn, the practical farmer has something to unlearn. In tropical farming both have everything to learn.

In dairy-farming it would be advisable to secure employment until local conditions are understood. There is always a demand for assistance on dairy-farms. The work consists of milking and looking after the cattle. Farming is more scientific in Australia than in Britain, and the making of butter and cheese is carried on at local factories, to which the farmer sends the milk or cream daily. There it is treated by experts; but its future does not concern the farmer, who simply sells his milk. It will be seen that no elaborate training is required. With two hundred and fifty pounds to three hundred pounds a good start may be made and the herd gradually increased. To the man who has a family to assist him there are many advantages. In a country where milkers get a pound a week and board every extra hand counts at the start. Afterwards, when he is milking a hundred cows, he can afford to pay good wages. On such a farm the cost of living is reduced to a minimum. The farmer grows nearly everything he consumes. The essentials of life—flour, sugar, and meat—are a fraction of the cost that obtains in Britain. Clothing is about the same, but less is necessary. There are excellent schools throughout the country, and the Government is always anxious to help settlers.

These are, briefly, the conditions to be found in Australia, though Queensland has been selected. Of New South Wales almost the same might be said. In New South Wales the climate is cooler and the country is more settled. There are larger cities and a greater appearance of wealth.

To the man without capital who will go on the land both states are suitable. For the clerk or the shop-assistant there is no demand; but it is not necessary that a man who has been a clerk in Britain should be unfit for an agricultural life. Generally speaking, to those who desire employment it may be said that pay is better and living cheaper in all parts of Australia than in Britain. The climate is the healthiest in the world, having neither the cold of Canada nor the heat of Africa. I have never felt in any part of Australia the oppressive heat of last summer in London.

In Australia every woman, as well as every man, over twenty-one has a vote, and the Australian woman uses it with marked effect. Every boy, from the time he enters school, is trained to arms, and is enrolled in the defence force. Military service is compulsory and popular, as it

commences early and does not interfere with business.

Australia is a white country. The Asiatic tide which threatened to overwhelm it, and to contaminate the race, has been stemmed for ever.

Mr Thomas Hodgkin has written a pamphlet, *Southward Ho! being a Plea for a greatly extended and Scientific System of Emigration to Australia* (Headley Brothers), which should help to increase the interest in 'Australia and what she offers!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SAFE TRAVELLING AT SEA.

WHEN the *Cromartyshire* rammed the *Bourgogne* and nearly six hundred lives were lost in the North Atlantic in 1898, the outcry for measures for greater safety at sea resounded far and wide, while the patent offices throughout the world were inundated with strange and fantastic devices for mitigating the effects of a disaster at sea. Needless to say, upon investigation not one was found superior to those in vogue, and after the proverbial nine days had passed the subject lapsed into the limbo of things that were. Fourteen years later comes another disaster of greater significance, and the same effect is seen. People who have travelled in luxurious ease on the water for years suddenly remember that they have always felt uneasy on a liner, though as a matter of fact no such disquietude has been apparent. It has been the misfortune of the writer to have several ideas for saving life in disaster at sea brought before his notice, and it may be said that not one gives the slightest indication of practicability or superiority to present methods. One inventor suggested that a section of the deck should be rendered detachable, like a pontoon, so that in the event of an accident the passengers would be able to congregate upon this section, which, when the vessel sank, would be left to float. This is by no means a new idea, as it was suggested in the competition for the Pollok life-saving prize subsequent to the *Bourgogne* catastrophe. It sounds feasible and attractive; but the inventors apparently do not say how the floating section would fare in the suction caused by the sinking liner, or how it would clear the top-hamper of the doomed vessel; while what would happen if the movable part itself should be smashed in the calamity? A more practicable idea is the suggestion of a well-travelled lady who suggests that each bed mattress in a cabin should be in the form of a raft, built of cork and webbing, and capable of being rolled up to facilitate transport. In the panic which is certain to ensue after a wreck even the handling of this preserver would be awkward in the narrow passages and gangways; while if people so lose their heads that they do not pause to don their clothes, how, it might be asked, could it be expected that they would think of the mattresses? Much has been said about building rafts, oblivious of the fact that, in the North Atlantic at any rate, a device of this description would not live for more than a few minutes without capsizing or breaking up under the action of the waves. The terrible experience of those who were in the *Arctic* calamity supports the opinion of the impracticability of the raft, because in that instance only one out of eighty-six persons who trusted their lives to this slender reed escaped. Raftage is as impracticable as the detachable deck. The only means of securing safety at sea, as the recent inquiry has demonstrated, is to improve the construction of the ship itself by splitting it into isolated watertight compartments, and by the perfection of the human element. The person boarding a motor-bus does not think of what must be done if the vehicle has the misfortune to overturn, and when walking along the street he does not give a thought to the falling tile from the roof above. In every walk of life risks must be run, and experience proves that these are reduced to a less degree on the water than on dry land, the infrequent terrible calamities notwithstanding.

A NEW FERTILISER.

Some interesting experiments have been made at the huge electric works at Notodden, in Norway, where manures are made from the air. The staple product is nitrate of lime, but in this particular connection a search was organised for a cheaper fertiliser. Apparently encouraging success has to be recorded, because diphosphate has appeared upon the market. This manure has been devised to displace limestone by apatite or similar phosphates of lime in the manufacture of lime-nitrate. The new process enables an equal quantity of the latter article to be obtained with diphosphate as the by-product. The last-named, however, has been proved to possess valuable fertilising qualities, and is likely to be manufactured upon an extensive scale, since, being inexpensive to produce, it should be able to supersede superphosphate, of which Norway at present consumes large quantities, and a valuable export trade in this substance will doubtless be built up.

EXTINGUISHING FIRE WITH FROTHY LIQUIDS.

The ingenious system devised by two Danish inventors for the extinction of fires by foaming liquids appears to be making considerable head-

way. Carbonic acid is the extinguishing agent, being applied in the form of a violently agitated foam, which exercises a strong cooling action upon the burning object. It has been subjected to a series of searching tests with such inflammable liquids as benzine, petroleum, oil, tar, and so forth, and it has been shown that the froth produced by the mixture of the two liquids used for the purpose not only spreads over a wide area, but brings about almost instantaneous extinction by cutting off the atmospheric air from the flames. Moreover, owing to its low specific weight, it is able to spread over the burning liquid in such a manner that the latter becomes surrounded, as it were, by an outer destructive ring, thereby preventing the spreading of the flames. The principle is extremely simple, effective, and unique, and the specific may be distributed by the aid either of a sprinkler or a jet, according to the character of the burning structure or substance. The invention has recently undergone further modification, whereby its utility is extended. Pipes may be fixed around a danger area, as, for instance, oil-tanks; and as they are freely perforated, the extinguishing mixture may be pumped through these permanent fittings in such a way as to cover the whole of the burning area. The invention has proved its superiority over existing systems in a most emphatic manner, and is being freely adopted by private and Government institutions. In the case of fixed installations, the two mixtures are pumped into a mixing-vessel, where the foam is produced, and the latter is then led to the scene of the outbreak through the various feed-pipes. From the tests that have been made, oil-tanks should be rendered as safe as a stack of pig-iron. At present either the oil-tank has to be permitted to burn itself out, or the contents drawn from the bottom and possibly wasted, whereas with this froth-generating extinguisher the conflagration may be attacked from above and the flames quenched immediately.

LURKING DEATH IN THE SWIMMING-BATH.

The indoor swimming-bath appears so enticing during the hot days of summer that probably never a thought is given to the fact, from the health point of view, that it is a swarming-ground for bacteria capable of conveying infection both epidemic and otherwise. The most dangerous months are those of July, August, and September, and the greatest danger is the slime covering the floor of the bath. In the United States a curious and virulent epidemic broke out, and of one hundred and fifty cases which were investigated carefully, sixty-two were found to be attributable to a swimming-pool. It is to be feared that very few of our municipal authorities pay sufficient attention to the water in the public baths from the standpoint of general hygiene. The water is changed perhaps twice or thrice a week, but the walls and floors scarcely ever receive the slightest attention. One has only to recall the evil-looking appearance of the average swimming-bath water a short time previous to its being changed to recognise that it presents a powerful source of contamination. On the other hand, one can scarcely expect the water to be changed daily because of the expense, and the public would scarcely feel disposed to pay more for the convenience. Yet, at the same time, the water, no matter how stale, may be rendered perfectly innocuous at little expense if the example of the burgh of Poplar, in London, be followed. On several occasions we have referred to the valuable and humane work of Dr Alexander in a poor corner of the Metropolis, and this is noticeable particularly in regard to the five swimming-pools within the burgh boundaries. The water as it is admitted into the bath is associated with a disinfectant prepared by the electrolytic method which this medical officer has perfected, in the proportion of twenty or thirty gallons to the bath, which contains from seventy-five to eighty thousand gallons of water. This appears to be a very small proportion; but, from the observations that have been made, it seems to be ample for the purpose. Seeing that this deodorant can be manufactured at less than two pounds per thousand gallons, it will be seen that the cost of ensuring the safety and health of the bathers is very low. At intervals of two or three days further small quantities of the disinfectant are added, while it is used also for flushing the dressing-boxes and side-paths of the baths. The water treated with this system of disinfection is purified both chemically and bacteriologically by the oxidising and germicidal properties of the electrolytic solution of chloride of magnesium and common salt; it is free from odour, is kept clear and invigorating, and is pleasant for bathing purposes, no slime being formed on the walls and bottom; and last, but not least, the cost of maintaining the baths is reduced, as there is no necessity to change the water so frequently. In the interests of public health it should be worth the while of our various municipalities to embark upon the sterilisation of their baths in this manner, especially as the disinfectant, which is so cheaply produced, may be employed for a host of other purposes, such as flushing drains and sewers, as well as for distribution among the poorer members of the community.

A NEW SELF-BALANCING MONORAIL CAR.

For the cheap transport of goods the Caillet monorail system has proved highly successful. Its economy is marked, the initial outlay and maintenance charges being very low. It is intended to fill the gap between the cart and the lightest of double-rail systems. It consists of a single rail of light section, supported by steel sole-plates at intervals of a few feet, and is laid down directly upon the surface of the ground without any preliminary preparation, and also without the aid of sleepers or ballast. The

rolling stock, which varies in form and size according to the work to be done, is designed on the principle that a man or animal may be able to handle the maximum load with ease. If required, several trucks may be hauled simultaneously. The car is mounted upon two or four wheels, in the latter event being mounted in tandem both fore and aft; and as the bottom of the car is only a few inches above the ground it is impossible for it to overturn or to run away. From either side of the top of the truck a horizontal handle projects, which the man is able to grasp when in the easy upright position, and the balance is adjusted so finely that no effort is required to keep the vehicle upon an even keel. If larger trucks or heavier loads are employed, an animal may be harnessed to the side of the vehicle with equal facility. The system is in operation in all parts of the world, carrying both passengers and merchandise, the longest line being one of seventy miles in South America. In the East it is manipulated by natives, who have been found capable of handling from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons per day, at an average cost varying from one penny to three-halfpence per ton-mile. While it is essentially a system for light traffic, it is excellent for use upon ground where a permanent line cannot be laid, and where the preparation of a high-road would be costly owing to the soft nature of the ground; while for temporary or constructional work it is peculiarly advantageous. Being portable, it can be lifted from one point and laid at another with extreme rapidity, while rough alignment and sharp curves do not interfere with its efficiency or ease of running. Recently the inventors have devised a self-balancing car which renders the system still more valuable, and which can be added to any existing car of the system for a trifling sum. It consists of a simple attachment with two wheels running on either side of the car or truck, and has an automatic vertical motion to allow obstacles to be easily overcome. The result is that any tendency the car or truck may show to tilt over when in motion is checked immediately, an upright position is always assured when the car is stationary, a continuous self-balancing motion being given to the vehicle, as well as enhanced facility in movement.

A WONDERFUL BROCCOLI-PLANT.

If the man who succeeds in growing two blades of grass where only one grew before is one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, what shall be said of him who is able to produce six or eight heads of broccoli where only one grew previously, and, what is more, has rendered the plant perennial? This surely is a great benefit bestowed upon the agriculturist. Yet this is what an English horticulturist, Mr W. Crisp, has achieved with the most startling success. The writer has before him a photograph of one of these plants only two years old, from which fifteen fine heads were cut, nine of them measuring over seven inches in diameter. Such a plant will be of inestimable value to the small-holder, market-gardener, or the allotment enthusiast, especially if he happens to have an odd corner where he can permit the plants to grow undisturbed. Once they have become established they assume the proportions of young bushes, throwing out their heads on all sides. They are not weaklings by any means. On the contrary, they are rather strong, if not rank, growers, demanding very little attention or weeding; and as their roots thrust themselves deeply into the soil they are not appreciably affected by dry weather. The system of cultivation required for the cabbage tribe is followed, with good stable manure dug well in, and the ground trenched if at all possible. The plants should be set from thirty-six to forty inches apart in all directions, so that each may have adequate space in which to thrive. When they are growing freely it is advisable to give the plants a good mulch of soot or liquid manure, for the simple reason that the better the farming the more prolific and satisfactory the yield. From the second year onwards it is only necessary to fork in between the plants during the winter, working in some further supplies of manure. In the spring, so soon as the shoots begin to run, they are thinned out, the primest shoots being left, varying in number as the grower desires large or small heads. Even the shoots form an appetising dish, since when cooked they have a flavour reminiscent of asparagus. When the crop has been taken the stalk is cut down to the young shoots coming up. The plants demand but little attention, and no apprehension need be entertained concerning their hardiness, as they will withstand severe winters. The only essential thing to remember is not to cut the stalks off until the new shoots have formed. When we learn that a grower is able to cut seventy-two massive heads from a dozen plants, which is no unusual achievement, some idea of the prolific yield of this novelty among cabbages may be realised, and there is not the slightest doubt but that it ranks as one of the most profitable plants.

PUMPING AND WATER-POWER.

One of the most progressive and illimitably wide fields in engineering science at the present moment is that concerning water-power. So far as these islands are concerned it may not have a very marked influence, but the engineer is essentially a man of cosmopolitan knowledge. Therefore, *Pumping and Water-Power*, by Fred. A. Bradley (E. & F. N. Spon), will be found a distinct acquisition to the engineer's library. The object of the author, who has had a wide and varied experience in all parts of the world concerning this ramification of his craft, is to set forth in a general, concise, and lucid manner a general explanation of the laws of hydraulics and their practical application. The book comes

as a supplement to the expensive and more comprehensive volumes on the subject, but is none the less useful, because its digestion will impart to the reader a reasonable amount of knowledge which will be found serviceable. The salient points are explained with the assistance of diagrams, and the various tables and formulæ will be found very handy for reference.

OIL-GAS LIGHTING FOR VILLAGES.

The perfection of oil-gas illumination has resulted in the commercialisation of small self-contained units which are adapted to the illumination of small, isolated communities from a common source. Coal-gas manufacture is unduly expensive, and demands an elaborate plant as well as skilled labour. Oil-gas generation, on the other hand, requires only a very compact, small installation, is cheap, and can be carried out by unskilled labour. The Mansfield system in particular has proved highly successful from the simplicity of its design and its efficiency. With this plant the gas may be prepared from any kind of oil—mineral, vegetable, or animal—and the product may be utilised for lighting, heating, or cooking with equal facility. The gas is made by feeding the oil in a small, steady stream into a cast-iron retort which is heated to redness by a wood, coal, or coke fire. The oil is gasified instantly, and the gas passes directly to a low-pressure gas-holder, no preliminary scrubbing and cleansing, as with coal-gas, being required. From this small holder the gas is pumped to a gasometer of the ordinary appearance, whence it is delivered into the mains. The process is exceedingly simple and direct, while in point of cost, which is a vital factor, it is much cheaper than its coal rival. One thousand cubic feet of oil-gas, which is equivalent to three or four thousand cubic feet of ordinary coal-gas, can be made from eleven gallons of oil and about one and a half hundredweights of coal, the latter being used for heating the retort. Maintenance charges average about one shilling per thousand cubic feet of gas generated, while the cost of labour is infinitesimal, inasmuch as no particular skill is demanded, it being only necessary to stoke the fire and to maintain a steady feed of oil into the retort. The system can be modified to suit any requirements, and the installations which are already in operation, both for small villages and private estates, have served to demonstrate its complete success.

THE NORTHERN TERRITORY OF AUSTRALIA.

Mr F. A. W. Gisborne, in his article, 'The Great Lone Land of Australia,' in our June issue, hinted at the possibilities of this region when the country should awaken to the greatness of its inheritance and enter into possession thereof. Since January 1911 the territory has been under federal government, so what was impossible for South Australia to do alone may now be possible for the Commonwealth. In a territory of over five hundred and twenty thousand square miles the population is only a little over three thousand. South Australia had already built the telegraph-line through the continent at her own expense, and made seven hundred miles of railway north of Adelaide to Oodnadatta as an instalment of a trans-continental system. The completion of this system north and south is imperative for further development. South Australia claims that this north-south line should be built from Darwin to Oodnadatta. Queensland and New South Wales want the extension of the existing Darwin-Pine Creek line to run in a south-easterly direction through the pastoral areas of Queensland direct to Sydney. Still another proposal is to touch the north-eastern border of Western Australia. A deputation of Australian legislators recently visited Port Darwin and the coast region; they all seemed to be impressed with the fact that the territory has a great auriferous area awaiting prospectors, and that in many parts the country is well grassed, with abundance of water, where stock can be reared profitably. The largest cattle station carries one hundred thousand cattle, and brands annually over thirty thousand. Certain firms are ready to erect freezing-works and send ships whenever there is business to be done. The ever-present difficulty is the securing a constant supply of suitable labour. Those who wish to peruse very human documents showing the trials of pioneering in this territory will find Mrs Gunn's *We of the Never, Never*, and *The Little Black Princess of the Never, Never*, very illuminating.

TO PREVENT THE GREAT WHITE SCOURGE.

Even more important than the erection of consumptive sanatoria is the act of prevention, whereby the great White Scourge may be cut off at its source. Prevention is always better and cheaper than cure. An authority has stated that in 60 per cent. of tuberculous children the bacilli are of the bovine type, indicating that they must have been derived from milk and its products. Epidemics of enteric fever, diphtheria, and scarlet fever have also been traced to a contaminated milk-supply. A veterinary expert writing in the *Scotsman* points out that Professor Delépine, in the fourteen years ending 1911, examined nine thousand seven hundred and twenty-two samples of milk supplied to the town of Manchester, and found 8·7 samples per cent. of mixed milk to be tuberculous; of unmixed milk from individually examined cows 27·2 per cent. of the milk was found to be in the same condition. This expert says there is no doubt that all those who consume uncooked milk expose themselves to attack by tubercle, it being wholly due to the marvellous defensive agents of the body that they escape. When the defensive power is weak

through illness or other causes disease is thus propagated. In order to combat open tuberculosis successfully this veterinary surgeon further recommends compulsory slaughter of affected cows, and the granting partial compensation for those so destroyed. The necessary Act should apply to the whole of the United Kingdom, and prevent the dumping down of suspected cattle in any part of the country.

LARGE CASTINGS FOR THE NEW CUNARD LINER 'AQUITANIA.'

The modern ship is built up entirely of steel plates and bars riveted together, except the rudder and what is known as the stern frame—the latter being a kind of keypiece finishing off the stern end of the vessel, upon which the rudder is hung. This stern frame is cast in steel instead of being rolled like the material for the rest of the ship; and for our largest Atlantic liners the weights and sizes of the castings are enormous; in fact, only one firm, the Darlington Forge Company, Limited, has so far been entrusted with the manufacture of these vital parts for the huge vessels launched during the last few years. A curious feature is the inland situation of the makers' works, involving the carriage of the castings in question by rail to the nearest seaport. The *Aquitania* is being built on the Clyde by John Brown and Company, Limited, and the stern frame has recently been sent off by rail from Darlington to Middlesbrough, where it was loaded into a ship and taken round the north of Scotland to the Clyde. The chief difficulty consisted in the short railway journey, as although a truck was available which would carry the weight, the casting was so wide that if placed in the middle of the truck it would not have passed either the bridges or other trains on the way. This trouble was overcome by loading the frame so that nearly all the overhang was on the side next the second line of rails, the truck being balanced by massive steel weights on the opposite side. Placed on the truck in this way, the casting just cleared the bridge abutments and other buildings on one side, while it projected over the second line of rails on the other. The speed was limited to about six miles an hour; and as all other traffic had to be stopped during transit, a Sunday was chosen for this important operation. This stern frame weighs fifty tons, and it measures roughly thirty feet long by twelve feet wide, while it has a height of fifteen feet. The preparation of the sand-moulds for such an enormous casting is in itself a big undertaking; and after the metal had been run the casting had to be kept red-hot in a furnace for several weeks, as otherwise it would be hard and brittle. These operations, together with the subsequent cutting of the steel to the exact sizes required, occupied some seven months. The next most important steel casting is the rudder frame, and this was made in three parts, attached to each other by huge bolts, the weight of the complete rudder being about seventy tons. Some idea of the strength needed may be gathered from the size of the pin upon which the rudder is hung, this pin being eighteen and a half inches in diameter by over five feet long, while the spindle at the top of the rudder by which it is turned has a diameter of twenty-five inches. The *Aquitania* will be driven by four propellers carried on shafts which project through the stern end of the vessel, and these shafts are carried by steel castings; but their weights and sizes, although very large, did not offer any difficulty as regards rail transit.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

THERE 's a narrow path at the garden's edge,
That runs in the speckled shade;
And the only tracks on its weed-grown floor
Are the prints that Time has made.
But as twilight falls on that pleasaunce old
A footstep light I 'll hear,
And I smile as I pace the worn old path,
For I know that my love is near.

There 's a gnarled old oak at the garden-end,
With branches spreading wide;
And among its feet there be crinkled nooks
Where Puck and his elves might hide.
And dear is its time-scarred trunk to me
Since that eve at dusk I came
To 'grave my love to the wood-gods' laugh
In a heart-encircled name.

There 's a wicket-gate at the garden-foot,
But its place is hardly known,
For the latch ne'er lifts to the thrill of aught
Save the woodbine's clasp alone.
Yet there was a time, in the years gone by,
When it turned 'neath a maiden's hand,
As a pair of wandering souls passed through
To the realm of Lover-land.

There 's a low green grave in the old churchyard,
Beyond that garden's bound—
A grave that I 'd know with eyes stone-blind
From the scores of graves around.
It is ten long years since that mound was made,
But I keep it green and fair;
For my heart is buried beneath the turf
With my love who 's lying there.

GEORGE WHITELEY WARD.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

By LETTICE MILNE RAE.

CHAPTER I.—UNDER THE ACACIA-TREES.

THE gardens of the Palace of Baths were bathed in the golden sunshine of the summer morning. Deep shadows lay on the grass that was kept fresh and green by spraying fountains, and the sunbeams were playing hide-and-seek through the dim ilex grove. Troops of laughing children ran over the greensward, followed by attendant slaves whose complexions varied from the ebony hue of the Ethiopian to the olive-skinned Greek or fairer Briton.

There was no more popular resort in Rome in the reign of the Emperor Claudius Nero than the great baths. Grave senators, stately matrons, conquering generals, lean philosophers, and perfumed dandies were all to be found within their gates.

Under the shade of the acacia-trees sat a little group of matrons. It was their favourite spot in the garden; they always sat there to rest after the fatigues of bathing, and to discuss the gossip of the day. They were five in number on this morning, and each was goodly to look on, beautiful in face and form. There was the grave and stately Pomponia Rufus, wife to Aulus Plautius, the late Imperial Legate to Britain; good-natured Marcia Lucinus; the simpering Lydia Metellus, with her airs and affectations; and Octavia Pamphilia, whose almond-shaped eyes gleamed yellow like a tiger's in the sunlight; but of all the group, Claudia Rufina, wife to Pudens, a senator, bore the palm. Her raven hair, bound by a silver fillet, accentuated the fairness of her face; her white skin, with its fresh colour, was the more marked beside the olive-tinted complexions of her sister matrons. Her haughty expression was softened by large, wistful eyes, deep and dark as night, yet in some lights they seemed to be of the blueness of the sea, for she was a daughter of the far island of Britain, and in childhood had run on the grassy downs and sandy shores, through the mists and the rain, with the wind blowing her black tresses and the sea-spray wetting her cheek.

As the matrons talked, the sound of children's voices rang shrilly through the gardens. Then suddenly, across the lawn, there came, in a swoop like a herd of wild cattle, a bevy of boys and girls with laughing faces and sparkling eyes, and limbs and voices lusty with the strength of childhood. They dashed past the acacias with shouts and cheers, for they played at chariot races.

In their wake came a younger child, a little boy of not more than five summers, whose lovely child-face was framed by dark, glossy curls. His wide-open, blue-black eyes were shadowed by a strange mistiness, and he ran with outstretched hands and uncertain steps, now turning to one side and now another, and then halted close to where the ladies sat.

'Mother, mother mine, art thou near?' he called.

'Here, my son,' answered Claudia Rufina, from the acacias.

At the sound of her voice the child darted forward and placed his hands on those of Octavia Pamphilia, which lay idle on her knees. She shivered slightly at his touch and drew back almost as if she feared him. 'Ha, ha, Timotheus,' she said with a light laugh, 'thou hast made a mistake this time! I am not thy mother.'

The little group joined in the laugh; but a shadow, half of pain, half of anger, came over the haughty face of Claudia Rufina, and her eyes flashed.

'Mother,' called the child again, 'where art thou?'

'Here, dear heart,' said the mother, springing from her seat and clasping him to her bosom in a passionate caress.

'What makes thee sigh?' asked the boy, stroking her cheek.

'A full heart,' answered Claudia, for the sigh was nearer a sob.

'What fills it, mother mine?'

'Thou, my son, thou—and trouble,' she said gently, yet with a ring of bitterness in her tone.

'Ah Claudia,' said a voice by her side, 'thou takest it too hard. The child is happy, very happy. See, he is off again—a very butterfly.' The speaker pointed to the boy, who had slipped from his mother's knee and was now running with his faltering steps towards the ilex grove whence the children's voices came.

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'Yes, Pomponia, he is happy now. But what will it be when he grows older and learns his loss?'

'What he has never had he can never miss, Claudia mine!'

'But what can he do in the world without his sight? What use has Rome for a son that is not whole? Ah, the gods have been cruel!' replied Claudia bitterly.

'There will be work that he can do,' whispered the kind voice.

'Poor Claudia!' interposed the placid tones of Marcia Lucinus, ''tis very hard. A child of promise too! 'Twould break my heart were one of my sons so afflicted. Poor little Timotheus!'

The words were meant in kindness, for the wife of Lucius Tellus was not the one to wound. But their very pitifulness seemed like sword-thrusts to the mother's proud heart.

'What have I done that the gods should so afflict me?' she burst forth. 'Why is my first-born under their ban, and an object of pity? I have made sacrifices and invocations that they should remove the curse, but they remain obdurate.'

'Thou hadst better consult one of the new sect from the East, Claudia,' said Octavia Pamphilia in a mocking voice; 'one of the "vampires." I have heard it said that they can restore sight —that is, if ye pay them gold enough. But see that they do not suck his blood, for 'tis said that they snatch away young children to drain their blood at their feasts.'

'Octavia!' shrieked Lydia Metellus, with an affectation of horror, 'hush, I beg ye! The trees or the grass may have ears. Dare ye mention their vile name? There is Josephus the Prefect, he may have overheard thee.'

'Beloved Josephus,' answered Octavia, waving her hand to her acquaintance, 'who fears him? Bah! Cæsar himself could not accuse me of having any love for the vermin. Ye gods! I could have split my sides with laughing last holiday at the circus!'

'Ugh! 'twas a sight I would not witness a second time,' rejoined Marcia with a shudder. 'Let them be thrown to the lions by all means, but let me not be there to see.'

'Ye are chicken-hearted, Marcia,' drawled Octavia scornfully, 'and ever were. How can thy sons serve the Empire if they inherit thy mean spirit? Blind Timotheus has more,' she added, glancing at Claudia with a gleam of malice in her yellow eyes.

'My son is not lacking in spirit,' answered Claudia coldly, and her fair face flushed in anger. 'Marcia is right! The slaughter of these defenceless people is not a sight meet for the mothers of Rome. Helpless women exposed to the shame and degradation, and the little children! Ah Octavia, does not your maternal heart rise up in rebellion at the thought of it? I have never ceased to hear their cries since that horrible day. Wild horses shall not drag me within a mile of the amphitheatre again for such a spectacle!'

'La, Claudia,' laughed Lydia Metellus, 'when didst thou become an upholder of the "vampires?"'

'What does thy husband say to this new fancy?' asked Octavia, showing her beautiful white teeth in a malicious smile. 'What will Cæsar say when he hears that the wife of Pudens declines to grace his circus?'

'Beware, Claudia!' simpered Lydia. 'The trees or the grass may have ears. Perhaps thou shalt have to stand in the arena if thou wilt not sit in the auditorium.'

The shaft was received with a burst of laughter. Claudia's dark eyes flashed, but she remained silent; while the gentle face of Pomponia Rufus grew grave.

'Come, ladies,' she said, in the midst of the laughter, 'I must use my prerogative as senior to censure this conversation. 'Tis not a subject for a jest. Claudia's heart is sore, and her words are sometimes thoughtless. Let us forget them. The sun is rising in the heavens. Is it not time for us to part before the heat becomes fiercer?'

'Yes, Pomponia, you speak truly,' answered Marcia.—'Claudia, thou must forgive us if we have a little amusement at thy expense. We are thy friends,' she added softly, looking into the burning eyes of the injured matron.

'Yes, dear Claudia,' drawled Octavia as she rose, 'ye are, after all, an alien from over the seas; ye must therefore be granted a little license if your thoughts are not our thoughts.—Farewell, beloved ones, till to-morrow!' She waved her hand and sailed majestically over the lawn in her flowing robes, being immediately followed by two slaves, who seemed to spring from the earth as she left the shade of the acacias.

The other matrons took farewell of each other and dispersed in their various directions. Claudia summoned the attendant of her son, a slim and comely young Greek, and ordered him to bring the child, while she proceeded down the broad walk, accompanied by Pomponia Rufus.

CHAPTER II.—WOMEN'S SECRETS.

POMPONIA RUFUS, the wife of Aulus Plautius, who at one time had been Imperial Legate to the Roman colony of Britain, was the eldest of the matrons who had sat under the acacia-trees. She was long past her first youth, and was the mother of stalwart sons who served the Empire, yet she still retained much of her early beauty. Her oval face was serene and calm, her dark, lustrous eyes were full of love and kindliness, and her earnest tones and gentle manner inspired confidence and respect. The fact that a spiteful word was never on her lips,

nor a malicious act ever imputed to her, won her a place in the esteem and affection of the matrons of patrician Rome. To her they came for sympathy in time of trouble, in difficulties they turned to her for advice, and in moments of joy she was always ready to rejoice with them.

Between Pomponia and Claudia Rufina there was a special bond. They were as mother and daughter. It was to the care of Pomponia Rufus that Claudia had been committed when she came as a child from the far-off colony of Britain, where her father had ruled as a king. And was it not under Pomponia's gentle eye and teaching that the passionate, half-savage girl had grown to womanhood, moulded and softened by her wise counsel and kindly sympathy, till Pudens, one of the senators of the city, had chosen her as the most beautiful and accomplished maiden in all Rome to be his wife?

It was sometimes whispered among the gossiping tongues that Pomponia Rufus was tainted with a foreign superstition; but the position and power of her husband, Aulus Plautius, and the discretion of her own behaviour, together with the estimation in which she was held, prevented the rumour from gaining much credence.

She walked slowly along the marble-paved terrace in front of the great Palace of Baths towards the gates of the gardens, her arm linked in that of Claudia. They went in silence and with an air of preoccupation till the sound of little Timotheus's voice broke the spell.

'Claudia mine,' murmured Pomponia, 'why art thou so troubled? Thy little one is happy! They say the blind are happier than those that see.'

'Ah Pomponia,' burst forth the younger woman, 'thy sons are whole and strong; thou canst not know the bitterness that is mine—to have a child, a son, that is but an object of pity, of scorn, of repulsion! Did ye mark how Octavia shuddered when he laid his dear hands on her? The viper! I saw it, and will be avenged!'

'Nay, nay, Claudia, thy wounded heart feels more than there is to feel. Thy quickened senses see and hear what is mere imagination. Be comforted by the sound of thy child's joyous laughter. Hear him, he trills as gaily as any bird in the morning!'

'Pomponia,' said Claudia gravely, 'I shall confide to thee a fear I have hardly allowed myself to hold in my heart. It is not only for the child's future that I am troubled; but Pudens my husband is grieved, he is resentful. He feels it is a curse, and looks gloomily on me who have brought it upon him. I have borne him a child that is not whole, a son who can never serve the Empire. He loves the child, I know, but his affliction has become a barrier between us. It is taking his love from me. My son is but a reproach! My first-born! My only child!' Her proud face was for a moment convulsed with the effort to keep back the tears that were ready to gush forth.

'Claudia, my beloved, my daughter, be comforted. Pudens is true and honourable. It is but the fancy of thy wounded heart,' returned the elder woman soothingly. But her face became graver than its wont, and a shadow filled her eyes.

'Would that it were, mother mine! Would that it were but the fancy of a love-sick maiden ever looking for slights in her lover! I am not such, as thou knowest, Pomponia. I ask not for idle words and flattering attentions and caresses. Thou didst teach me better things. But how can I be at peace when I lack that love and confidence which should be mine, that love ye taught me I owed to my husband and he to me? Didst thou not often tell me, while yet I was a maiden, that when I shouldst wed my joy and happiness should only be in my lord's affection and welfare? Other matrons may seek to console themselves and find pleasures elsewhere, but I cannot. Surely thou sayest that I am right?'

Pomponia did not answer for a moment, and when she spoke it was with a hesitation unusual to her. 'Claudia mine, ye recall those foolish words spoken this morning that you should seek the aid of that despised sect from the East?'

'It was but to anger me,' retorted Claudia. 'Cruel, wicked words! Thou wouldst not advise me to such a step?' she asked, turning her deep eyes on her companion's face.

'Claudia, beloved,' she answered in a lowered tone, 'it was not altogether folly and malice, though doubtless it was meant as such. Thou wilt have heard it said that I am "tainted with a foreign superstition," as the saying is?'

'Never have I believed it,' burst forth the impetuous Claudia. '"Tis but the lying tongues of Rome that must ever be wagging to the detraction of their neighbours.'

'It is no calumny, Claudia, but the truth! I am more than tainted, I am impregnated. I think of it night and day. I listen eagerly for news. I seek for fresh light.'

'Pomponia—thou!' gasped the other. 'Hush! hush! The stones have ears!' And she looked round in fear lest any one could overhear their talk.

'I do not fear,' continued Pomponia. 'I tell thee, Claudia; I trust thee absolutely. Thou wilt never betray me. I cannot openly declare myself, I am not yet one of them. I grope in the dark alone. I have heard much from those who have been in the East—officers, servants, and others. They say that there was a man in Judea who could do wonderful deeds. He made the blind to see with a touch of His hand, and even the dead to live again. He was called the Christus, and this new sect are His followers. He is dead now. His countrymen killed him in anger and jealousy. But 'tis said that some of His followers possess His power, and also that

they have the secret of life and happiness. And, oh Claudia! 'tis even said that the Christus is not really dead, but liveth still. If He could but touch thy Timotheus he might be made to see. Would it not be joyful? If thou couldst but hear where to seek out one who had this miraculous power, or could tell thee where to find the Christus if He still lives!'

'Never, Pomponia—never,' affirmed her companion. 'It is witchcraft and communication with evil spirits. Dost thou think that I would suffer myself or my child to have aught to do with such people? Are they not accursed and under the ban of the law?'

'Nay, they are good people, pure and honourable, and they live humble and peaceful lives. Thou sawest them in the arena! Did they look evil or cruel? Did they not meet death as those who possess the secret of life, and with a courage worthy of a Roman legion? Why are they to be despised and persecuted?'

'True, their courage was worthy of something better than death in the arena pitted against the beasts. Speak not of it, Pomponia! Doubtless they deserved their fate; but, ah, the horror of it!'

'Thou didst denounce it bravely to-day. I was proud and yet fearful for thee. But I must leave thee here. I have come even to thy door. Claudia, beloved, before I go I ask thee to think on what I have told thee. Thy heart is yearning for a comfort thou knowest not of. I cannot help thee, for I too am ignorant. Seek out one of these Christians for the love of thy child. Farewell.'

'Farewell, Pomponia. I thank thee for thy sweet comfort; but ask me to do no more. Farewell.'

(To be continued.)

THE PANAMÁ CANAL.

By the Hon. Mrs C. Gideon Murray.

THE passing of the first ship through the Panamá Canal will indeed be a great and historical event; it will be a symbol of the triumph of perseverance over almost superhuman difficulties. Since the year 1521, when the Spaniards conceived the idea of cutting a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the dream has been in men's minds.

Three and a half centuries later came the tragic efforts of those gallant Frenchmen who, from 1878 to 1903, sacrificed their lives in the vain effort to realise this wonderful idea, victims of disease and failure. And now to-day, when the Panamá Canal is nearing completion, it is to the Americans that the honour and acknowledgment is due for their indomitable energy and perseverance, and to the lavish expenditure, which will reach a figure of no less than seventy-five to eighty million pounds; and, above all, for the scientific manner in which they have cleansed and purified the country through which the canal will flow.

Nowhere in the world, outside of the army and the navy, could you meet with such perfection of discipline and organisation as are to be found in the administration of the Panamá Canal zone by the United States of America, who chose for this task such splendid officers as Colonel Goethals (Chairman of the Canal Commission) and Colonel Gorgas (Chief Sanitary Engineer), together with other four officers also of exceptional ability, forming the Isthmian Canal Commission.

The formal opening of the Panamá Canal was arranged for the 1st of January 1915; but President Taft said last October, 'You may expect to see the first ship go through on 1st July 1913.'

The actual canal zone is some four hundred and forty-eight square miles, and this tract of land running each side of the canal is almost entirely owned by the United States of America, who bought it under a treaty which they made with the Republic of Panamá in 1905, shortly after that state had thrown off the suzerainty of Colombia and declared herself a republic. The towns of Colon (formerly called Aspinwall) and that of Panamá are without the zone, but they are under the laws of sanitation and public order of the United States, who will also be responsible for the defences of the Panamá Canal.

The entrance to the canal on the Atlantic side will be in Limon Bay, close to Colon; while that on the Pacific side will be at Bilbao, close to the town of Panamá, a distance of forty-two miles from shore to shore. It will be a strange and interesting sight to see gigantic ships—such as, for example, the *Olympic* (forty-five thousand tons), at present the largest vessel afloat—forsake the ocean and glide majestically inland, moving as if by magic through an enchanted country of forest, hill, and valley. These monster ships, the length of St James's Street in London, will seem to dwarf everything around them as they move down the lake into the narrow Culebra waterway. One can picture the superstitious natives of Central America viewing with awe such a sight; and no doubt men, women, and children will flock from miles around to cluster on some hilltop and see the passing of the vessels.

Entering the canal at Colon, a vessel will leave the natural bed of the Atlantic Ocean and turn inwards down a deep cutting in the Bay of Limon, sailing on inland for seven miles to the great Gatun Locks (of which there are three in flight), where she will be shut in for one and a

half hours for the process of being raised eighty-five feet to the elevation of the Gatun Lake, into which she will pass. On her starboard will be the Gatun Dam and Spillway, a stupendous structure. The dam, measuring half a mile at its base, narrowing up to a width of a hundred feet at its crest, will be thirty feet above the level of the water. The length of this dam is one and a half miles, and it has been built for the purpose of impounding the water of the Chagres River, forming a huge lake of one hundred and sixty-four square miles (superficial area) through which the vessels may pass at full steam from Gatun Lock to Bas Obispo, a distance of twenty-four miles. Passing through this lovely lake for twenty-four miles, the vessel will now enter the long, narrow cutting of Culebra, the excavation of which was first begun by the French Canal Company about thirty years ago. Steaming for nine miles through this artificial channel, past the town of Empire, with its black-painted tropical buildings perched high on the side of the hill, and on to Pedro Miguel, the vessel at this point will now enter the locks for the process of being lowered some thirty feet to the level of a smaller lake, the Miraflores Lake, the waters of which are formed by two small rivers confined by two dams connecting the lock with the surrounding hillsides. The object of these dams is to prevent the water from the Culebra Cut, which is higher than that of the Miraflores Lake, from percolating through the earth at the sides of the lock. To the west side this dam is of earth, and to the east side it is built of concrete, with foundations reaching far down on to the bed of solid rock. After passing through the Miraflores Lake for one and a half miles, the ship enters two locks at the lower end, known as the Miraflores Locks, where she will once more be lowered, this time fifty-four feet, to the level of the Pacific Ocean, and will pass out to sea through a channel in the Bay of Bilbao.

The duration of this wonderful voyage across country will be from ten to twelve hours. The distance from deep sea in the Atlantic to deep sea in the Pacific is fifty and a quarter miles. The difference at high tide between the level of the two oceans is about twenty feet. There are twenty-two winding turns in the canal, eight of them being in the Culebra Cut; but the canal has been so engineered that a vessel of a thousand feet in length can make the turns with ease and safety. There are six double locks in the Panamá Canal, three pairs in flight at Gatun, one pair at Pedro Miguel, and two pairs at Miraflores. They are built of solid concrete, and are marvels of human skill and ingenuity. Electric locomotives will be used to tow vessels into and through the locks, and the gates of the locks will also be operated by electricity. These gates are made of steel, and are seven feet thick and from forty-seven to eighty-two feet high.

The great Culebra Cut is nine miles in length, and extends from Bas Obispo to Pedro Miguel, a distance of nine miles through undulating hills. The making of this cutting is a gigantic undertaking, but may now fairly be said to be on the way to completion. It is difficult to describe the strange scene of activity and organisation that met our eyes as we entered the cutting on our motor-trolley, fitted up somewhat like a wagonette, and running upon the railway lines in the bed of the canal. On every side of us there were men working in gangs—men of every race, of many types and tongues, negroes, Indians, Italians, and Spaniards, swarming like ants as they move over the railway lines or group round the dirt-trains; gangs working at the drilling-machines, at the cranes, at the steam-shovels, at the steam rock-breakers, round the track-shifters and the signal-boxes; men everywhere working in the blazing sunshine of a tropical December day. The noise of these toiling men and the din of the machines in our ears as we motored along the cutting made conversation almost impossible.

Up and down the canal-bed an intricate network of temporary railway lines is laid, and long trains loaded up with earth and rock were constantly puffing up and down, carrying away the excavated rock to Bilbao, where it is dumped into the sea to form a breakwater. It may give the reader some idea of the amount of excavation that will have been done on the canal by the time it is opened when it is estimated that a train of trucks loaded up with the earth and rock that have been taken from the bed of the Panamá Canal would reach twice round the world. Most of the earth in the Culebra Cut is of a rich red like that of Devonshire, shading to a purple hue in the deeper excavation. Nearly all the excavated earth is used for filling up and reclaiming the swamps in the vicinity of the town of Panamá. An ingenious method is employed for this purpose. The soil is mixed with water in a proportion of one hundred of water to twenty of soil. The liquid mud thus formed is pumped along large pipe-lines on to the swamps which require filling. The liquid then runs off and is absorbed, leaving the soil to form solid ground.

About one hundred various grades of steam-shovels are used, and so quickly and perfectly are these operated that about one hundred and twenty tons per shovel are taken out per day. From the place of excavation to the dumping-ground as many as three hundred and thirty-three trains have been run in a single day. The unloading of these trains takes from seven minutes to fifty minutes, according to the size and length of the train, some large trains being composed of so many as thirty-five cars. All these are operated by compressed air-power or by hand labour. Much trouble has been experienced during the excavation work through constant land-slides, and up to the present no remedy or preventive has been possible. There are twenty-one slides

in the Culebra Cutting, necessitating endless labour and carting away. The largest land-slide is known as the Cucaracha Slide, on the east side of the canal, and this covers an area of forty-seven acres, and is in perpetual motion.

There are great steam-shovels in the cutting all along these land-slides continually scooping up ton after ton of fallen earth and rock and material known as 'the run of the cut.' It is really extraordinary to see these great machines at work, operated by two men only. One man sits upon the crane, from which is suspended a gigantic iron shovel, somewhat resembling in shape the head of some antediluvian monster! Upon pulling a lever the monster lowers his jaws and drives deep into the wall of earth and rock. Then, when his mouth is full to overflowing, he is slowly raised on high with a rock of probably eight or ten tons protruding from his capacious, ravening maw. He is then swung round and above the waiting dump-train, and lowered until he can skilfully deposit his mouthful into the car.

At another place we noticed a long string of men winding their way zigzag down the steep side of the cutting, each carrying on his shoulder a deal box. Steadily they walked, without hesitation or false step, down to the bed of the cutting, where they gently laid down their burdens near the drilling-machines. Each box contained fifty pounds of dynamite, brought from the magazine, and as each man in turn deposited his deadly burden we drew a deep breath of relief. One false step might mean an explosion and instant death for the carrier and all near him. The drilling-machines are stationed in groups at intervals throughout the Culebra Cut. When a hole of some fifty feet has been drilled, dynamite is poured into it and the fuse set so as to time the blasting for the dinner-hour, when all the labourers are away at their midday lunch and rest. During the hours of 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. daily the air is rent by a cannonade of explosions which seem to shake the earth and make the foundations of the frail tropical buildings in the towns of the canal zone quiver. Wonderful to relate, but few accidents occur over this dangerous work of blasting.

The total number of men at present employed in the canal zone, on the railroad work as well as the canal work, is, in round figures, thirty-five thousand, and these are divided into three branches, the first two being classified as the Gold Force and the Silver Force. The Gold Force is made up of the officials, clerical men, construction men, and skilled artisans, most of whom are Americans. The Silver Force is made up of unskilled labourers, Europeans mostly, and many of them Spaniards and Italians. The remaining force is composed of West Indian negroes.

The pay of unskilled labour is from ten to twenty cents per hour, a minimum of three shillings and ninepence per day. They work for nine hours a day, with a rest of two hours from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. They are brought in gangs to the base of their working operations in special trains, and fetched again for their midday meal and rest. Hot dinners are served to all hands. Each race has its own separate eating-house; for instance, the five thousand Spaniards and the Italians have their separate kitchens, the Indians and the negroes have also separate kitchens, and the food is prepared to suit their tastes and habits. No less than sixty-five thousand people are fed daily; and supply-trains bring all the fresh food daily into the canal zone from Colon.

The workmen's dwellings are models of tropical buildings, and are completely wired-in with mosquito-proof wire. Mosquitoes, those dreaded carriers of fever and disease that wrought such havoc among the French labourers working on the canal, have been practically exterminated. Gallons upon gallons of oil are constantly being poured upon all standing water, and an immense amount of clearing has been done around the towns, there being now no bush left, and but few trees, near any dwellings. The men are supplied with clothing and food at nominal prices, and all medical treatment and medicine is free of charge. There is a splendidly equipped hospital at Ancon. Most of the Gold Force have their wives and families with them, and these all looked healthy. They are supplied with good furnished houses at Empire or wherever they may be quartered on the canal zone.

The Young Men's Christian Association flourishes, and has many clubhouses, where dancing and concerts take place; and there is a good deal of social life among the officials and their wives. It is a rare thing to see an alcoholic drink of any sort, and every one appeared to prefer iced water to other beverages. Fresh iced water is supplied all along the lines of work, and filters are to be found in every office. Even the locomotives have a special tank for iced water.

Nearly all of the West Indian labourers are British subjects and extremely loyal. Coronation Day last year was proclaimed a holiday throughout the canal zone. It is amusing to hear that it is a common remark among the negroes, if they have any grievance or pet complaint, to say, 'I'll take it up to King George, that I will.'

All the ordinary traffic between Colon and Panamá, both passenger and freight, is at present carried on by the Panamá Railroad, which runs almost parallel to the canal, and from the windows of the railway-carriage as we travelled to Panamá we could get a very good general view of the canal work. This line of railway will, however, be replaced by a new railroad from Colon to Panamá, which is nearly completed, and will be opened for traffic this year. The new railway is forty-seven miles long, and lies some distance farther from the canal, on higher land. The present railway, running as it does in the low

lands, is to be submerged by the waters of the Gatun Lake when the flooding is complete. There was one spot in the middle of the bush, through which we travelled very slowly, that filled one with apprehension. It is called the Black Swamp, and is a boggy stretch, over which the rails are laid upon thick wooden piles and blocks filled in with ashes. These are constantly being renewed and built up, for this treacherous quagmire sucks down all that lies on its surface. Three years ago a complete train was bogged at this spot. It was impossible to extricate it, and in less than two years there was not a trace to be seen, as it lies buried in the bosom of the Black Swamp. The bush-lands through which the train passes are very beautiful, with a luxuriant mass of tropical tree-fern and creeper, and here and there an orchid or brilliantly coloured tree-blossom.

The flooding of the lake may take about a year, and will be done very gradually to avoid all risk of mishap. Already there are signs of the coming flood; and after passing through miles of luxuriant green forests during our railway journey we came, near Gatun, into a stretch of mournful, leafless woods—a forest of tall, bare, silvery tree-trunks, with never a fern, palm, or creeper to gladden them as they stood in a black morass. These are the dead and dying trees of the future Gatun Lake, where the waters, allowed now to creep in very gradually, are creating a dank marsh, killing the trees and all undergrowth. I shall never forget the beautiful effect of the sunrise light on the water mists seen through this forest of silvery trunks, and the sense of desolation conveyed by their dying condition.

We saw but few birds on the canal zone. One large species, like an immense black raven, was remarkable. The butterflies are brilliant. We noticed a big orange-coloured butterfly flitting about unconcernedly among the people at the crowded little wayside station of Bas Obispo. In the thicker parts of the bush there is a good deal of game, and every Sunday, in Panamá, a small sporting expedition is organised among the young men of the canal force. They go, armed with rifles and attended by a medley pack of dogs, for a day's hunting in the bush, where are to be found wild hogs, wild oxen, several varieties of deer, and occasionally a tiger cat. The bush, too, harbours the dreaded boa-constrictor snake, and not long ago a huge one was found dead on the railway line, a train having run over him in the night, when he was probably asleep on the rails. The rivers inland are full of crocodiles and alligators, but in the actual canal zone these have been almost exterminated.

Throughout the Panamá Canal zone there seemed abroad a spirit of good-comradeship and hope amongst all classes. It may well be conceded that this mighty co-operation of activity and regularity has a greater result still than the linking of two oceans and the accomplishment of a well-nigh superhuman task. The wisdom, the justice, the discipline, the recreations, the excellent food and sanitation, and the daily labour must inevitably tend to an improvement and development of character, the making and moulding of men. A changing population of some forty thousand are to-day, and have been for the past five years, enjoying these rare tropical conditions, and each one of these can say that he is contributing to carry to its successful completion one of the greatest feats of modern engineering that the world has yet seen.

A FROZEN MILLIONAIRE.

By Captain J. B. CHAFFER, Author of *Quong Ma's Revenge*, *Black Pearls*, &c.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.—A MINING WIZARD.

'THAT 'S something in your line, Jack.'

These words were spoken by my brother, Ned Burton, as he passed me *Lloyd's Shipping Gazette*, pointing to an advertisement, with heavy-type headline, as follows:

'£5000 REWARD.

'The above-named sum will be paid to any person furnishing legal proof of the death of Charles Tremayne, a partner in the firm of Moss, Levinson, & Tremayne, of London and New York.

'A further sum of £5000 will be paid for the recovery of deeds and maps the said Charles Tremayne is known to have had in his possession when leaving Table Bay for Australia, on 10th January 189–, on board s.s. *Kestrel*.

'For further particulars apply to Messrs Bowen and Isaac, solicitors, London Wall.'

I read this advertisement over carefully, for I had heard from a friend, a shipmaster like myself, something about an advertisement of the same nature that had appeared in all the maritime newspapers of the world about twelve or eighteen months previously.

When I put the paper down on the table between us, my brother—who was the much-trusted managing clerk to a good firm of London solicitors, and soon to be a partner—began an interesting story.

'I see you are interested, Jack,' he said, 'and don't wonder. You need not go to those Jew lawyers for information; I know a good deal

more about Charles Tremayne and this business than they do, though they are the lawyers to the firm of which he was a partner.'

'You say *was* a partner, Ned; you think he is dead then?'

'I feel sure he is. He was not the kind of man to have kept us ignorant of his movements for all this time if alive. But I'll give you a brief outline of what I know of the man's life.

'He was only thirty-five then, fairly educated, and trained as a mining engineer. He had the most extraordinary faculty for discovering buried minerals of all kinds—in fact, he almost seemed to *nose* them out by scent, like pigs or poodles do truffles. As a lad he had developed this faculty, and did discover several unknown lodes of tin in Cornwall, his native county; but tin-mines were not paying then as now, and he began a roving life when twenty-five.

'He visited all the principal mineral-producing countries in the world; but want of capital prevented him from developing any of the lodes he undoubtedly discovered and kept secret. He made some money, no doubt, for he landed in New York—crossing from 'Frisco—five years ago with five thousand pounds. Here he got introduced to Moss & Levinson, who somehow had heard of him and who worked this introduction. They were mine-promotors, and they had been *in* many wild-cat schemes, though nothing could be proved against them, and they held blocks of shares in a few good mines.

'The upshot was, they persuaded him to go into partnership with them on equal terms. I need hardly tell you they are both of Jewish extraction. Moss is an American, and manages the American business; Levinson is a German, a naturalised Englishman, and manages the London end. Anyhow, a deed of partnership was drawn up, signed, and registered in London; and they traded as mine-managers and mine-owners, with a capital of two hundred thousand pounds in equal parts. The money Tremayne put in could not have been a tenth-part of this amount; but no doubt, with his peculiar faculty and his knowledge acquired during his knocking about they knew he was worth the difference to them. In twelve months they were all millionaires, with paying mines in various places.

'Then they had drawn up, duly attested, and registered, the most extraordinary deed that I think ever existed in this world. Our firm have a copy of it, and we have had the opinion of several most learned counsel, who all say it is quite legal, though extraordinary. It is a deed by which they each, jointly and severally, bind themselves that in the event of the death of any one of them all his property, real and personal, is to be equally divided between the two survivors. In like case, on the decease of one of the latter, the survivor inherits again. In all the annals of legal procedure such a deed was never before executed.

'Within a month of signing this deed, Tremayne met and fell in love with a lovely girl of twenty-two, named Nora Tregellis. Rather strangely, she is a niece of our senior partner; and Tremayne, learning this, came to our firm to draw up a marriage settlement securing fifty thousand pounds to his future wife, reverting to his children; if none, to his wife absolutely.

'Returning from the honeymoon, there was some estrangement, which resulted in a practical separation; Mrs Tremayne going to live with an aunt at Bath.

'A son was born who will now be about three years old. They did not become reconciled; but before Tremayne started for Zanzibar to obtain a concession from the Sultan to prospect and develop some reported auriferous quartz outcrops he came to our firm.

'Taking a liking to me, I was left to do his business, which was to secure a further sum of one hundred thousand pounds to his child, and to give the firm a Power of Attorney to watch his interests while away. He hoped to get out to Australia from Zanzibar, and had for some time felt a certain distrust in his partners.

'He confided to me that on his return he would endeavour to become reconciled to his wife, having discovered he was quite wrong in his suspicions.

'Well, he must have found the Zanzibar reefs likely to pay, for he obtained his concession, sent it to the firm, and sailed from Table Bay for Australia on January 10, 18—. But it appears this concession is useless to the firm, for Tremayne did not send with it his maps of localities, showing positions of outcrops. They might go over the whole country and not find them without him or his maps.

'Levinson had somehow heard that Tremayne had visited our office several times before leaving, and called to ask us if he had sent us any information. Needless to say he got no satisfaction from me, for I dislike and mistrust the man, and he seemed disappointed.

'The s.s. *Kestrel* has never been sighted or heard of since she sailed; and three months after that date Moss & Levinson first published that advertisement, which has appeared three times now.'

I could not help interrupting by asking, 'You don't fear foul-play, do you—that his partners might realise his share? That deed points to some ulterior motive, it is such a strange one.'

'I hardly know how to answer you. Sometimes I do, at others I don't. Tremayne alive and discovering more paying properties would seem to be to their advantage; unless they had got the localities of these other mines, had begun to doubt him, and resolved to get rid of him and divide his share.

'Anyhow, it now seems as if the fate of

Tremayne and the *Kestrel* would remain another "ocean mystery," and it is giving our firm an uneasy time. For on hearing that his firm was about to realise his property, appropriating his share, even going so far as to notify Tremayne's bankers not to pay our firm any more money under his Power of Attorney, we applied for an injunction. This was granted in the Probate Court after hearing both sides most patiently, the judge deciding that Moss & Levinson could not execute this deed until they either proved Tremayne's death or three years had elapsed since he was last seen alive.

'We are anxious, for there remain now only about six more months before the time expires; but we still have a card up our sleeve to play on behalf of Tremayne's widow and son, and ample means to fight with.

'But it is getting late, my boy, and you sail to-morrow with your last venture, your new bark *The Goldfinder*. She will prove a veritable goldfinder if you can discover what has become of Tremayne. You are going much the same route that he took—Capetown first to discharge your cargo, then on to Australia, to sell, if you can. But don't disappear from human ken as he has done. Good-night. I will come and see you off to-morrow if I can.'

CHAPTER II.—'THE GOLDFINDER.'

I WAS down at the dock in good time next day, but there was no sign of my brother.

Before sailing I had better tell you a little about my bark, to account for what took place afterwards. She was not new, as Ned said, having been built some years before at a small port in Banffshire, N.B. But she had not made a voyage yet, except from that port to London, the Scotch owner having died while *en route*. His heirs had squabbled over his property, resulting in interminable Chancery suits, and the bark had lain in dock all this time doing nothing.

A few months previously I had bought her cheap, considering her class; which was A1 at Lloyd's twenty-one years, six hundred and forty tons register. She was a wooden vessel, of English and African oak timbers and knees, planked with elm to load-line and above that teak; copper fastened, and of course sheathed with best yellow metal; bark rigged, with a very fine entrance forward and a clean run aft that promised speed. She was altogether a more seaworthy vessel than half of the jerry-built iron tanks of nowadays.

She was loaded with railway material for Capetown, and I had also in the 'tween decks right aft a few cases of felt and some rolls of sheet-lead. These latter had come down only the day before from my agent, with a request to deliver in Melbourne to a friend of his. So much for my craft and cargo.

No signs of Ned, and, the dock-gates being opened, we took the tug's tow-rope and started down the river on our voyage.

I might mention now, to save time afterwards, that I had shipped a good crew, all British; a good carpenter, who afterwards proved a most reliable man and tradesman; and two well-recommended mates, first and second, of whom more anon.

Landing the river-pilot at Gravesend, I received a farewell letter from Ned telling me to be sure and let him know at every opportunity how I progressed.

Our sea-pilot left us at Dungeness, and the tug-boat cast off after we had made sail, and we started with a fine, fair northerly wind down the Channel.

I took a departure from the Lizard two days after; and, the wind having gone westerly, stretched away south towards the much-dreaded Bay of Biscay, close hauled on starboard tack; the bark proving a good sailer with any wind, though we had yet to see how she would behave in a gale with a heavy sea running.

We had a most uneventful voyage to our destination, having the usual mixed weather till striking the North-east Trades, doldrums when lost, creeping over the line somehow till we felt the South-east Trades; then across to the South American coast till in the latitude of the Cape, and crossing with variable winds.

We found Capetown as usual, and my consignee, a most gentlemanly fellow, rendered me every assistance in getting my cargo discharged and ballast in, for there was nothing in the shape of cargo to be got for Australia.

I had cabled to Mauritius. Nothing to be had there, so I decided to sail, as soon as ready, for Australia in ballast.

The day before sailing, my agent, who had accompanied me to the Custom House to clear out, made a remark on our way back to the vessel which recalled my conversation with Ned before leaving London.

'By Jove, Captain Burton, it is getting on for three years now since I walked down this very street with the owner of the ill-fated *Kestrel*, Charlie Tremayne! The English mail had arrived that day, and I had handed him a number of letters. One of them, I noticed, addressed in a lady's handwriting, seemed to give him supreme satisfaction, though it appeared to be a very short note. I often wonder if the mystery in which his fate is enveloped will ever be pierced. It is a wonderfully early summer this year, and I suppose you will sail to-morrow. You are likely to have a fine-weather passage to Australia.'

But his prognostication was wrong. After clearing the Banks I determined to strike well south, not only to shorten the distance on the

circle track, but hoping to get stronger westerly winds.

We got down to forty-five degrees south with moderate westerly winds, and had passed Kerguelen Island, when the wind went south for a few days, moderate at first, then increasing to a strong gale, then a heavy one from south-east, with a nasty sea running. For three days we lay hove-to under a lower maintopsail, and the bark behaved wonderfully well.

Then the wind backed to eastward, blowing a gale, and seemed to have settled down for a hard spell of it. As this was a dead head-wind for us I was a little undecided what to do, for I was quite as far south as was prudent in the summer in these latitudes, when the ice breaks away and drifts north; especially with strong southerly and south-easterly gales like those we had encountered, and we had already seen several large bergs.

Being nearly due east, which was our course, if I put the bark on the starboard tack, and reached away north-north-east, I should lose my chance of getting strong westerly fair winds. Yet if I kept on the port tack, and headed away south-south-east I was running into dangerous waters.

It is far safer in these latitudes in the winter than in the summer season, for then these masses of ice are frozen fast in the south. The large bergs, however, are not the most dangerous, for even on the darkest night, when neither the bergs nor a glint of them can be seen, you can smell them. Besides, by watching the thermometer closely, a sudden fall of a few degrees in temperature will warn the shipmaster of the vicinity of a large body of ice. It is the smaller pieces of ice broken off bergs by the sea's erosion that are the danger. Most bergs are found to have some of these pieces accompanying them, though maybe a mile or two away; and floating, as they do, with only one-third of their bulk above water, they are most dangerous, being hardly distinguishable even on a clear night, and giving no indication of their vicinity by a fall in the temperature, yet large enough to sink the strongest vessel if struck.

Being loath to stand away north, therefore, I stretched for one day north-north-east and two to south-south-east alternately for ten days, though I felt I was not doing a very wise thing, for the number of bergs we saw daily increased.

After fourteen days of this wearisome work, for I was mostly on deck myself at night, came the climax. On the fifteenth evening of this work, as we could see a large number of bergs ahead of us, being on the port-tack standing south-east, I put the bark on the other tack and reduced sail, just under the two courses and topsails to give her good steerage way, about four knots. Almost worn-out, I had turned in at ten P.M., only removing my outer clothing and boots. Soon sound asleep, I was rudely awakened by a crash and the heeling over of the vessel that almost pitched me out of my bunk. Hurriedly slipping on my boots and overcoat, I ran on deck, to find confusion. We had struck one of these dangerous floes. Fortunately for us, we were not going at any great rate through the water, and owing to our making so much leeway the floe was well amidships before contact. Had we struck it on either bow the probabilities are we should have sunk in a few minutes.

Ordering the carpenter to sound the pump-well, I looked over the side; but being dark could only see what looked like two large holes in the planking, which dipped under water every time the bark heeled over. The carpenter reported eighteen inches of water in the vessel already; therefore, all hands being on deck, I put the vessel on the other tack to bring whatever holes were made above water.

When this was done I ordered all hands to the pumps, and getting hatches off went below with the carpenter to endeavour to discover if the damage was irreparable. We could not see the full extent of it for the inner skin; but there was a tremendous inrush of water every time the vessel rolled to windward.

Taking a few hands off the pumps, we got up a new topsail and tried the old expedient of keeping it in place over the hole by ropes passed under the bottom. This proved ineffective, as, not being completely under water, the pressure was not great enough to keep the canvas in place, and each time the bark rolled to windward the sea washed it away and poured in. We tried jamming spare sails against the side below, with partial effect; but still the sea came in a little faster than our pumps could lift it out, and in a few hours the bark had two feet of water in her hold.

Daylight showed us the full extent of damage. The teak planks were stove in between two sets of timbers for the width of six planks; this left two jagged holes about three feet square.

Something must be done and quickly, or the bark would become waterlogged; also, we could not keep standing to the south-east indefinitely, or we should soon reach the Arctic Circle.

My thoughts travelled quickly, and I soon hit on a feasible expedient, though a risky one, but not more so than our present danger. Of course in this present heavy sea it was impossible for the carpenter to work over the side at these holes to belt some planks over them.

My inspiration was to run to the lee, or sheltered side, of the nearest large iceberg. There we might find the water smooth enough for him to work overside, and spike some of our loose 'tween-deck planks over the holes; then a few sheets of the felt and rolled lead I remembered we carried should render these holes secure enough for us to continue our voyage. It would afterwards be an easy matter to pump the bark dry.

Calling the carpenter, I told him my idea, and he grasped it at once.

I asked him how long it would take to get planks up, holes bored, ends trimmed off, and a long stage ready to hang over the side when we reached smooth water.

'If you can spare me three men'—naming men whom he knew possessed some knowledge of tools—'I can have everything ready, even to the lead cut in handy sheets, in an hour and a half. If you can hold her under the lee of that berg for two hours, in anything like smooth water, I can make the bark as tight as a bottle again.'

Hold her there in smooth water! That would take some doing, under sail, and I thought again for some minutes, and then told him I could do it.

We had a new three-inch steel wire towing-hawser on a reel on the top of the forward house in which the crew lived.

I proposed to put six men and the mate in our largest lifeboat, with the deep-sea lead-line, which was one hundred and twenty fathoms long, and strong enough to pull the end of the hawser to the berg. They could shackle it round some hummock, and the hands left on board could heave the bark up as close as we dared, and I hoped thus to hold her in smooth water for the carpenter to work long enough to patch these holes.

The nearest large berg was about two miles away. I judged it was quite a mile long, but could not estimate its breadth; yet it promised smoother water on its lee-side (which we could not see) for our purpose.

We had all prepared by a little after noon, and I sent the men to snatch a hasty meal before we approached the iceberg. We should have ample time to get all finished before dark.

This immense berg was a grand spectacle as we edged down towards it, and, had not our plight been so desperate, one to create awe and admiration.

The sea dashing against its weather-edge sent up clouds of spray which, catching the sun's rays, showed all the colours of the rainbow. Almost in the centre was an immense dome-shaped mass of ice quite two hundred feet high, on which the sun glistened like silver. There were many other smaller masses, varying in height from fifty to a hundred feet, on which the sun's rays struck with peculiar effect, interspersed with smaller hummocks, all glistening. Altogether a grand and awe-inspiring sight. Would it prove our salvation?

(*To be continued.*)

A MODERN ROBIN HOOD.

By LASCARIS.

THE death of the brigand Tsakirdji lately created a sensation all over Asia Minor. Had he received proper burial it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a prince or philanthropist living whose funeral would have been followed by a greater number of faithful and grateful admirers. Tsakirdji was no common brigand. In many ways he was more wonderful than Edmond About's *Le Roi des Montagnes*, or even Arsène Lupin.

He was a mere stripling when he and his sister were startled by a shot outside their house in the small hours of the morning. He rushed out, and found his father dying, and just able to say, 'Remember, it was the zaptieh who killed me treacherously.' He vowed to avenge his father's murder. A few days later he killed the zaptieh, after which he escaped to the mountains, where he was soon joined by a few friends, and they led a merry life of adventure and 'hairbreadth 'scapes.' His generosity is by no means a rare feature among Turks, but that which was really singular was his respect for women. More than once he shot down his men for daring to molest one of 'those weak creatures,' as he called them.

Tsakirdji was a native of Odemish, about fifty miles south-east of Smyrna, and knew every peak and crevice of the district. This familiarity with the heights over which he wandered enabled him to escape from pursuit by shifting his quarters with amazing and almost supernatural rapidity. On the rare occasions when his pursuers came within his vicinity he was not at a loss to escape from them by devices no less wonderful than those of the god Mercury or the hero of *The Three Musketeers*. Many a time, after firing for hours, the soldiers had the mortification of discovering that what they had taken for the brigands were merely their red caps which they had placed on spikes among thick trees, while Tsakirdji and his men were miles away. At other times he would avoid pursuit by wearing his loose red shoes back to the front, the footmarks thus sending his pursuers in a contrary direction to that which he had taken.

There was hardly a month wherein the Smyrna papers did not announce the departure of soldiers with the assurance that they would soon capture the formidable brigand. But Tsakirdji merely laughed at these boasts, while the soldiers and their officers returned in despair, and knowing that severe reprimands awaited them. Sometimes they were even imprisoned and discharged, but all to no purpose. It is not long since the Smyrna papers announced with an unusual flourish of trumpets that this time Tsakirdji was on the point of being captured—nay, that it was now only a question of hours. The brigand

was in a small house in the midst of a vineyard which the soldiers had surrounded, so that egress from it was impossible. From that small house Tsakirdji was firing desperately. The soldiers were biding their time, unwilling to expend ammunition or expose human life unnecessarily. This was a reasonable economy, for they had already spent as much money and lost as many men in pursuit of Tsakirdji as would have sufficed to carry on a small war. On the following day the Smyrna papers were eagerly bought for news of the capture of the brigand. They were provokingly laconic. After that they maintained a dignified silence on the subject. Gradually it oozed out that after besieging the little house for eight hours, and when they thought Tsakirdji had exhausted his ammunition, the soldiers had received orders to storm the place. They did so, only to find that Tsakirdji had escaped, and was doubtless far away by that time!

Though it may in some measure take from the glamour of Tsakirdji, truth compels us to own that the poor who had been the recipients of his kindness and generosity often gave him intimation when the Government was on his track.

On one occasion he plundered the men who were carrying the pay of the soldiers who were pursuing him; on another he stripped the tax-collector who was returning with some twenty-three thousand francs. When the crops had been poor, and the peasants dreaded the arrival of the tax-collectors, they would appeal to Tsakirdji, and never in vain. He would send a message to headquarters, requesting that the peasants should not be molested. After such a message no tax-collector would have ventured near the spot before the next year's crops, even had he been accompanied by a regiment. But Tsakirdji had recourse to these extreme measures only in the case of villages or districts, for when he heard of an individual who had been ruined by the tax-collector he not only made good the money to the poor man, but offered him hospitality, and sent him home after giving him a present.

Tsakirdji only kept money enough to pay for the provisions of himself and his followers, and for their ammunition. These things cost much in transmission. They were smuggled *viâ* Samos, and by the mediation of some highly respectable European merchant whose services were handsomely rewarded. He was ever ready to open his purse-strings to those who seemed to him deserving of pity or of interest. Thus he one day knocked at the door of some poor folks and said he had heard that the daughter of the house sang well. He asked her to sing to him. At first she refused, but when she had overcome her nervousness sufficiently to do so, Tsakirdji was so delighted with her sweet voice that he there and then gave her a dowry. Many a respectable couple owe their happiness to the brigand chief, for he was always ready to help lovers whose want of money stood in the way of their marriage.

Tsakirdji was averse to the spilling of blood. Being once in want of money, he bethought himself of a wealthy man in the vicinity. It was evening. He disguised himself, and knocked at the door.

'Who knocks at this hour?' said the master of the house.

'I bring a letter from Smyrna,' was the reply.

The man felt suspicious. He looked out of an upper window and perceived several of Tsakirdji's companions crouching behind the wall. He, therefore, refused to open.

Tsakirdji was not accustomed to let small obstacles interfere with his will. He at once broke in the door. The first person he met was the maid-servant, who was rushing out to call for help. She wore long plaits, according to the fashion of the country. He twisted his arm round one of her plaits, and gave a slap to the wife, bidding her be silent. During this time one of his followers ordered the husband to write asking for the ransom, and as this request was not instantly complied with the man killed his captive. This uncalled for barbarity so angered Tsakirdji that he wrenched his arm free from the maid's hair, and forthwith killed his follower.

The new Turkish Government was determined to put a stop to brigandage, and offered a thousand pounds for the head of Tsakirdji. Tempting as that sum must have been to the poor inhabitants of Odemish, not one of them betrayed the whereabouts of their friend and protector.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in this man's career was his friendly intercourse with Europeans. There is a lovely spot on the mountains where Tsakirdji had established his headquarters. This cool, sequestered place near a lake may be known to many, but must not be named. Several missionaries, both American and Scotch, were accustomed to resort to it in summer. Tsakirdji, who could not even read, was so intelligent that he was well up in European politics. Indeed, he entertained a particular admiration for King Edward the Seventh. He would often talk on these subjects with the missionaries, who asked him to tea now and then. Once he returned their hospitality, and invited them to a picnic, where a lamb that had been roasted whole (after the manner of the brigands) was laid upon a bed of green leaves and carved with the brigand's yataghan. He must have presented a striking contrast to the missionaries as he presided over the feast in his flowing dress all glittering with gold embroidery. Owing to the friendly terms on which they were with the brigand the wives and daughters of the missionaries were able to ramble about the mountains in perfect safety, and that was a rare thing in Asia Minor.

Tsakirdji—with his scorn of our narrow laws, and his noble disregard of money which made him attack only the wealthy, from whom he never asked more than he knew they could give

without being ruined or even seriously inconvenienced—objected to be hunted down like a wild beast, and expressed his objection unmistakably. A member of the Konak had his mill set on fire by his orders. The brigand distributed petroleum to his followers, who threw it over the premises. Then they set fire to the mill, and Tsakirdji gave orders that no one should venture to extinguish the flames. When the flames had spread around to his satisfaction, Tsakirdji leisurely walked up to the spot, and sat down to watch them, while smoking a cigarette.

A wealthy landowner named Osman Agha being captured by Tsakirdji, the Agha's son was sent to fetch the ransom demanded. Instead of doing this, however, the young hopeful—doubtless expecting to get the price offered for the brigand's head—informed the authorities of Tsakirdji's whereabouts. Soldiers were accordingly despatched to seize him. They hunted during a whole week, and were about to give up the pursuit when they accidentally discovered him. The brigands defended themselves desperately, but being overpowered by numbers they were at length obliged to fly. They left several dead behind them. Osman Agha was one of them, for the brigands make it a rule never to let their captives be taken alive. A headless trunk lay on the spot, and on examination they found it to be Tsakirdji, whom his lieutenant had thus mutilated to spare the remains of his chief the disgrace of being dragged through the streets of Smyrna!

Thus ended the brigand hero, in whom Byron would have delighted. So great is the love the people bear him that they are unwilling to admit his death; they comfort themselves with the thought that he is hiding for a time with the eagles of the mountain heights, whence he will one day return to protect and befriend them.

KATHERINE FRANCES, COUNTESS OF DUNDONALD.*

By Percy Cross Standing.

'LAST, though foremost in estimation,' says the great Earl of Dundonald in one of the most moving passages of his nobly written autobiography, 'is another friend, found where man will seldom look for a friend in vain—at home: the Countess of Dundonald, my wife.'

Katherine Frances Corbett, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Thomas Corbett Barnes, made a runaway marriage with Lord Cochrane (as he then was) at Annan, Scotland, on 8th August 1812. His uncle cherished 'other views' for the already celebrated sailor, who, however, induced Miss Barnes to elope with him. By the time she was nineteen she was already the mother of two children, both of whom she took with her when she accompanied her husband across the seas on his being offered the command of the naval forces of Chili in the struggle of that new-born republic with the might of Spain. After four months' constant buffeting on the ocean, the *Rose* merchantman entered the beautiful Bay of Valparaiso in November 1818, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled Chilians, eager to greet their brave admiral and his devoted wife. Fêtes and rejoicings were kept up for several days at Valparaiso and at Santiago (the capital of Chili), to which latter city Lady Cochrane travelled on horseback a hundred miles, and a mansion lately belonging to one of the exiled Spanish nobles was placed at her disposal. Here she was waited on by the 'Supreme Dictator,' Don Bernardo O'Higgins, and by the distinguished General San Martin, the hero of Chacabuco and Maipo.

For some time this fascinating and gifted woman, designated in General Miller's work on South America 'a flattering specimen of the beauty of England,' remained at Santiago, entering with all the enjoyment of youth into the gaieties of the place; bull-fights, dinners, balls, and public breakfasts being daily given. But the most agreeable pastimes were those cheerful evening reunions, whereat Spanish ladies are seen to so much advantage. When, after considerable delay and much exertion, the Chilian fleet was nearly ready for sea, Lady Cochrane again returned to Valparaiso with her children, to take leave of her husband prior to his embarkation, in January 1819, with the force destined for the liberation of Peru.

At its departure an interesting incident occurred. The last gun had fired to summon all on board, and the aide-de-camp had brought the last message from her husband, when suddenly a long and loud hurrah was heard by Lady Cochrane, who, flying to the window, saw her eldest boy being carried down to the beach in the arms of the flag-lieutenant, waving his tiny cap in his little hand, and crying out '*Viva la Patria!*' The boy, not yet four years old, had insisted (to the not unwilling officer) on joining his father; and by the time he was conveyed on board the vessel was under way, and he could not be sent back. 'Without clothes, except those made by the sailors, and with no other attendance save that which their rough but kindly natures could administer, the brave little fellow remained in the ship, suffering all manner of hardships.' In March following, during an attack on the Spanish squadron anchored under the batteries of Callao, a striking anecdote of the

* Based upon unpublished documents to which the writer has had access.

same little boy is related. When the firing commenced the child was in his father's cabin, but soon after contrived to climb unperceived through the quarter-gallery window and join Lord Cochrane on deck. 'A shot killed a marine close to the child, who looked up, and, meeting the eye of his agonised father, who thought he was wounded, said quietly and coolly, "Jack told me the ball is not cast that would kill mam's boy," and he resisted the attempt to take him below. When this dear child was restored to the arms of his almost despairing mother he had nearly forgotten his native language.'

During her husband's absence Lady Cochrane resided chiefly at Valparaiso. Her time, however, was chiefly employed in promoting those objects which could contribute to the success of the naval operations. In 1819 she proceeded to a country residence at Quillota, a lovely spot known as 'the Garden of Chili;' but here her life was endangered by some of those still attached to the Spanish cause. One evening a ruffian gained admittance unperceived to her private apartments, and threatened her with instant death unless she would divulge the secret orders under which her husband acted. On her declaring firmly that she would disclose nothing, a struggle took place for a paper which she held in her hand; and before her attendants could come to her assistance she had received a severe wound from a stiletto. The would-be assassin was seized, condemned, and ordered to be executed without the last offices of his religion. In the dead of night shortly preceding the day fixed for his execution, Lady Cochrane was awakened by a female 'voice of lamentation' proceeding, as she ascertained, from the wretched wife of the criminal, imploring her ladyship's compassion and intercession on behalf of her husband. Forgetting the danger to which she had been exposed, Lady Cochrane used all the influence she possessed, and pleaded so powerfully with the chief authorities that the sentence was commuted to banishment for life.

It was at Quillota, too, that Lady Cochrane first experienced one of the dreadful earthquakes peculiar to these regions, and she was fortunate in escaping with her own life and that of her infant.

Having left Quillota, she next proceeded (in the autumn of 1820) on an adventure of an arduous and highly exciting nature—namely, to cross the enormous mountains of the Cordillera, by a passage often at that season blocked up by snow. She was provided with letters of introduction from the Supreme Dictator to the heads of the Argentine Republic, and also with important despatches. But it would be difficult to improve upon Lord Cochrane's account of the perilous journey. He says: 'Soon after my departure for Peru she undertook a journey across the Cordillera to Mendoza, the passes being at that season often blocked with snow. Having been entrusted with some despatches of importance, she pushed on rapidly, and on the 12th October [1820] arrived at the Ponte del Inca, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here the snow had increased to such an extent as to render farther progress impossible, and she was obliged to remain at a *casucha* (or strong house) built above the snow for the safety of travellers; the intense cold and the absence of all comfort—there being no better couch than a dried bullock's hide—producing a degree of suffering which few ladies would be willing to encounter. Whilst proceeding on her mule up a precipitous path in the vicinity, a Royalist who had intruded himself on the party rode up in an opposite direction and disputed the path with her, where the slightest false step would have precipitated her into the abyss below. One of her attendants, a tried and devoted soldier named Pedro Flores, seeing her movements, and guessing the man's intention, galloped up at a critical moment, striking him a violent blow across the face, and thus arresting his murderous design. The ruffian, finding himself vigorously attacked, made off without resenting the blow; and so, no doubt, another premeditated attempt on Lady Cochrane's life was averted.'

A month or two after her return from this perilous expedition, Lady Cochrane embarked for Peru; and, as her children had suffered from the effects of the voyage, she resolved on debarking at the only place where she could land, for the benefit of their health—a desert, sandy island called San Lorenzo, destitute of trees, shrubs, verdure, or water. On this barren islet she remained in a tent for six weeks, pending the recovery of her children; and often, in the cool of the night, went out with a few faithful attendants in a canoe to fish in the sea. This continued until the arrival of her husband, whose success had given a new turn to affairs by the capture of Valdivia, and by the gallant exploit of cutting out the *Esmeralda* frigate from under the batteries of Callao, a deed termed by Captain Basil Hall 'one of the most daring ever recorded; unprecedented for the skill and forethought which it displayed, even to the most minute provision for possible contingencies, and for the gallant heroism of the deed.'

In January 1821, Lady Cochrane being still in Peru, six hundred infantry and sixty cavalry were placed, for a secret expedition, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, and marched to Huacho in order to embark in the squadron under Lord Cochrane. A review was taking place preparatory to their departure, when Lady Cochrane galloped on to the parade. The sudden appearance of youth and beauty, mounted on a fiery horse managed with skill and elegance, absolutely electrified the men, who had never before seen an English lady. '*Que hermosa!*' '*Que graciosa!*' '*Que linda!*' '*Que aivosa!*'

'*Es un angel del cielo!*' were the exclamations heard from one end of the line to the other. The colonel, not displeased at this involuntary homage paid to the beauty of a countrywoman, said to the men, 'This is our *Generala*.' Her ladyship turned her sparkling eyes towards the line and bowed graciously. The troops could no longer confine their expressions of admiration to suppressed interjections; loud *vivas* burst from the officers as well as the men. Lady Cochrane smiled her acknowledgments, and cantered off the ground 'with the grace of a fairy.'

It was during the month of February in this year that Lady Cochrane, to avoid the crowded villages on the coast occupied by the liberating army, undertook a journey on horseback into the interior of Peru, taking her youngest child, who was in a precarious state of health, in the hope that change of air might prove advantageous. Little did she imagine the hardships and perils she would have to encounter—the passage of the rushing torrents, bad roads, and the fatigue of travelling for twenty-five hours across a desert to arrive at Quilca, under the intense heat of a vertical sun. These dangers and fatigues were in some degree compensated by the kind reception given her by the Marchioness de la Pracer, who placed her palace and every luxury and convenience at Lady Cochrane's disposal. But, alas! while the latter was enjoying all the festivities and amusements which the Marchioness and her friends could devise, her beloved child, but twelve months old, was seized with convulsions. The anxious mother, not being able to obtain any medical aid, resolved to return to the coast and seek advice from some English or Spanish physician; but such a course was judged to be impracticable at this particular period, as the Royalist army was advancing. Whilst Lady Cochrane still lingered at Quilca, she was cautioned that a party of the Royalists would, during the festivities in her honour, seize and retain her as a hostage! Our heroine, with that coolness and decision which so remarkably characterised her, ordered a palanquin, presented to her by the Governor of Truxillo, to be instantly prepared for her child and nurse, whom she despatched with a guard; and, having quitted the ballroom unperceived, and changed her dress for a habit, she immediately followed with relays of her best horses.

At three o'clock one morning the whole party arrived at the bridge of Chocos, over an impetuous torrent which it was necessary to pass in order to reach Huacho. The palanquin with its precious burden, and escort, were yet on the northern side of the torrent when the note of a Royalist bugle struck upon the ear of Lady Cochrane. With distracted feelings, the anxious mother rushed to the palanquin, and, taking her baby in her arms, endeavoured to hasten across the bridge. But when near the centre the vibration became so great that she was compelled to lie down, pressing the child to her breast, suspended over the roaring torrent which foamed into the abyss beneath! In this perilous situation the faithful soldier Pedro—of whom I have already made mention—seeing the imminent danger, crept on his hands and knees towards her, imploring his mistress to remain motionless, and she would be safe; he took the child, but no sooner had he advanced than Lady Cochrane followed her babe, and happily succeeded in crossing this perilous bridge.

It may here be mentioned that on Lady Cochrane's return from this expedition, it was reported to her husband, then blockading Callao, that a small vessel of war was about to sail in the obscurity of night laden with specie. There was no time to lose, so her ladyship, who had just escaped perils on shore, was almost immediately destined to encounter others afloat. The drum beat to quarters, the ship was cleared for action, and stood over towards the anchorage of the enemy, it being known that the 'wanted' vessel was so swift a sailer that, once under way and out of range, nothing could impede her escape.

During the ensuing cannonade it happened that a sailor about to fire a gun close to where Lady Cochrane stood, hesitated to do so. Whereupon she seized the man's arm, and herself fired the gun; but directly afterwards she fainted from the unusual excitement, and was carried down to the gunroom. The object of damaging the enemy's vessels at anchor having been attained, the gunboats beaten off, and the firing having ceased, the flagship resumed her former anchorage. No sooner were the sails furled than the seamen gave vent to their patriotic enthusiasm by sounds far more pleasing than the cannon's roar; at once there burst spontaneously from the hearts of five hundred mariners the National Anthem, the words of which they touchingly altered so as to implore for the admiral and his devoted wife the blessing of Divine Providence. 'The effect was overwhelming.'

It was arranged that Lady Cochrane should now return to England, partly for her health, but chiefly for an object which appeared to her of paramount importance to her husband's peace of mind—namely, the obtaining justice for Lord Cochrane at the hands of his sovereign for the great wrong done him in 1814–15. She took a fond farewell of her beloved and gallant partner, and sailed for England, where she remained for two years, exerting her utmost endeavours in all ways for the reinstatement of her husband to the rank and honours of which he had been deprived by political party malice.

In 1823 Lady Cochrane again set sail for South America, but disembarked at Rio Janeiro, for Lord Cochrane had now entered the Imperial Brazilian service; more than one-half of which country he rescued from anarchy, and placed

under the authority of the Emperor Don Pedro. Here Lady Cochrane, under the style and title of 'Marchioness of Maranham and Countess of St Louis,' officiated as 'first lady' at the Court of the Empress, who bestowed on her many marks of especial favour.

In 1825 Lady Cochrane again returned to England; and, her gallant husband having embraced the cause of the newly awakened liberties of Greece, she resolved to proceed as near to the scene of action as she could, and so resided at Marseilles and in Italy, where she aided in promoting various arrangements and forwarding supplies for the suffering Greeks.

After having commanded the victorious navies of Chili and Brazil in the struggles of these young countries and of Peru for freedom, and after having led the Greek fleet in the War of Independence of that country, Lord Cochrane was restored to the British navy (from which he had been dismissed by the evil machinations of political faction) after the Reform Bill of 1832, and was later given command of the British fleet on the North American station.

It was just previous to the departure for Greece that Lady Cochrane, happening to be at the theatre in Edinburgh with a party of friends, some allusion occurred in the course of the performance to the '*sacred cause*,' and produced a cheer from all parts of the house. On Lady Cochrane's presence being recognised, the audience rose with enthusiasm and redoubled their plaudits, and she was compelled by the intensity of her feelings to retire—a scene which Sir Walter Scott witnessed, and recorded in verse in 1826, part of which we quote:

I knew thee, lady, by that glorious eye,
  By that pure brow and those dark locks of thine;
I knew thee for a sailor's bride, and high
  My full heart bounded for the golden mine
Of heavenly thought kindled at sight of thee,
Radiant with all the stars of memory.

I knew thee; and, albeit myself unknown,
  I called on Heaven to bless thee for the love,
The strength, the constancy thou long hast shown
  Each selfish aim and womanish fear above.
And, lady, Heaven is with thee, thou art blessed,
Blessed in whate'er thy inmost soul loves best.

Thy name! Ask Brazil, for she knows it well,
  It is the name thy husband gained for thee;
In every letter lurks there not a spell,
  The mighty spell of immortality?
Ye sail together down life's glittering stream,
Around your heads two kindred halos gleam.

I had omitted to say that on the voyage out from England, with one lady companion and two Scotch gentlemen (one a medical man and the other a secretary), going out to join her husband, Lady Cochrane underwent a very thrilling and what might have been a most disastrous experience. A mutiny broke out among the crew, who formed a plot to take the vessel to some uninhabited island. Mainly owing to the presence of mind of the doctor, Dr M'Lean, who kept guard over the leading mutineer with a loaded pistol, the mutiny was checked, and the ship reached Rio de Janeiro in safety. There she anchored under the guns of Lord Cochrane's flagship, the *Pedro Primero*. Her crew were then assembled with the Admiral round the capstan-head, on which prize-money was being distributed. On Dr M'Lean's bravery being mentioned to the Admiral, the latter handed him his own share of the prize-money (amounting to a very large sum), saying, 'You are too late to have a share of your own, M'Lean, but take mine—and God bless you!'

It is well known that the Earl of Dundonald, as he had meanwhile become, survived to a very great age, not dying until 1860, when he was buried, with every manifestation of a nation's sorrow, in Westminster Abbey. It is not so well known that his devoted and self-sacrificing Countess outlived him by some five years, passing away surrounded by her children and grandchildren. From a miniature which the writer has seen, she must have been an exquisitely beautiful woman. Certain it is that she was well fitted in every way to become a member of the illustrious family that had owned for one of its daughters the celebrated Grizel Cochrane.

LAUGH AWAY CARE.

Don't keep looking out for troubles that may bother you 'some day,'
If you never dread their presence they will never come your way.
Don't look out to the horizon where the clouds are low and black,
They 're just shadows of the future, and you only see their back.
If the worst be in the future, it has been there all the while,
We can keep it there by laughing till the world begins to smile.

Why deplore about the worries that are always far away?
If they think you 're waiting for them they 'll be sure to come and stay.
When the sun is shining bright there must be shadows on the ground,
But keep moving in the sunshine, although shadows may be found.
Let us thank the Power above us for the things we do not know,
And remember still that laughter is His gift to us below.

Let us laugh away those worries that have scared us for a while,
Let us laugh away our troubles till the world begins to smile;
For the world is what we make it, keep it bright and you 'll be right;
There may be a dull to-morrow, but it never comes in sight.
Don't get scared about the future, though it look as black as sin,
We can always keep on laughing till the others start to grin.

F. Barclay Ritchie

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AN OLD CHARTER-BOX.

THE lawyer who manages the affairs of old families, and especially those families who have succeeded in preserving landed estates through generations, is called upon from time to time to investigate questions which can only be answered by going back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and in his search through the old charter-boxes which crowd the legal cellars, and among the old Latin titles whose meaning is only revealed to the antiquarian expert, he frequently finds miscellaneous papers which open up an old and forgotten world, full of quaint manners and customs—a world which did its business in a slow and stately manner, and which knew nothing of telephones and telegraphs, or even of regular home or foreign mails.

In the charter-box lie, hidden beneath the dust of years, family letters, household accounts, old news-sheets, and estate papers which bring us into so close a touch with the bygone generations that we forget for the time the hurry and rush of modern business. Here lies, yellow with age, a copy of the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 6th January 1809. It is full of war news from the Peninsula, most of it two or three months old, and the news is contained not in special telegrams tumbling over each other from numerous war correspondents, but in private letters from officers, in extracts from Spanish newspapers, and in copies of French bulletins; while, to warn the public against the latter, appears the following note:

'Having commented very fully on these curious Bulletins in last *Advertiser*, page 6, it is unnecessary to state any further remarks upon them; their absurdity and misrepresentation are sufficiently obvious.'

The interest in the war was kept up not only by belated despatches, but by doings nearer home, for we read:

'The fine welled fishing galliot *Vrow Sophia*, with all her stores, now lying in the new harbour, Leith, condemned as prize to H.M. Sloop *Clio*, is to be sold by public auction in Mr Grinley's saleroom, Paterson's Court, Leith, along with 400 barrels of fine cod-fish in pickle, being the entire cargo of the *Vrow Sophia*.'

At the same time and place, the substantially built galliot *Vrow Hylita*, also a prize to the sloop *Clio*, was exposed for sale, along with her cargo of eight hundred and forty matted bags of prize coffee.

All through the paper there are records of the marshalling of militia and volunteers; but even in the midst of this warlike turmoil the gallant soldier had, it appears, leisure for conquests in other fields, for we read among the marriage notices:

'In Hertfordshire, Corporal James Delancey to Miss W. Parry, with a fortune of £8000. She had previously several good offers, but refused them all. The Corporal, besides complimenting the Clergyman with £20, gave £50 to his brother soldiers to regale themselves on the occasion.'

The *Advertiser* has formed a covering for a number of papers gathered together without apparent rhyme or reason, perhaps at the old ceremony of 'sealing repositories.' One of these papers is a statement for the county of Perth under the hand of the 'regulate' captain. It shows that of one hundred and fifty-two men ordered to be raised for the navy in the county, only thirty-eight had responded, and the heritors in one patriotic parish, called together by intimation from the pulpit, agreed to offer a bounty of twenty guineas for each man who should voluntarily enter as a seaman in His Majesty's navy. Here also are tax receipts showing that the cost of subsidising Europe to fight Napoleon had enormously increased taxation, for taxes, which in 1770 were comparatively small, had risen in 1820 to an amount which even now would be regarded as heavy. The following are examples: In respect of forty windows, £28, 15s. 6d.; three male servants, £11, 8s.; one wheel carriage, £12; three carriage horses, £15, 13s. 6d.; eight work-horses, £7; three dogs, £2, 2s.; armorial bearings, £2, 8s.

A duty on hair-powder was, as we know, imposed in 1795; but the gentleman in whose box we have our hands must either have used it in secret or not at all. The amount, if any, paid for this commodity therefore is not disclosed. But the imposition of the tax no doubt helped to make an end of that one-time important functionary and gossip, the local barber.

From the estate accounts we find that the factor, having collected his rents in wheat and barley, oats and bear, capons, hens, and chickens, goes off to Edinburgh to 'clear accounts'—a serious business, judging by the time taken in the operation. Here are the expenses, which suggest either a frugal man or one who received much hospitality from his friends:

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'Expenses of going to Edinburgh to clear accounts: For a ticket in the Perth fly, 8s. 6d.; for incidents on the road to the ferry, 6s. 2½d.; for a ticket on the stage from the ferry to Edinburgh, 2s.; incidents for carrying my cloak-bag to a lodging, 7d.; to paid Mrs Farquharson, in Fowles' Close, for lodging and entertainment, having been detained eighteen days, £2, 6s.; to paid incidents in the tavern when I did not eat at my lodging, £1, 8s. 8d.'

The return journey through Fife includes 'For freight of a pinnace to Kinghorn, 5s.' After he leaves Kinghorn we lose sight of the worthy factor; but an entry for horse-hire for nine days at 1s. 6d. a day suggests that his progress through Fife was but a leisurely one.

The household accounts are full of varied interest, and show strange fashions in food and clothes; and the difference in prices from those of the present day is disclosed in the fish-account, where salmon figured at one and sixpence each, and 'grilses' at sixpence.

To return to our *Advertiser*, we see that even in the beginning of the nineteenth century the patent medicine vender had attained considerable ingenuity in putting his drugs before a confiding public. The following is an example:

'If any one man has ever been more successful than another it is Dr Solomon, who has brought his Cordial Balm of Gilead to such perfection that it never fails to remove the worst and most crabbed disorders of the nerves. Such a medicine, for its healing, balsamic, and sedative qualities upon the debilitated constitution, deserves the wondrous encouragement it meets with from all ranks who have been fortunate enough to have recourse to it. It is peculiarly efficacious in all inward wasting, loss of appetite, indigestion, depression of spirits, trembling or shaking of the hands or limbs, &c. Caution is necessary to guard against counterfeits by observing the words "Saml. Solomon, Liverpool," engraved on the stamp affixed to each bottle, without which it cannot be genuine. Sold at 10s. 6d. a bottle, or four in one 33s. bottle (saves 9s.).'

Numerous houses in Edinburgh are advertised for sale, the larger houses having a right to some neighbouring water-pipe and well; and two houses, which no doubt commanded high prices, are advertised as giving to the owners rights in the common cistern in the area.

The winter in which our paper was printed must have been severe, and our great-grandfathers must have been much as we are ourselves, for the following notice appears by order of the Magistrates:

'By the Hon. the Magistrates of Edinburgh:

'Accidents which have so repeatedly occurred from the quantity of snow and ice now lying in the streets render it absolutely necessary to order the inhabitants for their own safety as well as that of their neighbours immediately to clean the pavements opposite to their shops and houses of the snow and ice which now encumbers it, and thereby prevent idle boys from making slides and rendering slippery the pavement.

'As also prohibit and discharge the throwing of snowballs, many complaints having lately been lodged with the Magistrates against the practice, which has been attended with danger and injury to the inhabitants. And authority is hereby granted to the Town Officers, Guard Soldiers, and every person connected with the Police of this City to apprehend and commit offenders.

'God Save the King.

'Peter Hill, *B.*'

THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

CHAPTER III.—THE MESSAGE.

THE peristyle of the house of Pudens the senator was noted by the connoisseurs of Rome for its beauty both in colouring and design. It was a long, narrow *loggia*, with walls of marble in varied hues. One side was open to the garden, and between the splendid pillars of alternating rose and green marble that supported the roof could be seen the gay colours of the flowering shrubs, the dark cypresses and oaks and pines of the well-kept grounds without. The peristyle was itself almost a garden, and served as such in many houses. Here the inmates of the household could rest without being exposed to the blazing glare of the sun, and here the guests were entertained. Great vases of white marble, placed upon high pedestals and filled with rare flowers, stood along the inner wall between the doors that communicated with the apartments of the house, while festoons of garlands hung between the seven columns of the court. The pavement was adorned with rich mosaics, and in the centre was a green marble basin containing goldfish. A table of citron-wood, highly polished and decorated with arabesques of silver, and three couches fashioned in bronze and covered with thick quilts gorgeously embroidered with coloured silks and gold cords, formed the sole furnishings of the peristyle.

On one of these couches the mistress of the house reclined, her head, with its blue-black hair, resting on a cushion of old-rose brocade. She was engaged in reading a volume of sonnets from the pen of a fashionable poet of the day. At times a frown darkened her fair face, while at others a smile would play on her lips, often breaking into a ripple of laughter, for many of

the verses were addressed to herself, and their extravagances and foolish conceits annoyed and amused her by turn. She was hailed as a 'beauteous sea-nymph from over the boundless ocean,' and endowed with the majesty of Juno, the beauty of Venus, and the wisdom of Minerva.

'Foolish fellow!' she murmured. 'After all his pains not one of them is half so sweet to me as the sound of my child's laughter or a glance from my lord's eye. Pomponia is right. We want something better than the empty sallies and brilliant epigrams of Roman wits. Is it to come from the East? Can it be possible that these poor outcast people hold the secret, so that they can face death, even against the beasts in the arena, smiling and unafraid?'

Her questioning thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a slave bearing a letter, which he handed to his mistress and withdrew.

Claudia broke the seal and read:

'To Claudia Rufina from Pomponia Rufus, greetings.

'Beloved, a stranger from Judea has come to Rome. He lodgeth at the house of one Aquila, a tent-maker, on the Aventine. As ye love your child, and would have peace in your heart, seek him out and have speech with him. Farewell.'

Her eyes wandered over the page as she read the words again and again: 'A stranger from Judea. . . . As ye love your child, and would have peace, seek him out.'

Concealing the letter in the folds of her robe, she sat pondering. The book of verses slipped from her knee and lay unheeded on the mosaic pavement. All that she had ever heard regarding this strange sect came to her mind—their wonderful powers, their serene courage even in the face of death. This she had witnessed for herself, a sight never to be forgotten, and one that had taken hold on her; for, lover of strength and courage as she was, all weakness and helplessness brought out the compassion of her warm heart and stirred her strong nature to its depths.

Then her thoughts wandered to her afflicted child, and she repeated the words of the letter: 'As ye love your child, seek him out and have speech with him.' Dared she hold converse with one of these outcast people? It would be a bold, and perhaps a foolish step, yet surely it was worth trying for so great an end. Glorious visions of Timotheus with seeing eyes filled her mind. She looked into the future and saw her son leading the legions, carrying the Eagles of Rome to lands that were yet unknown, his dark eyes filled with strength and power. Or again she saw him ruling in some distant province of the Empire, or taking his place as a grave senator among the City Fathers. All these honours might be his if he could but gain his sight. And if not, only a dark, yawning gulf lay before him, a useless, sunless life, himself a poor object of pity, shunned by his fellows, trusting to the hand of a slave to lead him through the endless night.

But the glory would be his if it lay within her power. She would seek the stranger, come what might. What mattered Cæsar's ire or Rome's scorn if Timotheus were made to see?

The colour rose in her cheek, and her eyes shone with the glory of the joyful vision as she gazed out into the blazing light of the garden.

'What pleasant dreams are thine, Claudia?' asked a voice at her side.

'Pudens, my lord!' she cried, starting from her reverie. 'I did not hear thee enter.'

'Your thoughts were too far away in some pleasant place. Of what delights were ye dreaming?'

'Of Timotheus!'

'And that brought the smile to your lips and the colour to your cheek?' remarked Pudens with a bitter laugh. 'More like it was that coxcomb Mario's flatteries, did ye but confess the truth!' He stooped to pick up the discarded volume of poems from the pavement and glanced through it.

'Ah, my lord, why do ye lash with your tongue?' asked Claudia, turning her deep eyes sorrowfully on his face. 'I had rather ye lashed in truth. What are Mario's rhymes to me?' Then she added with vehemence, 'Ye know that ye wrong me. It was of Timotheus that I was dreaming; not of the poor blind Timotheus that brings such bitterness to thy heart and mine, but of a strong son, with seeing eyes, who could serve his country and be no more a reproach to his mother.'

'I think even Mario's sonnets would have been less foolish,' answered her husband with a sneer. 'Why think such vain and idle thoughts? It will not lift the curse. Ye were wont to have better pastimes, Claudia!'

'But perhaps they were not altogether foolish and idle,' returned Claudia. She rose from the couch and stood before her husband, and placing her hands on his arm, looked fearlessly into his scornful face. 'Pudens, my lord, hear me, and do not mock me. I have something to say to thee in secret. Ye remember last holiday at the circus? These poor, outcast people'——

'Pist! speak not of them! It was meet that they should die. It was Cæsar's will,' he answered; but a look of disgust crossed his face at the recollection of the sight.

'Ye disliked it as much as I,' she continued. 'And, Pudens, 'tis said that they are possessed of marvellous secrets. Some have the power of healing the sick, and—and they say that some can restore sight to the blind.'

'Tush! Are ye moonstruck? Is this your dream?'

'Yes, 'tis my dream that Timotheus should have sight in his dear eyes. See, Pudens, this letter from Pomponia Rufus,' she said, drawing the letter from the folds of her robe.

Pudens took the parchment and read it, then tore it into shreds and stamped it on the ground.

'Never!' he thundered in a voice of fury. 'Would ye dare have intercourse with one of these accursed people? Would ye bring ruin upon my house, and death to my son? Surely ye have brought disgrace enough, and yet ye would seek to cure it by taking counsel with one under Cæsar's displeasure! The blindness of my son is but the gods' punishment on me for taking a wife from the house of one tainted with a vile superstition. I should have known it would bring a curse!'

'My lord,' broke out Claudia with passion, 'slander not Pomponia Rufus nor her house. Have ye not often said that she was the most honourable matron in all Rome? Was it not because ye knew me to have been brought up under her wise guidance that ye chose me for your wife? Ye know that I have learnt from her naught but what is true and right. Surely her love for our child and her desire to see him whole should be esteemed and not scorned. Ye have ever thought her counsel wise. Why not listen to her words and seek this stranger? 'Tis but a small thing for so great an end.'

Claudia raised her eyes beseechingly to her husband's. But there was no relenting in the dark, angry face.

'Never!' he answered grimly.

'Pudens, my lord, forgive my hasty speech,' she continued pleadingly. 'My wounded heart is quick to anger. Ye love our child. Would ye not wish to see him with seeing eyes, able to take his place in the world and serve the Empire?'

'Ye gods!' muttered Pudens, pacing the marble pavement with quick steps, 'why do ye bait me thus, Claudia, and rouse my wrath? How can the child have sight restored when he was born blind? It is a curse, I tell you. Ye have displeased the gods with your superstitions, and brought it upon me. Beware, woman!' he said, seizing her arm in so fierce a grip that the white skin was marked. 'Beware how thou displeaseth them further, and beware how thou angerest me! Silence! I shall hear ye no further.' He held up his hand warningly. 'I have spoken. Obey!'

'The guests await, my lord,' announced a slave, who had noiselessly entered the peristyle from the house.

'Come and receive my guests,' commanded the senator, turning to his wife. 'And banish this foolish nonsense from thy mind.'

CHAPTER IV.—PARACTUS.

IT was late in the afternoon, when the guests had all departed and the master of the house betaken himself to the Forum to conduct some business, that Claudia again found herself alone in the peristyle. The sun still streamed in between the massive marble pillars, caressing the pavement with its warm touch, glinting on the bracelets which encircled her shapely arm, and making the jewels on her neck flash and sparkle as she paced to and fro absorbed in thought.

It was not of the guests who had just left that she was thinking, nor of the talk that had passed at the table. The gracious hostess of the house of Pudens had been strangely absent-minded that day, at which many wondered. There had also been an angry gleam in their host's eye which gave a feeling of uneasiness in spite of his affable manner and conversation.

Pudens the senator was much honoured and esteemed in the city both by the Emperor and by his fellow-senators, who knew him to be a wise and able man; while those under him, his freedmen and bondsmen, all knew that there was not a sterner nor a juster master in Rome than he, and they feared and respected him accordingly. His sternness was ever tempered by justice, and his slaves never suffered from undeserved punishments or from the cruel penalties for trifling offences often inflicted on the dependants of the Roman patricians. Yet the wrongdoer trembled before the wrath of Pudens, and feared to provoke his anger; there was no mercy for a fault committed, and no escape from the swift and stern retribution.

If this fact was known to the servants it was also well known to the mistress of the house. Yet she loved her lord with all the strength of her nature, and a harsh word from his lips was more torture to her than the lash of a whip. But as she paced the peristyle this afternoon her strong sense of wifely devotion and obedience clashed with her stronger passion of maternal love. Long the conflict raged, but at last her mind was made up.

She clapped her hands loudly, and her summons was quickly answered by a slave. 'Command Paractus to speak with me,' she said with decision, and seated herself on one of the couches to await his appearance.

Presently an old man stood before her and saluted after the military fashion. In spite of his age, his stalwart figure and soldierly bearing spoke of long years spent with the legions of Rome. His bronzed face was withered and wrinkled as an ancient parchment. His muscles, once like iron, still retained some of their early strength, and stood out on his brawny arms which his sleeveless tunic left bare. His eyes, once keen as an eagle's, and of that strange deep blueness which characterised those of his mistress, were dimmed and sunken, but they rested on her face with a look of dog-like devotion and eager inquiry.

'Paractus,' began Claudia hesitatingly, 'I have somewhat to say to thee.'

'I await thy commands, mistress,' he answered.

'Ye are my servant, Paractus, a freedman, mine own and ancient attendant. Is it not so?' she asked, raising her deep-blue eyes to his.

'Thy servant till death, lady!'

'Swear to me, Paractus, by what ye hold most sacred, that ye will never betray what I say to thee to living soul, not even to my lord Pudens.'

'Lady, I swear,' returned the veteran, holding up his right hand. 'By that linen garment I brought from Judea, and keep as a sacred relic, I swear I shall never betray thee to living soul. I am thy servant, thine only. Did I not carry thee in my arms on the grassy downs and by the shores of the sea in thine island-home while thou wert yet an infant? Wert thou not committed to my care to bring thee, a bright-eyed child, from thy father's kingdom in the far isle of Britain to this great city? Are we not both children of that green land which I shall see no more? Trust me, my princess, trust me!'

'Nay, Paractus,' answered Claudia, smiling, 'call me not by that empty title. I am no longer a British princess, wild and untamed, but a Roman matron, skilled and learned in all the ways of Rome. But I would know more. Ye have travelled into strange countries with the legions of Rome. Tell me of the land called Judea. Say,' she asked, lowering her voice, 'didst thou ever hear of the man called the Christus?'

'Ay, lady, I have heard of Him. I have seen Him. These old, dim eyes saw Him die.'

'His countrymen killed him, did they not?'

'Ay, lady, a fierce rabble! They cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" when my lord Pilate would have spared Him, for no charge could be found against Him. But they would have none of it, and called loudly for His blood. I was in the guard. I saw it all. He was good and gentle and kind, and never harmed any man, but ever helped. He cured the sick; and, oh lady, He could restore the sight of the blind.'

The veteran glanced at his mistress, and both knew what was in the other's mind.

'He could make the lame to walk and the dead to live again,' continued the old man. 'It was wondrous!'

'But they killed him!' interposed Claudia, with an impatient gesture.

'Ay, they killed Him, as Cæsar is killing His followers to-day. But it is in vain. He lives, and His people shall live for ever!'

'What meanest thou, Paractus? How can a man die and yet live?'

'Lady, as I have told thee, these eyes, now old and dim, saw Him die. 'Tis His linen garment I ever carry with me. It fell to my lot, and I guard it even as a vestal virgin guards the Sacred Fire. I stood by the cross where He was crucified, to keep order among the rabble that had gathered on the hillside. I have seen many die, but never such a death as that. It was a fearful sight. The earth trembled and the sun was darkened. All were afraid—even I, who have fought in the forefront of the battle with the legions of Rome, and known no fear. They said that He had called Himself a god, and I knew it then for the truth. He could not die, for a god is immortal and lives for ever. He was the great unknown god!'

'But His power, Paractus? Do His followers have His power?'

'I know not, lady. Some say they have. I would there was one in Rome who could lay hands on thy son and cure him like the Christus,' added the old man hesitatingly, glancing at his mistress, whose face was wont to darken with anger at any mention of her child's affliction.

'Ay, Paractus,' answered Claudia eagerly, raising herself on the couch. 'It is for that I sent for thee. A stranger has come to Rome from Judea. He lodgeth with one Aquila, a tent-maker, on the Aventine. I would see and speak with him on this matter. Wilt thou seek him out for me and beseech him to come? Let him stand in the ilex grove in the garden to-morrow at noon. It is dark and secluded; I can speak with him there in safety. Do this for the love thou bearest me and my son Timotheus. But beware how thou actest, Paractus; even the stones have eyes and ears.'

'Trust me, my princess, and fear not. Gladly shall I do this for thee,' answered the old man, as he fell on one knee and lifted the hem of her robe to his lips. Then rising, he entered the inner apartments of the house.

So earnest had the talk been between the mistress and her ancient retainer that neither had noticed the slim, lithe figure that had slipped into the peristyle from the blazing light of the garden, and stood concealed behind one of the pillars listening to the last words of the conversation.

'"Let him come at noon to-morrow, and stand in the ilex grove,"' repeated the eavesdropper. '"But beware how thou actest." Ha, ha! who is this that is to come in secret? We must be there to see, Melos, and report mayhap,' he whispered to himself, as he fled out again into the garden as noiselessly as he had entered.

(To be continued.)

PARAGUAY.

WHEN that whimsical villain, Rupert of Hentzau, sees the royal standard still floating at masthead over the palace at Strelsau the day after he has slain its king, he complains, 'I take no credit . . . but a man likes to have *some* notice taken of what he has done.' The British residents of Paraguay feel somewhat similarly aggrieved at the small and scornful notice given by the home papers to sanguinary happenings here. This country has achieved no less than four revolutions in twelve months. Presidents and military dictators have toppled off their perches; many hundreds of combatants have been killed and wounded; banishments and imprisonments continue to be the order of the day. Our one railway is periodically taken over by the Government, and for weeks at a time neither freight nor civilian passengers are carried. The post and telegraph services are 'no hay,' and business and production are mostly defunct. The English press—as represented, for example, by the weekly edition of its leading newspaper—gives us about eight lines in all—two lines a revolution! A beggarly paragraph to the country which has 'gone the limit,' which holds probably the modern record in violent political upheavals. Neither Hayti nor the Crete of a few years ago are worthy to be compared with Paraguay in this respect.

Perhaps we owe this indifference to the fact that none of the first-class Powers are seeking spheres of influence or a benevolent protectorate in or over Paraguay, and so internal troubles here can lead to no international broils in Europe. Still, for more than one reason it is strange that modern book-makers and journalists for the most part ignore Paraguay. There are points in its past history of a rare and specially interesting character. It will almost certainly be the centre of the future great railway systems of South America. The magnificent waterways of the Paraná and Paraguay wash its borders or flow through the heart of it. It owns a fauna and flora almost absurd in their richness, a menagerie set in a botanical garden, while its teeming forest-soil, the result of ages of vegetable deposit, could, in capable hands, be made to support a people of many millions.

Mr Cunningham Grahame, that picturesque writer on splendid failures and lost causes, has done justice to one epoch of its history in his *A Vanished Arcadia*. Herein is written the story of how the cruel and wicked Jesuit changed the prowling and uncomfortable savage of the forest into a prosperous, cheerful farmer; covering the great plains of eastern Paraguay with herds of cattle, sheep, and horses; and raising fields of sugar-cane, tobacco, and maize, with many another crop unknown to the modern peasant. Nor was the farmer a gloomy or stodgy toiler. In his leisure hours, of which he had many, he danced and sang and pageanted. Furthermore, he had acquired a certain cunning craftsmanship in wood and stone, the evidence of which remains to this day in the battered and jungle-covered remnants of his village churches. The secular Government and the Spanish settlers, however, did not want cheerful farmers, but slaves, cheerful or otherwise; and so the Jesuit was finally expelled in 1768, and the forest engulfed his work and his pupil.

Possibly the same author may write the story later of that curious period in the next century, when Paraguay under Dr Francia closed its gates to all outsiders, and became for a time the Robinson Crusoe of nations. Was Francia the thoughtful father of his people, foreseeing that for them much tuition was necessary before they could meet on equal terms the incoming European, or was he merely a narrow and brutal despot? One gets both views from the scarce writings still in existence. Possibly the truth lies somewhere near the mean.

Some seventeen years ago the present writer met an old man who claimed to have lived a century, *mas ó menos*, as the Spanish has it. This venerable relic reckoned that the men of his day feared and loved Francia. Lopez, of the great war, they feared and hated. He admitted, with a grin, the legend current in Paraguay that Francia, having issued an order requiring all landowning peasants to plant at least twenty orange-trees round their homesteads, followed it up in due course by hanging those who had failed to plant and rear that number on the tallest of the trees which had been grown.

Stubborn wars against greatly superior forces are common enough in history; but it is questionable if any nation ever fought to a finish more absolutely than Paraguay did in the struggle ending in 1870. For five years this little country held out against the combined forces of the relatively populous and rich Argentina and Brazil, with Uruguay to boot. In the rough census of the country taken after the war it was found that the women outnumbered the men by seven to one. A game struggle, a fine thing, but somewhat dearly paid for, it meant the practical extinction of a people. The next generation were for the most part the progeny of the old and weak, the immature and the timid, among the men. When the writer first came to Paraguay he was struck by the superior physique and bearing of the few elderly men as compared with that of the younger generation. Terrible men these old veterans were, whom neither wounds nor famine nor disease nor the privation of years could kill.

In later years Paraguay has been the scene of two abortive but interesting efforts of English-

bred people to found descriptions of communistic-cum-socialistic settlements. During the late General Election in Great Britain some prominence was given to a pamphlet called *Where Socialism Failed*, issued by the Anti-Socialist League, and relative to these experiments. This little book was evidently written from the outside. Mixed up with much truth, there are many glaring inaccuracies, and in any case the history of the Cosme Settlement is barely touched. This particular effort to found a new order of society lasted for twelve years; and although it is now dead and decently buried, its story, written without bias, would be perhaps profitable to both the few in England who swear by Socialism and the many who swear at it. Since then a number of lumbermen from California and Canada obtained a concession of land from the Government, and attempted to build up a co-operative settlement partly on the lines of New Australia and Cosme. They had good sawing and working-up machinery, and were expert men, lacking neither in skill in the forest nor at the saw or workshop benches. But they were not agriculturists, had remarkably little business experience, and for some reason or another seem to have distrusted the one or two men amongst them who had a knowledge of affairs. Moreover, they wanted that feeling of devotion to an impersonal cause, bred by the Bush Unions of Australia into the settlers of Cosme, which enabled the latter to hang together for years in spite of hardships, disappointments, and the breaking up of many private friendships. The American settlement wilted and perished, in reality, in less than a year.

Scattered over Paraguay are villages of various nationalities—some prosperous, some decaying. There is here cheap land, a fertile soil, and a sunny climate. There is, more than that, a fascination which draws and keeps a certain type of individual or community. There is probably no other country in the world having pretensions to civilisation which leaves the stranger more alone to live as he thinks fit. In the *camps*—avoid the towns—one may remain for years quite uninterfered with by any official; neither policeman nor tax-collector nor health officer, and, it may be added, neither priest nor school-teacher, will look him up with blue papers and other expensive documents. This applies to the foreigner. The native Paraguayan gets rather more governmental interference at times than is good for him.

The sportsman of the battue class will soon tire of this country, but the real *hunter* of wild things, the man who is looking not so much for a full bag as a varied one, will find himself suited here. He may meet in a day's prowl a jaguar, puma, or tapir, or possibly he may only see and feel a mosquito or two. The game is here, but it awaits finding. Excellent schools for woodcraft are the *montes* and *esteros*, the forests and swamps of Paraguay. Perhaps the best and certainly the most pleasant method of going ahunting is by water. The writer has memories of one golden month spent with two companions in a home-made flat-bottomed boat on a chain of the smaller rivers. The best time is the winter months, May till August, with the rivers as half-bankers. The insect pest is then absent, and fur and feather present in happy variety. Rare and beautiful butterflies, huge and horrible beetles and spiders, await the net of the entomologist. There is a glow-worm sometimes met with which carries a bright red light on its head, lesser white lights down its back, finishing up at the tail with a greater lamp of a yellowish colour. An astonished Australian here, on first seeing one, dubbed it a 'railway bug.' When seen wriggling along on a dark night with all its lamps burning briskly this baptism seems apt, if in English ears a trifle uncomplimentary.

Paraguay is potentially a wealthy country. Her great forests contain timber, especially of the hardwood class, which would command a high price if better known. Its strength and durability are astonishing, if one may judge by the dates cut into the beams, exposed to wind and weather, supporting the porches of some old village churches. The higher open plains grow fair native stock-grasses, and experiments have shown that better ones imported will also flourish. It is, however, in her deep forest-soil that the future riches of this country lie. Even with the painfully crude system of native culture two crops of tobacco, and sometimes two crops of maize, can be raised in a season. Sugar-cane is cut and crushed within ten months after planting. No other country can compare with this in the number of its orange-trees or in the flavour of its oranges. Indeed, the soil and climate are specially suitable for all sub-tropical fruit-trees. In the forests there are myriads of bitter-orange trees, from whose leaves the essence which forms the basis of so many of the scents made in Europe can be extracted at very little cost. The fruit of this tree makes an excellent marmalade.

The Paraguayan male of fiction is a loafer who lies on his back, kicking his heels in the air, and ordering a numerous band of women to do his work for him. Possibly for some time after the war this picture might have served. With six or seven vigorous women competing for his hand, any man, here or elsewhere, might feel a little conceited. Two new generations have of course altered all that. A census would doubtless find the sexes about equal. The women still do a lot of outside farm-work, as among most primitive folk. The men can and do work hard, but intermittently. This also is a sign of a backward race of sparse numbers in a fertile country. The European outlook on life—that is, incessant toil, Sundays and a few holidays (not paid for) excepted, for the ninety-and-nine—is not universal, and is also

probably somewhat modern, among free men at any rate. If, however, the Governments here continue to part lightly with the great public estates, and the peasants to gaily mortgage their own little ones, the necessity for everyday work will soon become apparent. In the meantime the great mass of the men are small farmers and stock-owners, living simply and mainly on their own products. Their implements are the axe, hoe, machete, lasso, and occasionally a plough of very early English pattern. Some of the women make a beautiful and unique lace, which is much sought after by the foreigner. The amusements of the people are dancing (at which they are untiring), horse-racing, cock-fighting, occasional hunting, incessant gossiping, and—politics. In normal moods the Paraguayan is a pleasant enough fellow, something of a gentleman, courteous and very hospitable. When excited, however, by *cuña*, jealousy, or politics, the ever-handy knife or revolver comes out occasionally. In matters of business he is irritatingly dilatory. His best friends must likewise admit that he handles the truth somewhat carelessly. The women, who carry all burdens balanced on their heads, have naturally a noble carriage. They ride little, walk long distances to local markets, and grind the household maize-meal by wielding a heavy wooden pestle in each hand alternately. This work develops the limbs and arms finely, and as a result one sees figures now and then among these peasants which are nearly faultless.

Until a few years ago all Paraguayans belonged, apparently by inheritance, to one or other of two political parties—the Colorados and the Liberales, with red and blue respectively as their colours. The foreigner cannot discover any real difference of principle or policy in these parties. In that happy time a revolution, with a little killing and excitement, would happen perhaps every three or five years. It would soon be over, however, and until the next was about due the country settled down and the worker attended to his ordinary affairs. No reasonable Paraguayan objected to that state of things. Latterly, however, the Liberales have broken up into several distinct parties. There was also ex-War Minister, President, and the late Dictator Jara, the most audaciously daring and forcible spirit in Paraguay. Jara was a proposition by himself, as the Americans would say. It is obvious that if the chief men of those many parties are to have frequent turns in the seats of government and at the treasury-chest, revolutions must come at very short intervals. In fact, they must be chronic. This does not suit two classes of people having interests here—the peasants and the foreign capitalists. Strange yoke-fellows, but it happens so! The former objects to be everlastingly hauled away from his farm—seed-time, harvest-time, or weeding-time—to serve in the army of either side, or be placed in concentration camps. If he won't come in voluntarily—well, he may chance on a bullet. Within three hundred yards of the porch in which this is written, a few days ago was to be seen a small *comisión* of mounted men firing a stream of bullets at three or four *peóns*, who were scuttling like so many rabbits through weeds and crops for the shelter of the nearest forest. It may be, as the Socialists say, that capitalists originate many of our modern wars, but continuous unrest or war is of course bad for capital; so it comes about that it is very generally believed that behind the recent upheaval in January are the capitalists, who mean, if successful, to force the establishment of a state of affairs which will make for permanent internal peace. There are millions of foreign capital invested here, and probably many more millions waiting to be invested. Some long-headed speculators have even bought largely in land during the period of unrest, while prices are low. Behind all loom the great powers of Brazil and Argentina, mutually desirous of getting possession of this fertile land, and therefore mutually antagonistic. It is possible that many Paraguayans would not resent intervention, or even annexation, by Argentina, if accompanied by local self-government.

Paraguay above all things needs peace, a settled currency, railroads, good highroads, and agricultural education; and also the expenditure of the present high, though indirect, taxation in these and other useful public directions, in place of its being frittered away on silly revolutions and their aftermath. There is, of course, much loss and suffering here at present; but to talk of the country being ruined, as many do, is somewhat absurd. Revolutions cannot take away her fertile soil, fine waterways, abundant rains, and quickening climate. There is a great future in store for Paraguay.

Since the above was in type another correspondent in Paraguay, writing on May 20, 1912, complains that for the previous four months, during the revolution just over, he was practically besieged, and all communication with the outer world cut off. He says 'Nobody in Europe seems to know what is going on in Paraguay; I see very little reference to the matter in the English papers just to hand, and even in Buenos Aires few people seem to know that our communications were completely cut off for four months. The accounts of the revolutions in the Buenos Aires press are more ample, but for the most part quite unreliable. Owing to the terrible outrages and damages inflicted on foreigners of all nationalities during the last revolution, the foreign consuls in this country are busy investigating claims with a view to diplomatic action. This will probably lead to joint intervention by the powers, and will call attention to the country!

'We had an awful time for the last four months, during the revolution headed by Jara; it has been the worst from which the country has ever suffered. Villa Rica was his capital and headquarters for more than a month. During the

time he was there, every place of business in the town was sacked, women were violated wholesale under circumstances too revolting to be described, and murders were common. All these crimes were committed by Jara and his men. Jara has since died of wounds received in battle. On the news of Jara's death the gold premium fell heavily. All the horses belonging to foreigners were confiscated. I had a horse and a mare, both of which were taken.'

A FROZEN MILLIONAIRE.

CHAPTER III.—AN ICEBERG'S SECRET.

HAVING taken a good look round to see that everything was quite ready—the carpenter's materials, stage, &c., also the lifeboat ready for lowering, with the line coiled down in her—I went aft and stood by the helmsman.

Giving her a few turns of the wheel, the bark fell off; and when heading direct for the north-western point of the berg I steadied her, and we plunged on, either to make our repairs or meet with a disappointment on not finding sufficiently smooth water. As we opened out the lee side, however, we saw what was comparatively smooth water, and could we hold the vessel there we might effect our repairs.

We forged slowly on until we had gone about half a mile from the point, when, seeing a small hummock that would suit to pass our wire hawser round, I headed the bark for it and lowered the lifeboat with her crew.

What was our amazement now to see lying on a wide shelf of the berg what looked like the hull of a vessel, apparently broken in two and more or less encrusted with ice!

Telling the first mate to pull to the berg and as quickly as possible get a hawser fast round this hummock, and then return, I determined to investigate this wreck, if it was one, on his return. Then it flashed into my mind, could it be the remains of the *Kestrel?* If so, how did she get there?

However, a very short time would decide that; but our first consideration must be our own repairs, or we should drift down inside the Antarctic Circle and find ourselves frozen in, to perish of cold and starvation.

The hawser was fast in a few minutes, and the mate and men aboard again. We hove in on the berg till within about eighty yards; and with the only sail we had set—the lower main topsail—aback to keep her off, the bark rode comparatively steady, on an even keel, the holes above water.

Getting the carpenter and his gang started at repairs, I took the second mate and three men to land me abreast of the wreck to investigate. Leaving one man in the boat to fend her off the ice, the rest of us started for the wreck, which lay on this shelf only a few feet from the edge of the ice.

We now saw distinctly that it was the remains of a steam vessel, for we could distinguish her propeller and what was left of her smoke-stack hanging over the side. The mainmast was gone, but the fore still remained.

From the peculiar position in which she lay, she appeared to have been 'nipped' between two masses of ice, for her plates were all bent and broken on the side nearest the water. Then it seemed as if a projecting portion of the other mass had gone under her bottom and forced her up on to this shelf, or she must have sunk immediately the two masses of ice separated after the impact.

This shelf was not level, there being a rise of some eight or ten feet right under the hull amidships; and thus resting with all her weight on a few feet of hull, and that damaged, she had broken in two, the bow and stern resting on the ice some ten feet lower than the midship part. I have to note this, for it accounts for what followed her smash-up.

All her boats seemed to be gone, for a few fag-ends of what had once been their falls fluttered from the davits still intact. Seeing no way of getting on board on that side, we went round by her stern—on which was a name, but indistinguishable for rust—to the other side. Here we found the remains of a side-ladder, up which, finding it was still strong enough, we climbed.

There was no sign of life of any description, and everything was coated with ice; for though the sun shone now for a few hours its beams were not powerful enough to melt it, such was the intense cold given out by this enormous mass of ice.

My attention was attracted by a piece of white-painted board nailed to the companion leading below. On it was rudely scrawled in black letters: 'Look below, in the galley.' I may say for the benefit of the uninitiated that the galley is a ship's kitchen.

Leaving one man on deck to report any change of weather, the bark's position, or hails from her, I went below with the second mate and the other seamen. We found the galley easily, though the door was screened by double blankets hung up evidently to keep out the cold winds that rushed past it from rents in the vessel's side.

A pitiful sight met our gaze when we tore down the blankets. Stretched on the deck were the forms of three men, covered, all except their faces, with blankets and rugs. It was not a gruesome sight, for their features, though emaciated and sunken, were placid. They had

died in their sleep induced by the intense cold, and were frozen stiff.

Uncovering the bodies, by the side of one dressed in the remains of uniform denoting an officer I immediately saw several books which I recognised as ship's log-books. Taking up the nearest, on the label outside the cover I saw to my amazement these words: 'Official Log of s.s. *Kestrel*.'

I stood with it in my hand, speechless for a few moments. Was it the act of Providence that had caused our disaster, thus leading us to seek the lee of this iceberg to repair, and make this discovery?

Uncovering the next body, it also appeared to be that of a man in ragged uniform, whom I judged to be a junior officer.

When I uncovered the last—the remains of what had been a finely built, tall man—there were several bundles of papers by his side, and on the top one sheet addressed: 'To whomsoever may find us, if it please Providence to direct any human being to our icy prison.'

Opening its folds, I read the message from the dead:

'Whoever you are who find this, I pray you to convey all these documents, amongst which is my last Will and Testament, to London with all speed, and deliver them into the hands of Mr Edward Burton, of the firm of Tregellis and Scott, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn.

'There is a sum of money, nearly five thousand pounds in English notes and gold, in small bag, to use for your expenses, and this firm will reward you further.

'I am all that is left of Charles Tremayne, of the firm of Moss, Levinson, & Tremayne, of London and New York. The others are the captain and second officer of the s.s. *Kestrel*.

'I regret to say my rashness led us into our present plight and death, for we cannot survive many days longer.

'May God forgive me and have mercy upon us. CHARLES TREMAYNE.'

So I had found Charles Tremayne, or his remains, and to a certain extent solved the mystery of his fate. But it remained to be discovered how they got on to this iceberg in the Antarctic.

Knowing that our time was short, we all searched for further papers, but found none. I removed from Tremayne's finger a seal ring he wore, and from his pockets a watch and chain and pocket-book. This was done in the presence of my second mate, of course. I also directed the mate to look well at the emaciated features, for I had quickly determined, if possible, to carry out the dead man's wishes, and proceed to London, taking the mate with me as witness. I remembered the terms of that advertisement, especially the words 'legal proof,' and wanted to leave his partners no loophole to escape from paying that ten thousand pounds.

I was going to make a search over the vessel to see if we could discover any more bodies, when the man on deck shouted down the companion that they were hailing us from the bark to get on board as quickly as possible.

Hastily tying together all the log-books and papers I had found, we hurried down to our boat and got on board. Here I found the carpenter nailing on the last few sheets of lead.

My mate was anxious for our safety, for the wire rope had stranded a few feet from the rail, and might part altogether at any moment, and the bark might drift into rough waters, where it would be difficult to pick us up.

Asking the carpenter how much longer he wanted, he said, 'If that rope will hold for another ten minutes I shall finish, and the bark will be fit to stand any sea again.'

We had just got our boat hoisted up when there was a loud snap forward, and the bark began to blow rapidly away from the berg stern first, for her topsail was aback. However, 'chips' had finished, and scrambled on board.

I had already determined to carry out Charles Tremayne's last request as fast as possible, and to do this decided to make way back for Mauritius, as, though taking the bark from her destination, I could cable my news to my brother and get home by the first Messageries steamer sailing from that island. I could leave my first mate to get the bark properly repaired there, and take her on to Australia. He could engage two mates, for I meant to take my present second mate to London with me as a witness.

Setting all sail the bark could safely carry, I stood away north-west for Mauritius, going a good twelve knots, for it was still blowing a strong gale from the east. We hove to at dark, and set double lookouts, for we wanted no more disasters; and our few hours' run had not taken us clear of the danger zone.

I was loath to have left those poor bodies to drift south again in their iron tomb, perhaps for years; but was compelled to do so.

Making all sail that was prudent at the first streak of morning light, we reeled off twelve knots all that day; and at nightfall, no ice being visible, kept on all night.

In eight days we were safely anchored outside Port Louis, Mauritius. I cabled my brother as follows:

'Found Tremayne's body. Coming home as quickly as possible, bringing his will, all documents found, *Kestrel's* log-books, captain's diary; and my second mate as a witness.'

We left Port Louis for Aden, three days after our arrival, in one of the French Messageries steamers. Before doing so I employed a lawyer to draw up a short account of the finding of the *Kestrel*, and had this signed by the first mate,

carpenter, and several of the crew before a notary public.

I had read through the *Kestrel's* log-books, captain's diary, &c.; but now, having no concern about my bark, I commenced to read them all through carefully again, and a pitiful story they told.

CHAPTER IV.—THE 'KESTREL'S' LOG-BOOK.

I TOOK the captain's official log-book first, as containing an explanation of the disaster to the ill-fated steamer. I passed over all the entries till I came to the departure from Capetown, as not bearing on the matter.

There were no entries till 20th June 18—, then came this:

'Sighted several icebergs to the southward, having kept down to fifty degrees south latitude at Mr Tremayne's request, he never having seen icebergs. (See diary.)'

Turning to the diary, or private log, I found the same entry, with some remarks:

'Have tried to persuade Mr Tremayne to let me keep up to the northward, as we are running great risks from floe-ice. He will have it there is no danger, as being under steam we can steer in any direction to avoid ice. I do not like it.

'21*st January*.—More ice and numerous very large pieces of floe-ice, indicating that we are nearing the pack or ice-field from which these bergs and floes have been detached.' Again were the words, 'see diary.'

Here I found something ominous, knowing what I did of the whole affair. It was: 'I have had to sharply rebuke the first mate, when on duty, for steering so close to some of these bergs and floes that it seemed as if he wished the steamer to strike one. It would mean sinking if we did. He replied to my rebuke that it was Mr Tremayne's wish to go close to the bergs. But Mr Tremayne was not on deck at the time. This was an evasion. I again remonstrated with Mr Tremayne when he came on deck. He laughingly said there was no danger. But he would not yield to my pleadings. "Let us keep going east till to-morrow morning, and then you can edge away farther north." But I determined to remain on the steamer's bridge whenever the first mate was on duty.'

The next entry in the official log, occupying several pages, was a complete account of the disaster. It was dated 1st February, some days after the occurrence it chronicled as follows:

'This disaster occurred at 9 A.M. on 22nd January. I have been unable to make this entry before, owing to circumstances. I was on the bridge nearly all the night of the 21st. I kept the steamer going only at quarter-speed, for it was one continual dodging ice of all sizes, stopping and going full speed astern many times to avoid collision with them. At daytime we found ourselves completely surrounded by ice. I went aloft to the foretop to try and pick out the clearest channel to steer north out of it. Having decided, I called the second mate aloft to take my place, telling him the general direction I wished to steer for, and directing him to let me know if there was any great change in the disposition of ice. Returning to the bridge, I altered the course to that required. Till 8.30 A.M. I remained on the bridge directing the helmsman how to steer. Then I went below with Mr Tremayne to snatch some breakfast and hot coffee. There was a comparatively clear space ahead; and, the second mate being aloft, I left the first in charge on the bridge. We could not have been below more than ten minutes when we heard loud shouting on deck, and from the vibration the steamer was going full speed. We both rushed up towards the bridge, and could hear the second mate shouting, "Stop her! Stop her! Go astern full speed, or she will be nipped; they are closing together!" and I saw him coming down from aloft as fast as possible. On reaching the bridge I saw at a glance what was happening; and, running to the engine-room telegraph, rang "Stop her!" and immediately "Full speed astern." The mate, on our going below, had put the steamer at full speed, and we were then between the large iceberg on which we now lie and a smaller one which was rapidly closing and shutting the channel between. There was not time to get through, but I believe we should have come out clear by going astern had it not been for the first mate's action. He said afterwards he lost his nerve at our danger. (See diary.) The mate rushed to the wheel, and, pushing the man away, spun it round. Our steering-gear being worked by steam, the steamer swung across between the two bergs almost instantly. Tremayne, seeing what he had done, rushed at him, knocked him down, and spun the wheel over the other way. It was too late. Her stern struck the smaller berg with a crash, she straightened up alongside the shelf on which we now rest, and the smaller berg crushed with irresistible force into her side. Her plates and frame were crushed in like an egg-shell, there was an explosion in the stokehole, which, with the engine-room, was at once filled with scalding steam, followed by screams of agony. The bergs still closed in, and our fate seemed certain, when with another crash the steamer was lifted bodily out of the water and forced up where she now is. Had it not been for this, when the bergs separated shortly after the impact the steamer must have sunk, leaving those of her crew who had scrambled on to the berg to perish from cold and starvation. Of course the steamer had a very large quantity of water in her, and when forced up into this position this water ran to both ends, completely filling them. Our main stores of provisions were stowed forward in the forehold, and on opening the hatches next day to get some up we found the stores were buried under many

feet of solid ice, the sea-water having frozen during the night. A muster of the entire ship's company showed that we were now but thirteen —Mr Tremayne, myself, two mates, five seamen, and four firemen. The engineers and eight firemen were crushed or scalded to death below. Three seamen, the steward, and the cook had disappeared, with the cabin-boy and the engineer's steward, we never discovered how. The survivors all rested or slept in the galley this night.'

Turning to the diary, I found pretty well the same account of the disaster, with this addition:

'After we had collected ourselves somewhat, and found out who were missing, I openly taxed the mate with having caused the disaster, either directly or indirectly. He denied having caused it purposely, saying he lost his head at our dangerous position. But from a kind of look of satisfaction that crossed his features I believe my shot was not far wide of the mark; though why I cannot guess, for his own life was in equal danger with ours.'

Now I, who knew more than the unfortunate dead captain, on reading this felt convinced that my chance remark to my brother in London was a true one. There had been foul play in Tremayne's disappearance, though it was doubtful if it could be proved against the originators. Turning to the log-book again, I read:

'During the night, being awake the greater part, I noticed the mate carrying on a whispered conversation with the seaman next him; then, changing his place, and doing the same with another, till I believe he had talked to all the seamen and firemen. He then got beside the second mate and attempted to converse with him, but was repulsed. The morning of the next day, 23rd January, after a breakfast such as we could get, the mate and these nine men all left the galley and climbed on deck.

'"I wonder what they are up to now," I said to the second mate.

'"No good, you may be sure," he replied. "I heard what he said to the man next to me. He was persuading the men to take the large lifeboat, with all the provisions they can get, and leave you and Mr Tremayne here to your fate, and try and sail north into the track of colonial-bound ships. He wanted me to join them, but I refused to listen to him."

'"You were wise to refuse to join them. No matter what provisions they have, they will never be picked up alive, unless it be to-day. They will be frozen to death with one night's exposure in that open boat."

'We three talked over every possibility for about an hour, when we heard the men returning. The mate, in a loud, truculent voice, told us their intentions.

'"We have found it utterly impossible without dynamite or gunpowder to get at the provisions in the forehold. What there are here in the pantry and storeroom we shall divide into thirteen equal parts, and taking our share sail north in the large lifeboat to pick up a ship. You three can take the smaller boat and follow if you please. You will remain where you are till we are gone. If you attempt to come out before then we will throw you in again and lash you there."

'As we were outnumbered by three to one we remained where we were for about two hours, till all sounds ceased save the wash of waves against the ice and its occasional cracking. Then we climbed up on deck, to see them sailing north about a mile away. I expect that was the last time they were ever seen by any human being. We had arranged to divide and thoroughly search the wreck for provisions, returning to the galley after each searched the part selected. To summarise our position when we met is easy. We had fuel and oil enough to last us for years, and we were safe from perishing from cold as long as we had strength enough to get coal from the bunkers to the galley. There was abundance of lubricating oil, and a few drums of olive-oil intended for binnacle lights. When we came to provisions, they, alas! were different. The other two had found nothing in the shape of food save about ten pounds of salt-beef in a pickle-tub and what the mate's crowd had left us. These were ten or twelve pounds of biscuits, eight two-pound tins of mutton, three-quarters of a cask of flour, and plenty of coffee, with a couple of pounds of sugar. That was all. Truly a liberal supply to support three strong men for an indefinite period!

'I had taken the forehold myself, and carefully calculated every possibility of getting at the frozen-up provisions. As the mate had said, it would be utterly impossible to get any without dynamite or gunpowder to blast away the ice. The irony of it all! We were separated from enough provisions to keep us alive for years by a few feet of ice, and could not remove it.'

This was the last entry in the official log for some days, and was signed by the captain, Charles Tremayne, and Andrew Brown the second mate:

'10*th February.*—We have made several ineffectual attempts to reach the provisions. To husband our food supply we have put ourselves on the smallest possible quantity that will support life, and find ourselves rapidly weakening on it.

'20*th February.*—We are reduced now to small handfuls of flour per day, made into a cake with olive-oil, and baked in the oven. To-day Mr Charles Tremayne drew up his last Will and Testament while having strength to do so. Myself and the second mate witnessed his signature; and I make this entry in the official log to verify this fact, if ever discovered. (See diary.)'

The same entry appeared in the diary, with the words, 'God help us, our end is drawing very near now; we shall soon be too weak to get coal from the bunkers for the fire, and must perish from cold, if not from starvation.'

'22*nd February.*—Mr Tremayne has put his

will and documents together, and written a letter to whomsoever may find us. I pray some one may, for the sake of his wife and son. He has told me his life-story.'

The last entry read:

'*25th February.*—Second mate died some hours ago. Mr Tremayne must also be in his last sleep. I cannot make him hear my feeble voice. It is getting terribly cold. I am—numbing—all—over'——

This was the end of a brave sailor, doing his duty to the last. His diary lay beside him when we found him, with the pencil he had written with still grasped in his frozen fingers. I have it yet—a treasured relic.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SHEET OF WRITING-PAPER.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen;
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

THERE is much charm and quiet beauty, with historical and literary interest, in the higher reaches of the North Esk in Midlothian, which, after it leaves its reservoir in the Pentlands, passes along a fine Highland-like valley, tumbles over two waterfalls behind the village of Carlops, and for a time forms a boundary between Peeblesshire and Midlothian. After a course of seventeen miles it joins the South Esk below Dalkeith Palace, and enters the sea at Musselburgh. Besides a carpetwork and gunpowder factory, there are seven paper-mills on the Esk—that of Alexander Cowan & Sons being at the top at Penicuik, and that of the Inveresk Paper Company near the mouth. Above Penicuik the little stream has glinted through the grounds of Newhall, the suggested scene of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd;* below, it passes the ruins of haunted Woodhouselee, Roslin Castle and Chapel, and Hawthornden. Here the views and walks are some of the richest near Edinburgh; and on a fine evening, with a sunset burning on the windows of Hawthornden, one longs for the brush of the painter.

Sweet are thy paths, oh passing sweet,
By Esk's fair streams that run
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep
Impervious to the sun.

The fine springs in the course of the Esk may have originally drawn to this valley the paper-makers who now send all kinds of writing and printing paper over the civilised world. Could we trace the after-history of much of the paper manufactured here we might find it associated with poetry, romance, and tragedy, as well as utility.

Professor George Wilson, in his delightful article, 'Paper, Pen, and Ink' (*Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. i.), tells us that paper represents all the receptive materials of graphic art—in a word, every surface or body on which we can paint, write, print, carve, inscribe, or otherwise impress the portraits of visible things, the pictures of imagined objects, and the signs or symbols which constitute written language. All the unliving things of the sleeping mineral world, except the wild sea and the viewless air, have served man as paper, including papyrus and the human skin. And what Wilson suggests regarding ink is as true regarding paper and its uses: 'Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice; of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son, written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost colour of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave. . . . Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink! The varied stream thus for ever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world.' It is even more so since the professor wrote this, his last article. Mark the closely filled letter from the home-country which cheers the heart of the emigrant in Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, in India, China, or South Africa. School and college text-books, works in every department of literature, and novels by the million are poured forth in an ever-widening stream. The printed sheets of journals, newspapers (dailies and weeklies) go everywhere, bearing their message of hope and cheer, of tragedy, disaster, and death, of interest and instruction, all undreamt of when the reels of virgin-white paper left the mills in this valley.

It is perfectly legitimate, before touching on the products of the mills, to call to mind some of the illustrious people who found a home by the Esk, and some of whom gave an extraordinary amount of work to papermakers, printers, and allied trades. Sir Walter Scott comes first, greatest of them all, who found his first married home at Lasswade Cottage, described in this *Journal* (page 433, 1911). On the south side of the Esk, and higher up, is Polton House, the residence for a time of Scott's publisher, Archibald Constable. Thither Scott drove rapidly after nightfall from Abbotsford to hear the truth

regarding the unsettling rumours from London which preceded the business downfall of himself and Constable. The diarist in *Archibald Constable and His Literary Friends* in this *Journal* for 1902 notes under date of 1825: 'We arrived safe at Polton House, Mr Constable's country seat, at seven o'clock this evening. This day's scenery was particularly fine, so much history connected with it.' Taking a step backwards more than fifty years we find the *Letters and Journals of Mrs Calderwood of Polton* throw much light upon this place. Therein we read how successful Mrs Calderwood was in raising the value and rental of the estate. Margaret Steuart of Coltness married Thomas Calderwood of Polton, 'an upright, judicious, and dispassionate man,' the son of Sir William Calderwood, Lord Polton, who was elevated to the bench of the Court of Session with this title in 1711. In the same year in which he had purchased the Polton estate, Mrs Calderwood's sister, Agnes Steuart of Goodtrees, married the tenth earl of Buchan, and two of her sons became known as the Hon. Henry Erskine and Thomas Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor of England. The journals of Mrs Calderwood relate how her husband, two sons, Peggy Rainy (a servant), and a serving-man started in 1756 from Polton House for Holland, then a formidable journey. The lands and mill of Polton belonged originally to the Chapel of the Hospital of St Leonard the Abbot, at the Bridge of Lasswade, the revenue being applied to its support and the maintenance of weekly Masses.

That most incredibly eccentric and incalculable of human beings, as Masson calls Thomas de Quincey, was resident in Mavis Bush Cottage, now De Quincey Cottage, at the foot of Polton Bank, when he began in 1852 to gather material from his scattered contributions to periodical literature for the fourteen volume edition of his writings. Mr J. T. Fields, the American publisher, had anticipated him in issuing in the United States a collected edition of his works; and when calling here, in the most delicate manner placed a cheque in the hand of Miss De Quincey for her father's share in the profits. So if he did not do the creative work here which he accomplished when he succeeded Wordsworth as tenant of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, after 1840, he found an asylum where he stayed intermittently with his family. The walk to and from Edinburgh of seven miles was his customary exercise. Amongst his visitors were James Payn, Harriet Martineau, and F. Jacox, who has left an interesting record of his intercourse with De Quincey. One of his visitors notes that 'so perfect was he in this respect that if good manners had not been invented he would have invented them.'

Mrs Oliphant may well be mentioned next, so prolific was she as a novelist and writer for the press. The scene of her *Valentine and His Brother* was laid in the valley of the Esk, near Polton. She remembered nothing of Wallyford, her birthplace, near Musselburgh; 'but opened my eyes to life as far as I remember in the village of Lasswade, where we lived in a little house on the way to Dalkeith.' When she was six years of age, her family, the Wilsons, left Lasswade.

Archibald Fletcher, an Edinburgh advocate, who has been styled the 'Father of Burgh Reform,' died at Auchindinny House, below Penicuik, in 1828. His wife, Eliza Dawson, from Oxton, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, wrote a charming autobiography which gave glimpses of literary and political life in Edinburgh at the beginning of last century, with memories of Wordsworth, the Arnolds, Miss Martineau, and others who visited at her Westmorland home of Lancrigg, near Grasmere. Her autobiography was edited by her daughter, Lady Richardson. There is a marble memorial to her in Grasmere Church, near that to Wordsworth. In early married life the Fletchers lived at Frankfield, above Lasswade, and there were visited by Professor Playfair with his pupil Lord John Russell. Neither Scott, nor Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy when on a visit here, enjoyed the woodland paths of the Esk more than Eliza Fletcher and her family.

Professor John Wilson in 1851 wrote his last papers for *Blackwood's Magazine* at Woodburn, near Dalkeith. The venerable Professor Campbell Fraser's home for many years was opposite Roslin Chapel. Mr S. R. Crockett, the novelist, began his story-writing career in Bank House, within the grounds of Penicuik House. David Macbeth Moir, author of *Mansie Waugh*, the busy country doctor, rests in Inveresk churchyard. Mr E. Bruce-Low told here (1909, page 156) the story of 'The Threefold Victory in Roslin Glen,' that bloody battle in the long war of Scottish Independence, waged in 1303. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk tells in his interesting *Autobiography* something of the battle of Prestonpans in 1745. Musselburgh old bridge over the Esk may have been crossed by the Highlanders before and after the fight, as Cromwell's Ironsides crossed it in the campaign which led up to the battle of Dunbar in 1650. And earlier associations are awakened by the battle of Pinkie in that neighbourhood in 1547.

Thousands of tons of wood-fibre and esparto grass find their way into this quiet valley, to be used in the manufacture of printing-paper. Rags are only used for expensive, high-class paper and for writing-paper. The Valleyfield papermills of Messrs Alexander Cowan & Sons, Penicuik, were started in 1708 by Mr Andrew Anderson, printer to Queen Anne, and in 1779 came into the hands of Mr Charles Cowan, Leith, an ancestor of the present proprietors. He, with two sons, had quite a prosperous business when tempted in 1811 to sell the Valleyfield Mills to Government as a depôt for French prisoners. These mills were repurchased by the Cowan family

in 1818, since which time many extensions have been made for increasing business. Cowan's mills now turn out about one hundred and sixty tons of paper weekly, of which about one-fifth or one-sixth is printing-paper; the rest is writing-paper. The above includes enamelled paper not made here. After 1821, when the Esk Mills, Penicuik, came into the hands of Mr James Brown, and next of his son-in-law, Mr Thomas M'Dougal, the foundations of the present excellent business were laid. The business has grown in the hands of Mr John Jardine and his sons. The production of Esk Mills is mainly high-class magazine and coated paper. . The production is as near as possible two hundred tons per week; and four hundred and fifty people are employed. Almost from the start the paper upon which *Chambers's Journal* is printed has been manufactured here. Paper is also supplied for many art magazines of the very highest class of production, and for school-books and copy-books, for which there is an ever-increasing demand.

Several times we have watched with interest the various processes in Messrs Annandale's mills at Polton, the terminus of a branch line of the North British Railway in the North Esk valley, ten and three-quarter miles from Edinburgh. Paper has been made here from the middle of the eighteenth century, and the present concern came into the Annandale family in 1798. Here the dirty-looking, dusty rags are transformed into beautiful writing and account-book paper. The impression made on the visitor is that of another romance of industry. Man has much improved on the methods of the first paper-makers, the wasps. Little or no wood-fibre is used here, as the best rags yield the best results, although much more expensive. Mr John Gray, manager, has kindly set down in order for us the various processes through which the rags must go before they become clean writing and account-book paper. The wonder of the thing must be seen for the mind to be duly impressed. Some special and secret processes peculiar to this firm are of course withheld.

Writing-papers of the highest qualities are made from linen and cotton rags collected from various countries, such as Russia, Austria, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and France; also from those gathered in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The rags are first dusted, then carefully sorted by girls and cut by machinery into small pieces. They are then boiled with a solution of caustic soda. From the boiling department they are taken to the washing and breaking machines, where they are broken in or triturated, and a solution of bleaching-powder (chloride of lime) is afterwards added to them there. After being allowed to lie for a certain number of hours in this bleach-solution, the pulp—at this stage commonly called half-stuff—is fed into beating-engines, where it is again triturated for some hours. The colouring matter is here added, and when the pulp has been reduced to the desired length of fibre it is conveyed to storage chests, from whence it is run to strainers and thence on to the papermaking machine. This papermaking machine, with the pulp flowing in at one end and the web of paper being rolled on hot rollers at the other, is a triumph of engineering which must be seen to be understood. All the best qualities of writing-paper are tub-sized—that is, the paper after leaving the papermaking machine is passed through a bath of animal or gelatine size, and then dried on a drying machine. The webs of paper are afterwards taken to the cutting-rooms, where the paper is cut into sheets, and these sheets are subsequently placed sheet by sheet between zinc boards and rolled or glazed between heavy rollers in the calendering department. The paper thus cut into sheets and glazed is afterwards passed on to the finishing department, there to be sorted and counted into reams by girls, and afterwards tied up, packed in bales, and despatched to its destination.

Dr Guthrie, a famous Scottish preacher, once applied this parable of papermaking to the purifying and uplifting of the submerged tenth. At a meeting of a colonial society in London he had made some remarks upon the colonies as a field for the ragged school children in whom he was interested. An after speaker scouted the idea of sending out the scum of the cities to the colonies. Later, Guthrie seized an opportunity to reply, and lifting a sheet of paper from before the chairman held it up before the meeting. He said, to an audience which quickly caught his point, that this paper was once 'the scum' which the gentleman charged him with wishing to introduce to the colonies; 'once foul, dirty, wretched rags.' In it, now white as the snows of heaven, this gentleman might see the emblem of the material we would send to the colonies, and of the work ragged schools had achieved.

THE KEARNEY GRAVITY TUBE-RAILWAY.

By W. O. Horsnaill, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

INVENTORS still continue to come forward with new schemes for facilitating the traffic in London, the latest idea being a tube-railway in the form of a huge switchback, but without the intermediate humps. If there were no friction at all, a switchback-car would run down one hill, along a level piece in the middle, and up another hill to the same height as it started from.

Unfortunately, in spite of ball-bearings, there is some friction, so that the car has to be pushed up the last little bit.

Now, instead of pushing the car at the finish, we might equally well give a push along the level in the middle, and thus sufficiently increase the speed to carry it to the end of its journey. Of course it is impossible actually to push the car by hand, because no one could run fast enough to keep up with it, but we might fix a small electric motor to the wheels which would increase the speed along the level, thus giving the same result. This is exactly what Mr E. W. Chalmers Kearney (the inventor of the system) proposes to do in his new tube-railway, each train being fitted with an electric motor to give it a 'touch up' between the stations, which are situated at the tops of a series of hills. When, therefore, a train starts away from a station it runs down a steep incline, thus getting up a high speed, which, with a little help from the electric motor, is enough to carry it up the hill into the next station. Just power enough to overcome friction is sufficient for a railway of this type, while brakes are only wanted for stopping the train at the right place.

The saving in power is enormous over the present tube-railways, in which the trains require a large amount of electricity to get them up to speed, this power being all wasted when the brakes are used to slow down for the next stop.

The stations are only just far enough below the street-surface to clear all ordinary pipes and sewers, consequently no lifts are needed, while between stations the tube dives down far below any large obstructions.

Unless the traffic is enormous, a single tube with passing loops at stations is sufficient, and we may imagine a train starting each way at every alternate station simultaneously, so that it is impossible for a collision to occur.

Although very little power is actually used, and brakes are only needed to finish up with, powerful motors and brakes are provided for emergencies, so as to enable a train to start up the steepest hill or to be stopped on its way down. Emergencies of this nature are, however, extremely unlikely to occur, as arrangements will be made to prevent the possibility of one train entering a tunnel until it is clear.

Each car has pointed ends, windows without frames, and perfectly smooth sides so as to reduce the air-friction as much as possible; ball-bearings are used also to reduce friction. The cars run between one rail on the ground and another above the roofs, guide-wheels being provided which make running off the line an impossibility.

The speed of the trains will reach fifty miles an hour between stations, giving an average speed of thirty miles an hour, including stoppages. or nearly double that of the present tube-trains, Then, again, the motion in getting up speed and in stopping will be very even, as it is effected by the inclines down and up instead of depending upon the jerky efforts of motors and brakes.

At the stations the trains will run in between two platforms; and, as the cars are provided with numerous doors, a large number of passengers can get in and alight very quickly. This feature, together with the absence of lifts and the increase in speed, will enable tubes of this description to deal with a much larger traffic than can be handled by the present system, whilst the cost of construction is very much less. Furthermore, by having two lines, the traffic can be practically doubled, as trains will then start in each direction simultaneously from every station on the system instead of from alternate ones.

A car has already been built by the Brush Electrical Engineering Company at Loughborough, for demonstration purposes, which will seat forty-five passengers.

THE LIGHTHOUSE LAMP.

Off the coast of Bretagne, while the lighthouse keeper lay dying, his brave wife first, and then his children, tended the lamp, saving vessels from disaster till help came to them.

'PIERRE, thy father's worse; I fear me
That he cannot live the night;
Now I durst not leave him. Hear me—
Thou must watch and trim the light.

'La Petite will mount to aid thee;
Take her hand upon the stair.
If thou art afraid to leave me,
Then say thy evening prayer.

'Do thy duty, brave and ready;
Thou must neither sleep nor fail;
Keep thy lamp well-trimmed and steady—
It *must not* grow dim nor pale.

'Ah, remember how each steamer
Passing, anxious, seeks this light;
Boy, the life of many a dreamer
Lies within thy hands to-night!

'See, 'tis dark! The storm-fiend waking
Shrieks across the waters wild.
Oh, until the dawn's blest breaking,
Keep a faithful watch, my child.

'Kiss thy father; he grows weaker.
He would bless thee did he know;
But he's going fast.' The speaker
Turned her face to hide her woe.

'Hush, my Jeannette, cease thy weeping;
God hath need of thee to-night;
While the world is soundly sleeping
Thou must help to tend the light.'

. . . . . .

Late and long the dark night's turning,
When the mother, white and chill,
Climbed, the lamp was brightly burning,
And the children watching still.

Swift her hungry arms enfold them:
'Brave, good ones!' her lips applaud;
Then, with broken heart, she told them,
'Dears, the father is with God.'

MARY M. CUBCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.

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THE KILLING PACE.

By C. EDWARDES.

ONCE upon a time it seemed to me I was about to end my life. I wrote a letter for the coroner, to save trouble and a certain amount of unpleasantness, and poured out the poison. My belief in a future disembodied state, more or less dependent upon an Olympian Book of Judgment, was not sufficiently vivid to disquiet me. The speculative element in the enterprise was, on the other hand, attractive. I felt fully prepared to welcome an instantaneous change of scene, upon the condition that I could view it from the standpoint of a personality differing altogether from the inconvenient one I then possessed. This, I think, was my primary aspiration, and it appeared to me that there was a sporting chance it might be realised. I had had more than enough of the self I knew so well. Anything were preferable to prolonged life with it, and so—there stood the poison! But, as it were in the very moment of quaffing, there came a furtive tapping at the locked door, which made me turn from the fluid with what, even after long years, I think I may describe as a start. I was not only alone in the room, but, so far as I knew, alone in the house. The tapping was repeated, and I unlocked the door—to the cat, with a blind kitten in her mouth. She deposited the kitten upon the hearthrug, purred, and rubbed her chin on my feet. Having stroked her back, I replaced the poison in a cupboard, made spills of the coroner's letter, and lit a pipe. The cat cuddled her babe on the hearthrug, and in an atmosphere of smoke and to a concert of purrs I conceived plans for killing the self to which I so strongly objected, and yet continuing to live. The possibility of such an achievement seemed almost an exciting discovery, and was an absorbing one. I awoke from a painful and vivid dream, glad to be alive; and now pass on the lesson it suggested to me.

In these days, when suicides are so numerous that coroners actually complain about their number (a doctor might as reasonably complain of an influenza epidemic), this simple story may perhaps be passed on for amusement or advantage. Beyond question, hundreds take to the lethal bodkin without anything like sufficient reason. Others, less fortunate, there may be for whom the gates of the Palace of Despair yawn too seducingly wide, and for each of them one can only whisper the *requiescat in pace* which sums up their own craving. But for the majority, even at the uttermost ends of their striving, there are always honourable and quite easy avenues of escape to which they may be entreated to open their eyes. To begin with, however, they must very firmly shut their eyes. Not to the varied panoramic charms and interests of life and the world; least of all to the valiant struggles of those of their fellow-creatures whose circumstances, physical and material, are more discomforting than their own. These, in their different ways, are sights of good hope for the weakling, and may be cordially prescribed. But they must shut their eyes to themselves; start by temporarily suppressing their unduly obtrusive Ego. Let them resolutely forget themselves, somehow, for an hour, a week, or a year; and unless they suffer very exceptionally from consolidated self-interest they cannot but be 'the better of it,' as they say in this dear Land o' Cakes where my pen runs. There is nothing much worse than a pampered Ego which has been coaxed to a belief that the cosmos exists for the satisfaction of its demands for what it terms happiness; which deems itself justified in screaming 'I die' when it cannot occupy the particular Palace of Desire upon which it has set its greedy little heart. Yet, at the worst, it still has latent in it all or most of the potentialities of satisfactory existence with which Nature endows the great host of her children, whether they have two legs apiece or a hundred. Give these a chance, and however long they have been scorned, they will still lift up their heads and plead for consideration. Suppress the Ego.

Not altogether, of course. That would be suicide of another kind—the death in life which the unco good Buddhist seeks in his Nirvana. The age of motor-cars, aeroplanes, and the *Daily Mail* has no fellowship with nirvanas. Never was the civilised individual more determined to enforce his individuality upon a world of individuals equally determined to make their individual splash in the River of Life. But for the thoughtful intervention of the State, ours would be an age of slavery for the multitude without parallel in its power to torment and infuriate. With the restraining and gracious influence of religion gliding fast from the majority, the man who has seems to care less

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and less for the man who has not. And woman in the mass still follows man's lead in this as in all movements. Look at the faces of the ladies—young, middle-aged, and old enough to be grandmothers—in the fifty-horse-power juggernauts which suffocate you with their dust as they whirl smiling along on the public road—the *public* road, mark you! Do they seem to care the traditional twopence about the inconvenience they give you? Quite otherwise with many of them. It is as if they relish the very maledictions which you so obviously cast at their flamboyant selfishness, as you rightly or wrongly deem it. Do they realise that to humiliate a fellow-creature is to outrage him? And if they did, would it affect them for longer than the glide from one milestone to the next? And as on the road, so in life's markets and drawing-rooms. Nearly every one fights as never before to get ahead of every one else, without mercy, without scruple. Even the Scottish shepherd—anciently the most restful and pensive of men—has been caught by the spirit of the age. He no longer devotes all his time to his sheep and the stars, making poetry in his high leisure about both or either. The furious emotion of a bicycle on steep slopes has debauched him. Doubled over his handle-bars, with streaming coat-tails, he flies with a blank or turbulent mind from one place to another, much more interested in horse-racing and gladiatorial football matches than in the refining whispers of the Muses. Only the voice crying in the wilderness proclaims the truth that such pace, such absorption in self, and such fighting are twentieth-century lunacy—a blight to the quiet best in us, and a misrating of the values of existence at which a sheep might smile.

But suppress this headstrong Ego a little, or more than a little, and the benefit is universal. Why such a raging racket through the mere threescore-and-ten years of the average life? It does but speed time itself and hasten the end of things. With less of a rush on the road there will be less ugliness in the passengers, less dust and humiliation for the rest of us to swallow. The less the Golden Calf of Mammon is worshipped the larger the mind's field of enjoyment of those primal pleasures of life which Nature has for all eternity decreed shall be the most contenting. Whenever possible, rise to that old-fashioned privilege of helping the lame dog over the stile, and it shall be the best of all refreshments for the Ego's purer part which needs no suppressing. If you have millions, build almshouses in pretty spots, or something of that kind, as a variant on free libraries. With all the goodwill in the world, the State cannot yet provide, even but tolerably, for the increasing host of worthy broken men and women who must drop hopelessly wounded out of so ruthless a battle. The scope for delicate benefaction is boundless, and your pleasure in its exercise shall be as that of a benign demigod. Nor need you envy the millionaire his fine chances in this direction if you yourself have only next to nothing. There are so many who have nothing at all. You are closer human kin to them than any millionaire can be, with a knowledge of the dreads that a simple sixpence or a cheery word may banish or postpone which the millionaire has forgotten, if he ever had it. A little or more than a little suppression of the rabid egoism of the hour, and how vast the difference, perchance, to you and me and the rest of us!

And, as medicine for a personal emergency, by all means keep a cat which may in your own Ego's supreme hour of trial come gliding to you with a homily and distraction more effective than this one.

THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

CHAPTER V.—IN THE ILEX GROVE.

THE ilex grove was dark and cool, notwithstanding that it was nearly noon. The sun beat fiercely on the greensward without, casting deep shadows all around, and shafts of light penetrated through the close-set trees, making golden patches on the dry red soil till it glowed like burnished copper.

In the solemn dimness of the grove little Timotheus sat at play. He was undisturbed by the gloom around, for light and darkness were alike to him, and he had no fear of being left alone in its cool shade. His playthings were scattered around him—a horse and chariot fashioned in bronze, a battalion of mimic soldiers carved out of olive-wood; while some small blocks of coloured marble in various shapes and sizes were scattered about. These his hands were eagerly seeking, feeling each piece with care to ascertain whether it were the one he desired to add to the triumphal arch which he was constructing in bas-relief on the ground. With deft fingers he placed the little blocks in their places, now a rounded arch, now a triangular piece or a cube, and passed his delicately moulded hand over the structure to make sure that all was going well. As he felt it growing to completion he clapped his hands and laughed in childish glee.

'Melos, Melos, 'tis nearly finished,' he called to his attendant. 'An arch of triumph for Cæsar! Say, is it not fine?'

'Ay, ay,' answered the slave, who lurked behind the trees, never so much as giving a glance at the work he was called upon to admire,

'tis very fine, little master. Thou must build a palace next.' Then he slipped away stealthily between the trees.

'A palace! Yes, a great palace I shall build,' murmured the child to himself. 'My mother shall live in it, and she will be proud of my work.'

With much care he continued his building operations, selecting or rejecting the varied shapes and sizes of marble, and all the while his sightless eyes gazed upon them as intently as if he saw them in the beauty of their bright colours. He was about to place a finishing decoration to the arch, when suddenly he stayed his hand and threw back his head in listening attitude.

'Who comes?' he called; and throwing aside the brick he held, he rose to his feet, and stretching out his hands, took a few steps forward in the direction whence his quickened sense of hearing had detected the noise of footsteps.

At the sound of his voice, Melos, his attendant slave, hurried to the spot; and keeping well in the shadow of the close-set trees, he was able to observe without being seen. Peering through the dimness of the grove, he could distinguish a figure advancing from the brightness of the sunlight without. It was an old man of small and meagre stature, with a pale, worn face and long flowing beard. He peered before him from under his thick eyebrows, which united on his high forehead, like one whose sight was dim, and walked with a crippled gait. He wore sad-coloured garments draped after the Eastern fashion, and carried a pilgrim staff.

'Ha, the stranger!' Melos muttered to himself with a malicious gleam in his eyes. 'Have thine eyes and thine ears open, Melos, my son! See and hear, and then—ha, ha!'

'Who comes?' cried Timotheus again, as the footsteps approached. 'Tis one I know not. Who art thou?' he questioned fearlessly, feeling now the stranger's garments brushing his fingertips.

'Ah, what is this?' said the old man, only perceiving the child for the first time when he felt his gentle touch. 'A little child! Who am I? you ask. A stranger to thee, little one, but a friend. I am called Paulus, and I come from a far country. What is thy name, my child?'

'Timotheus.'

'Timotheus!' repeated the stranger. 'Tis a name very dear to me.' He seated himself on the stump of a hewn tree, and drawing the child towards him, peered into his face. 'So I find another Timotheus even in this strange land!' he said gently, half to himself. 'It brings hope and courage to my heart!'

'Art thou afraid?' asked the child.

'Nay, little one, I am not afraid. The King's messengers know no fear.'

'Thou art Cæsar's messenger?' said the boy with awe.

'Nay, not Cæsar's. I am the messenger of a greater than Cæsar.'

'Greater than Cæsar!' echoed the child in astonishment.

'Ay, greater than Cæsar, little one. I am the messenger of the King of kings, the Lord of all. Wouldst thou like to serve Him, child? Wouldst thou be one of His messengers?' questioned the old man gently.

'I cannot,' answered the boy sadly, shaking his head.

'Ay, thou canst if thou wilt—even thou, a child.'

'Nay, not I,' answered Timotheus. 'My mother says I can never serve Cæsar because I am blind.'

'Blind!' exclaimed Paulus. 'Thou art blind? Art thou even so afflicted?' he said with compassion, gazing into the child's beautiful sightless eyes, and stroking his face tenderly.

'My mother weeps because I cannot serve Cæsar,' said the boy sorrowfully. 'I can never do any work for the Empire.'

'Fear not, little Timotheus; there will be work that thou canst do,' returned the stranger reassuringly. 'Ay, even in the King my Master's service.'

The child clapped his hands gleefully. 'Oh, then would my mother be happy!' he cried. But he shook his head sadly. 'But I cannot serve the King, because my eyes are not like the eyes of others. There is no strength in them.'

'Fear not, little one! Even thou canst serve the King, my Master. Thy weakness shall be thy strength; thine affliction shall be thine armour; ay, even thy sightless eyes shall be thy shield.'

'Shall I have armour and a shield? Shall I be a soldier?' the boy questioned with eagerness.

'Ay, a soldier of the King,' returned the stranger.

'And shall I carry the Eagles to other lands?'

'Nay, nay, not the Eagles, but the Cross,' answered the old man, with a sudden fire coming into his weak voice.

'The Cross! What is the Cross? 'Tis the Eagles of Rome that the soldiers carry, my mother says, when they go to conquer lands for Cæsar.'

'Ay, little one, when they conquer lands for Cæsar,' said the old man gently. 'But when the soldiers of the King, my Master, go forth to conquer, they carry not the Eagles of Rome but the Cross of the Christ. Shall I tell thee the difference? When the soldiers of Cæsar go forth to war they take the sword and fire, and bring sorrow and tears and death and destruction wherever they go, and the land is the worse for their coming; but when the soldiers of the Cross go forth, they carry with them love and peace and happiness and healing. They give life instead of death. Instead of destroying, they build up something that is everlasting and eternal, and all people are the better for their presence.

Wouldst thou not rather be a soldier of the Cross, to make good what is evil, to give courage where there is despair, and joy and happiness where there is sorrow and tears, and love and peace where there is hate and strife?'

'Is that the victory—the end of the battle?' asked Timotheus with interest.

'That is the victory, but the warfare is long and difficult. The end is often far off!'

'Then it is a very great war?' commented the boy.

'Ay, child, 'tis the very greatest war that was ever waged,' answered Paulus with enthusiasm.

'And 'twill be a great triumph at the end?' observed the child, with a note of delight in his voice. 'There will be triumphal arches, and singing, and music?'

'Ay, child, there will be great triumph. There will be the sweetest music that the ear has ever heard, and the sweetest songs that were ever sung, and those who have fought well will be rewarded by the King.'

'Then I shall be a soldier of your King,' announced the child with rapid decision. 'I shall carry the Cross instead of the Eagles.'

'Wilt thou, little one—wilt thou?' questioned the stranger, gazing earnestly on the boy's face as he held it between his old, withered hands. 'Dost thou know what it means to be a soldier?'

'Ay; my mother has told me. She says it is a very great thing. It would make her happy if I could be a soldier,' returned Timotheus gravely.

'Ay, 'tis a great thing, truly,' said Paulus. 'But 'tis hard often—very hard. The fight is long and sore, and there are many dangers.'

'I shall not be afraid,' said the child quietly.

'There are the cruelties of men to be endured,' the stranger went on; 'cruel words and mocking laughter, and much bodily pain; stripes and stones, imprisonment and privation, discouragement and defeat.'

As he spoke the child's face, brightened by the new-found vision of service, began to cloud over, though it was still resolute.

'All that, and much more,' continued Paulus, 'has to be borne by him who would be a soldier of the Cross. Wilt thou be afraid, little one?'

'Nay,' he answered proudly. 'My mother says a soldier must have no fear, even of defeat. But then there is no triumph where there is defeat,' he said, shaking his head sadly. 'I would be a victor and have a triumph, and ride in a chariot, and have music and singing, and the victor's wreath. I do not want to be beaten.'

'Then thou needest never fear it, little one. The soldiers of Cæsar are vanquished because they do not strive steadfastly with their whole heart and strength. But a soldier of the Cross can never be overcome if he remains faithful to his Master's cause and fights manfully.'

'Then there is a triumph for all?' asked the boy eagerly.

'Ay, Timotheus, there is a triumph for all who have striven,' was the answer. 'There is a triumph for all in a land more beautiful than man has yet seen. And thou shalt see it, child, if thou wilt fight the good fight. Thy sightless eyes shall be made whole, and thou shalt behold the beauty of the Lord in His glory!'

Even as the stranger was uttering these last words, Timotheus, with his quickened sense of hearing, became aware that some one had entered the grove. He threw back his head with a movement like that of a deer on the alert, and listened for an instant with upturned face. Then a smile overspread his features. 'Mother mine,' he called, 'I hear thee!'

'I am here, beloved one,' answered Claudia, taking his hand in hers.—'Stranger,' she said to the old man, 'I overheard thy words to my child: "Thy sightless eyes shall be made whole, and thou shalt behold the beauty of the Lord in His glory!" Tell me—oh! tell me—when shall this be?'

'When the warfare is over,' he answered, in a calm voice that contrasted strangely with her eager tones.

''Tis the triumph, mother mine,' interrupted Timotheus, 'when the great battle is won. I am to be a soldier and to carry the Cross for his King, who is greater even than Cæsar, he says. And it matters not that I am blind. Say, wilt thou be happy then, mother mine?'

Claudia stooped down and kissed the boy in her passionate way. 'Yes, yes, I shall be happy then; but go and find Melos, my son. I would speak with this stranger alone.'

(To be continued.)

A NEW FIELD FOR MOUNTAINEERS.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT, Author of *The New Garden of Canada, &c.*

THE mountain-climber, like the hardened globe-trotter, is always sighing for new peaks to conquer. He has done the Alps through and through; the Himalayas have lost their strange fascination, as they have become the centre of great climbing feats; whilst the lofty Andes have also had their devotees. The climber sighing for conquest need not despair. The coming year will introduce him to a new and wonderful mountain country where fifty or even a hundred peaks which rise beetling to the clouds, and around which the halo of the unknown still clings tightly, await the feet of the Alpine conqueror. This country was discovered for the first time when the surveyors of the Canadian Government were searching the Rocky Mountain chain, some

time in the early seventies of the last century, for a pass through which to take the projected transcontinental railway down to the Pacific coast. But the railway threaded the frowning barrier some distance to the south, through a pass which the hardy *couriers du bois* in the employ of the Hudson Bay Trading Company trekked on their long overland journey by pack-horse from Montreal to Vancouver. The wonderful country to the north was forgotten, and it was not until the dawn of the present century that it was rediscovered, when the second line spanning the breadth of the Dominion was taken in hand.

The engineers have now pierced the rocky barrier at this point, and a new and glorious world for the mountaineer has been revealed. It will appeal to his heart because it provides a means of reaching the base of the highest known peak in the Canadian Rockies, Mount Robson, which is stated to be thirteen thousand seven hundred feet according to trigonometrical survey. Already about half-a-dozen attempts have been made to scale this glacier crested giant, but only one effort is claimed to have been successful, and this has been the subject of considerable controversy among experienced mountaineers. They maintain that the climber was mistaken, and that what he considered to be the topmost height of Mount Robson was in reality the summit of a neighbouring peak. The mountain is one of the most troublesome to scale, not only owing to its physical characteristics, but owing to the adverse climatic conditions which prevail.

This peak, however, is but one of many. It is the centre of a tangled knot of teeth stretching for a distance of two hundred miles continuously, which should provide the climber with all the adventure, excitement, and glory that he can desire, especially as the great majority are unknown except by sight, and are unnamed, while the altitudes with which they are credited are mere guesswork. The pack-horse and packer, though driven from the ordinary trail through the mountains by the iron horse, will still be in urgent demand to lead aspirants to the bases of these towering crests, and the country will be gridironed, therefore, by a network of narrow paths along which the ship of the bush will make its slow and tortuous way.

At the same time the country will provide ample opportunities to the less ambitious climber to satiate his desires to the full. The loftier and more inaccessible crests will deter him, but there are numerous peaks ranging from eight thousand to ten thousand feet in height which have never been scaled, and which will afford infinite pleasure and excitement, while the panoramas offered from their summits over the great Canadian snow and glacier field will repay the energy of the most adventurous climbers.

I was a member of an exploration party which set out in advance of the railway to investigate this wonderful country. No equipment was carried to indulge in mountaineering exploits, for which there was no time, as the pack-horse is a slow means of moving through the wilderness tangled with deadfall and the débris hurled down by rockslides and avalanches. With a pack-train of thirty horses we cut across country from the MacLeod River, threading sticky, perilous muskeg, ploughing through mud-holes from which we emerged covered with slime, and steeplechasing slowly and carefully over the prone forms of massive tree-trunks which, first devastated by fire, had been levelled by the mountain winds.

In this way we struck the Athabasca River at the point where it debouches from the mountains to plough in a north-easterly direction and empty into the Arctic Seas. Although we picked up the waterway about thirty miles below its source, it was already a noble river about six hundred feet in width, swinging along at a merry speed of eight miles an hour. The introduction was at one of those points where, the land being flat and low, the river-bed sprawls out on each side for a distance of about seven miles, giving a stretch of water half a mile or so from bank to bank. Brûlé Lake this expanse is called, and the name has been well bestowed, for the mountains on both sides, through the breach in which the river tears tumultuously, are brown and bare, without a trace of vegetation. There is not sufficient soil upon their steep slopes to give the pine-tree's roots a foothold.

Yet the portal to the mountain heart is impressive. On the south bank the outer pillar is a quaintly shaped rocky mass known as Folding Mountain—a mere foothill, it is true, but nevertheless towering to about six thousand feet, and of such a character as to perplex the spirit bent upon scaling its crest, and forming a worthy introduction to the more forbidding peaks beyond. Just behind is the Roche à Miette, which looks like a flat platform coming to an abrupt end, the front face dropping as vertically as if trimmed with a cyclopean chisel.

On the opposite side of the river a similar forbidding wall rises up from the water's edge. It compels attention not so much because of its height as of its peculiarity of formation. When Nature moulded this tumbled barrier the earth must have writhed in the throes of intense agony, for the face of the cliff is wreathed and twisted into extraordinary contortions. As one of the surveyors engaged in plotting out this part of the country remarked, 'There must have been terrible ructions when that matted clump was thrown up by the volcano.' One can see distinctly the undulating lines of the geological formation, which presents a vivid idea of the cataclysm that prevailed when the earth's internal fires gave vent to their pent-up force in this spot.

Directly ahead is the outer rampart of the Rocky Range, the Fiddleback Mountains, bending round in the form of a continuous convex chain,

with the top serrated like a saw. A wavy line of snow clothes their uppermost points, which are from eight thousand to ten thousand feet nearer the sky, and not a single tooth has been trodden by the foot of man. Here the climber of moderate aspirations will be able to revel in the glories of his strange and daring pursuit, for he will have to cleave his way by axe through the densely bush-covered lower slopes, and then with rope and pick force his way to the top. The ascent from the opposite side is somewhat easier, as there are one or two rifts in the wall through which fussy creeks tumble into the Athabasca, and which, though treacherous and winding, offer a means of scaling the topmost heights with less fatigue.

A snow-covered peak of pyramidal shape peeps above the edge of the granitic bow towards its southern end. The white mass stands out boldly, scintillating against the sombre rock of the wall in front. This is Pyramid Mountain, over eight thousand feet high. From the front it appears absolutely inaccessible, as the cliff rises sheer for a matter of three thousand feet or so; but when we swam our horses across the Athabasca River and rounded a rocky bluff, we stumbled upon a small creek which was cascading down the mountain-slopes. In the shadow of this mountain there dwells one of the hardiest frontiersmen in the west, one named Swift, who has tilled a large garden, although he has to ride three hundred and fifty miles into Edmonton to get his supplies and letters. He has been living in this splendid isolation for well on to a quarter of a century, and necessity has driven him to the consummation of some herculean work. He fashioned his agricultural implements from wood, built a large waterwheel with the aid of hammer, chisel, and saw, and with this ponderous machine drives a small mill which grinds his corn. Swift is a remarkable character, and knows this country through and through. He has penetrated the snow-covered range on every hand in pursuit of game or to scratch the hard rock for traces of minerals. He has found a means of giving the tourist a unique sensation —mountaineering on horseback. By following the creek which pours by the front-door of his shack, and which he harnessed to drive his wheel, he has ridden some seven thousand feet upwards, until he stood at the base of the pyramidal cone above, the last thousand feet or so of which he did not attempt, as he did not consider it offered any danger or difficulty to one possessed of the skill and desire to struggle among loose, slipping rock or over packed snow.

Pyramid Mountain will be to Canada what the lower peaks of the Swiss Alps are to the tourist—a crest which can be topped without undue effort or danger, and which from its position commands a wide vista of glittering teeth. Indeed, from this point many of the peaks of the Fiddleback Range can be scaled. Just below Swift's domicile, in a depression walled in by the mountains, and on the shores of Jasper Lake, is a bygone busy hive of activity. One of the Hudson's Bay Company's outposts, Jasper House, was established here, and drove a thriving trade, for the surrounding country was alive with game of all descriptions. It was also the scene of one of those periodical struggles for supremacy which took place between the English company and American rivals. A short distance away one of these competitors established a similar outpost, known as the Henry House, and for a time there was a 'rate war' between the two factions for the produce of the Indians, who, with the true Red Man's characteristic methods of bartering, set the offer of one company against that of the other, and in this way realised abnormal prices for their furs. But the forests have been depleted of their stocks of game owing to the ruthless methods of the Indians. The traffic dwindled to insignificant proportions. Jasper House was razed by fire, and was never rebuilt, although a flying outpost comprising a tent was maintained for some years; but even this finally disappeared. Henry House fell into ruins for lack of trade, and what a century ago was a busy centre of the fur industry in the Great North-West has passed into the limbo of things that were.

A short distance beyond Swift's abode the mountains fall apart, revealing an undulating stretch of park-like country, through which the Athabasca meanders. As one looks directly ahead, the end of the gulch appears to be blocked impassably by the main range of the mountains. Towering above the innumerable crests is one fierce-looking fang of rock, snow, and ice. It rears up almost perpendicularly to a height of about eleven thousand feet. This is Mount Geikie, which will offer the expert climber the most perplexing difficulties with its couloirs and chimneys filled with snow. It is as if the mountain had broken in twain and the front half of the peak had dropped down into the valley, to form a tumbled pile of débris over which the pine-trees are scrambling for existence. The Athabasca makes a sudden twist to the south, for a little beyond is the pass in which it takes its rise to form first the Whirlpool River; and never was a name more fittingly bestowed, for the waterway is a frenzied mass of wheeling and boiling water. For his ascent to the source of the Athabasca River in Simpson's Pass the adventurous traveller will be well repaid, as he will be introduced to a unique wonder of nature discovered by Sir George Simpson, 'The Committee's Punch-bowl,' a ring of peaks ranged round a saucer-like hollow, into which the melting snows trickle to form a lake. The curious feature of this expanse, however, is that it has two outlets, so that the water flows both ways. That escaping at the western end travels southwards to empty into the Columbia River, while that emerging from the eastern gap

forms the Athabasca River, the waters of which ultimately empty into the Arctic Ocean.

We left the Athabasca almost at the foot of Mount Geikie, where the Miette River swings from the north to merge into the Athabasca, driving our way laboriously through the narrow defile hemmed in on each side by mountains rolling up to a height of five thousand feet or more, until we crossed the Great Divide; and then we swung down gently to pick up the Fraser River at one of its sources—Yellowhead Lake. The stream which feeds this sheet of water at one end is but a mere ditch, while at the other it is a shallow, easily forded river, which bubbles along until it picks up the other leg of water crashing down the steep mountain-flanks; together they form the Fraser River.

Towering above, and with its outline mirrored in the waters of Yellowhead Lake, is Mount Pealee, or Yellowhead Mountain, some ten thousand feet high. Here again Nature has been fantastically busy, for the sides of the peak have been so trimmed and cut by wind and weather as to lay bare the variously hued strata of rock of which the mountain is composed, giving it a variegated appearance similar to a gloriously coloured hat-band crowning the prevailing green of the trees. At the present moment this mountain is extremely difficult of access; but as the charms and beauties of Yellowhead Lake, not taking into consideration its angling attractions, become known, attacks upon this majestic clump are certain to ensue.

On both sides the Fraser River is hemmed in by towering cliffs, the faces of which have dropped to pieces from time to time, showering broken shale on all sides. Our pack-horses experienced the greatest difficulty in maintaining a foothold on this slippery mass, and a 'throw,' as the animals tobogganed down a slope upon their haunches or collided with a tree, was by no means unusual. An alert eye had to be kept so as to be ready to slip out of the stirrups the moment the footing became insecure. The difficulty of the trail, however, is now a thing of the past, and the mountaineer will penetrate this broken heart of the range in the luxury and comfort of a Pullman-car rattling over the easy grade of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway track.

Our hardest day's pull was along Moose Lake. First we had to suffer a delay of four days till the river fell sufficiently to enable the horses to cross in safety. The Moose River rumbles through the mountains in a beautiful fall, the brink of which we crossed upon five slender tree-trunks which were felled and laid side by side over the chasm, while the horses swam the waterway lower down. The Moose River rises upon the flanks of Mount Robson, and this is the only side from which this monarch can be scaled. It is a hard drag along the broken and rugged bank of this twisting creek, we were informed by a party of prospectors who had just returned from the mountains flanking its course, and scarcely passable by the pack-horse. A few miles below there is another trail, somewhat easier, which cuts into the range, and this is the one now generally favoured.

Nature appears to have been unduly playful along the north bank of Moose Lake, for the disintegrated mountain cliffs have been crumpled up by frost and weather, and scattered in an inextricable mass along the shore, so that in order to make progress it became absolutely necessary to wander out into the water, wading as best one could round obstacles and the bleached carcasses of trees thrown up on all sides. The lake is about seven and a half miles in length, and the trail about ten miles; but to negotiate that stretch took us thirteen weary hours of steady plodding and struggling with the obstructions and difficulties lurking on the trail.

When at last we reached the vicinity of Mount Robson the giant had covered his face with heavy clouds and a severe storm was raging round his crest, the lightning being particularly vivid, while the thunder thrown from wall to wall sounded like an army of artillery engaged in deadly warfare at close quarters. This is the greatest danger which climbers essaying to scale this thirteen thousand seven hundred feet of rock rearing into the clouds will have to face. The mountain appears to be encircled continuously by electric storms and blizzards of terrific fury even in the hottest summer months.

A climbing expedition was following hard on our heels, and turned into the range along the Moose River trail; but they had to give up the attack in despair. During the past few years other five efforts of a similar description have likewise proved abortive. From the point where we pitched our camp the mountain presents a steep rocky face from base to crest, and it is safe to assert that it will never be scaled by the mountaineer on this side. As a matter of fact, it is an absolutely invulnerable giant when approached from the Grand Fork. It is impressively majestic, possessing a peculiar grandeur of its own, and a striking individuality. The mighty ice-cap may be seen hanging over like a hood, which in the summer sun glitters and sparkles like a huge jewel. Viewed from this point it has the appearance of a slumbering volcano, for on the clearest days there hangs over it a fine film of cloud, caused by the sun melting the snow, and this vapour soon becomes condensed, and ascends from the topmost point like a trail of smoke.

Although we had no time to embark upon any mountaineering expeditions, we decided to penetrate to its western plinth, a distance which we judged to be about eight miles. But that was the hardest eight miles that any man could wish to travel. First we had to carve our way with the axe through a dense forest which

had been ravaged by fire, leaving the dead trees piled up to an immense height and in an inextricable maze upon the ground. Then came a stretch of the worst and most sticky muskeg we had yet encountered, followed by a bad spell of hacking through a cedar forest. Many of these giants which lay prone across our path were from five to seven feet in diameter, and to attempt to clear a pathway through such a solid mass with an axe was like attempting to drive a tunnel with a child's spade; so there was no alternative but to swarm over these obstacles, leaving the horses behind.

Ultimately we reached a stretch of water lapping the base of the mountain and filling a big rift. This was Lake Helena, of unfathomable depth, for it occupies a wedge-shaped fissure. No boat being available to penetrate to the opposite shore, which we desired to gain, the axe stripped of their branches two or three fallen but sound tree-trunks around us. They were then pulled into the water, and lashed together to form a raft. On this primitive craft a journey of exploration was made, propulsion being effected by means of long poles to act as oars.

Pushing across this lake, the banks of which rose up a dishevelled mass of broken rock covered with dense bush, we gained the foot of one of the many glaciers clothing the flanks of the mountain. We did not attempt to ascend this glacier, as our provisions were low, two days' hacking and chopping for eight miles having reduced our scanty stock well-nigh to vanishing-point. Still, we saw enough to convince us that a bold mountaineer would find plenty of scope for the display of his climbing abilities if he advanced from the western side, although possibly it would not lead him to the goal of his ambition —the topmost point.

As a matter of fact, the most wonderful aspect is presented from the opposite side, which is gained by following the Moose River. Many and varied wonders are there unfolded. There is a waterfall higher than Niagara, and a mighty glacier varying in width from one to three miles, together with a big hollow among the mountains, from the waters in which many creeks rise, and the solitude of which is broken continually by the fall of masses of ice clattering down from the upper points and crashing into the lake. The avalanches also are fearful in their devastation and fury, for the snows become dislodged under the heat of the sun, and are sent careering down the banks of rock with terrific speed and force. The silence of our camp eight miles away was disturbed continually by the rumbling and groaning of these movements, which in the distance resembled growls of thunder.

Mount Robson, however, is but one of many giants in this wonderful country, though at present the peer. On all sides rear up towering crests, many of which must press Mount Robson hard for premier distinction. They are almost all unnamed, while their heights are matter of pure speculation. Well-equipped mountaineering expeditions alone can determine their altitudes by the aid of proper scientific instruments, and the completion of this work will contribute valuable additions to our knowledge of the Canadian Rocky Mountains in perhaps their wildest and most majestic setting. The fact that the railway runs near will solve the question of adequate food-supplies, the transportation of which by pack-train over an execrable trail for nearly three hundred miles, and the shortness of the travelling-season, have hitherto militated against the systematic investigation of these mountains.

The Rocky Mountains come to an abrupt termination about twenty miles beyond, at Tête Jaune Cache. On the south they swing sharply at right angles, and describe almost a straight wall on one side of a level valley through which the Thompson River flows, faced by the rampart of the Selkirks. On the north the rocky range hurries away in a dishevelled mass of knots. At this point we fell in with a prospector who had been following a hermit's existence for many years in the wilds in search of minerals, and it was his firm conviction that north-east of Tête Jaune Cache, in the heart of the Rockies, was another snow-covered giant which beetled higher than Mount Robson. Its cap was visible for miles around. Whether such be the case or otherwise investigation alone can tell; but the fact remains that in this country of tumbled mountains many surprises await the coming of the experienced climber. There are plenty of peaks within easy reach of the railway-line on each side to keep the whole body of accomplished Alpine climbers in the world busy for a quarter of a century, and the district has rightly earned the distinction of being the 'Mecca of the Mountaineer.'

A FROZEN MILLIONAIRE.

CHAPTER V.—WILL OR NO WILL.

WE reached Aden five days after I read the last entry. Our steamer was boarded at once by the P. & O. agent there, who had received a cable from my brother to expedite my voyage to London in every way in his power. My brother's words to me were: 'Hurry here, Jack; am keeping enemy at bay. Your arrival means everything for Tremayne's widow and son. Take every care of that will.'

The agent informed me one of their fast boats

touched there that evening. I should gain time by going on in her to Brindisi, and then taking the Continental express. By doing this I ought to reach London in nine days.

I did, and I found Ned waiting our arrival at Dover. His first words were, 'Have you got that will?'

When seated in the boat-express I took it out of an inner pocket I had put in my waistcoat, and handed it to him.

After reading it he enlightened me as to events during my absence. 'I think we shall do it now, but even yet we shall have to fight hard. Moss & Levinson will make a hard fight for it. I doubt if, after all, we shall ever get Tremayne's money. I have heard some queer rumours about them, and my opinion is that this means a good deal more to them now than money. Now I want you implicitly to carry out my instructions. I have thought them out carefully while waiting your arrival, and have also taken the opinion of our senior Q.C., who will represent us at the trial. For a trial is inevitable now, and we have retained two of our most astute counsel in these cases.

'Firstly, on our arrival in London you are sure to be worried by reporters for different newspapers. Already they have got wind of something in the mysterious way these chaps do. They got wind of your arrival at Mauritius, and there were columns in the papers announcing "The Discovery of the Missing Millionaire;" "Arrival at Mauritius of Discoverer." And only yesterday evening there was more of it: "Expected Arrival of Captain Burton," followed by "Sensational events are expected to follow his arrival."

'The public are now well aware there is more than just the clearing up of Tremayne's fate, and are expecting a sensation. There has not been a society scandal for some time, and the newspapers will not disappoint them if possible.

'You have no luggage but the portmanteau in the carriage. Immediately we arrive at Charing Cross I am going to take you and your second mate, and whisk you off to my place at Sydenham. To-night we will decide how much information you shall give the newspapers.

'The first thing you will do in the morning will be to go at 10 A.M. to Moss & Levinson's office, taking your second mate with you, your official log-book, and Tremayne's maps and notes regarding this concession. I shall telegraph them from Sydenham, and also write making this appointment, and informing them you will call to prove Tremayne's decease. You will claim the five thousand pounds for doing that, and the other similar amount for handing them the documents referring to the concession.

'If they claim Tremayne's will as part of the documents found, you must absolutely refuse to give it up, as it is addressed to our firm. In fact, I shall take care you cannot, for my partner—I am now a partner—will be on his way to register it for probate as we go to Moss and Levinson's.

'You are to insist upon being paid the ten thousand pounds in cash—in cash, mind, not a cheque—before you hand over the log-book and maps.

'But I shall represent you and state your demands. I shall then demand, as representing Mrs Tremayne and her son, that they hand over the log-book to the Registrar-General of Seamen, as you are legally bound to do so. He will produce it in court when necessary.

'You are not to give up the captain's diary. I will also take possession of that. It is not a portion of the documents referred to in the advertisement. And I also do not want you or your second mate to inform them—or any one else, for that matter—of its existence at present. We may be forced to put it in as evidence if the judges will allow it.'

We evaded the reporters and reached Ned's house safely, but had not been there an hour before we were invaded. Ned interviewed them. He told them I would see no one that night. I had full proof of Tremayne's death, and would meet representatives of the principal newspapers the next afternoon at 2 P.M., and give them a full account of how I discovered the *Kestrel's* wreck. They had to be content with this, for Ned was firm and would not admit one of them.

We three sat up till the small hours, reading extracts from the log-book and diary, and discussing them; and Ned fully coached us in our next day's work.

Before we separated to get a few hours' sleep, I reminded Ned of my remark anent foul play previous to leaving London, and how the chronicle of the loss of the *Kestrel* bore it out.

'Yes, my boy; but at present we cannot *prove* it. If we had proof we could mete out summary justice to the originators, who I have *no* doubt were Moss & Levinson, one or both.'

We kept our appointment the following morning, and met the partners. At first they were bland and effusive to me; but when Ned, as my legal representative, stated my demands this disappeared, and they became arrogant and domineering. Ned was quite imperturbable when they at last said they would not pay one farthing until I handed over unconditionally all the documents and the log-book.

'Very well, gentlemen; I should advise you to reread your advertisement carefully. I advise my client, Captain Burton, to leave you to your reflections; but we take all the documents with us.'

This threat brought them to terms. Ned was stolidly obstinate, and after two hours' haggling I left their office with Bank of England notes for ten thousand pounds in my pocket.

When we got outside Ned said, 'Close of Act I. We shall now prove Tremayne's will,

and when these wretches apply for an order to remove the injunction placed on their power to deal with Tremayne's property, serve them with notice of an action to recover under Tremayne's *last* will. Of course they will see by the entry in the log-book that he made a will, and dispute his power to do so under that first extraordinary document. That is the crux of the whole thing. Still, I think we shall get a verdict. Our counsel are most sanguine; but will there be any money to get when we do?'

This was the second time Ned had made this remark, but he would not enlighten me as to its meaning.

We gave the reporters a good two hours, and for the next two days the newspapers contained full reports of the interview, with comments on it; and on the third day there was a veiled hint in one of them that criminal proceedings might follow the inevitable fight for the 'Frozen Millionaire's' money. Ned told me when it was all over that he gave this hint to the writer of the article to force Moss & Levinson's hand.

There were many comments on this in all the newspapers prior to the day fixed to decide the suit, which was exciting great public interest.

It came at last before a full bench of judges. My second and I had been subpœnaed days before as witnesses for Mrs Tremayne, and the Registrar-General notified that the log-book would be required in court; and Ned assured me his case was complete, and counsel jubilant.

The court was packed to its utmost capacity, and when I looked round before being ordered out of court as a witness I saw Moss and Levinson seated near their solicitors, and I thought I had never seen a more villainous-looking quartette.

The trial lasted two days, but I am not going to recount it all, but simply the main points and the crucial one on which our case depended. I say *our* case, for I was, of course, for the plaintiff, Mrs Tremayne.

Our junior counsel opened by saying the plaintiff claimed the whole real and personal property owned by the late Charles Tremayne at the time of his death—he laid great stress on the words 'at the time of his death'—under a will duly executed and proved. This will was dated some four years later than the previous one, which was thus rendered null and void.

The second mate and I were each placed in the witness-box and sworn, and deponed to finding the will and other documents. Our cross-examination by opposing counsel was perfunctory, the defendants not seeking to deny the finding or authenticity of the later will. When he had finished with the second mate he said, 'That is our case, my lord, so far,' and sat down.

The counsel for the defendants then stated his case.

'My lords, I rely on your well-known impartiality to gain my clients a verdict. I claim on their behalf that under the terms of this *agreement* I hold in my hand Charles Tremayne had no power to make a second disposition of his property. I will read it.'

He then read the extraordinary document recorded in the opening chapter. There was a gasp, and a buzz of whispers—immediately silenced—ran round the court.

'I simply propose to call witnesses to prove that the signatures to this document are those of the interested persons. Then let my learned friend dispute it, if he can.' This done, he sat down.

I noticed significant looks pass between my brother and our senior counsel, who then rose and addressed the Bench.

'My lords, I need not weary you with going into the evidence already given. Neither plaintiff nor defendants dispute the validity of the documents. What I dispute is the "title" given to the defendants' document. The legal profession have always held it to be sound law that any document drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses, who sign it as witnesses, disposing of the testator's property after death is a "will." It is invalid, as a disposition of his or her property, as the case may be, till after death. Death, and death only, renders it a legal document. Persons having property they wish any other person or persons to possess after their death can sign a "will," and render that "will" invalid by signing another the next day, if they choose. In fact many people do so, signing many "wills" in a year. My lords, I rest my case on the terms of the document on which the defendants claim this property, under the general acceptance of the legal profession. It is clearly and succinctly stated in that document that on the death—the death, I remind your lordships—of one of the signatories, the survivors divide his property between them. Therefore I claim that document is a "will," and is therefore rendered invalid by the one executed by Charles Tremayne some years later. I ask your lordships for a verdict for the widow and son of this man Charles Tremayne. I am afraid it is out of place to mention it here, but I have read in the newspapers that it is rumoured the disaster which caused the death of the testator was not altogether due to the dangers of navigation.'

The judges retired to consider their verdict, and a hum of conversation filled the court. They were absent for some time before the ushers called for silence.

The president gave their verdict, briefly and tersely, as follows: 'We have no precedent to guide us in deciding this remarkable case. To our knowledge such a case has never before been decided in an English court of justice. We are unanimously of opinion that the defendants' document is a "will" from a legal point of view. It is rendered nugatory by the later one, duly executed by the deceased. Therefore we decide for the plaintiff.'

All the people in the court rose and cheered, and for a few moments the ushers could not obtain silence. Evidently the verdict met with the approval of the public. When silence was restored our counsel rose and asked if the verdict carried costs.

'We will decide that point and let you know later.'

Though these would be heavy, they were immaterial to the main issue.

We had won! Would Moss & Levinson pay?

(To be continued.)

THE PERFECT INN.

By W. S. Douglas.

THE delightful old inn of Sunny France—picturesque, cooking worthy of immortal Brillat-Savarin, *pension* five francs—is well known by repute to most of us. In fact, it is now a type; and yet no one seeking it on the strength of a glowing description has ever discovered that it exists. Possibly that is because its praises have been sung by some *ingénu* who, straying boldly from the beaten track, has resolutely seen through spectacles of rose; or perhaps the very prominence which has been given to its merits has proved its downfall by reason of the inevitable tourist invasion that has followed. Be that as it may, the writer knows that the perfect inn is not a chimera, but a delightful reality; and although he is setting out to tell of its charms, it shall be without violating the secret of its whereabouts.

Suffice it to say that the village of St J——, which contains the inn in question, is situated on the northern coast of France, eight miles from the railway. A little cluster of cottages, it lies in the bosom of the downs, and between it and the sea the only communication is a tiny footpath, which pursues a slanting course down the face of a precipice. There are no bathing-machines or bandstands; but up above all is the little iron-gray church, which seems, with its almost stern, religious air, to be a living image of Eternity. In addition, the village contains one or two cabarets, an execrable barber, and the inn; while round about it are bright-yellow mustard-fields, and dark-green copses between, with, nearer the sea, the open downs.

The inn is kept by Ernestine; and without her, although it would still be a beautiful inn, it would not be what it is. As far as material comforts are concerned, it answers quite to the ideal, and the lobsters, *poulets au grain*, and Normandy cider in themselves make one happy. The *pension*, it is true, is a little over the stipulated five francs, but it is still very moderate. Yet all these advantages pale before the lustre conferred upon the inn by its hostess.

'La belle Ernestine,' as she is known for miles around among the countryfolks, is sixty years old, and her hair is now snow-white; but it was of the same Ernestine that, thirty odd years ago, Meilhac wrote: '*Dieu a créé Ernestine pour prouver que, lorsqu'elles s'y mettent, les Normandes sont encore plus belle que la Normandie.*' In fact, at that time she is reputed, although whether with justice or not it is hard to tell, to have been the most beautiful woman in France.

That, at any rate, her attractions were extraordinary is proved by the records which her visitors have left behind them. It would seem, indeed, on looking over these, as if all literary, artistic, and Bohemian Paris had at one time or another been to see the beautiful *Normande*. With Sarah Bernhardt she is on terms of intimacy, André Messager spends a holiday in her inn every year, and round her walls are signed photographs from almost every well-known stage-favourite of Paris. In one corner is a portrait of Guy de Maupassant, with his signature beneath, while there are cards from Paul Bourget, Maurice Donne, De Bussy, Marcel Prévost, Émile Zola, Maurice Yvon, Pierre Loti, and others beyond counting. Names of English peers and peeresses are also to be seen, and many years ago even Victor Hugo himself spent part of a summer in Ernestine's inn.

Most of Ernestine's souvenirs are in the two living-rooms of the inn, and indeed these two rooms between them contain a small fortune. The floors are like those in any Normandy cottage—of red tiles; but ranged round about the walls are old and curious candelabra, tables, armoires, fire-dogs, and all sorts of bric-à-brac. Perhaps the armoires in black oak are the most valuable of all, as they are of the old Normandy type, which the farmers hand down from one generation to another, and which antiquaries regard with glittering eyes. The walls are wainscotted, and literally covered from top to bottom with paintings, framed manuscript poems, and photographs of Ernestine's admirers. One picture was painted for her by Lambert; another, of a red-haired fisher-girl, is by Adolphe Yvon; and in the corner is the gem of the collection, a sketch by Corot. This was executed specially for Ernestine while the famous painter was holidaying at the inn.

Susanne Brohan, the celebrated actress, and her two almost equally well-known daughters, Susanne and Madeleine, also stopped here, and portraits with letters from them are framed on the walls. Close beside one of these are some verses, also framed, which were written about his hostess by Dumas *fils*, and which, from their

semi-impromptu character, are worth quoting in their entirety:

La plus belle fille du monde,
Je la connais certainement;
Mais si vous croyez qu'elle est bonne,
Vous vous trompez complètement.

Ses cheveux sont noirs et l'ébène
Paraîtrait pale à côté d'eux;
Ses cils sont noirs, et c'est à peine
Si l'on voit le blanc de ses yeux.

Aussi parfois, son sang bouillant,
Elle s'emporte en un moment;
Si vous croyez qu'elle est bonne,
Vous vous trompez complètement.

C'est un eclair, c'est la rafale,
Et j'ai grand peine, tant c'est prompte,
A dompter pareille cavale
Sans la cravache ou l'épéron.

Mais quand elle a du vin en tête,
Alors c'est un enchantement;
Si vous croyez qu'elle est bonne,
Vous vous trompez complètement.

Son esprit est comme ses hanches,
Il est souple et toujours bondit;
Et comme elle a les dents très blanches,
Elle rit de tout ce qu'on dit.

Elle pousse toute à l'extrème
Douleur, joie et tempérament;
Mais si vous croyez qu'elle m'aime,
Vous vous trompez complètement.

Over the mantel in one room is another frame in which is a simple little air all about Ernestine (accompanied with appropriate words) by Offenbach; while Théophile Gautier, tired of the universal admiration lavished on Ernestine, wrote thus in praise of the charms of her sister Mathilde:

Puisque chaque poète en passant a vanté
Les charmes enchanteurs de votre sœur ainée,
Je veux en ce moment de votre humilité,
De toutes les vertus dont votre ame est ornée,
Redire les grandeurs.

De la rose, du lys, vous avez la parure;
Le muguet, le jasmin ont parfums bien doux;
L'héliotrope est en fleur. Pourtant aux yeux de tous
Vous l'emportez sur eux. Vous êtes bien plus pure,
Et vous avez un cœur.

Humble, restez toujours, comme la violette,
Invisible aux regards du perfide chasseur;
Craignez les vains discours du cruel ravisseur;
S'il découvre jamais votre douce retraite
Vous perdez le bonheur.

The frame on which these verses are written can be turned round, and on the back is discovered the first rough draft which Gautier produced before elaborating the more finished version on the front.

To Ernestine's paintings there is no end; but although some are by well-known hands, a great number are by impecunious students from the Quartier, who have paid in this way for their entertainment. She has also an immense quantity of *objets de vertu*, and by so much have these overpassed the space available for their reception that a special house has been built in the orchard to contain the surplus. There are to be seen, in most admired disorder, suits of armour, Louis Quinze tables, altar-cloths, tapestries, &c., lying in what the secluded nature of the village makes almost a bewildering profusion.

The orchard itself is quite a feature of the inn, extending, as it does, to a distance of perhaps a hundred yards in front of the entrance. The apple-trees are all old and very mossy, and in spring, when their blossom contrasts with the moist green grass beneath, the yellow and white marguerites all around, and the blue of the sky above, earth seems a veritable Garden of Eden. One has just to lie there, a favourite volume as a companion, and tobacco-smoke curling upwards to the blue, to experience a peace that, though earthly, almost passeth understanding.

Such is Ernestine's inn; and to complete its praises it has but to be added that, by reason of the sunny nature of the one and the strictness with which the other's secret has been kept, both Ernestine and the inn remain unspoiled.

THE FAR-REACHING ARM.

By Frederick Bateman.

'THERE never will be a solution! The affair, although, to be sure, I shouldn't care publicly to say so, is beyond it—quite utterly beyond it!'

Mr Judson Jellicoe, as his observation implied, was worried. Indeed, at the moment his mental attitude was one of the deepest dejection. For upwards of a month past his efforts, and those of the Singapore police directly under his orders, to solve the mystery which enshrouded the circumstances attending the sudden and inexplicable extermination of the Rawlinson family had proved utterly fruitless, and the truth of the affair—whether the nature thereof had been accidental or otherwise—fast threatened to pass into the category of problems unsolved.

The victims had been four in number: James Rawlinson, the holder of a valuable civil appointment at Government House; that gentleman's wife; their only child (a son); together with one of the Chinese 'boys' employed in the household. Each and all, on the eve of the fatal occasion, had retired to rest in apparently their usual good health. With the arrival of morning the startling discovery had been made that they were dead.

Precisely what had happened there was, of course, none left to tell, the several remaining servants being in no position to throw any light upon the subject. Nor could the doctors give an adequate opinion regarding the exact cause of death. All that could be determined—and this was given in evidence at the inquest—was the presence upon the bodies of each of the deceased of three or four small red spots—quite pin-points, and consequently much less noticeable than would have been the bites of ordinary mosquitoes or other insects. Whatever the cause—and poisoning, in the ordinary sense, was hardly admissible—death had obviously been sudden, a matter of minutes only; and, as was to be expected in the circumstances, the effect upon the public mind had been all but sufficient to create a panic. Jellicoe, into whose hands the case had been promptly placed, had worked indefatigably in the effort towards a solution, but after a month's interval the result had been nil.

True, in the course of his investigations he had once imagined that he had come into touch with a possible clue. It had dawned upon his recollection that, some seven or eight months before, Rawlinson, in the capacity of prosecutor, had secured for one of his servants, a Chinese 'cook-boy,' a term of imprisonment for theft. Wang Fu, the 'cook-boy' in question, therefore, might reasonably be supposed to harbour no very friendly feelings towards his late master, and in the circumstances Jellicoe had been at some pains to look up the records.

'But that's all right,' he had assured himself. 'Wang Fu, after serving his time, was duly released, only to die three days later, and exactly a week prior to the Rawlinson tragedy. Wang Fu, in consequence, may for present purposes be ruled out of court.'

So the time passed, with no solution forthcoming, and with Jellicoe's dejection at his want of success daily growing apace.

Then, quite suddenly, he found himself under the necessity of crossing over to the Malay mainland, where, in the Selangor territory, he renewed an old acquaintance. Trevorsmith, a resident merchant and planter, with whom he had stayed on former official visits, welcomed him as cordially as ever.

'Heard you were worried a good deal over the Rawlinson business,' said his host. 'Terrible affair, I'm told, and quite likely to baffle all your efforts in the way of an elucidation. So, at least, Ah Wing says, and he's as qualified to speak on the subject as anybody, seeing that he was a pal of the dead Chink.'

Jellicoe looked interested. 'Ah Wing, you say?' he rejoined.

'One of my "boys." Had him a matter of a month. Came originally—so his papers say—from Tien-tsin, where, before the Edict of Suppression came into force, he and a brother ran an opium-shop.'

'And so Ah Wing talks with knowledge of the Rawlinson affair?'

'Yes, but only so far as his acquaintance with the dead Chink goes. At least that is what he gives me to understand. I don't, as a rule, hold confabulations with my servants; but in this instance the intelligence of the fellow, and my natural interest in the matter under discussion, must be my excuse for straining a point.'

'Quite so. And has he—has Ah Wing any theory regarding the probable cause of his friend's death?'

Trevorsmith glanced over his shoulder. 'Here he comes now,' said he. 'Ask him. You are at perfect liberty to do so.'

Ah Wing appeared upon the veranda laden with a tray of cool drinks and long cigars. This, with the impassivity of his race, he placed upon a table, and began with deft fingers to mix the drinks as required.

Jellicoe scrutinised him keenly. But since to the European eye every Celestial appears to be but a replica of his fellow, such opportunity as was afforded him gave little assistance in the way of remembrance. When, however, in response to a question, Ah Wing faced his employer's guest, his aspect was seen to be that of a shrewd, intelligent individual, possessing rather better looks than the average yellow man.

'I sabby Lin Ti,' said he. 'He die all one piecey quick, same time Misser Lawlinson die.'

'You saw him at the Rawlinsons' house in Singapore, I reckon?' Jellicoe queried.

'No; it was in Tien-tsin, one piecey time back, that I last look-see Lin Ti. But allee samee I sabby he died velly quick 'way in Sing'pore.'

'Possibly,' Jellicoe pursued, 'you have some idea of what caused his death?'

'I sabby not'ing.'

'Yet I understand that on more than one occasion you have expressed the opinion that the case—the deaths of the Rawlinson family and Lin Ti—will baffle the efforts of those who seek to obtain information on the subject.'

Ah Wing's expression betokened neither surprise nor annoyance. 'You sabby all samee,' said he. 'You try all one piecey time find out, and you no find!'

Jellicoe stared. Though no word had been uttered regarding the character of his own identity, it was obvious that it had been already penetrated.

'You appear to know something about it!' he retorted.

Ah Wing sighed. 'I give forty dollar—if have—to touchee the live hand of Lin Ti,' said he.

'You wish he had not died, of course?'

'Lin Ti, allee samee, all one piecey dead.'

'Murdered?'

'I no sabby.'

And as this was all that could be got out of Ah Wing, he was bidden to retire.

Jellicoe, on his part, found a good deal in the matter for speculation, and in the course of the two succeeding days—his ostensible business in Selangor being of a somewhat discursive character—he pursued a number of unobtrusive inquiries. And incidentally, since he had come provided with a kodak camera, he took a few equally unobtrusive snapshots of Ah Wing, despatching the resulting films to Singapore by the hand of a trusty messenger. 'Although, to be sure,' he remarked to his host, 'the theory that runs in my mind may, when it comes to be examined, prove an utterly fallacious one.'

Trevorsmith nodded. 'There 's the odd chance nevertheless,' said he. 'In this part of the world —as you know well enough—it 's the totally undreamt-of that generally comes to pass.'

'Well, anyway, the matter of comparison will be simple enough. The jail authorities will have seen to that contingency. And should I be mistaken after all no harm can possibly be done.'

'I hope you are mistaken—mistaken, that is to say, in assuming what you do in regard to Ah Wing. It 's rather an uncanny situation for me, you know, taking all things into consideration. But I 'm in your hands, dear boy—entirely in your hands!'

Jellicoe retired that night to the sleeping-apartment which had been placed at his disposal with a consciousness that as regarded the Rawlinson affair he had done pretty nearly all that mortal could do. Should the result of his latest move prove nil, therefore, he could at least fall back on the theory—already accepted in some official quarters—that design had less to do with the event than accident. And at this point his reflections on the subject came to a sudden standstill.

For hardly had he begun to make preparations for sleep than a curious sensation of nausea overtook him, and his limbs began to tremble and twitch as if they had become smitten with the ague. Then throughout his frame there shot a series of the most excruciating spasms, their effect, as shock after shock ensued, being such as to cause him to gasp and writhe with agony. Presently these passed, and the nausea ceased, and in the spell of comparative ease which followed he contrived to find his way to the water-carafe, and to help himself to a tumblerful of the contents mixed with brandy.

'Now for that quinine!' he observed; and opening the small case in which the drug, amongst others of a similarly useful nature, was to be found, he abstracted the vial, and carried it—with hands that still shook ominously—nearer the lamplight.

'Hallo!' he ejaculated a moment later, as the light fell upon the length of his right forearm, just then exposed; 'what are these marks doing here? Three of them! Small spots, too! And they 're beginning to tingle as if they 'd each a load of "skeeter" venom! And—and—yes! undoubtedly they 're red—red as'——

He paused abruptly. Why, at this moment, did his memory revert to Singapore, and to the events which had lately occurred there? Rather, why should they not do so, when the significance of the one case so admirably fitted the other? Yonder, red spots, and—death! Here, a similar visitation, and—what?

'Well, if present symptoms are not misleading me, I don't feel much like pegging out just yet,' he mused. 'Although, to be sure, not many minutes ago I felt pretty bad. The attack may return, of course, and in the circumstances I cannot do better than arouse Trevorsmith. And yet, why should I? It would be a thousand pities to rob him of his beauty-sleep by giving an alarm that may prove unwarranted!

'These spots,' he pursued, submitting his forearm to a protracted scrutiny, 'may or may not have come into existence within the last few minutes. It 's possible, indeed, that their arrival dates back to a much remoter period—that they came over in embryo from Singapore; in which case, of course, they may be diagnosed as plague symptoms, or at any rate of that infection which, in lieu of a murder alternative, was responsible for the Rawlinson tragedy. There goes another twinge! Down the side, the left this time. And this fact indicates that the poison, if such it be, is still at work. After all, I 'd better give the alarm in case the worst happens.'

Instead, however, after measuring himself a dose of quinine, he began to pace the floor, the exercise tending to reduce the effect of the nausea with which he was occasionally threatened. Frequently, in his perambulations, his foot came into contact with a rug—a characteristic production of the Johore looms—whose refractoriness on his entry into the room had necessitated its readjustment. Now, in consequence, its overlapped corner once more invited attention; and, stooping somewhat unsteadily, he essayed to straighten out the article.

Suddenly he recoiled. His eyes, fixed intently upon the rug, beheld the subtle movement which had startled him slowly resolve itself into a steady undulating motion, as if beneath its folds some small creature had found a lair. A minute later, having first armed himself with a pliant malacca cane, he had cautiously upraised the rug, exposing to view the sinuous shape of a spitting and squirming little reptile.

'So that 's it, eh?' The greeting was accompanied with a couple of lusty blows of the cane upon the intruder's back.

But they seemed to have little effect. The creature, responding with a defiant wriggle, began to make its way with incredible speed in the direction of the door. Jellicoe followed in hot haste, all signs and symptoms of his mysterious seizure apparently subsiding in the excitement of the moment; and finally he succeeded in

checking its farther progress, its quietus being accomplished with the heel of a discarded riding-boot.

'Now, then, while we 're about it, we 'll take a good look at you,' observed Jellicoe.

He lifted his defunct quarry by the tail, and placed it within easy reach of the light.

It proved to be some fifteen inches long, with a diameter of one inch, the pattern on its skin—which was of a light fawn-colour—being somewhat faintly marked, its general appearance being not unlike the varieties of small snakes usually to be found in the tropics.

'Well, anyhow,' he observed, 'the coincidence of its presence here with the fact of my indisposition is a trifle peculiar, especially in view of the circumstance that when I formerly tackled the rug I used my right hand; and, pending a little more information on the point, we 'll make certain of finding you again when you 're wanted.'

He deposited the remains in an empty despatch-box, and carefully locked it. This done—and as if in consequence of the inevitable reaction—his seizure returned with redoubled vehemence, and after a fierce struggle with what he conceived to be impending death, he collapsed upon the floor, where he lost consciousness.

When his senses returned it was broad daylight. Simultaneously with his realisation of the fact he became dimly aware of some one moving in the room. He called out mechanically; and, after a pause, the figure, which had reached the door, turned about and slowly, and with obvious hesitation, retraced its steps.

Then he saw that it was Ah Wing.

'You here! I imagined I had fastened the door!' Jellicoe spoke sharply, in the irritated fashion of one prematurely awakened from sleep.

Ah Wing nodded. 'The door was all one-piecey flastened,' he explained, solemnly and with melancholy precision. 'But allee-samee I have one piecey key which opens it. It is the order of Misser Tlevorsmith in case of one piecey top-side tlouble.'

Jellicoe eyed him dubiously. 'You came, then,' he rejoined, unconsciously usurping the rôle of master-in-chief. 'But why? Though daylight, it cannot yet be the hour of rising?'

'I came,' said Ah Wing, 'beclause I sabby a noise. That was one—two—four hours since, from which tlime I have made look-see if could give help.'

'Four hours! Faugh!' Jellicoe glanced at his spot-marked forearm. 'Then you must have already given warning of my mishap to your master?'

Ah Wing shook his head.

Jellicoe, endeavouring to rise, found the effort somewhat of a strain. 'Give me a hand,' he said, 'so that I may ascertain if my sickness has left me. Good! Obviously, my case is much more favourable than that of poor Rawlinson, inasmuch as, while he died, I still survive.'

Ah Wing's attitude, in face of this bold and not altogether warrantable implication, was impassive as that of a statue, the hands which supported Jellicoe retaining their firm but gentle grip with a steadiness that knew no faltering.

Jellicoe sighed. Then, after giving his limbs a brisk rub down with the palms of his open hands, he took a seat in the nearest easy-chair. Incidentally, as his hand fingered the butt of a small pocket-derringer, he cast an eye over the room's contents, noting with grim interest sundry alterations in the position of various articles, as if they had been disturbed by some one other than himself engaged in an active search. Indicating the despatch-box, it was placed before him.

'I had a seizure,' he observed—'a seizure of which the only outward and visible sign, so far as I can judge, is the presence of those blood-red spots upon the forearm.'

Ah Wing examined the marks with every appearance of willing interest. He pressed with his fingers the slightly inflamed skin by which they were severally surrounded, running his hands slowly along the arm as far as the elbow, finally testing the condition of the biceps. But he volunteered no comment.

'What think you of them?' Jellicoe demanded.

Ah Wing sighed in the manner of one slightly bored. 'I no sabby,' said he.

'You never saw anything of the like before?'

'Never.'

'Nor knew any one who had?'

'No.'

'Yet Lin Ti had upon his body, when he died, spots of a similar character.'

Ah Wing nodded. 'I sabby, but no look-see,' he said.

Jellicoe proceeded to unlock the despatch-box. 'It appears to me,' he remarked, 'that the possible cause of my seizure may exist here. Cast your eyes inside the box, therefore, and tell me what it is you see therein.'

Ah Wing did as directed. Then, with an almost imperceptible start, he drew back, and for a moment it seemed as if he meditated a precipitate flight from the room.

Jellicoe looked grim. 'Nay, do not fear,' said he, 'for the creature, as you perceive, is incapable of harm. And who killed it? I did, my friend from Tien-tsin, lest perchance it lived further to lend itself to your infernal purpose.'

Ah Wing stood mute. Jellicoe, who had drawn his bow at a venture, opined grimly that the bolt had shot home. The man's impassivity, his presence in the room—not to mention the obvious fact of his futile search for something he expected to find—told their respective tales all too plainly to the mind of a man versed in the ways of Orientals, and their addition to suspicions already aroused seemed to clinch matters almost to the point of certainty. Jellicoe metho-

dically closed the despatch-box and carefully relocked it.

Then his manner suddenly changed.

'Your name,' he said sharply, 'is Wang Fu!'

'I no sabby'——

'Not dead, as alleged, but very much alive!'

'I all-one-piecey Ah Wing'——

'And you, Wang Fu, in revenge for serving a lawful term of imprisonment in Singapore, did to death the Rawlinson family, together with their servant Lin Ti. After which—just lately in fact—you sought to make security doubly sure by employing similar means against myself. But—— Ha! would you? Down with that *kris*, and up with your hands, or I'll shoot!'

Jellicoe's warning was disregarded. His *vis-à-vis* made a sudden lunge forward, obviously intent upon throwing himself bodily upon him. Jellicoe therefore fired point-blank, aiming low of set purpose, and the bullet, shattering his assailant's left knee, brought him to the floor with a crash. A moment later the stricken man's wrists had been secured with handcuffs.

'You brought it on yourself, my friend!' said Jellicoe. 'I didn't want to do it, for I'd sooner have a prisoner who can walk than one who'll have to be carried, any day.'

The sound of the shot brought Trevorsmith on the scene in his pyjamas. 'Something wrong?' he inquired.

Jellicoe smiled grimly. 'No, I don't think there'll be any mistake,' he rejoined. 'Though, all the same, I shall be glad to have corroboration of identity from headquarters as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I fear, old fellow, you've inadvertently been harbouring the murderer of the Rawlinson family!' And he proceeded to enlighten his host regarding his seizure, and his ultimate discovery of the snake, the marks which still showed red and menacing upon his forearm bearing mute witness.

Trevorsmith was greatly concerned. 'Ah Wing a murderer!' he exclaimed. 'Surely that is impossible—impossible!'

'Say rather Wang Fu,' Jellicoe corrected. 'For although he has not acknowledged his identity as such in so many words, his little demonstration with this *kris* tells me, as a man of some experience, that in so naming him I'm not far off the mark.'

'And this snake, you say, is responsible for your seizure?'

'That's my opinion. Wang Fu, if he would tell us, would no doubt say that he had placed it within easy reach of my person, with the calculation—based on results in a former circumstance—that sooner or later, during the night, we—the snake and I—would fall foul of each other. And we did.'

Trevorsmith changed colour. 'But, good heavens!' said he, 'if what you say is correct, why aren't you dead—as dead as poor Rawlinson?'

Jellicoe laughed. 'That I cannot tell you,' he rejoined. 'Possibly in my case the virulence of the venom contained in the carcass of this little death-dealer—which I seem to recognise as the dust-snake, an importation from India—has been a trifle below par, so to speak, and in consequence I've escaped the full penalty that was designed. Anyway—though I'm sorry to have to shatter your faith in your servant's impeccability—the arrival of a reply to my message to headquarters will speedily prove how far I'm right or wrong in my deductions.'

Trevorsmith glanced at the injured man, who lay just as he had fallen, limp and silent. 'And in the meantime'—— he insinuated.

Jellicoe followed his gaze and nodded. 'Leave Wang Fu to me,' said he. 'I'll do what I can for him in the way of first-aid.'

. . . . . .

With the arrival of a reply to Jellicoe's inquiry the identity of Ah Wing with the murderer of the Rawlinson family was fully established. It then became apparent that the *modus operandi* in that case had borne a similarity to Jellicoe's experience, access to the doomed household having been a matter of no great difficulty, the absence of virulence in the instrument employed in the second instance alone preventing a further fatality.

The method by which the assassin had been accounted dead was, however, not very clearly shown, nor was any explanation regarding his possession of bogus credentials forthcoming. Trevorsmith on this point felt, not unnaturally, sore, and it was with some grim satisfaction on his part that he learned eventually that the law—the far-reaching arm—had exacted its fullest penalty of the masquerading Wang Fu.

LOVE IN THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

THROUGH peaceful English woods and leas,
By Scottish moor and heather,
In modern luxury and ease,
It's 'Northward Ho!' together.
Old Giant Steam his captive power
Exerts with rhythmic order,
And soon, at sixty miles an hour,
We cross the ancient Border.

Swift gleams we catch of sea and shore
In summer sunshine glowing,
Lone hamlets, towns where evermore
Life's busy tide is flowing;
And last, as evening wanes to night,
Soft mists and shadows blending,
We two, regretful, must alight,
Our 'sweetheart travels' ending.

Life's journey knows no Scotch Express,
No cushioned corner-places;
Ofttimes the end we cannot guess,
Nor choose the sunny spaces;
But still the burdens we would share,
Nor dread the stormy weather,
If you and I might always fare
Like this—each day together!

MARY FARRAH.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE anxiety of the world about its future reaches an advanced stage, and it is indicated in two peculiar ways. Fifty years ago there was no such anxiety. Even then people complained that life was difficult, and that modern progress was such that there were probabilities of hard times ahead; but yet living was really easy, and the people seemed able to foretell in some general sort of way what the state of things would be in one generation forward. Progress was comparatively slow, and not much of consequence in the changing of the system of life could be done in one generation. So there was no anxiety. It is very different now. In one year we advance as much as our grandfathers did in twenty; indeed, in some respects we go forward more than a hundred years, as it were, nineteenth-century reckoning, in the brief space of twelve months. Consider that it was only two years ago that a man flew across the English Channel on an aeropalne for the first time; what an amazing feat that was supposed to be, and really was then, and what a common, everyday business is now not merely this Channel passage by air, but much longer and seemingly more hazardous voyages, with passengers carried. It is the same in many other directions of scientific progress. And then think of Socialism, the upheaval of society, the probabilities of great wars. We advance at a breathless pace, and so rapidly and completely are the conditions and circumstances of human life changing that the mind is incapable of imagining the manner of our existence one generation ahead from now. Hence the anxiety, which is not so much on our own account as on that of the young ones who will have to face and bear with conditions that cannot be guessed, but which there is only too much reason to believe will be far more difficult and exacting; circumstances which will make a much greater demand on the mind and body than anything that the world has so far experienced. It is felt thus that the boys of the present time will in the future have such a strain put upon their strength as manhood has never been called upon to bear in the past, and we wonder how far they may be equal to it. Wondering so, we begin to feel all manner of doubts, and find an infinity of faults with the youngsters who are now at school, and notice many changes that are taking place in their tendencies, their dispositions, and their characters. Scarcely a week goes by but some new form of discussion about these boys and their present and future possibilities is suggested by some published work or is started vigorously in the newspapers. Twenty years ago there were no such great problems about the boys, and less anxiety about them. We sent them to school, did our duty by them, and did not worry overmuch about them as a body. We were satisfied that all was tolerably well with them, that they were well fitted for the life before them, and we allowed them proper latitude for boyish disposition and caprice. But it is not so now, and it is clearly this anxiety about the future that has brought about the change. All manner of improvements in regard to them are being suggested, and extensive alterations in their habits, conduct, and general training are being forced upon them. If there is progress made in the transformation of the boy at the same rate as there is in other matters, it is a pretty problem as to what the youth of England will be like about the middle of the present century, and how well it will be adapted for the business that will then be before it.

* * *

It is in little matters, seemingly insignificant in themselves, that may be noticed the greatness of the change that is coming over the training of the boys—little matters indeed, but involving the abandonment of old traditions. There are many instances of it in the departures that are made almost every term from old customs at the public schools. Thus just now at Rugby there is one which in its way marks an epoch, for the use of the silk hat by the boys on Sundays has been definitely and officially abandoned, and the straw hat has taken its place. The silk hat form of headgear has much declined in popularity among grown-up people in recent years, when we have been all for rationalism and common-sense; but that is no reason why the tradition of a school should be abandoned. It has been the rule that every boy at Rugby should take with him there his top-hat in a hat-box, and that when he went home for his holidays he should

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take it with him to wear on Sundays. But little of that has been done in recent times, and now there will be none of it. Before the middle of last century the boys all wore beaver hats every day, including Sunday. Then straw hats came in, and then the silk hat, and at first the latter was worn every day; and even when it ceased to be worn by the general body of boys, it still remained the custom that it should be worn throughout the first term by new-comers to the school. The state of his hat at the end of a boy's first term was not a joyous thing to contemplate. Now there is to be an end of all this. At Harrow, too, there have been in the most recent times important changes. There is this for an example—a little thing again, but that kind which is most important in a sense—that for a long period the regular form of recognition given by the boys to their masters, even to the head himself, was a somewhat unceremonious upward jerk of the right forefinger. The hand was not often raised higher than the level of the waist, and so the movement was a kind of half-salute. When Mr Ford became headmaster he insisted upon a change in this practice, and called upon the boys to accord to their masters a full semi-military salute, while to him as their head they were to raise their hats, a token of respect that they had previously only extended to ladies. At Eton the changes in custom have been most extensive. Canon Lyttelton has been a great reformer. We are assured that the famous old Eton slouch has gone. The boys are given more sleep than used to be the case; they have a gymnasium, the thought of which was once abhorrent; they are taught to shoot; specialisation in their education begins much earlier than was once the case; and in many other ways the spirit of reform is at work. Then there have been many discussions lately upon the suggestion that there is a vast amount of snobbery at the public schools, and that in spite of all the reforms that have taken place and all the modern teaching, there is a strong tendency for young England in many cases to develop into something of a little 'bounder.' Mothers have been writing to say with what unhappy feelings they regard the selfishness of the male hope of the family, who has all that family's available funds spent on him that he may go to a public school, and yet complains of his needs, though his sisters, for his benefit, have to be deprived of nice clothes and various little feminine pleasures to the enjoyment of which they have some right. And then a little while since one read a strange judgment on the ordinary modern boy, not the public schoolboy, that was passed by a man of some authority who had some special means for making a close and intimate study of him. He said that the great problem with which we were faced to-day in work among children was the 'man-boy' as distinct from the manly boy. The 'man-boy,' it was said, was a modern product. He regarded sheer indifference to death as heroic, not in the sense of sacrificing himself in the performance of some brave deed, as the manly boys view it, but simply because of the callous ignoring of the sacred responsibilities of the life entrusted to him. 'He thinks little of those things which in the past made our best men—the boys who built their careers upon the teachings of Kingsley and Farrar. It is not so much that he holds life cheaply as that he cares little for what may happen after death. To what extent our modern system of education may be responsible for this oddly unhealthy frame of mind on the part of the "man-boy" it is impossible to say; but I am convinced that in our elementary schools there is too great a tendency to dwell on the material side of things. Children are now taught the theory of evolution; life is presented to them in a form that leaves little to the imagination, and warps the spiritual side of existence. Life under these circumstances loses much of its moral value.' It was Colonel Unsworth, of the anti-suicide bureau of the Salvation Army, who said these things, some comment having been made upon the remarkable number of boy-suicides that had taken place just about that time.

* * *

These are detached and random references to the state and tendencies of boyhood and the influences that are brought to bear upon it at different places and in different circumstances, and they may seem to have little connection with each other or with the idea that was suggested at the outset; but it does seem to many observers that everywhere there is a tendency to abandon conservative customs in training and to suppress or diminish the natural disposition, individuality, and impulse of the human boy, to make him something less of the interesting, wayward creature that he has always been. Extensive criticism is being brought to bear upon the methods of his training, science is being closely applied to his progress, and notwithstanding all there is doubt and anxiety about the future, and the only thing that is sure is that things will be very hard for all the world. That is one view, but of course there is another; and, as people are mostly pessimists in these times, it is as well that some of the rays of optimism should be focussed on their gloom, and it is noted that for the most part the great masters are very well satisfied with the English boy. A few years ago the heads of the public schools were canvassed on the question as to whether he was improving or otherwise, and they were nearly unanimous in their testimony to the former tendency. The least emphatic declaration of confidence was expressed by Canon Lyttelton, who was then at Haileybury, and he said, 'Whether there is quite the same grit of character and strength of will by the age of twenty or twenty-five is open to doubt. There may be, but there is room for some slight uncertainty.' Dr Warre,

then head of Eton, said, 'My impression is that the public schoolboy of to-day is less rough in manner and language than his predecessor of fifty years ago. I do not see that he is less hardy or less physically efficient than they. On the whole, I can bear witness to improvement.' The head of Harrow of that time, Dr Joseph Wood, declared that the schoolboys of to-day are better, not worse, than the boys of fifty years ago, that they are not less manly, that they are certainly less rough and less cruel, and that their code of honour is higher. 'In the course of my long life,' said Dr Walker of St Paul's, 'I have observed nothing that would lead me to believe in the degeneracy, mental, moral, or physical, of my countrymen, old or young;' and the master of Christ's Hospital, the Rev. A. W. Upcott, said that the public schoolboy of to-day is better than the schoolboy of thirty years ago. Piling up the good evidence, there was the Rev. A. H. James of Rugby to say, 'If one may judge by books and by hearsay evidence there has been marked progress—a progress, too, as I can personally testify, maintained steadily during the twenty-nine or thirty years over which my own life as a schoolmaster extends.' 'I should say,' said Dr Gow of Westminster, 'that boys are not really different from what they used to be; but, being imitative creatures, they reflect very faithfully the change in the habits of their elders. Their manners are far gentler than in Tom Brown's day; but they remain on the whole the same careless, humorous, observant persons as of yore.' And at that, with much good hope, they may be left.

* * *

Change of the subject from consideration of the living boy to that of the boy and girl who will live is an easy one, and it is one that in very recent times has gripped the attention of scientific people and the general public very closely. At the beginning of this century there were few persons who had ever heard the name of the science of eugenics, and still fewer who knew anything at all about it or what it meant, whereas now it is a word that is in the newspapers every day, and all civilised people have been brought to take some interest in it. It is a subject of a kind that is very easy to take an interest in. The eugenists for the most part are not optimistic about the boys and girls who will come along in the future, and the men and women they will grow into, but they would like themselves or their successors to be so. They believe that, thanks to civilisation and the strain and stress of the times, and the hard conditions of life, the human race is not improving, while the demands on it are such that great improvement is quite essential. If they do not all believe this, a large proportion of them do, and they would like in many cases to apply to human beings the same system of selection and breeding that human beings themselves apply to horses, cattle, dogs, poultry, canaries, and other living things that are under their control, with the object of producing the finest possible specimens and those which best serve the functions that they are called upon to perform. In this process of selection and breeding they would seek to stamp out the physically and mentally unfit, so that the race would gradually be brought to an ideal state of efficiency in both mind and body, and would then be very well able to do the work of the world. It is not so much the wish to obtain better people than our average good ones now that actuates the eugenists, as the desire to get rid of the bad ones and prevent any more of them coming. What they wish is to get the perfect or ideal baby to begin with, and rear it to be the perfect man or woman, and with this object they have been collecting evidence and notes and making all manner of calculations and comparisons, and have produced a mass of most interesting reports, statistics, and conclusions. But among them all there are many contradictions and disagreements, and eugenics is some way yet from being definite and exact. Nature has a way of departing from rule from time to time, and doing very well with her exceptions; and when some argue that the eldest children of normal parents are the best—and the law shows its favour for the first of all—there are some eugenists who point out that there would have been fewer burials in Westminster Abbey if there had not been seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth children of particular families, and that a Russian who turned out to be a very good thing for the world in general was a seventeenth child. Then there is the fact that great men have frequently been born of the most ordinary parents, and the most careful scientific breeding we should ever be capable of would never be likely to produce such splendid specimens of humanity and genius as nature has done in her experimental moods, as we might say. Thus, as one of the eugenists says, Napoleon, Luther, and Abraham Lincoln were 'biological surprises,' and Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner could no more have been predicted after a consideration of their parents than could Shakespeare and Michelangelo. And, again, there is matter for much profound contemplation in the fact that the most unpromising children often develop into the most excellent adults. The eugenists who quoted Herbert Spencer and Sir Isaac Newton, both of whom were sickly children from whom it seemed that nothing good could come, might have remembered also the enormously important case of Cecil Rhodes. Then some doubt is expressed as to what class of parents the best children come from. An Italian professor who has given study to the subject has faults to find with the American millionaire as a father, while one student of eugenics seems to think that if a child had the selection of its own parents there

would be something to be said for the choice of the burglar as one of them. But then eugenics is in its infancy, and as time goes on many doubts will be removed and inconsistencies explained.

* * *

In the meantime there appear to be two difficulties of a general kind that have to be grappled with in the arrangement of this science. The first is that the ideal is to combine the perfect physique with the splendid mind, and this combination is not only not a common one, but to a certain extent is not natural. We find perfect physique in half-wild savages; generally we get a good physique, and often much better than merely good, in the working-classes; in the professional classes, where much attention is given to games and physical improvement, we reach the nearest to the ideal, but these classes make up but a very small proportion of the population of the world; while when we look at the very highest mental development we constantly encounter pronounced physical inefficiency, and it is obvious that the persevering and heroic in man often stirs him who suffers from a great handicap in body to great achievement in the work of the mind. The other difficulty is one which Mr Balfour, statesman and philosopher, has very cleverly set forth. The eugenists may say that their science is common-sense, and is for the assistance of nature; but is it not a meddling with nature, and may it not be the fact that nature knows better than man how to produce the best people for the world? Mr Balfour asks if the eugenist believes in the survival of the fittest; and when the inevitable answer is that he does, the eugenist must acknowledge that the people who are surviving at the present time are, according to nature, the fittest, and that even those of weak mind survive because they are adapted to their surroundings. Those of the new science would then say that if that is so the surroundings should be changed so that nature might be influenced towards better productions. One of the foremost of the eugenists says: 'Conscious selection must replace the blind forces of natural selection. The nation which first took this great work thoroughly in hand would not only win in all matters of international competition, but would also be given a place of honour in the history of the world.' But the world has been going on a very long time now, and it has brought mankind to a very fine state of perfection for all the poor and bad specimens that it has wrought. From the very beginning it has carried on its grand process of evolution without any assistance from its own creatures. It has all been a matter of nature and of instinct. So Mr Balfour wisely says that so far man must be looked on as a wild animal, meaning that his evolution has been, as just remarked, a matter of nature and of instinct, but that once eugenics, with its ideas of more or less selective breeding, were introduced he would be brought into the domesticated class, and an entirely unknown factor would be introduced. The eugenist believes in the ideal of the combination of the perfect body with the superior mind, but there is no proof that nature, which is all for compensations, agrees; and if man and nature get to war with each other about the future of the race the result may not be a happy one. But the practice of eugenics is not a matter for to-day or to-morrow; and if it is a good thing and fit for trial it will survive until its time, and if it is not it will become extinct. It will stand or fall by one of its own tests.

THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

CHAPTER VI.—A BETRAYAL.

AT his mother's bidding Timotheus ran off with hesitating steps to call for his attendant, leaving Claudia with the stranger.

The old man had risen from the stump of the tree where he had been seated, and stood before her gazing up into her face with his weak, peering eyes. She looked doubtfully on his sad-coloured garments and feeble body. His little, bent frame appeared even more insignificant than before in contrast with her tall, graceful figure robed in flowing draperies of rich amber-coloured silk, and a circlet of gold binding her raven hair. But how different was the haughty, rebellious, yet wistful expression of her beautiful features from his serene though worn countenance! His air of purpose, with its suggestion of underlying power and passion, mitigated somewhat her disappointment in his outward appearance, for she was true Roman in her admiration of physical strength and courage.

'Thou art he with whom I desired to speak?' she began.

'Yea,' he answered, 'I am here at thy desire. Wherein can I help thee, my daughter?'

He spoke in a voice full of gentle compassion and sympathy, but for a moment Claudia's proud spirit rebelled at being thus addressed by a poor stranger. He help her—he, a poor outcast, old and feeble, and she a matron of patrician Rome!

Yet was it not to ask his aid that she had summoned him hither? The meeting was fraught with danger, and was of great importance. Her maternal love battled with her pride. There was no time for resentment. She must make her demands boldly and brook any insult for the sake of Timotheus.

'Give sight to my son's eyes,' she said quickly, 'and I shall richly reward thee.'

'My daughter,' returned Paulus, 'thou must bear thy cross with patience, and thy mourning shall be turned into joy.'

'What meanest thou, old man?' she said angrily. 'Why speak to me in riddles? I sent for thee because I required thine aid. I have heard that in Judea there dwelt One who could work miraculous cures, and who, when He died, left followers who were equally skilled. I deemed that thou wert one of these. If thou art not I have no further use for thee.'

'Lady,' returned Paulus quietly, 'I see that thou art groping in the dark, seeking for the light.'

'Have I not told thee not to speak to me in riddles?' burst forth Claudia impatiently. 'Canst thou, or canst thou not, cure my son? That is all I require of thee to answer.'

'Why dost thou desire sight for thy son?' he asked gently.

'Why do I desire it?' she flashed out. 'Art thou moonstruck that thou must needs ask that of me, his mother? Have not the gods afflicted me with a blind child, a son who can never do his part in the world, but must be a reproach to his mother all his days?'

'But why seek to change what your gods have ordained?' questioned Paulus. 'Do ye not impute to them all wisdom, all power over the destiny of men?'

'Yea,' answered Claudia sadly; 'but they are cruel and hard, and I heard of One in Judea who had compassion on those whom the gods had afflicted. I hoped to find one of His followers who would have compassion on my child, and on me,' she said, with tears standing in her deep-blue eyes that looked on the old man with imploring gaze.

'Ah, my daughter,' he answered pityingly, 'there is One who has compassion on such afflicted ones. If thou wilt hear me I may be able to bring comfort to thy heart'——

'And sight to my son?' she inquired with eagerness.

'Only He can do that,' was the answer.

'Then where is He of whom thou speakest? Tell me, that I may seek Him.'

'He reigns in His kingdom, watching over the lives of men.'

'Where is His kingdom?'

''Tis not of the earth, my daughter, but of heaven.'

'Old man,' burst forth Claudia with anger, 'again thou speakest to me in riddles. Thou art deceiving me. The Christus who worked these miraculous cures is dead. Paractus, mine ancient attendant, saw Him die.'

'Nay, nay, lady. He is not dead. He lives and reigns for ever. He is the great God who cannot die.'

'That is what Paractus said,' returned Claudia soberly, with amazement. 'Then, if He lives, will He not give sight to my son?'

'If it should be His will, my daughter,' answered Paulus. 'He knoweth what is best. Perhaps He meaneth thy child's affliction to be of service to Him.'

'Timotheus of service in his blindness! A strange servant for a king, truly!' said Claudia with scornful voice.

'Ah, my daughter, be not bitter in thine heart. His ways are inscrutable. Believe in His power and goodness if thou wouldest have peace and happiness, and all will be well with thee and with thy son.'

'But I overheard thy promise to my child that his sightless eyes should be made whole, and that he should see the beauty of your Lord. What meant thou by that? Wert thou speaking falsely to a child?'

'My daughter, when the warfare is over there is a reward for all who serve the King. All the crooked things shall be made straight. The blind shall see, the lame shall walk, and the troubled shall be made glad.'

Claudia fixed her great, deep eyes upon his face with troubled gaze. 'But when is the warfare over?' she asked, bewildered.

'For some soon, for others late,' was the answer. 'No man knoweth when.'

'But of what warfare dost thou speak? I do not understand.'

The old man looked at her. His weak eyes suddenly lit with a strange power. 'I speak of the warfare of life,' he said slowly. 'Are we not all as soldiers striving fiercely? Some are fighting bravely for their Lord and Master, struggling manfully to attain the victory by living pure and upright lives. Others are as mercenaries or hirelings, fighting, but not caring whom they serve, or whether they win or lose.'

'Yea, I understand,' said Claudia thoughtfully. 'But you — the Nazarenes — are you on the winning side?'

'Yea, the followers of the Christus will have the victory. They are striving for the Master's cause, and can never be overcome,' returned Paulus with resolute conviction.

'But they are outcasts,' she pursued. 'They are hunted, persecuted, imprisoned, tortured—even in the arena against the wild beasts—men, women, and little children! Oh, it was fearful!' and she covered her face as if to shut out the horrible recollection. 'Surely they are vanquished in the arena?'

'Nay, lady,' returned the other in a voice that thrilled with triumph. ''Tis the crowning hour of victory. They look death in the face with joy because they see life and happiness beyond!'

'Beyond?' echoed Claudia.

'Yea, in that bright land where all the crooked things are made straight, and the blind are made

to see. They stand as victors before the throne of the Most High God!'

'They live again!' murmured Claudia in amazement. 'They live again after suffering death here; and, ah, such a death! They can face it calmly without fear because they are to live again in happiness! Is this the secret of the Nazarenes? I cannot understand,' she said confusedly, passing her hand over her fair brow. 'Bear with me, sir, and tell me more. I would know more of this. I, too, would learn the secret of happiness. I am troubled and restless in my heart. Life does not satisfy me. My gods are cruel. There is so much that is crooked. Wilt thou impart to me thy knowledge of the secret of peace?'

'Most gladly will I teach thee, my daughter,' returned Paulus with joy.

'Thou wilt come again?' continued Claudia. 'It must be very secretly. My lord Pudens must not know of it, nor any soul. I shall send thee a trusty messenger to tell thee the place and hour of meeting. Farewell! I must not linger now; I may be discovered. Farewell!'

Even as she spoke the old retainer Paractus came hurriedly to her side. 'Lady, fly,' he said; 'my lord cometh. Ye are betrayed.'

'My lord!' gasped Claudia, the colour fading in her cheeks. 'Save the stranger, Paractus; save him from the wrath of my lord,' she implored.

'My daughter,' returned the old man calmly, 'fear not for me. Let not thy meeting with me be secret from thy husband, but rather tell him all.'

'Nay, nay,' she cried. 'Go, go, while yet there is time. Go! Ah, it is too late!' she gasped with horrified cry as Pudens appeared, advancing through the ilex grove with striding steps, his face dark with anger and his eyes flashing.

'Claudia,' he called in a voice of thunder, 'thou hast dared to hold converse with one of the accursed people!'

'My lord, my lord,' she cried, throwing herself down on her knees before his feet, 'have mercy! 'Twas for the sake of Timotheus!'

Pudens stood distraught with passion and pointed to the stranger. 'Take him,' he commanded to his accompanying slaves. 'Take him and beat him with many stripes. Leave but a spark of life in his vile body that he may live to remember that he shall not hold secret converse with the wife of a Roman patrician with impunity!'

The slaves immediately fell upon the old man with rough hands; but he made no resistance. Turning to Claudia as they bound him, he said hopefully, 'Fear not, my daughter, but be of good cheer. Those that seek shall find, and those that mourn shall be comforted. Trouble not thyself for me. I am glad to suffer in the Master's cause,' he added, as Claudia clung about her husband's feet, weeping and imploring mercy.

'Spare him, my lord,' she entreated. 'Spare him. He is old and feeble. Canst thou treat an old man so? He has done no harm. Punish me if thou wilt, for I desired him to come hither, but let him go! Oh my lord, I beseech you!'

'Silence!' thundered Pudens; and the slaves hastened to lead the stranger away. 'Begone, woman, ere I do thee an injury; and come not into my presence again. Thou hast brought disgrace upon my house. Beware lest Cæsar hear of it!'

Claudia rose to her feet, and without daring to look at her husband she fled to hide herself and to weep in secret.

Later in the day, when Pudens sat busily inscribing upon his tablet of wax, the heavy curtain that enclosed the room moved slightly, and revealed the slave, Melos, who slipped in noiselessly with his cat-like tread.

'Is it accomplished?' asked Pudens, glancing up for a moment as the slave made obeisance before him.

'Yea, my lord,' was the answer.

'How did he bear it?' inquired the master.

'As if it were naught, or rather as if he rejoiced in it,' returned Melos.

'Enough,' growled Pudens with a scowl. 'Go!' And Melos slipped from his presence as quietly as he had come into it.

'Strange,' muttered the senator when he was alone. 'Strange—these Christians! Put them in the arena with the wild beasts and they meet death smiling and fearless. Beat them, imprison them, torture them, and they but rejoice. What means it? What secret do they possess that other men know not of?'

And ever as he wrote, the pale, worn face of the stranger, with his weak eyes peering out from under his thick eyebrows, seemed to come between him and his writing, till he flung aside the tablet with a curse, and paced the marble floor restlessly.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE CHARIOT-RACES.

IT was a great day in Rome, for the chariot-races were to take place in the Corso, which was already thronged by eager spectators. Citizens of all ranks were filling the street. The plebeian brushed against the toga of the patrician, the artisan jostled with the officers of Cæsar's household, while grave senators elbowed their way between groups of peasants from the Campagna. Here and there an ædile was giving orders to lesser officials for the maintenance of order, and brass-helmeted soldiers pushed back the crowd which at times threatened to overrun the course.

As the hour of the great race approached the crowd grew denser and the hubbub increased. Discussions as to which chariot was likely to prove

the winner were heard on all sides, some backing one charioteer, some another. At other times it was the fleetness of the horse or team of horses that proved the topic of interest.

So the moments sped past till the hour was at hand. Then the signal for the start was given, and away dashed the horses, their reins being held by the most skilful drivers in Rome, who stood in lightly fashioned chariots painted in fantastic colours that could be distinguished at a great distance.

Through the Corso they flew with lightning speed amid a howl of delight from the gathered populace. Loud cheers passed from mouth to mouth, waxing louder if one chariot outdistanced another in any marked degree; while the air was rent with the oft-repeated name of the favourite.

As the chariots swept towards the great triumphal arch which spanned the Corso, a sudden hush fell on the spectators. Men held their breath and stared with horrified gaze, while the women shrieked. Out into the middle of the race-course a little child had strayed unnoticed, all unconscious of the danger, unseeing of the advancing death that came dashing onward with a speed which could not be checked.

It was the blind child Timotheus.

There was a frenzied shriek of horror. Then a little, dark-clad figure darted into the danger-zone, snatched him aside, and the chariots went whirling past.

When the moment of agonised suspense was over, the chariots already a cloud of flying dust, and the child and his rescuer standing unharmed in the course, a deafening cheer arose, swelling and swelling like the roar of the ocean, for the Romans loved a brave deed even better than a spectacle. Men's hearts burned within them with shame when they saw that the deed had been done by an old man, worn and feeble, and with crippled gait, wearing the dress of a stranger and carrying a pilgrim's staff.

'Little one, little one, how didst thou come to be here?' murmured the old man, gently stroking the child's untroubled face.

'I know thee,' responded Timotheus, an eager smile lighting up his face. 'Thou art the great King's messenger.'

'Yea, verily 'twas the King sent me hither this day, child,' he returned gravely.

But now the crowd, which had pressed about them with rapid words of praise and inquiry, began to draw aside to make room for two white-robed senators who were making their way down the Corso.

'What means this?' demanded one, as they came upon the child standing with his hand in the stranger's. 'Timotheus, my son, here! And thou, thou carrion!' gasped Pudens in astonishment and anger, looking from the child to the old man, with a fierce scowl darkening his face.

'Father mine,' cried Timotheus joyfully, stretching out his little hands, 'art thou here too?' He ran forward, and clasping his father's hand, covered it with kisses.

A dozen voices soon told the senator the story of his son's danger and of the stranger's heroic deed. The scowl gave place to a look of horror, which in turn became one of utter amazement.

'Timotheus, my son—my son,' murmured the senator, gathering the child in his arms with a fierce embrace.—'And thou—thou didst this deed for my son—for me?' he added, gazing down upon the mean figure before him. 'Thou didst save my son's life for me?'

'It was the Lord! I was but the instrument,' was the answer humbly given.

'Didst thou know that he was my son?' asked Pudens.

'Yea,' answered the other. 'I was led hither this day. I knew not the reason till I saw the child standing in the way of danger. He was unheeding; he saw it not with his sightless eyes; but the Master willed that he should not be cut off. He quickened my dim sight; He put fleetness into my feeble frame. 'Twas easy to do with His help. Thank me not, but Him!'

'Thou knewest that he was my son, yet thou didst this?' repeated the senator in amazement. 'Thou didst not think to avenge those stripes? It might have cost thee thy life.'

'Nay,' answered the old man simply, 'the time has not yet come.'

'How shall I reward thee?' demanded Pudens. 'Thou hast shamed me, old man. Yea, verily I am ashamed! I shall give thee gold and silver, and'——

The stranger held up his hand deprecatingly. 'Nay, Pudens, I have no need. I wish for no reward from thee. 'Twas my Master's doing.'

Pudens knitted his brows in perplexity. 'Thou art strange,' he said, looking on him with uncomprehending gaze; 'a stranger to Rome in truth!—But how came my son to be here, alone, and in danger?' he demanded, turning to the group of citizens who stood about, with gathering storm in his eyes. 'Where is Melos, my slave? Where is the villain?'

An abject, cowering figure was thrust forward with cries of 'Here, here, Lord Pudens!' and Melos prostrated himself at the senator's feet.

'Mercy, my lord—mercy!' he screamed, livid with terror.

'Rise, thou carrion!' roared the senator.

The slave struggled to his feet and stood helpless and cringing before him.

'Thou dog, how came my son to be here?'

'My lord,' wailed the slave, 'the little master strayed from me in the garden. I sought to find him, and, lo! he was here.'

'Thou liest, thou vile toad! Thou broughtest him hither that thou mightest gape at the race, and then let him wander from thee while thou didst feast thy vile eyes on a sight that is for the

free-born citizens of Rome. Speak! The truth! Is it not so?'

'My lord, my lord, have mercy! I knew not of his danger.'

'Nay, nor cared,' burst forth Pudens in fury. 'Thou dog, thou art not fit for thy trust! Thou miserable slave, thou shalt die!' Drawing a dagger, such as every Roman patrician was wont to carry concealed in his toga, he was about to plunge it into the heart of the wretched culprit on the spot, when his hand was stayed by the stranger.

'Nay, nay, Pudens, hold!' he pleaded. 'The Lord has spared the life of thy child; shed not the blood of one of His children.'

'Leave me!' thundered the senator. 'Darest thou come between me and the righteous doom of mine own slave?'

'"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord,"' said Paulus boldly. 'Hold, I say, Pudens, for the sake of the life that has been given back to thee this day. Hold, I command you,' he went on, in a voice which was not easy to disregard.

His withered hand was laid upon the senator's strong arm, but he shook him off with angry gestures.

'Pudens, Pudens,' continued the stranger, unabashed, 'didst thou not offer me reward? I claim it now. Spare me this man's life in return for the life of thy son spared to thee.'

'Stranger,' returned the senator, frowning, 'since thou dost ask it I cannot refuse. But I had rather thou hadst asked for much else.—Get thee gone from my sight,' he added, turning to Melos, who fled with haste from the spot, and was quickly lost in the crowd.

Then Pudens turned to the old man. 'Tell me thy name,' he said, 'that I may remember thee.'

'I am called Paulus!' replied the stranger. 'I come from the city of Tarsus, which is in Cilicia.'

'And where is thy dwelling in this city?'

'On the Aventine, at the house of one Aquila, a tent-maker.'

'Then, Paulus, farewell!' returned the senator. 'If thou wilt take no reward such as is meet for the great service which thou hast rendered me, then accept Lord Pudens's grateful thanks for the deed done this day, and his protection hereafter in any trouble that may befall thee. Farewell!'

And taking Timotheus by the hand, Pudens guided him through the crowded thoroughfare, leaving the old man gazing with wistful eyes after the pair—the tall, strong senator and the little blind child.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRETS OF LONGEVITY.

HINTS FOR THOSE DESIROUS OF MAINTAINING PERFECT HEALTH.

By H. Ottewill Bruce.

IT is the life-study of the editor of a newspaper to provide news-items of interest to his readers; and, judging from the large amount of space devoted to interviews with centenarians and other venerable persons, there must be considerable public interest taken in the very old. Possibly this is accounted for by the fact that there is in all of us a desire to inhabit the earth as long as possible, and we view with admiration, mingled with respect and awe, the spectacle of a life prolonged beyond the allotted span of threescore years and ten.

It is many hundreds of years since Ponce de Leon died with his fountain of youth undiscovered; and ever since that date the world has eagerly awaited news regarding its discovery, whilst scientists have spent their lives in the search. The last census of the population of England and Wales revealed the fact that there were nearly ten thousand persons over the age of ninety, and the life insurance companies are hopefully observing the fact that the average length of life is steadily increasing, and live in anticipation of fatter dividends thereby.

What is the secret of longevity? Professor Metchnikoff believes that he has discovered at least a part of it in his sour-milk treatment, and has stated that the biblical threescore and ten can be extended thereby to twelvescore and ten at the very least. Death from old age is caused by a kind of wasting away of the tissues and organs caused by changes in the capillary blood-vessels. To counteract this tendency the tissues and organs must be supplied with healthy blood.

The whole secret of perpetual life lies in keeping the organs of circulation in a good working condition. It has been said, with justice, that the best way to effect this is by keeping the organs in action, inaction invariably leading to decay. Unfortunately no system of preventing the decay of the various human organs has yet been discovered, though much can be done to postpone that decay.

It must be understood, in dealing with this question, that when an organ is exercised its arteries become distended, permitting the passage of more blood and oxygen to the tissues, and at the same time removing the waste products. This principle is fully recognised in the ordinary exercise of certain muscles, usually designated by the term 'physical culture.' Certain muscles are kept in regular action, and are found to develop

quickly in size and strength. It must not be thought, however, that it is only the muscles that are developed by such action, for the afflux of blood which is caused by the action of the muscles forces the small vessels to work, and to conduct more blood to the organs and tissues, which are in turn strengthened. The brain and nerve-centres are much the same; the acts of thinking and of initiating movement in the voluntary muscles lead to afflux of blood to the nerve-centres, and the increased nutrition of the various nerve-fibres and ganglion cells. This increased afflux of blood to the brain by the act of thinking has been proved by the ingenious experiment of Mosso, one of Ludwig's pupils, who constructed a finely balanced table, on which he placed a man in the horizontal position, and demonstrated that during the act of thinking the head becomes heavier, so that the head-portion of the table goes down.

Unquestionably the best means in our power to prevent early decay and to keep the circulatory system in a healthy condition is that given by different forms of exercise. In the case of the heart and the blood-vessels there is a certain amount of action inherent to them without any effort of the will, but this essential action is scarcely enough to keep all the organs in a perfect state of health.

Undoubtedly the most natural and the best form of exercise is walking. It accelerates the action of the heart and the breathing, and causes more blood to be passed into the blood-vessels, which are thereby obliged to contract more vigorously and carry it with greater energy to the different organs and tissues. By the contraction of the muscles of the leg, essential in the action of walking, more blood is attracted to them through the blood-vessels leading to the lower extremities; whilst the efferent vessels carry more blood back to the heart, and force it to contract more energetically.

Besides improving the circulation of the blood, and thereby improving the condition of the various organs of the body, walking and all other muscular exercises have the effect of strengthening and nourishing the muscles themselves; an important factor in the prevention of decay, for it must be remembered that the wasting of the muscles is, in most people, the first sign of senile decay.

Walking has the effect of causing a redistribution of blood in the body. It causes an afflux of blood to the muscles, and the removal of a certain quantity of blood from the internal organs. This explains why certain people of limited strength find that a hard walk taken soon after meals disturbs their digestion. The explanation is that the action of the muscles takes away part of the blood required by the stomach for the proper digestion of the food.

Before leaving the subject of walking, some remarks might well be added as to the amount necessary to maintain health. On this subject much false and injurious advice has been given. People vary greatly in habit, health, and strength, and what is just sufficient for one may be a dangerous excess for another, or to the same person under different circumstances. There are still some general rules which may be laid down, however. In the first place, the pace should not be so great as to cause palpitation of the heart or breathlessness; and, on the other hand, it should be quick enough to produce a gentle glow of the whole of the body. Those who possess fairly healthy organs of circulation will find that they derive more benefit from gentle uphill exercise than from walking downhill or on level ground. Regular walking exercise, provided the health is fairly good, ought not to be interrupted by so-called bad weather. Many people, and especially those with a tendency to rheumatism, are under the delusion that walking in rainy weather causes rheumatism or increases those rheumatic troubles from which they are already suffering; but with proper protection by clothing, strong boots, and umbrella, and changing the clothes at the end of the walk, this fear is needless. Moltke, the great general, once said, when he was in his ninetieth year, that he had maintained his health and activity 'by great moderation in all things; by regular outdoor exercise in all weathers, good and bad; never a whole day at home.' To a person of the iron constitution of the old general such a rule might well apply; but it is certainly not advisable for those whose resisting power is weakened to any considerable extent by old age or disease. These, or at any rate many of them, should not expose themselves to the fogs or strong, cold winds of our English winters and springs. They would be better advised either to stay at home on the more inclement days, or, if they can afford it, to spend the winters in warmer and sunnier climates.

Breathing exercises are of great value, and moderation in diet is always advisable, especially to people who are approaching the autumn of life. There is much to be said for the fasting cure of Mr Upton Sinclair and others. Excess of food, and particularly flesh food, prevents the flow of blood to the tissues, and causes their starvation, whilst a so-called starvation diet will frequently maintain and even improve their condition. On the dangers of alcoholic excess there is little need to dwell; they are perfectly well known to all. The same may be said concerning excessive smoking, and, in fact, excessive anything.

But when one comes to ask centenarians to what they attribute their longevity one finds an exceptionally wide range of opinion. Of twenty-four recent American centenarians, eighteen were women. Mrs Cox, of Maine, advised simple living and no medicine. James M'Greggor, of New Hampshire, gave 'No tobacco and no medicine' as the secret of his long life. Stephen

Boynton, of Massachusetts, said he lived to his advanced years by hard work, good food, and pure air. Mrs Sarah Lockwood, of Connecticut, attributes her years to open-air life. Anna Betts, of Long Island, advocated burgundy four times a day. Mrs Nellie Ryan, of New Jersey, is another advocate of the 'no medicine' diet, together with hard work and plenty of fresh air. Mrs Mary Scott and Mrs Tigue are supporters of hard work and no luxuries. Mrs Elizabeth Hunt, of Brooklyn, attributes her long life and excellent health to plenty of sea-travel. Mrs Emeline Warner, of Connecticut, advocates cheerfulness, regular habits, and early rising. Mrs Emeline Barber, also of Connecticut, thinks that her longevity is the result of leading a quiet though energetic life. The motto of Mrs Esther Harris, of Pennsylvania, has always been 'Early to bed and early to rise.' Mrs Mary M'Kittrick gives the chief credit to her diet of milk, butter, and potatoes; while William Welch advocates the quiet, industrious life. Mrs Sarah Ann Jones, a negress, wisely attributes her fivescore years to a good constitution; while Simon Hersh, a tramp of New York, says he has never followed any rule of life. His longevity may be attributed to a sound constitution, plenty of exercise, and fresh air. Joseph Zeitling and Joseph M'Grath both give 'Never worry' as the rule for centenarianism.

In each of these instances it will be observed that the centenarians have followed sound principles. One very curious fact is observable from the statistics, and that is that each of the centenarians was a married person. In so large a number this can scarcely be explained away as being a mere coincidence, so that perhaps one other law may be laid down for centenarianship —'marry.' I have no recollection of ever coming across a record of an unmarried woman or man who had reached centenarianship.

Just one other thing, too, emerges from the mass of material thus placed at our disposal, and that is the advice, 'Never worry.' This is without doubt the unconscious motto of the large majority of centenarians. Most of our centenarians are to be found in the country—often, alas! in the workhouses. They are usually poor and ignorant, and have had the natural advantages of a good constitution, plenty of exercise, and healthy surroundings. But they have never worried over themselves; perhaps they have their very ignorance to thank for this. In a sense they are fatalists. They do not worry about rules of health; neither do they speculate on the possibilities of avoiding the latest scientific microbe. They just plod on their way, anticipating neither evil nor trouble, and accepting whatever comes as the inevitable. They are placid and calm, and in this there no doubt lies a large part of the reason of their longevity.

In discussing subjects of this kind there are so many side-issues and popular delusions to be mentioned that it is well-nigh impossible even to touch every side of the subject. It will be noticed that many of the centenarians lay stress on the fact that they have never taken medicine in their lives. Without altogether endorsing this extreme, which is only possible for the very healthy, I would say that it is a much more reasonable habit than that of so many of our people of to-day. Owing to extensive advertising and skilful playing on foolish fears, people have been taught by patent-medicine vendors that they cannot be well unless they regularly take Blank's Pills, White's Ointment, Green's Embrocation, Red's Nerve Tonic, and so on and so forth —all these names, of course, being purely fictitious ones. I know of several families where pills, cascara tablets, and the like are bought a gross at a time, and two of one or the other are taken regularly twice a week. When I have inquired the reason of this habit I have been informed that it was to keep the bowels in regular order! With most people the regular action of the bowels at a certain time of the day is a habit, and a habit which ought to be cultivated from childhood. And, before leaving this subject, a word or two may not be amiss concerning the practice of so many people of taking meat-extracts, fruit-jellies, and similar extracts under the delusion that it is better to take only the nourishing parts of food, which are in their opinion more digestible, and save their digestive organs the trouble of extracting them. For most people this is a great mistake. In the first place, the consumption of such extracts causes a species of starvation of the stomach and intestines, which should be kept at work, like all other organs of the body, provided, of course, that they are free from disease. It is the so-called waste portion of meat, fruit, and other foods that provides the work essential to keep the normal digestive and excretive organs in health. For these reasons the natural substances are, for all normal people, of far greater value than the extracts, though these may be pure in every sense of the word. The entire meat is more nourishing than the extracts of meat, which do not make muscle, though they foster gout.

In conclusion, a word about sleep. There are many people who are of the opinion that it is impossible to sleep too much. This is a great mistake, for there is nothing more pernicious to good health than overmuch sleep; it impairs the circulation, and thus results in great corpulency, tendency to dropsy, lethargy, apoplexy, and various other disorders. 'Early to bed and early to rise' has been the homely motto of most centenarians, and for all adult men and women in the possession of normal health eight hours of sleep is more than ample.

A FROZEN MILLIONAIRE.

CHAPTER VI.—PAID.

FOR several days the trial was a public topic. Moss & Levinson had declared their intention to appeal, but gave no legal notice.

My brother heard in a way of his own that they were constantly quarrelling at their office, and that they had withdrawn from their banker's vaults the box supposed to contain their most valuable scrip and securities.

To me he said, 'I have asked them when they will be prepared to make a settlement, and they asked for a little more time owing to the difficulty in preparing a statement. We must give them twenty-eight days, anyway.'

But they 'paid' before this time elapsed. I was sitting in Ned's office one afternoon, a few days after this conversation, having a chat before we started for Sydenham. The windows overlooked the street, and the newsboys were shouting out their evening edition's news.

Our attention was attracted by the persistent shout of 'Special! Special! Awful tragedy in City office.'

Ned sent for a copy, and what we read, and the subsequent proceedings, I will give as culled from the daily papers, though condensed.

'AWFUL TRAGEDY IN THE CITY.

'Shortly before going to press the above news reached us. All the information we can give at present is that sounds were heard by Messrs Moss & Levinson's secretary, as if a violent altercation were taking place in their private room. Then he heard a shot, followed by two heavy falls. The door being locked, the secretary sent for the police. Inspector Cape, who fortunately happened to be passing, came up with a constable and forced open the door.

'A scene of confusion met their gaze, chairs being overturned, and the table littered with papers and books.

'The two partners lay on the floor, and a doctor, hastily summoned, pronounced Levinson to be already dead, and Moss expired immediately after.'

'Whew!' whistled Ned. 'Fortunately I know Inspector Cape well, and in times gone by rendered him some services. We will drive round as quickly as may be, and see him if possible.'

Negotiating the curious crowd, we reached the office to find the door guarded by two constables, who had strict orders to admit no person till the return of the inspector, who was expected every minute.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the inspector in reply to Ned's request, 'I'm afraid it will be a dereliction of duty; but as you are such an old friend, and so much interested in these men's affairs, I will risk it, and take you in with me. I'm going to look cursorily over these scattered papers for some clue to this tragedy. You may do the same, but nothing must be removed.'

One of the first books Ned looked at was a private ledger with a rough balance struck. From this it was apparent that instead of being millionaires they possessed barely two hundred thousand pounds. They had been recklessly speculating not only with their own shares but with Tremayne's as well.

This was subsequently found to be the case when joint auditors, appointed by the firm's lawyers and Ned, wound up their affairs. But as no heirs appeared to claim the dead men's property, Mrs Tremayne got nearly the whole amount in trust for her son.

While Ned was rapidly running through ledgers, &c., I picked up a morocco-bound book marked 'Diary,' and idly turned over its pages. I had got nearly to the last entry, when I gave a shout, 'Oh, the awful villains!'

Both Ned and the inspector turned to me in amazement as I read the following words: 'It is certain now that the *Kestrel's* mate will never appear to claim the five thousand pounds we were to give him for preventing Tremayne's return.'

I told the inspector how this verified our previous suspicions, and he said, 'The awful villains! Why, they virtually murdered all these men. I have read the account of the disaster, no doubt purposely caused by the first mate.' Preparing to leave, he added, 'Gentlemen, you must promise me on your honour to tell no one you have been in here with me, or what you have discovered, till after the inquest. I will now seal up this room, and leave a constable to guard it. The inquest will disclose the manner in which these men died. I can reconstruct the last act in the tragedy.'

The inquest was held two days later in a large room crowded with press representatives and the public. Ned and I were present as spectators.

The secretary, who was called first, could only depone to having heard sounds of violent altercation, and of chairs being overturned, a shot, and two heavy falls.

The doctor deponed that Levinson died from a bullet-wound received at close quarters, for the skin was scorched, the bullet entering the eye and passing right through the brain to the skull at the back. Death must have been instantaneous. Moss died from fracture of the base of the skull and hæmorrhage of the brain, caused by his falling on a steel spike projecting one and a half

inches above the rail of the fender. Death in this case followed a few minutes after he received the injury.

Inspector Cape was the next witness.

The coroner said, 'You were the first to see the bodies. Will you tell us their position, and how you think these men met with the wounds which caused their death?'

'Moss was lying on his back, with his head resting on the fender; and Levinson two feet from him, on his side, facing Moss, with both arms stretched out as if he had died in the act of pushing something or some one. My conviction is that they both rose during a violent altercation, pushing over the chairs. Levinson moved towards Moss to strike him, when Moss fired his revolver, which was tightly clenched in his right hand, with one cartridge discharged, when I found him. The impetus caused Levinson to push Moss, who fell backwards on the fender. I have no doubt that had any one witnessed the affray this would be his statement of what occurred.'

The coroner added, 'Then virtually these men killed each other.' Addressing the jury, he said, 'Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. What is your verdict? As far as I can direct you, it should be as I said—that these men killed each other.'

The jury agreed to that verdict.

These men had 'paid.'

THE END.

'WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.'

THIS painstaking work, which Mr A. N. Marquis began in 1899, and has continued to issue in revised form biennially, has reached volume vii. for 1912–13, and is entitled *Who's Who in America; a Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States* (Chicago: Marquis & Co.; London: Kegan Paul). It is quite as useful and is somewhat larger than the much older British *Who's Who*, after which it is manifestly modelled, although it has various fresh features of its own. In the wide sweep of his literary net the editor includes leading business men and captains of industry, as well as educators, ecclesiastics, politicians, and literary men. It embraces nearly nineteen thousand living persons; of this number sixteen thousand are natives of the United States, while three thousand are not, and about both groups the public may wish to know something. Over 71 per cent. of those who are noticed have had a college education, which is a commentary upon what makes for success in life. The editor prints sixteen lines about himself, from which we learn that Mr Alfred Nelson Marquis, publisher and editor, was left an orphan in early childhood, was reared by his grandparents, and between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one was managing his grandfather's store after the death of his guardian. He started as a publisher in Cincinnati, and removed to Chicago, founded the firm of A. Marquis and Co., and started *Who's Who in America*, which promises to be a monumental work.

Those curious to know the life-histories of millionaires may satisfy themselves here. In the record of Mr Andrew Carnegie we are told that his benefactions exceed thirty-five million pounds sterling, some ten million pounds of which have been devoted to the erection of two thousand two hundred municipal library buildings. Mr J. D. Rockefeller, the Oil King, has given for religious, educational, and philanthropic purposes about seventeen million pounds sterling. Mr William Waldorf Astor, the great New York capitalist, proprietor of two British magazines and a newspaper, when he succeeded his father in 1890 as head of the Astor estate had a fortune estimated at twenty million pounds. His cousin, Mr John Jacob Astor, who perished in the *Titanic* disaster, was inventor of a bicycle-brake, a pneumatic road-improver, an improved turbine-engine, a disintegrator for getting power from peat, and a steamship chair held by suction-cups. Mrs Hetty Howland Robinson Green, of 170 Broadway, New York, widow of Edward H. Green, is said to be the richest woman in America, and probably the greatest living woman-financier; she is 'interested in nearly every large corporation and enterprise of magnitude all over the world, and manages personally her large property in stocks, bonds, and real estate.' Mr V. Z. Reed, author and financier, is founder of the community known as the Orchard Town of Loma, where each farm is an orchard. He is founder also of a beet-factory, and as agent sold on the London market for over two millions sterling, cash, the Cripple Creek gold-mines.

Mr Luther Burbank, whose interesting methods of rearing new plants, flowers, and fruits were the subject of a recent notice in these pages, no doubt deserves the annual appropriation for five years of two thousand pounds which he receives from the Carnegie Institute at Washington. This is given to allow him undisturbed continuation of his work, and to assist in facilities for the scientific recording of facts. He has some two thousand six hundred extensive experiments under way, and has now growing over five thousand distinct botanical specimens. More than a million plants are raised yearly for testing in the Burbank experimental farms, Santa Rosa, California.

Two of the best-known editors and publishers of engineering journals, Mr John A. Hill and Mr Angus Sinclair, both graduated on the foot-plate of a locomotive.

We miss the name of a well-known lady novelist who should have found some record here, and who is in the British *Who's Who*. This is Mrs C. N. Williamson. Baroness Von Hutten, however, is noticed. Both of them were born in the United States. Dr Silas Weir Mitchell, the eminent physiologist and 'neurologist,' has quite as long a list of novels as of medical books to his credit. Mrs Alice Hegan Rice, author of *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, is here, but not her sister, the author of *The Lady of the Decoration*. We find, however, Henry Sydnor Harrison, the brilliant author of *Queed*, one of the best, as well as best-selling, of recent American novels. Mrs Kate Douglas Wiggin has quite an interesting record, and has achieved a long list of popular books which have engaged the affections of thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Her sister, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, with whom she was associated in kindergarten work in San Francisco, also finds an honoured place. Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, whose maiden name was Frances Eliza Hodgson, is an Englishwoman by birth, having been born at Manchester in 1849. Mary Wilkins has partly lost her identity as Mary Wilkins Freeman, wife of a medical man in Metuchen, N.J. She has been a successful exponent of the short story. Mr Owen Wister, author of the *Virginian*, son of Owen Jones, seems to have adopted his wife's surname. Trained as a lawyer, he has made a literary reputation for himself since 1891. There are three well-known authors and journalists of the surname Chambers, the most distinguished of whom is Mr Robert W. Chambers, novelist and artist. Mr Winston Churchill, author of *The Crisis* and other well-known novels, who is no relative of our First Lord of the Admiralty, has also had something to do with naval affairs, as he graduated at the United States Naval Academy, and for a time edited the *Army and Navy Journal* of New York.

Had he lived, the famous young collector, Harry E. Widener, who perished at the age of twenty-seven in the *Titanic* disaster, would certainly have deserved a notice. He was purchaser of the Hoe Gutenberg Bible, for which Quarritch originally paid five thousand five hundred pounds. His great collection has been given, as a memorial of him, to Harvard Library. General Rush C. Hawkins has here a notable record as a collector, especially of books relating to the early history of printing and wood-engraving; amongst other works, he is author of *Titles of Books from the Earliest Presses*. We have said enough to show the many-sided and really useful and popular nature of an indispensable book.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

WHILE moving pictures generally are regarded as a source of amusement, it is being realised that this form of photography is destined to figure more potently as an educational instrument. Edison has stated that he anticipates the day when geography will be taught largely by this means. And what applies to geography is equally possible with history, physics, science, and so forth. While it would be rash to go so far as the extremists and say that five years hence picture palaces as we know them to-day will be memories of the past, the tendency towards the installation of a projector in the schoolroom is maturing rapidly. A notable step has been taken in France, where an enterprising schoolmaster at Versailles has installed a cinematograph projector, and now, instead of his lectures being illustrated with blackboard diagrams, maps, or charts, photography in motion is used exclusively. So far as Britain is concerned, conservatism and prejudice are being broken down. In this country the picture palace has been regarded askance owing to the low tone of some of the pictures shown on the screen, and even now pictures reminiscent of the penny 'blood-and-thunders' of the cheap press are very prevalent. The more expensive theatres are striving to elevate the tone of the display, but it is uphill work. Glimpses of cowboy lawlessness and Indian atrocities performed by indifferent white actors made up for the occasion, with scenes enacted on English hillsides and moors, are pressed upon the public; a plenitude of dramatic incident, otherwise crime, being given to cover up the dearth of local colour and other shortcomings. Some American firms are endeavouring to remove this tendency, and in the quality of the pictures some American picture palaces are far in advance of some British exhibitions. At the present moment, for instance, an excellent series of cowboy pictures is being collected. The cowboy is rapidly becoming rarer before the march of civilisation, and many years hence he will be but a memory. Records are now being obtained of the life of these restless spirits upon the great plains, showing them not in crime, but at their everyday duties, tending the huge herds, cattle-branding, broncho-busting, and so on. As the scenes are being obtained in their natural settings, future generations will receive a true conception of Western America in the early days. They will see the rolling expanse of prairie as it is, and not as represented by a painted canvas backcloth; they

will see the sterile mountain slopes with their peculiar markings due to geological formation, yawning gulches, and cañons, and how the animals wandered restlessly over thousands of square miles of everyman's land. Similarly, historic episodes are being taken and faithfully reproduced. We have the murder of the Princes in the Tower, the sad story of Lady Jane Grey, Christopher Columbus's discovery of America, the rise and fall of Napoleon, and so forth. In each instance the scene is built up with a literal adherence to history. Records and manuscripts are examined in order to secure absolute fidelity to detail. In the United States it is admitted that these pictures enable the rising generation to get a more comprehensive and intimate knowledge of British history in one hour than is possible from days of poring over history books. The same thing applies to science. Whereas formerly diagrams conveyed some idea of how a thing was done or explained a certain phenomenon, moving pictures now show the thing in actual process, while phenomena are made to illustrate themselves. For these reasons, therefore, the installation of the cinematograph in schools is to be recommended.

THE PROBLEM OF WASTE.

Even the most thrifty housewife cannot eliminate the item of waste from her carefully managed establishment. Once or twice a week the dust-bin requires to be emptied, and although the good housewife may regard its contents as absolutely useless, she is in error. There may be only an accumulation of ashes, tin-cans, inedible leaves of vegetables, potato-peelings, and so forth. Yet that rubbish still possesses a certain element of utility. The question is how to recover this abandoned wealth in an economical manner, and during the past few years this subject has received unremitting attention from the scientist. There is no such thing as waste in nature. Garbage has its value; it is its disposal which constitutes the crux of a knotty problem. In former times the practice was to dump the contents of the dust-bin upon areas of ground in the vicinity of a town or city, and there separate such articles as tins and other metallic substances from the organic matter, which was stacked in piles to decompose, and then distributed over the land as a fertiliser. An alternative method, and one which was practised extensively by towns situated close to the shore, was to dump the refuse into barges, and then to empty it into the ocean depths. Whenever this system was practised vast flocks of gulls and other seabirds were in the habit of following in the wake of the barges, and when these had released their loads there was a violent screaming and battling among the birds as they swooped down to pick up what they considered to be dainties. This aroused attention. If there were matter in the refuse which could attract and support bird life, surely there were means of reclaiming something of value from the waste. To-day every large city has its methods of handling this inevitable product of civilisation. In Great Britain the general procedure is to consign the rubbish to destruction by incineration. Very little coal is required to bring about combustion, and the heat and gases generated thereby are utilised for raising steam to drive dynamos for generating electric current. There are several towns and cities in these islands boasting elaborate electric-lighting and tramway services which obtain their motive-power practically for nothing, being supplied entirely from the destruction of garbage. Even the resultant inorganic material, represented by clinker and ash, has a marketable value. It is pulverised and mixed with cement to form paving-stones or broken concrete for constructional work. In Liverpool there are tenements which have been built entirely from ashes produced by the combustion of the contents of the household ash-barrel. In New York a different method is followed. The garbage is subjected to a reduction treatment for the extraction of grease, the average yield of which is from 2 to 3 per cent. Two processes are followed. The garbage is treated either with steam or a solvent such as naphtha. The first-named cooks the garbage and thereby produces the grease, while in the second instance the grease is associated with the solvent, and is recovered ultimately by distillation. In this case the refuse or incombustible inorganic matter, together with the residue from the cooking process, is dumped to make up low-lying ground. There are to-day many fine streets of buildings which have their foundations supported on what were formerly the contents of the domestic dust-bin.

THE VALUE OF SEAWEED.

The marine growth known as seaweed which is thrown upon the shores of these islands is not regarded as being of much economic worth. One indispensable commodity useful as a germicide—iodine—is obtained therefrom, but on the whole the weed is neglected. In the Channel Islands and Brittany, however, the seaweed harvest is considered almost as important as that of wheat. The 'vraic,' as it is called, is collected and stacked, where it either decays or is dried to be reduced to ash. The latter is a valuable fertiliser, and in the rural districts along the coast practically constitutes the sole stimulant for the soil. In other countries the seaweed is considered to be an article of food, especially in the Orient. The Japanese are very fond of this edible, and cultivate it in the same manner as rice. The seaweed is rich in gelatinous substances, from which agar-agar, extensively used by the bacteriologist as a cultivating medium for his swarms of microbes, and vege-

table glues are made. From the dietetic point of view, however, scientists vouchsafe the opinion that the seaweed gelatine possesses very little, if any, nutritious value, but state that its consumption assists in the digestion of fish and rice, which form the staple diet of the poorer classes in Japan.

A NEW PARCEL WRAPPING AND TYING DEVICE.

The recent terrible catastrophe in London caused by the sealing of parcels containing celluloid with sealing-wax has emphasised the vital importance of the need for a safer method of accomplishing this end. In the United States wax and string have been largely dispensed with for some time past. Instead, a gummed strip of stout brown paper or other material, varying in width from three-quarters of an inch to one and a quarter inches, has been used, and this is passed over the edges, sealing them tightly together in the manner of an envelope-flap. When a first-class adhesive is employed, the sealing operation may be carried out very quickly. Lest one might suppose that the gummed strip is apt to break, it may be mentioned that the binding medium is the strongest part of the whole wrapping, and the transport and carrying companies accept parcels so sealed, without additional string or cord. The system has made its appearance in this country, and mills have been established for the manufacture of the gummed strip. This may be obtained in all colours, and, what is more, it offers the user scope for a useful advertisement, since his name and specialities may be printed on its surface. A cheap little machine has been devised for use with the strip, which is made in a roll containing several hundred feet. This roll is laid on an axis, and the paper is drawn sideways over a sponge which moistens the adhesive adequately. The machine is also fitted with a serrated vertical cutter, whereby the strip may be severed by pressing it against the teeth of the cutter and tearing it. With this system no danger whatever is experienced; sealing is effected as the parcel is packed; the time occupied in manipulating the string, sealing-wax, or whatever material was employed is saved; while the parcel possesses a neat and compact appearance. The system has been adopted extensively by our paper-manufacturers and soft-goods houses; while, if experience in the United States offers any criterion, there is no doubt that it will displace all other tying and sealing processes as its advantages become known. The Americans, as is well known, are enterprising in the adoption of devices for saving time and labour, and in this case there is the additional recommendation of greater safety. The system is just as suitable to the office which despatches a few packages daily as to the large manufactory which sends out hundreds of bulky consignments every day for despatch by train and carrier, and it is practically no more expensive than string. It is the only safe method yet devised for the perfect sealing of packages of such dangerous material as celluloid. Another feature which must not be overlooked is that the consignee can see at a glance if his parcel has been tampered with during transit, because to reach the contents the strip must be broken.

SEARCHLIGHTS FOR ATLANTIC LINERS.

The recommendation that mercantile vessels should be equipped with searchlights has already been put into practice. The *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria* is carrying a searchlight of eighty thousand candle-power, built for mounting upon the forthcoming *Imperator*. On a recent trip the light was used in approaching New York harbour, and the light-vessel was seen and her name distinguished from a distance of several miles. The light is to be carried at an elevated position on the lookout, and is to be capable of being swivelled in all directions so as to sweep the seas on every hand. It is doubtful whether the system will be generally adopted. Probably the greatest objection will arise from the huge tramp fleet. One may imagine the feelings of the skipper who has been storm-tossed for several days, and who has lost his bearings, on suddenly catching sight of a beam of light flashing from a point below his horizon. The captain will be in doubt as to whether it is a vessel or a lighthouse, more particularly if the flashes are in regular sequence. Then, again, one may ask what will be the utility of the light in a thick, white fog, such as is encountered off the Grand Banks. If a beam of light of forty million candle-power from a lighthouse cannot be picked up in a thick, white fog a mile away, how far will a beam of only eighty thousand candle-power be detected? The probability is that it would not be seen half a mile off. The installation of these devices on Atlantic liners is to be deprecated. It will tend to carelessness in navigation and to high speeds, where at present extreme caution is displayed. If in a fog an unlucky tramp is driving across the steamship lane right in a liner's path, and the latter, equipped with a searchlight, is ploughing along at twenty knots instead of fourteen, how is she going to avoid the tramp? The worst of it is that experience has proved that when a big liner and a small tramp come into collision, although the little vessel suffers severely, the liner sometimes receives a mortal blow. It was a puny vessel which sent a huge liner and six hundred people to the bottom some years ago in the Atlantic. The tiny *Vesta* rammed and sank the *Arctic* with some three hundred people aboard, and recently we have had a Canadian Pacific liner seriously damaged by fouling a small collier. Searchlights will not reduce the element of danger on the Atlantic, especially off the Grand Banks; rather will they tend to increase

the danger, because the navigator will come to place implicit reliance upon his electric eye, and in the event of a calamity will endeavour to escape his responsibility by pleading that he had taken every precaution—except diminution of speed.

KILL THE FLY.

The campaign against the common fly as a carrier of disease has assumed formidable proportions. But the point arises, is the fly an offender in this respect? Science is somewhat ambiguous upon this point. The fly has two claws and six feet, each of which is supplied with sticky pads. When the fly settles upon a contaminated surface, germs and spores adhere to the pads; but it is imperative for the fly to keep these clean, as otherwise it cannot secure a grip. A friend of the writer who has had occasion to handle the fly extensively in the interests of a certain branch of science has concluded from his investigations that it is not such a serious offender as it is generally supposed to be. The fly in its habits is exceedingly clean, and its function in the field of nature is to bring about the destruction of refuse which intelligent man either neglects or does not trouble to remove. There is no occasion to kill the fly in order to be rid of its presence; wherever insanitary conditions prevail it will persist in frequenting the spot. The only means of securing immunity is absolute cleanliness.

WATER-STERILISING BY ELECTROLYSIS.

Several methods have been perfected during the past two or three years for the purification of water. Recently, in the prosecution of investigations in a certain direction with a specific invention, a new method of purifying water was discovered, and it has since been adopted in a woollen-mill for industrial purposes upon a large scale. In this particular case the water was drawn from moorlands on which cattle grazed, so that it became slightly contaminated, setting up in the storage reservoirs a growth of algæ which choked the pipes. After all other expedients had failed, the electrolytic method of removing the green weed was tried, and found highly successful. The proportion of chlorine required for the purpose was found to be two parts to one million parts of water. The electrolyser was mounted upon two planks spanning the little stream which fed the reservoir, and the electrolytic solution was permitted to trickle into the brook. The green weed was effectively overcome, and the solution, owing to its minute proportions, did not exercise the slightest effects upon the dyes or the delicate operations incidental to woollen manufactures. In the course of the experiments a further notable discovery was made. The electrolyte not only killed the green weed, but also destroyed all traces of injurious bacteria, thereby sterilising the water thoroughly. The above is about the cheapest system that has yet been devised for this purpose, inasmuch as other electrical sterilising systems are somewhat expensive, both in first cost and maintenance. In the case of this woollen-mill absolutely pure water is obtained in unlimited quantities at a total cost of seven pence per day, including labour.

A SELF-ROCKING CRADLE.

It is said 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,' but the aphorism will need to be modified when the operation of rocking requires no manual effort, and permits the attendant on the baby to pursue other duties, secure in the thought that the cradle is rocking still. A Scottish inventor has come to the aid of the home. He has devised a substantial cosy cot which is slung in a particular way upon supports, and fitted with a simple mechanism which, once the cradle is set rocking, keeps it moving gently to and fro in a floating horizontal position. There are no jars or shocks such as are inseparable from foot or hand movement, and the baby is not submitted to violent shaking. The gentle motion lulls the infant to sleep in a short time, and no ill effects can arise from the motion. As a rule, once the mechanism is wound up it keeps the cot going for the day. A touch of the hand sets the cradle swinging, and it may be stopped instantly in the same manner.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

From ebon clouds the impetuous summer shower
Descends in glittering silver on the land;
It brims the cup of every thirsty flower,
And fills each little leaf's beseeching hand.
The street, that erstwhile was so dim and gray,
Transformed as if by some magician's power,
Is turned into a shining waterway;
My neighbour's roof gleams like a crystal tower,
While in his window-garden ferns uncurl
Whose every frond is jewelled with a pearl.
But see! the shower has sunshine at his heart,
And, pierced with gold, the clouds soon break apart,
Revealing, as soft fleece on fleece drifts by,
The matchless sapphire of a rain-washed sky.

E. Matheson.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SEVENTH SERIES

'THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS.'

A NAVAL STORY.

By GEORGE FREDERICK COTTON.

I.

HIS Majesty's ship *Terrific* was carrying out heavy-gun practice. All day long, under a blazing tropical sun, she steamed stolidly to and fro, while the sweltering guns' crews loaded and sighted and fired, and swore or chuckled as the result gave them cause. Aloft, in the fire-control stations, keen-sighted young men with mathematical heads estimated and calculated and signalled ranges to the turrets below; while the great ship quivered to the twelve-inch recoils, and enveloped herself sulkily in an acrid, penetrating, suffocating smell of cordite. Thus on deck, where all were taking part in the game, and there was the excitement of competition to keep them keen.

Down below a different song was sung. It was not by the engineers nor the stokehold staff. They were used to going on patiently with the job, in whatsoever conditions, unmoved by what was happening elsewhere. Moreover, they had always the interest and fascination of their engines—the giant turbines, droning their deep, strong song of energy and force; the Diesel oil-engines, the second engineers' pets; the dynamos and hydraulic gear; and all the multifarious auxiliary machinery of a modern battleship. It was the 'day men' who grumbled, the paymasters and writers, the stewards and cooks, the artisans and all the semi-civilian crowd, doomed to roam, disconsolate and unemployed, in the battened-down flats of the vessel, where the atmosphere would have daunted the boldest of sanitary inspectors.

But the most unhappy state was reached by the gang of Chinese servants, which the *Terrific* had shipped on board on arriving at Hong-kong. To many it was their first experience of big-gun firing; to all it was a period of torture and tribulation, only to be endured by lamentations and moanings, and by ceaseless prayings to the joss which they had erected in their quarters in a remote part of the *Terrific's* forecastle.

The only non-combatant who thoroughly enjoyed his day was the doctor. An amateur photographer of much enthusiasm and considerable ability, he was very keen to get a good picture of a shot as it left the muzzle of the gun. With a half-plate camera in his arms, and determination writ large on his genial, clean-shaven features, he pushed as near to the blast of the guns as a somewhat limited regard for his own skin would permit. It was a wonder man or camera escaped whole; but among an extravagant number of ruined plates he afterwards found one perfect negative, which, to his immense satisfaction, was subsequently reproduced in one of the illustrated weeklies.

Presently, however, the bugle sounded 'Cease fire.' The gunnery lieutenant retired to his cabin with a handful of notes and his writer; and forward, under the lee of 'A' turret, a knot of more or less tired gunlayers gathered for a quiet smoke and chat about the day's doings.

'Well, mates,' said a burly chief petty officer, carefully paring a length of navy plug, 'I reckon as how we 've come out of it nice an' comfor'ble.'

'Yus, *you 're* all right,' growled a gunner's mate. 'Only two misses—*you* can talk, you can.'

'Ho, what 's the matter wi' you, Nobby? You ain't got nothink to grumble about.'

'I ain't a-grumblin',' retorted the gunner's mate, who rarely did anything else. 'I 'm all right, I knows that.'

'What yer slingin' a groan about, then? Commander bin tellin' yer to shave ag'in?'

A general laugh went round, under cover of which the gunner's mate condemned the company irrevocably to everlasting flames, and furtively caressed a scanty yellow growth which disfigured his somewhat lean and melancholy chops. His unhappy efforts to grow a beard had afforded much amusement to his messmates, and the matter was a sore point with him.

'Look 'ere, Mr Chief Petty Orficer Bulgy Hawkins, Esquire,' he said savagely; 'if you wasn't my sup'rior orficer, which you are, I 'd tell yer lots o' things. But bein' my sup'rior orficer, which you are, I merely remarks politely what I 'm referrin' to is young Sammy's shootin' in "A" turret, under lee o' which we 're now a-settin'.'

'We all on us know Sammy 'ad bad luck,' said the chief petty officer, whose good nature was beginning to give way; 'but wot 's that

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got to do with you? That don't 'urt you, do it?'

'Ship's record,' said the gunner's mate laconically. 'Spiles ship's record, that's wot I'm a-thinkin' about.'

'Ho, a precious lot you care for ship's record!' broke in another bluejacket. 'W'y'——

'Stow it, mates!' interrupted the chief petty officer hastily. 'Here comes Sammy.'

A young petty officer, wearing the crossed guns and two stars of a gunner's mate and gun-layer first-class, strolled up to the group, and, taking a cigarette from the breast of his jumper, asked gruffly for a match. His full round face and square jaw were cast in the same mould as the features of the burly chief petty officer; but, instead of wearing the latter's frank and hearty look, they seemed to have borrowed the ill-conditioned expression of the grumpy gunner's mate.

The cigarette was lit in a silence which evidently got on the nerves of the new-comer. Flinging away the dead match, in surly defiance of all regulations, he demanded to know what they were 'all a-glarin' at.'

'We was only wonderin', Sammy,' said the gunner's mate quickly, 'whether you'd 'it the end o' the fag wi' the match.'

'——!' exploded Sammy violently. But instead of retaliating upon his tormentor, he wheeled round to the turret against which he had been leaning, and shook his fist vindictively at the breech of the gun overhead. 'You blighters!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'You perishin', boss-eyed, worn-out freaks! It's you wot done it, an' for two pins I'd chuck yer clean overboard.'

A grin passed round the group, and some one laughed.

Sammy Allgood faced round angrily. 'Wot yer laughin' at? I mean wot I says, an' so I tell yer.'

'Now, now, Sammy,' said the chief petty officer soothingly, 'you 'ad bad luck, an' that comes to every man some time. But you needn't go for to act the goat over it, Sammy, me lad.'

'Who's actin' the goat?' cried Sammy. 'Didn't I 'ave the range an' all from the honourable, same as you others?'

'Yes,' said somebody.

'Then it ain't 'is fault,' said Sammy. 'An' weren't the bloomin' guns calibrated just afore we leaves Pompey?'

'They was, Sammy.'

'Then it ain't thair fault,' said Sammy.

'What for did yer want to talk silly about throwin' 'em overboard, then?' asked the gunner's mate with a laugh.

Sammy eyed the speaker with awful contempt. 'Why, you old Jeremiah,' he said slowly, 'I didn't mean the guns. I meant the bloomin' rotten sights.'

As he spoke he was moving backwards to get a view of the objects he was anathematising. Suddenly those who were watching him saw him stop dead, with dropped jaw and a face expressive of absolute astonishment and consternation.

'What's up?' exclaimed the chief petty officer; and, followed by the others, he made for where Sammy was standing. In a moment all saw what he had discovered, and turned to look at their mates with faces of blank dismay.

The long, narrow telescopic sights, which should have been between the two twelve-inch guns, were gone.

'Lordelpus,' said some one, 'and the old *Terrific* was such a 'appy ship!'

II.

To the gunnery lieutenant, frowning over interminable Admiralty forms in his cabin, came a bluejacket, breathless with excitement.

'D—n!' cried the worried lieutenant; 'can't you see I'm busy? Eh, what—what the deuce'——

Away went the forms, scattered in all directions, and out of the cabin dashed Lieutenant Pellew, R.N., like a miniature whirlwind. He hurried to the top of the turret, where a brief inspection showed him that no mistake had been made. With frowning brow, he looked over at the knots of men which were beginning to gather as the alarming news spread round the ship.

'On deck—pass the word for Mr Chalcraft to see me at once in my cabin.'

It was a very troubled-looking gunner that hurried along to the ward-room officers' quarters; for he knew well enough that the malicious damage or destruction of gun-sights is the nearest approach to mutiny nowadays in a King's ship. And, short as was the time that had elapsed, Allgood's ill-considered words had already reached his ears, although minus the fact that they had been uttered after the sights had been removed—a spreading abroad of distorted information in which the surly gunner's mate, known to his fellows as 'Nobby' Clark, had taken a discreet but not inconsiderable part.

This information was carried to higher quarters late at night, when four of the ship's officers—the commander, first lieutenant, gunnery lieutenant, and gunner—met Captain Barworth, C.B., in his cabin to discuss the matter.

It was the gunner who spoke. 'There's a yarn going about, sir,' he said hesitatingly, 'which struck me as being too foolish to mention at first; but as nothing seems to come out about the business, well'——

'Let's have it, Mr Chalcraft,' said the captain. 'It's bound to come out at the inquiry.'

'I don't know so much about that, sir,' said the commander. 'The men often know things and talk about them among themselves, but they won't say anything when they're on the carpet.'

'No; but Mr Chalcraft will have to, if they don't,' said the captain dryly.

'The yarn's about Petty Officer Allgood, sir'——

'What! young Sammy, as they call him—the man who shot so badly?' said the gunnery officer.

'Yes, sir. They say that he was heard openly threatening to throw the sights overboard, blaming them for his bad shooting.'

'H'm,' said the gunnery lieutenant, 'it certainly was bad shootin', and I'm not so sure his complaint against the sights isn't somewhere near the mark. But I can't see young Allgood goin' mad to the extent of chuckin' 'em overboard. He may have done some high talkin', but—— Besides, if he had done it he would have been the last man to talk about it—what?'

'No,' said the first lieutenant, 'I don't think he's that sort of fool.'

'Whoever did it must have been pretty slick about it,' said the commander. 'It's his turret, too. By the bye, how did you come to hear the yarn, Mr Chalcraft? They don't usually'——

'No, they don't,' said the gunner with a smile. 'I fancy "Nobby" Clark is somewhere at the bottom of it.'

The two lieutenants looked at each other and laughed.

'Then I don't believe it,' said he whose business was guns.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the captain, rising, 'I see no use in continuing this discussion. The matter will be reported when we arrive at Hongkong, and of course an inquiry will follow. In the meantime I must consider the whole ship's company as under suspicion. All leave and other privileges will be stopped until further orders.'

So the *Terrific* steamed back towards Hongkong, with the sights of her forward turret guns missing, and a ship's company seething with suppressed indignation at the black mark which some misguided person had caused to be placed upon their otherwise clean certificate. And partly because it was his turret, and partly because of the malicious hints which Nobby Clark had judiciously let fall about him, the minds of several began to turn towards young Allgood. The sailorman thinks simply and directly. Allgood had the most opportunity of misusing the sights, and if he were not the guilty party, at any rate no one else had been suggested.

Probably the only man on board, barring the Chinese domestics—and they did not count—who turned in for his watch below with a feeling akin to satisfaction was Nobby Clark. He owed Allgood a grudge. A girl was at the bottom of the trouble, as she is of most matters afloat or ashore. And Nobby thought he saw a way of paying his debt in full.

But his feelings received a rude shock next morning, when, to the bewilderment of everybody and his own great consternation, the sights of 'X' turret, of which he was captain, were also found to have disappeared.

What made this new development the more startling was that all the gun-sights, including those of 'X' turret, had now been unshipped and stowed away. The gunner, pondering over the 'A' turret-sights, had taken it into his head to have a look round, and, to his dismay, those of 'X' turret were not to be seen.

Immediate inquiry somewhat cleared Nobby from suspicion. Everything was in order; no carelessness came to light—nor did the gun-sights.

'It's the devil, I think,' said the gunnery lieutenant gloomily, as he went forward to report.

At any rate, a devil was raging in Nobby Clark's soul, and, as often happens with a man of his nature, it fanned the flame of his animosity against Allgood to a white-heat. And as chance, or the devil, would have it, there came his way another opportunity of facilitating the unsuspecting petty officer's downfall.

To Allgood and others of his kidney, new to the mysterious Eastern world, and keen on a frolic ashore, the absolute stoppage of all leave was most irksome, and led to much secret grumbling and complaining. A group of such impatient youngsters were airing their grievances among themselves, with the tantalising sight of the buildings ashore to embitter the cud of reflection, when the crafty Nobby, spying upon them from a distance, and discovering the drift of their talk, made towards them.

'Wot-ho, Nobby,' cried one of the group; 'you're lookin' worried, mate. Lent anybody some money?'

The company laughed, for Nobby's meanness was well known.

The petty officer stopped, and faced them seriously.

'Yes, mate, I 'ave; an' the bloke wot owes it ter me is waitin' to pay it back in the club yonder. An' I can't git to him, an' 'e can't git to me, an' by the time I find 'im ag'in it 'll all be down 'is throat 's likely 's not. See.'

The others looked at one another.

Suddenly Allgood broke forth. 'It's a bloomin' shame, that's wot it is. If I could find the blighter wot took them sights I'd wring 'is bloomin' neck.'

'*We* never done it—we ain't such fools,' growled another. 'They might know us by now.'

'It's 'ard luck punishin' a lot o' innocent men because o' one silly blighter's fault,' said Allgood angrily. 'Can't go ashore. Can't buy nothin' from a shore boat—look at 'em.' He indicated a crowd of sampans, kept hovering at a distance by the vigilant sentries.

'Look at Johnny Pigtail—wantin' to go 'ome to his wife an' family,' said another, eying a group of worried-looking Chinese 'boys' looking longingly across the harbour.—'No can, Johnny, allee samee one chop, stay on board.'

'It is 'ard,' said the watchful Nobby, 'an' if I

was a bit younger nor wot I am—— But orders is orders.'

'Wot's that, Nobby?'

'I was only thinkin' o' wot happened onst aboard the old *Thunderer*,' said Nobby reminiscently. 'We was in the same sort of 'ole as this 'ere; but we was too bloomin' fly for 'em.' And Nobby chuckled artfully. If he was acting a part, he was certainly doing it very well.

'Wot did you do, Nobby?'

'We dropped into a sampan after dark, nipped ashore, an' nipped back again, an' not a soul the wiser. Ha, ha!' laughed Nobby again, and then suddenly became very serious. 'Look 'ere, mates, I 'm only a-tellin' yer wot 'appened to me onst. I 'm not a-suggestin' anything, because it was a silly game, all said an' done, an' orders is orders, yer know.'

'That 's all right, Nobby. How did you get the sampan?'

Nobby winked. 'Lor, that was easy enough. We just give one o' the Chinese boys arf-a-dollar, an' told 'im wot we wanted. 'E done the rest. But things was different then. Well, so long, mates. I 'm on ter a bit o' jewin'.'

As Nobby sheered off the others drew in closer together, and their voices sank to a whisper. The wily old petty officer cast a sly glance back.

'I reckon that 's done for yer, Mr Bloomin' Allgood, or my name ain't William Alfred Clark, likewise also sometimes called Nobby.'

(To be continued.)

CONFIDENCE-TRICKS UP TO DATE.

SOME may experience a curious interest and a certain kind of satisfaction if they contemplate the great improvements that have been made in recent years in the confidence-trick and the manner of practising it.

The art and the science have improved beyond all knowledge; and, with certain reservations, the men who practise it are deserving of some congratulation, for they have laboured in its advancement under the considerable difficulties of privacy and secrecy, with no public applause continually to give them encouragement and spur them on to greater achievements. Which of the tricks of the original players upon man's confidence and cupidity stands any chance of success in these times? Even after Epsom races we seldom hear now of the working of the hoary old three-card trick. It is no doubt practised a little, or rather it is attempted, in the railway-trains coming home; but even the humblest and most innocent artisans give a smile of contempt when the friendly and sharp-looking gentleman begins to work the cards, and one other apparent stranger, being our old friend the confederate, obliges by winning a few shillings and making it appear that the trickster is not merely quite fair, but that he does not altogether know his business. The passengers look on at the little comedy, but look on only. It may happen now and then that a new immigrant to quick life from the Orkney or Shetland Islands is caught; but even then we do not hear of the case in the courts as we used to do, for he feels his shame as his grandfather might not have done. Thimble-rigging is practically extinct. I have walked about in country fairs and seen Giles on Saturday afternoons, with his money in his pocket, taking his amusements; but the last time I saw the pea-and-thimble dodge was three years ago on a saint-day in the south of Spain. Then how long it is since we stood to watch a young man at the street corner who, after reciting the circumstances of an historic wager, told the surrounding company that two sportsmen of the present time, desirous of emulation, had that day wagered against each other that no 'sporting lad'—it was always put in this way—could stand for five minutes at that street corner and sell off a hundred real golden sovereigns for a penny each, because the foolish public would not believe and would not buy! There he offered those good-looking sovereigns, and now a nice, smiling, dear old lady, and then an enterprising schoolboy, would give the penny and hope for the best in the way of nineteen and elevenpence in profit. The men of the profession are subtler now in their appeals to our confidence, and they play for higher stakes. And when we receive letters from prisoners in Spain who tell us of the treasure that is buried in certain places that they know of, we feel a little sad, whereas our grandfathers—some of them—sent a remittance.

Such thoughts are engendered by a consideration of the case that came into notice a little while since of the self-styled American who met another American in the City of London, and told him, a stranger, but one possessed of money—this having been demonstrated—that he had been left a fortune on condition that he gave away two thousand pounds in charity, that he wished one-half of this sum to go to American charities, and that he could conceive no better agent for its transmission to the right channels than this most honest and worthy-looking fellow-countryman; but first he needed some convincing proof that the stranger was really all that he seemed to be. Over a drink—there is, alas! always 'a drink' at a bar in the modern working of these tricks—the test was made and answered; the innocent American gave up a hundred pounds, and so the trick was worked.

But when two absolute strangers become friends in five minutes, and, when they are drinking

together at a bar, a third stranger joins them and tells these tales, the game will not carry in the future as it has done. This third party, with his load of charity weighing heavily upon him, is becoming known. The most brilliantly imagined schemes will not save him. A few months ago he was about London with the story that he was carrying rich presents from America to the Pope of Rome, but he did not get through even then. One thing that puzzles me exceedingly in regard to these enterprises is that the confidence-men recently began to look upon American visitors as good prey and cultivated them exceedingly. This is mysterious, for have we not all formed the belief that the American in matters of shrewdness and perception is the cleverest man on earth? He has himself led us distinctly to understand that this is so, and with his strong, clean-shaven face, his hawk-like, penetrating features, the American that we know is not the man to borrow from with no intention of paying back, even if we have known him for long. The American is celebrated for three distinguishing qualities; the first is his remarkable 'cuteness, the second is his 'cuteness, the third is his 'cuteness. Yet, with all his tarnation 'cuteness, we have had him in our London courts over and over again confessing openly that another man who said he was an American met him casually, talked to him, invited him to have a drink, and some little time later went off with many good American dollars of his. These strange lapses from the national 'cuteness can only be explained by the idea that the American clannishness on the one hand, loneliness on the other, and again a certain loosening of restraint when on holiday with much money in pocket, bring about a temporary lapse from that said tarnation 'cuteness.

But see how boldly, how ingenuously, the player takes the American. Only a day or two after the incident narrated above the same victim is standing alone in front of the National Gallery, admiring, as was said, the architecture of that noble pile, 'doing' this little bit of famous London, when a stranger comes up to him and says, 'You are an American?' Answer: 'I am.' Then says the first speaker enthusiastically, 'I am an American too!' and they shake hands and congratulate each other effusively at this lucky meeting. The man who has been admiring the National Gallery mentions that he is going to France and Germany after he has finished with London, and his new friend exclaims, 'Why, how very fortunate! I am going there too. It would be a good idea if we tucked in together and became warm friends!' But our true and honest American, of course, knows all about it this time, and he is not caught again. Rather does he play the part of catcher. But in many similar cases the Americans in recent times have yielded up their dollars, and it does seem that the baiting of these visitors is a new and lucrative industry.

It is a cleverer trick than this that is being practised upon Englishmen, Londoners, in one or two of the most crowded streets in town. More than one may be doing it; but to my certain knowledge one particular man has been at the game for fifteen years, and I have never seen any account in the papers of his being brought before magistrates. In the Book of Confidence it would be described as the 'mutual acquaintance' trick. Fifteen years ago it was practised half-successfully on a young friend of mine who was then new to London and all its wiles and deceit. He was young and inexperienced, but he was by no means a fool or easily swindled. One summer afternoon he was walking near the eastern end of Queen Victoria Street, making a fairly good pace, as he had some business to discharge, when, just as he was passing a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance, neither of the two having apparently observed each other until the moment of passing, the elder man suddenly stopped, wheeled round and faced the young one, and, holding out his hand, his face beaming with the smiles of the pleasure of an unexpected meeting —all very well and most realistically done—he expressed his delight at encountering the youngster thus; and after a few commonplace remarks, such as having had a tiring day, he inquired as to whether my friend had 'seen Williams lately.' The mention of Williams in this way is the essence of the trick, and it is excellent; Williams is a fairly frequent name, but it is not so common as to make it likely that in such circumstances as these many people in the situation of the young man would ask, 'What Williams?' a question that might have been very awkward. If the original interrogation had been, 'How is Jones getting on?' there would have been excuse for the inquiry in response. But if you, reader, will think of it, you will probably be able to recall one among your long list of acquaintances who would answer to the name of Williams, and he may either be an intimate friend, a more or less casual acquaintance, or a companion of the days of long ago; but in any case it is much the same. Simple as the strategy of the passer-by is in this case, it is invented with a keen knowledge of human nature and its weaknesses, and one of these is that the average man does not like to confess to having forgotten a friend. He thinks a moment, and he does remember a Williams, and tells the man something of their last meeting together and the state of Mrs Williams's health. And the rest is easy.

In the present case it happened that a man named Williams was an intimate friend of the young man, one whom he saw continually, and to whom he was much indebted for various kindly services rendered to him in a fine spirit of helpfulness. He would have done much rather than offend the little finger of Williams, and here was Williams's friend, genial and hearty

with him at a chance meeting, and he had forgotten where he had last met him, for which he felt a little ashamed, and determined that he would hold the fact secret. He told the accoster that Williams was well, that it was remarkable how finely he was doing, and in the course of a short conversation on the edge of the pavement he mentioned in the usual incidental way several particulars about the good Mr Williams, which in due season enabled the shrewd accoster to speculate with some information himself as to Williams, which, of course, was right. A trifling inexactitude could, however, have easily been adjusted without any suspicions being aroused. Of course, as will already have been guessed by the cunning reader who knows all this time that we are discussing confidence-tricks, the accoster knew no Williams; he drew this bow at a venture, and he followed up his first and usual success with the most carefully disguised cleverness. The remainder is soon told. Mr Accoster insisted that meetings like that demanded celebrations, and his prey was literally pulled along to the smoke-room of an hotel. There they took some refreshment, and then Mr Accoster's other friend duly came along and was introduced. It was resolved on the pressing suggestion of the new-comer that they should 'toss' to settle who should pay for more refreshment, and then for cigars, and the youngster lost each time. The other two insisted that this was too bad, and, despite his protestations, determined that he should be relieved of such an expense, and be allowed to toss 'double or quits.' This was done, he lost again, and yet again after that, and was then owing a piece of gold. But, well as it was worked, the boy saw through the business by this time. He rose and said simply and quietly, 'I quite understand,' threw down half-a-crown to pay for the refreshments that had been ordered, and intimated that the pair might take any steps they thought fit for getting the remainder. 'My dear sir!' observed Mr Accoster protestingly; and that was the last of the incident.

Now about four years later the boy was walking with me along the Strand, and he pointed out Mr Accoster strolling leisurely and looking keenly about him a little way in front of us. He told me again of the previous incident, as he had told it to me before, and said he had several times seen Mr Accoster speaking to strangers in the interval. We determined to watch him from a safe distance. In a minute he stopped a busy-looking man, smiled affably at him, held out his hand, and was evidently making the attempt at introduction; but the stranger held a stern countenance, was evidently not the man to be satisfied with thin assurances, and in a very short time made as if to pass on, the rebuff being accepted instantly by Accoster, who turned his back and strode away, ourselves in attendance again. Accoster knows you cannot play a losing game of this kind. He looked round two or three times to see that he was not being followed by the man to whom he had just spoken, and then, not more than a hundred yards farther on, he made a second challenge, and again failed. Two blanks in succession seemed bad for Accoster; but shortly afterwards, when he had arrived at that part of the Strand which is opposite to the entrance to the Hotel Cecil he strode to the island in the middle of the thoroughfare, and from there for a few moments cast a penetrating glance upon the stream of people who were moving towards the point opposite to him from either direction. He was evidently searching carefully this time for some suitable-looking quarry, and presently he espied some one that answered to the description he had in his mind. He walked quickly over to the pavement, wheeled round suddenly on reaching it, and then began to saunter leisurely in one direction, suddenly encountering the man he had selected. Everything happened successfully for him this time. After a couple of minutes we saw the two bounding across the street together, evidently joyful in their reminiscences of mutual friends. They hurried into the saloon bar of a public place of refreshment immediately opposite. We did not follow them there, but determined to wait until one or both came out. We did not need to wait very long. In about ten minutes the stranger came out alone, a little hurriedly, as it appeared to us, and not smiling now, but rather solemn in visage. He walked quickly along, and was soon lost in the crowd.

It was an idea for a moment with us to follow and inquire of him what had happened, and recite something of past experience, with possibly some suggestion as to taking action in the matter; but when the question is finally put to one's self in cases of this kind as to whether it is 'worth it or not,' there is the usual answer, principle giving way to the easiness of *laisser-faire*, that it is not. But personally I have experienced some self-reproaches since then, for I have taken some interest in Accoster, having seen him three or four times more, always in the Strand, always smartly dressed, and always looking a nice, quiet, but withal keen old gentleman who, character being good, might quite possibly be a desirable acquaintance. Each time I have seen him I have kept him under observation for a while, and have been the witness to a capture. He seems to prefer the Strand to other thoroughfares, and I construct the theory that he likes it because it contains on the average perhaps a larger number of the class of people that he does business with than others of the central parts of the Metropolis. I do not mean by this that it contains most gullibles; but the average man in the City might be too keen, and the average in Piccadilly and Regent Street too aloof in manner. There are certainly these differences in style in the moving populations

of the leading thoroughfares. Anyhow, I myself have never seen him elsewhere than in the Strand. He is a clever man, and he probably does well. Even allowing for preliminary failures, he can carry a case right through in half-an-hour, and if he gets an average of ten shillings from each case, and allows his confederate 30 per cent. of the earnings, he may make anything from five hundred to a thousand a year, and have a pleasant time. It seems to me also that he runs small risk of getting into trouble.

One of the more recent developments on the part of the confidence people is a peculiarly heartless thing, for even the cunning of which I have no admiration. This is the 'long-lost son' trick, and it has its foundation in the agony columns of newspapers and in those other special columns which appear in some of the weekly journals in which parents and other relatives in distress, clinging to the last hope, give particulars of sons and others who left their homes perhaps ten, perhaps fifteen or twenty or more, years before, and have never been heard of since. These deserters are appealed to by all that is sacred in love and home to make their return forthwith. The confidence-men who work this section pick out from these lists such cases as seem likely to be amenable to their treatment. It needs, of course, to be a case of long standing, so that differences in appearance may satisfactorily be accounted for by time. A few inquiries are no doubt made in the neighbourhood, or discreetly from other relatives; the particulars given in the advertisement as to height, appearance, and so forth are carefully studied for the make-up; and then at last the trick-man makes his call and announces himself as the long-lost son. After some natural hesitation and surprise at the beginning, he is taken into the family circle with open arms, and all the fatted calves are forthwith killed. As soon as convenient the pretended prodigal gets away again. He may have his clothes to fetch along—any excuse will do, and there are a hundred handy—but he cannot in his present unfortunate condition go very far without money, and so he obtains possession of as much as can be spared from the family stocking. So farewell.

Some of these cases get into the courts. There was one at the Carnarvonshire Assizes not long since. A Holyhead widow advertised for her son, ten years absent. It was her belief that he had been shipwrecked. Soon afterwards she received a letter sent from the Dorset Hospital, London, and written by a person who intimated that he was her son, telling a pitiable tale about his fallen circumstances. The poor, good old lady sent him five shillings, but she became suspicious, and when he called for a subsequent letter at a London post-office he was arrested. In the witness-box afterwards she was asked whether the prisoner was her son, and replied with natural indignation, 'No, he is no son of mine.' The judge properly said that this was a very cruel kind of fraud, and sent the man off to prison for eighteen months.

As was made evident in the 'mutual acquaintance' trick already described, associations, and above all old associations, make trump cards for the confidence-men to play. They do know the weaknesses of human nature, or rather let us call them the good qualities of it, qualities which are among the few survivors of an open simplicity and a warmness of heart that were commoner in olden days than now, and which will soon be rare if human nature is to be harried with these tricks. A peculiar case came before my personal attention during a holiday in Cornwall with an old friend who was also an old tutor. One morning he had a letter sent on to him to the hotel where we were staying from his home in Wales. It had been opened at home by a lady relative, who urged him in a pencil-note to do something for the correspondent, who described his case. Here the link of sympathy that it was attempted to forge was in the suggestion that the two were at school together at Chester, and were then tolerably good friends. Now, if it is carefully planned, this again is a very powerful kind of appeal, with high probabilities of success attached to it, for most men of any goodness have the most loving recollection of their schooldays, and would rather serve an old schoolmate, even though they had the faintest remembrance of him, than a fairly intimate acquaintance of a much later period. Then, consider that a man with the best of memories is not likely to be able to remember more than a very few names of his old schoolfellows except those with whom he has kept in close touch, while, on the other hand, there are probably a hundred other names, or more than that, the mention of which will seem to recall dim figures from the past, figures that vaguely shape themselves for identification either in the cricket-field, bathing on the banks of a stream, or in the toils of class. From the confidence-man's point of view these sentiments are useful.

The correspondent in this case did not mince matters. He recalled briefly the happy days, gave a recital of what had happened to him in the more than thirty years of the meantime, and stated his then sorry case in realistic detail. He had been on the stage, had sunk and failed, had certain clear and excellent prospects, but through a concatenation of circumstances he was at this moment in such a state of abject humiliation and intense desperation that he had determined on suicide. He was about to jump into the Mersey—the letter was dated from a kind of home in Liverpool. What would save him from this wretched death was a remittance of five pounds from my friend, made by return of post to a certain post-office in Liverpool. Failing such a remittance the suicide would take place at

noon on the day of disappointment. A reasonable explanation was given as to why the appeal in this case was made to my friend, who had seen nothing of him for so long, and not to some one who knew the correspondent in later times.

The letter was shown to me, and we took into our confidence a third party, who happened to be a Liverpool clergyman. After a close council we determined to take no action for three good reasons: the first being that we discerned a serious flaw in the schoolboy statement, although there was much that was accurate in it; the second that at the end of his letter the man intimated that if the five pounds were lent, and his future hope turned out well, he would return it, and twenty other pounds with it, thus making a business transaction of an appeal to the very purest sentiment; and, thirdly, that the letter asked for a telegraphed remittance immediately on receipt, failing which the suicide was to take place the same day. The letter had had to follow us from Wales to Cornwall, and therefore, if the sender were in earnest in what he had said, he was already dead, and so there was an end of it, and we went in to lunch. Two days later came along another letter sent on from Wales, and again it had been opened by the lady, who wrote across it a short note appealing to my friend to do something for the man, so as to stop him from sending these harrowing letters. Here we see the effect that such missives may frequently have on women, even, as in this case, on a girl of well-balanced mind; and no doubt the fraud was practised on women at the same time in some way or other. This second letter was a poor thing. It was not less harrowing than before; but it explained why unforeseen circumstances had prevented the writer from committing suicide at the appointed time, so that he was now able to give my friend another chance of doing the good thing and saving a shipwrecked soul. The council had but a brief sitting this time, and at the end of it the letter was sent to the chief constable of Liverpool.

I have one more specimen of the ingenuity of the modern confidence-man to submit, and this also comes within personal experience. A short time since a stranger called at the house of a friend of mine when the friend was out but his wife was at home, and explained that he had come to London in search of employment, and the idea had occurred to him that for the sake of old times Dick might do something to help him. These 'old times' were explained as having been spent together in a certain native town in the north; and it was added, as being a curious coincidence that had drawn the two men together, that their birthdays were on the same day, which was named. It was certainly Dick's birthday. Also, it was said that the stranger had called for Dick at his club, but had not found him there. Now, Dick's wife, who had been brought up in another part of the world, had never heard of this man; but perhaps there was nothing very surprising in that after all, and those details that had been given had a strong look of truth about them. Dick was not at home at the time, as the stranger almost certainly knew. He wisely declined the invitation to enter and wait a while; he had another call to make. But sheepishly, and with some seemingly natural hesitation, he explained that he was for the moment, and until he could get money from a bank in the morning, in a penniless state, and—well, the lady advanced him a sovereign, and he went away, with an invitation to call again in the morning. Of course he did not do so, and nothing more was heard of him. This clever trick was worked off on an unsuspecting lady with the help of a book of biographical references concerning living people. At least that is the inference, and one made with sure conviction. It is a capital trick of its kind, and the mention of it and the others may prevent it from being successful in many cases in the future.

THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

By Lettice Milne Rae.

CHAPTER VIII.—AT THE HOUSE OF AQUILA.

SOME hours after sunset, on the night of the chariot-races, when the city was wrapped in the shadows of evening, the little band of worshippers, who met together at the house of Aquila the tent-maker to listen to the words of the stranger who dwelt with him, began to disperse. The door stood open, and the tall, strong form of Aquila might have been seen holding aloft a rush-lamp to guide the parting guests across the uneven flags of the humble dwelling. By his side stood Paulus, and one by one, with soft-uttered words of farewell, the little company took leave of him. The old man laid his hands upon them in blessing and wished them God-speed and a safe return. Then they hurried away into the darkness of the night to seek their own dwellings, filled with joy and gladness that the stranger from Judea should be among them.

This scene was watched, though they knew it not, by a cowering figure who crouched in the shadow of a high wall. It was that of Melos, the Greek slave of Pudens. He had fled to the Aventine Hill, which was the plebeian quarter of the

city, in his misery and fear of his master's wrath, and lay in hiding there, trembling for the morning.

As the light of the lamp fell upon the meagre form and pale, bearded face of the old man, he recognised him as his deliverer from death at the hands of the relentless senator. With forlorn hope, as the door of the house was about to be closed, he darted across, throwing himself at his feet, and crying, 'Master, have pity! Have pity upon me!' Then he lay abject, with his face upon the ground.

Paulus bent over him and put his hand upon Melos's shoulder to raise him. 'Be not afraid,' he said reassuringly. 'Tell me, who art thou, and what dost thou fear?'

The youth raised himself when he heard the gentle tones, and turned his stricken face upon him.

'Ah, surely I have seen thy face before,' said Paulus. 'Thou art'——

'I am Melos, a slave in the household of my lord Pudens the senator,' was the answer. 'Thou didst save me from my lord's wrath this day when he was about to slay me. Have pity upon me again! Send me not away! Let me be thy slave,' he implored, kneeling before the old man, entreating him with eyes and voice and every gesture.

'Come,' said the other, raising him to his feet, 'let us go within, where we may talk in peace.'

He led him into a mean and scantily furnished room, where a rush-lamp burned feebly on a table, and drew the youth down beside him on the low board covered with a straw pallet that did service for a bed.

'Let me serve thee,' implored Melos again. 'I betrayed thee once, but now would I serve thee faithfully. I know that thou art brave and kind and merciful!'

'Thou didst betray me?' repeated Paulus, astonished. 'Surely thou art mistaken. I beheld thy face for the first time this day.'

'Ay, maybe,' returned the youth with a shamed and contrite expression; 'but I did see thee once before, and betrayed thee. Then thou didst save me from punishment, and I am filled with remorse and sorrow for my deed. I will tell thee how it came about. I was in the garden with the child Timotheus, and I saw the Lady Claudia talking earnestly with Paractus, her ancient attendant, in the peristyle. My evil spirit entered into me and prompted me to hide behind one of the pillars that I might listen to her words. I crept in noiselessly, so that they knew not I was there. I heard that a stranger was to come to the ilex grove very secretly at noon on a certain day, and that his presence must in no wise be betrayed to my lord Pudens. I resolved to be there and see for myself, and then denounce him and her; for my evil spirit doth ever prompt me to such deeds. I took the child to play in the ilex grove that I might keep watch. I saw thee come, and knew thee for one of the outcast and forbidden Nazarenes, and I betrayed thy presence to my lord, thinking to gain reward. I stood by in glee to watch thee receive the cruel stripes'—— Here the slave could proceed no further, but covered his face with his hands and slipped to the ground, cowering and shrinking. 'Oh! punish me not, master,' he wept. 'Have mercy! I will serve thee faithfully if thou wilt have mercy and take me for thy slave.'

'Nay, Melos,' answered Paulus with gentle firmness, 'I have no need for thy service. I cannot keep thee, for thou dost belong to another. Rise up, and I will give thee counsel that may help thee.' He drew the youth to him again and spoke very earnestly. 'Serve the master whom God hath appointed for thee well and faithfully, and thou shalt have thy reward. Thou art a slave, yet canst thou be a freedman.'

'A freedman!' gasped Melos, catching at the word as a drowning man at a straw, his eyes fixed with wondering gaze upon the speaker. 'How can I be a freedman? I am bound life and limb to my lord Pudens.'

'Ay, thy mortal body is bound to Pudens, the senator, but thine immortal soul belongs to the King of Heaven. If thou wilt serve Him thou canst become a free citizen of His kingdom.'

'Then will I serve Him,' cried Melos, all eagerness. 'How can I reach His country? I will steal away—yea, even this very night—if thou wilt tell me the way.'

Paulus put his hand upon the youth's strong, lithe shoulder, and looked into his face.

'Ay, Melos, I will tell thee,' he said, with strange gravity. 'But, first, I must tell thee that thou canst not go this night nor any night until He calls thee. Thou must abide here and serve Pudens, thy master. If thou dost serve him well and faithfully, then the King will know that thou art worthy of His kingdom, and will summon thee to dwell with Him as a free citizen.'

'But how can He know me? How can He hear of me? I am but a poor slave,' said the youth, bewildered.

'Fear not, Melos,' returned the other consolingly; 'my Master is the Most High God above all gods. He knoweth all things. There is nothing hid from Him. He seeth all men. He knoweth thee, Melos, though thou knowest not Him. Thou art His child, and He watcheth over thee and knoweth all thy deeds.'

At these words the slave covered his face again and bowed his head in fear and anguish. 'He knoweth all my deeds!' he moaned. 'Then surely He will never call me. He will punish me!'

'Nay, nay, be not afraid. He is loving and merciful. He will pardon thee if thou wilt repent of thy evil deeds and hereafter lead a righteous and honourable life, and be true and faithful in all thy words and in all thy ways. Whatsoever things are true, and pure, and of

good report, think on these things and follow them. Thou hast been given a great trust in the guardianship of the child of thy master. Thou art as a king set over a fair and boundless kingdom. Therefore, Melos, reign and rule with tenderness and wisdom and watchfulness, lest any evil befall. Be thou the sight for his sightless eyes, guiding him through the world. Let him know through thy eyes of the beauties of earth and sky. Let him learn of thee nought that is not beautiful or of good report. Thou hast been given eyes that are quick to see and ears that are eager to hear. Thou hast been given a body that is strong and supple, fleetness of foot, a soft and noiseless footfall, and a mind that is not slow to understand and to act. These are thy talents; put them not out to base uses, but husband them well that they may be of service to the King of Heaven, so that when He calls thee to Himself He will be able to say to thee, "Well done, Melos, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy reward."'

'Master, master, I will be faithful,' cried the slave impulsively. 'I will serve thy King! Thou hast given me a new courage and a new hope. I am a wretched slave, yet will I strive to be a freedman. I will follow the ways of the Nazarenes, and be humble and honest, and speak the truth. Their God shall be my God. Thou wilt teach me, master, to follow thy ways, and to serve the great King, even in secret?'

'Yea, my son,' answered Paulus, 'I will guide thee right gladly. If thou dost seek to serve the King thou shalt surely find Him. Get thee back to thy master Pudens, and crave his pardon and his trust in thee once more. Thou wilt come again, maybe, and we will talk further. Farewell!' And the old man put his feeble arms about the youth's slim and comely figure, and saluted him with the kiss of friendship.

'Farewell, master!' returned Melos, humbly prostrating himself to the ground before Paulus. Then he slipped silently from the house, and ran down the slopes of the Aventine towards the city with a wondrous joy filling his heart and transfiguring his countenance.

(To be continued.)

THE MARVELS OF HEAT.

By William Allan Sutherland.

OF all the remarkable developments of science in its relation to modern industry, none is more marvellous than the utilisation of extreme heat. The romance of heat is more fascinating than any of the stories of adventure which captivate the imagination of the reader at the present day. For some years past scientific men have been striving to produce heat fiercer than any temperature of which we have experience in ordinary life. The greatest heat ever developed by the agency of man was obtained by Sir Andrew Noble, who exploded cordite in closed vessels, so that a pressure of fifty tons to the square inch was registered, and a degree of heat never previously recorded. Under such circumstances, analogous to those existing when the substance of the earth's crust was fused and compressed by volcanic action, ordinary carbon may be converted into diamonds, and Sir William Crookes found in the débris of the explosion-chamber small crystals which were certainly diamonds.

The highest temperature reached in fuel-furnaces for practical purposes is between one thousand seven hundred and one thousand eight hundred degrees centigrade, and at such a heat fireclay and porcelain are melted. Then we come to the flame fed with hydrogen and oxygen, or oxygen and coal-gas; by these means a temperature of two thousand degrees centigrade may be obtained. This is the process employed in a factory in Paris where rubies are made to the extent of one hundred carats a day. Pure alumina is used with colouring matter, ammonia is added, and there is a precipitate of the hydrates of aluminium and chromium, which is dried and burnt until it becomes a mixture of alumina and oxide of chromium. This powder is exposed to a heat of two thousand degrees centigrade, and forms into a solid mass like a pear; but when exposed to the ordinary atmosphere the pear splits into fragments of a substance so closely resembling the natural ruby that they are cut and made into jewellery.

A new industry solely dependent upon the employment of great heat is that of melting quartz. This mineral, fused by the oxyhydrogen flame, is converted into tubes and flasks and other vessels for chemical purposes. These vessels are absolutely inert, and may be heated hundreds of degrees higher than is possible with glass; they may also be plunged at such heat into cold water without injury. The point of an arrow is also dipped in the melted quartz; when the accumulation is cold it is fired from a bow at a metal sheet, and by disintegration on impact fibres of quartz are formed which are invaluable as 'suspensions' in the instruments used for mensuration.

It has been discovered that by whirling a centrifugal wheel at high velocity in the combustion-chamber of a furnace the nitrogen is cast to one side, while the oxygen is concentrated, and in this way a brighter flame and greater heat are obtained. A similar appliance used during the combustion of coal in a furnace enabled a firm of papermakers to save 27 per cent. of their

coal-bill by the elimination of the hydrogen gas formed in combustion. One of the most important modern developments of the utilisation of waste is the generation by producer-plant of excellent fuel-gas for the development of power.

But most remarkable of all the phases of the utilisation of extreme heat is the discovery of the welding material known as thermit. The inventor discovered that aluminium is very much attached to oxygen, and holds it closer than a brother. Therefore he mixed granulated aluminium with oxide of iron, for the lighter metal wants oxygen and the oxide of iron has it to give. A small quantity of magnesium filings was placed on top of the mixture, and a storm-match applied, and immediately a mass of molten iron was seen boiling at a temperature of three thousand degrees centigrade—much higher than any temperature in ordinary use.

A convincing demonstration of the properties of this welding material was given in the yard of the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, when a fractured stern frame, thirty-two feet by fourteen feet, and about nine tons in weight, was successfully repaired by these means, and the lower 'post of suction,' ten and three quarter inches by seven and three-quarter inches, was joined to the main frame. The fracture was opened out about one and a quarter inches, so that the molten material might flow between and around the two ends to be welded. A mould of sand was placed round the fracture, and the broken ends were made red-hot in a special furnace. Then a crucible containing about four hundredweight of thermit, mixed with a quantity of iron punchings and 1 per cent. of manganese, was ignited. In exactly one minute the mixture was molten, at a temperature of four thousand to five thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and was allowed to flow into the mould to cool and set. The welding was successfully completed, and the junction resisted all subsequent tests. The marvel to the onlookers was the extraordinary rapidity with which the enormous heat was generated and the mixture fused. It was estimated that to generate such a temperature by the electric arc nearly one hundred thousand horse-power would be required. The process is now in general use. When the *Friedrich der Grosse* broke her propeller-shaft, it was satisfactorily and promptly repaired by this means.

Many new industries have arisen in the United States and in Canada by the utilisation of the vast water-power of the Falls of Niagara to generate intense heat by means of the electric arc. The manufacture of carbide of calcium for acetylene gas, of the grinding material known as carborundum from ordinary carbonaceous material, of graphite which is reputed to be better than the natural product of the mines, the extraction of refractory metals from their ores, and the elimination of phosphorus from metals and its conversion into an article of commerce, are examples of the new enterprise made possible by the harnessing of Niagara. The pioneers in this region have also made many metallic alloys which were unknown to industry some years ago. A few years back sodium was a curiosity and cost half-a-crown an ounce; produced by intense electrical heat, it can now be sold for one shilling a pound, while in the same way manurial nitrates may be produced in bulk.

There appears to be no limit to the future possibilities of the application of intense heat to industrial processes, and men of science are constantly experimenting with the object of obtaining still higher temperatures wherewith to work still greater marvels. Nevertheless, such is the cost of the process in its application to the making of the infinitesimal diamond crystals which are yielded by the furnace that the dealers in nature's diamonds need have no fears at present of the competition of their chemical rivals in this direction.

DOROTHEA LIMITED.

By B. Paul Neuman, Author of *Roddles*, *The Greatness of Josiah Porlick*, &c.

I.

WHEN Peter Strickland was sixty-five he had a severe illness—the first, he said, since he had the measles at boarding-school. It was so severe that, plucky as he was, he bowed to necessity and called in the doctors. The local practitioner pronounced it a general break-up; the Harley Street specialist called it a nervous break-down; but in one thing they agreed absolutely—he must retire from business.

Now, business had played a very important part in Peter's life. For more than forty years, as manager and then as principal, he had worked patiently and assiduously in building up a high-class tailoring connection. So well had he succeeded that by the time he took his son Martin into partnership the business was a very flourishing and lucrative one. Peter had always been a careful and thrifty man, living not merely under, but very much under, his income, economising in almost every direction except his church subscriptions—he was a sturdy Presbyterian—which were on an unusually liberal scale.

Two or three years before Martin was taken into partnership, an old friend of Peter's at Aberdeen, who also had thriven in business,

wrote asking him if he would help and advise his son, who had been trained in an accountant's office, and was determined to try his fortune in London. Peter had just lost his cashier, and was very dissatisfied with the way in which the books were being kept. He saw young Angus Burn, was pleased with his manners and his good Scotch accent, and, with a most unusual impulsiveness, offered him the vacant post. And, as it happened, on the same day he also engaged a new cutter, a young man from the East End named Julius Friedberg.

As time went on he found no reason to repent of these arrangements. Friedberg turned out one of the best workmen he had ever employed —punctual, diligent, respectful, and extremely capable. Angus Burn stood, of course, on a different footing, and, for his father's sake, was treated as a friend. He often spent his Sundays at Peter's small but comfortable Streatham house, and before long fell in love with Peter's good-looking daughter Marjory. He was not, perhaps, exactly the son-in-law that Peter would have chosen; but the old man was sensible enough to know that in such a matter the choice could not rest with him. Moreover, Mrs Peter was on the young folks' side. So Miss Strickland became Mrs Burn, and the firm—strengthened with five thousand of new capital—changed its name to Strickland, Son, & Burn. And about the same time Friedberg became head-cutter in the coat department.

II.

The doctors were soon justified. For, though Peter Strickland obeyed them at once by leaving town and taking a long holiday on the south coast, his recovery was extremely slow and only partial. In six months he seemed to have aged many years; his hair had whitened, his back was perceptibly bowed, and his voice had quite lost its masterful tone. Always inclined to be taciturn, he was now quieter than ever, and he made no effort to resume his business life. Prompted by the doctors, his wife, his son, and his daughter urged him to retire for good while he still had the prospect of being able to enjoy a well-earned rest. After a long struggle with himself, he yielded, and arranged for his son and son-in-law to buy him out gradually. He knew that he would miss the interests of his cherished business terribly; but he was fond of reading, he loved his garden, and he consoled himself further with the thought that he would still have his investments to look after—investments the extent and value of which no one except his broker and his banker suspected. Then, too, through his late partners, he would still know what was going on in Baker Street, where the business flourished; and besides them, Friedberg had just come to live in Bedwell Road, barely five minutes' walk from his house.

Some of these anticipations were fulfilled; some were not.

As he settled down into a quiet holiday life he began to find local interests that gave him something to do. His liberal gifts had made him an important person at his church, and now with his time on his hands he became more prominent still. With the arrival of his first grandchild a new and absorbing interest entered into his quiet life. And now that he was able to concentrate on his mysterious 'investments' his business faculties, he found, to his delight and profit, that they were as keen and sound as ever.

On the other hand, he was sorely disappointed to find that neither his son nor his son-in-law ever cared to consult him on business affairs. He could see quite plainly, what, indeed, they took small pains to disguise, that they considered him hopelessly behind the times. 'Poor old fellow!' he could almost hear them saying to each other, 'it was quite time he did break down. In a year or two's time he won't know the place.'

Marjory often came over to Streatham with the baby, and sometimes, on Sundays, Angus accompanied her. Martin, too, brought his wife to see the old people; but as he had gone to live at Watford these visits were not very frequent, and on all such occasions business was tabooed. Had it not been for Friedberg the old man would have known nothing of the new developments which took place within a few months after his withdrawal. Through him he heard, as time went on, that the character of the business was changing. Longer credit was being given, and a new class of customers attracted, more showy but less substantial. Money was being poured out like water in advertising. The premises were altered, gorgeously furnished trying-on rooms on the first-floor were added, and a branch establishment in the City was talked of. Peter Strickland said little, but he shook his head and wondered whether his next instalment would take the form of a cheque or of a letter of excuse.

III.

When Dot, the baby, was about three years old, Peter Strickland astonished every one by suddenly buying a house, also in Streatham, but a good deal larger than the one in which he had lived for so long. The inducement, he said—and this was the only explanation he vouchsafed even to his wife—lay in the garden, which was about four times the size of the old one. The lawn, he added, would be a fine place for Dot to roll about on. He also built a garage and set up a motor.

To Martin and to Angus Burn this development was not only surprising, but tantalising as well. Things were going very badly with the business. The character of the trading had changed, and the bad debts had become a terrible incubus. The last instalment of Peter Strickland's capital had only been paid by getting an advance at a heavy rate of interest. Both the partners were embarrassed by lack of ready-money, and

they were trying to economise by employing cheaper workmen. Among the men whom they thus replaced was Friedberg, who had risen to the position of chief cutter.

But while bent on these ruinous economies they were nevertheless considering an ambitious scheme for taking a lease of the shop next door, which happened to be vacant. And then it was that, in view of the new house and the motor-car, it occurred to the enterprising young men that it might, after all, be just as well to take the 'poor old fellow' into their confidence.

Accordingly, one Sunday afternoon Martin paid one of his rare visits to Streatham; and there, at the new house, he found Mr and Mrs Burn and Dot. They all had tea together in the garden, and Peter had no eyes or ears for any one but Dot. Even when, at Martin's suggestion, they went indoors to smoke, the old man still managed to keep the conversation on her unique charms. Both Angus and Martin felt themselves in a position ludicrous, indeed, but not the less annoying for that. Over and over again, in the past, when Peter Strickland had been anxious to hear the latest news from Baker Street and discuss the prospects of the business, they had given short or evasive answers, and had turned the conversation as soon as possible. Now, when their one anxiety was to have the subject broached, he not only showed no inclination for it, but went out of his way to avoid it. At last, in sheer desperation, Martin forced an opportunity.

'How time does pass!' said the old man, speaking of Dot's wonderful growth.

'That it does,' echoed Martin; 'it seems only the other day that you were in the business.'

'It seems strange to think there was no Dot then,' was Peter's answer.

Martin ignored the remark. 'You'd hardly know yourself in the shop now,' he persisted. 'Why don't you look in sometimes? With the motor it would be quite easy.'

This was a direct challenge that could not well be evaded.

'No, no,' said his father; 'it's better as it is. I've got one set of ideas; you and Angus have another. Mixing them up would do no good.'

'But we should be very glad of your advice,' put in Angus.

A faint smile passed over the old man's face. 'I can give you that now.'

'Oh, do!' cried Martin and Angus together.

'Get Friedberg to come back.'

Martin shook his head. 'He's a good man, I admit,' he said; 'but he was like a lot of the men. They open their mouths too wide.'

'It would have paid you to fill his,' answered Peter obstinately.

'We had to economise,' said Martin eagerly, for he thought he saw his chance at last. 'You remember Needham's next door. They've gone now, and the shop is empty. It would be a grand thing for us if we could take it and throw it into ours. That would give us a really effective frontage.'

'Is that Dot crying?' Peter interrupted.

'No; it's the cats,' answered Martin unkindly. 'I reckon that addition to our present place would give us just the fillip we want. I believe we should soon double our'——

'Cats, indeed!' cried the old man indignantly, getting up and hastening as fast as he could go out of the room. 'I believe I know her sweet little voice better than her own father does.'

IV.

After this failure the young men made no further attempt to enlist Peter Strickland's interest and active support for their ambitious schemes. In conversation with each other, and with their wives, they affected to treat his indifference as a fresh sign of senile weakness. 'Poor old fellow!' they said, shaking their heads, 'he's quite past business now.'

Left to their own resources, the partners had to give up the idea of taking the adjoining premises. Indeed, only the Saturday before their visit to Streatham the agents had told them that at least two other parties were in the field. Before the next week was over, the bills were down and the shopfitters at work.

Then came two very disagreeable discoveries. The first was that No. 108 was being adapted for a tailoring business; the next that Julius Friedberg was engaged in the new concern, and every day they saw him coming and going. Through their workpeople they heard that he was either proprietor or manager, and that several members of their old staff had been engaged. It was to be a ladies' tailoring establishment, with a distinct novelty in the shape of a special department for children's outfitting.

'Fancy Friedberg turning up again, and next door! Won't the governor crow?' said Martin.

'There's one thing,' remarked Angus; 'he can't have much capital. If he can't last, our turn may come after all.'

'He probably has a syndicate or something at his back.'

'I wonder whether it'll be in his own name,' said Martin.

'One of those fancy names, I expect.'

Angus was right. When the alterations were finished, and the new premises opened in all the splendour of curved plate-glass and mahogany stain, above the windows ran the legend: 'Dorothea Ltd.'

'I met Friedberg in the street just now,' said Martin one day a few weeks after Dorothea's opening. 'He took off his hat quite in the old way.'

'Did you speak to him?' asked Angus.

'No, I didn't take any notice of him. I think that's the best line to take. It's an act of war coming next door, and he can't expect us to be friendly.'

'It's only a question of policy,' said Angus; 'if you're on speaking terms you can find out things.'

'Well, *you* can do the civil, then. You're not bound to follow my lead.'

But Angus shook his head. 'Oh no, that would make things more awkward still. I dare say we shall hear a good deal as it is.'

For the first six months things seemed very quiet at No. 108. Then gradually signs of progress showed themselves. Carriages and motors began to stop outside the door, and fresh hands (first-class, with good West End experience) were advertised for. A few months later showrooms were added on the first floor.

'Whom do you think I just saw going in next door?' Angus asked his partner one afternoon.

'Man with a writ, I hope.'

'No such luck. He's more likely to come here, at this rate. No; it was Lady Blackford—you know, Bryanston Square.'

'Let's see. We had a bother with her, didn't we? What was it about?'

'It was one of Wren's skirts. He did us a lot of harm, especially after Calder. What a cut that man had!'

'Yes,' said Martin; 'and what a lump we had to pay him!'

'They are paying him more next door. Friedberg and he were always as thick as thieves.'

'Do you mean to say they've really got Calder there?'

'Yes; Jones says he's been there a month or more.'

'At this rate they'll get all our old lot,' said Martin.

'Customers and cutters too,' added Angus gloomily.

V.

While No. 108 was prospering exceedingly, things at the old shop next door were going from bad to worse. In spite of all the advertising, there was a steady shrinkage in the takings, and only the bad debts and the liabilities grew steadily larger and heavier. At last there came a day when the partners had to admit that they had fairly reached the end of their tether.

'We can't meet those bills. The bank won't give us an inch more rope. It's as much as we can do to pay the men their wages.' This was Martin's summary of the position.

'What's to be done, then?' asked Angus.

'Put up the shutters. I don't see anything else to be done.'

'Do you think,' Angus asked hesitatingly, 'the people next door would take us over? It might be worth their while to give a good price, and they've evidently got plenty of money behind them.'

He had purposely avoided using Friedberg's name; but Martin supplied the omission. 'What!' he cried; 'go cap in hand to Friedberg? Not if I know it. If there's anything of that sort to be done, I'd sooner go to the governor.'

Angus shook his head. 'Don't you remember,' he said, 'he wouldn't listen to a word?'

'Oh, but this is different,' said Martin; 'things are absolutely desperate now, and, after all, he *is* the governor, isn't he? I know what I'll do. I'll write and tell him just how things are, and that we don't see what to do except shut up.'

'He'll give us a piece of his mind, I expect.'

'I shouldn't wonder. We *have* made a mess of it.'

'It's a pity Dot can't talk business,' said her father; 'he's absolutely gone on that child.'

This conversation took place on a Wednesday, and the letter was written the same evening. On Friday morning Martin received a letter in the old man's shaky handwriting, which simply said, 'Come up on Sunday afternoon, and tell Angus to bring Marjory and Dot.'

VI.

Martin and his wife reached Streatham about four o'clock, and found Angus, with his wife and child, already there. Old Mrs Strickland met her son in the hall.

'Alice, my dear,' she said to his wife, 'come into the garden with me. It's beautifully cool in the summer-house, and Marjory's out there.—You'll find your father in the library, Martin.'

The old man was sitting in his big arm-chair by the window, and on his knee was the inevitable Dot, now quite a big girl of five. Opposite, with his back to the light, stood Angus. This was just what he expected; but he could scarcely believe his eyes when they assured him that, seated at the writing-table, making some entries in a note-book, was the arch-enemy, Julius Friedberg.

He shook hands with his father, kissed Dot, and nodded to Angus. Then Peter looked towards the table, and said in the most casual tone, 'You remember Friedberg, don't you, Martin? I asked him to look in, as you and Angus were coming.'

Friedberg stood up and said, 'Good-afternoon, sir,' exactly as he might have done when he was foreman cutter at No. 106. So astonished was Martin that, involuntarily, he returned the greeting.

'Sit down, Martin,' said the old man. 'You wrote to me on a matter of business, and we'll have a word about it now, before tea.'

'Shall I take Dot out?' asked Angus.

'No, certainly not,' answered Peter; 'she's a very important person is Dot. Now then, I understand the business is doing badly. Well, I think I know why. You've been trying too many experiments with an old concern. They may be right enough in themselves, but you haven't got capital enough to tide over the changes. And you've had to cut down wages

and get poorer work, and that won't do with an old business. I could have told you all that from the first, but I'm not going to throw it in your teeth now. The question is, what's to be done?'

'I don't see what Friedberg's got to do with it,' said Martin.

'He's your next-door neighbour, and he's in the same line of business; that makes him worth considering. Now, look here, Martin. You've got nothing to complain of in Friedberg. You turned him off. You can't expect him to give up tailoring to please you.'

'No,' answered Martin; 'but he needn't have come next door to try to get our customers away from us.'

'Friedberg,' said the old man, 'have you been trying to undersell them?'

'Here's our list,' said Friedberg, pointing to a paper on the table. 'Our prices are just a shade higher than the old firm's used to be.'

'Besides,' Peter went on, 'what has Friedberg got to do with it? He plays the pipes, but he doesn't call the tune.'

'Doesn't he?' exclaimed Angus. 'Isn't he the head of the affair?'

Friedberg smiled, and Peter laughed.

'He gets a shade more than he used to get from the old firm, because his work is more responsible,' said the old man.—'That's right, isn't it, Friedberg?'

The young man nodded. 'Fifty pounds a year more.'

'Then who *is* the proprietor?' asked Martin.

'I thought the name was over the shop,' answered his father.

'Only a fancy name,' said Angus.

'Oh, indeed?' and the old man stood the child up on his knee.—'My darling,' he said, 'tell grandfather your pretty name.'

'Dot,' answered the young woman. 'Give her a choc.'

'Two, my pet, if you tell me your long name—the whole of it.'

'Dowothea Burn,' answered the pet, holding out her fingers.

'Quite right, my pretty,' said Peter, handing over the chocolates, and then rising and holding the child up. 'Here is the proprietor—Dorothea Limited.'

'You mean it's your business?' said Martin.

'Well,' his father admitted, 'I suppose I've a sort of interest in it. It's Strickland & Burn at 106, and Burn & Strickland at 108. I think the best thing will be to amalgamate.—Don't you, Dorothea?'

'Yes,' said the complaisant proprietor. 'Give her another choc.'

TWO BEAUTIFUL HARBOURS.

SYDNEY AND RIO.

THE traveller who has been in most corners of the globe, when asked in haphazard manner which is the finest natural harbour in the world, will in nine cases out of ten mention either Sydney (New South Wales, Australia) or Rio de Janeiro (capital of Brazil). They are both beautiful in their different ways; and, though Australian born and proud of such a harbour as Sydney possesses, I feel bound, all things considered, to award the palm to Rio.

Tropical vegetation and mountains towering to a height of eight thousand feet, with a white, glistening, beautiful city such as Rio is, built on the shores of the blue waters, must take preference over vegetation that is monotonous in its sombre green, hills of ordinary height, and a city fast becoming the colour of London owing to soot and smoke. Withal, however, you will see few harbours in the world to compare with Sydney, and not one, I venture to say, to compare with Rio.

Let us now take the two harbours, and consider them individually. As soon as word is passed round that the South Head (Sydney) is in sight the whole of the passengers, unless there be a few blasé individuals who have visited Port Jackson many times before, are eager to catch the first glimpse of this world-renowned port.

The entrance is truly one of naturally rugged, not to say dangerous, appearance. Cliffs rise from surging, dashing foam that is eternally playing round their bases (the long, undulating rollers that have swept unchecked across the wide Pacific), when of a sudden, as if by magic, the steamer ceases rolling in the swell, and is actually in a lake. You have then passed between the North and South Heads, and are in Sydney Harbour.

So varied and charming is the scene, with hundreds of beautiful residences dotting the hillsides, ferry-steamers darting in all directions from suburb to suburb, endless nooks winding and twisting among the hills, that the traveller is embarrassed to know what to look at first.

The trite saying that 'all the fleets of the world could lie snugly in the hundreds of little bays and estuaries of Port Jackson, and then leave room for as many more ships,' is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. Old residents who think they know 'our harbour' are always finding some new picnic spot, and are never tired of extolling the many surprises that are always cropping up.

Most visitors to Sydney are content with a trip round the harbour in one of the well-appointed ferry-steamers; but really they have not seen a tithe of the beauties the place possesses. To

do Sydney properly you must go in boat or launch and explore all the little inlets for yourself.

When a mail-steamer enters the harbour, no matter of what tonnage, she steams straight to Circular Quay, and moors at any tide. Circular Quay is in the heart of the city, and all passengers have to do is to walk ashore and they are in the midst of busy city life. Rio does not possess such facilities, and in this respect the Australian harbour takes precedence over the Brazilian port.

Now for Rio. While Sydney Harbour may be summed up as beauty in miniature, and on a scale that delights the senses from the nearness of everything rustic to the city, Rio, on the other hand, is a harbour of majestic beauty on the grand scale, and overpowering in its wealth of flora that clothe the towering mountains from summit to base.

The entrance to Rio is wide, with many grotesque-looking peaks, notably Corcovado, along whose sides you can discern the funicular railway as it climbs upward with passengers to the dizzy summit. There is much historical association also with Rio in its forts commanding the entrance-channel, now objects of mere picturesqueness rather than utility, and in its superb old churches, whose white spires gleam out like ivory against the green background of tropical heights.

When the steamer drops anchor it is inconvenient to be two or three miles from the shore, which means the inevitable wrangle with extortionate boatmen, who jabber nineteen to the dozen in Portuguese; but the traveller must expect a little 'polite' robbery, and so he steps into the shore-boat, and in half-an-hour finds himself at one of Rio's many busy landing-stages.

All nations seem to be represented, and each wears a different kind of costume. Smoking, of course, is common with men, women, and even children of tender years.

The first desire at Rio, after one has wandered up and down the splendid Avenida—worthy of Paris itself, with its magnificent buildings, statues, and fountains—is to go by one of the many street-cars to some wooded height. There are many to choose from, and we decided upon Silvestre, which is half-way up the peak of Corcovado.

First impressions are lasting, and at Rio doubly so. I shall never forget that enchanting climb by car in the early morning, when everything was looking its freshest. And what views! No, Sydney can produce nothing so fine in the way of panoramic delights as Rio. At every point of the journey the scenery grew more fascinating as up and up we climbed, with the blue harbour, the thousand and one islands, the naval and mercantile fleets, lying beneath us. And who but a botanist can describe the multitude of delights in the matter of tree and plant life?

Nature has run riot at Rio, and the earth has poured forth wealth of the most extravagant character. The roadside scenes, with copper-coloured men and women going hither and thither, were reminiscent of Asia; and I wished that this city, and not Buenos Aires, were my ultimate goal. But Brazil is not sought after by the Briton as a place of residence owing to the nature of the climate—hot, enervating, and once having a bad name for yellow-fever.

Modern improvements in sanitation have done wonders, all the same, in transforming Rio from a hotbed of disease to a healthy, or comparatively healthy, capital, and yellow-fever is a thing of the past.

To dilate further on the beauties of Rio would be but gilding refined gold. It is one of the earth's gems; but it is under the rule of men of Portuguese blood, and that is universally bad. The inhabitants of Rio—that is, the men in the street—are not prepossessing; and an Englishman, unless he have the entrée to the best circles, soon wishes himself well rid of the cunning, money-grabbing Latin-American, whose character for cheating has become a byword.

Rio has many beautiful spots, like Sydney, dotted all round its shores; but time was limited, and we had no chance of making these pleasant excursions. Petropolis is one of the favourite residential sites, whither the tired business man goes by steamer at the close of his day's work.

Time was all too short for us in this glimpse of fairyland, as the *Amazon*, the Messageries steamer that was to carry us to Buenos Aires, was already late, and we had only six or seven hours to see the city. Still, it was better than nothing, and gave me an opportunity of making a comparison with Sydney, which I have endeavoured to do with impartiality, and without, I hope, hurting the feelings of any Sydney-side Saxon who may read this.

A NOVELETTE.

AN old house in the meadows
That bound the shining Dee,
A girl in white who lingers
To plight her troth to me.

A meeting after sundown
Amid the rip'ning corn,
A future fraught with faërie;
But—one is left forlorn.

A thousand protestations,
A promise to be true,
A tender kiss, a parting;
And one remains to rue.

A dozen passionate letters,
A silence—I 'm enraged;
A 'line' in all the papers
Announcing her 'engaged.'

A wreath of orange-blossom,
A bride—how sweet looks she!
A church, congratulations,
She is married—not to me.

PERCY CROSS STANDING.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SOME STATESMEN AND THEIR PARLIAMENTARY WAYS.

By Sir Henry Lucy.

DURING a visit paid last July to Winchester College, where, in accordance with custom going back five centuries, he was received *ad portas*, King George aptly quoted the motto of the founder of the college, 'Manners makyth man.' William of Wykeham's motto is specially true in its relation to public speaking. Whether in Parliament or on a platform manner maketh the speaker. There are men with a message whose delivery is so halting and their voice so ill-managed that they fail to arrest and command the attention of their audience. Others, with less matter but better manner, rank as popular speakers.

An example is supplied in the case of the late Duke of Devonshire. There was no statesman more weighty in counsel, more deeply rooted in national esteem. Yet to listen to him, more especially amid the imperfect acoustical conditions of the House of Lords, was a weariness to mind and body. What had been lost was discovered on reading a full report of his speech in the morning papers. Only then was it perceived not only how valuable was his contribution to debate, but how admirably framed were his sentences, how lucid their arrangement, how forcible their argument.

Some years ago, when he was still with us in the House of Commons, and known as Lord Hartington, I invented a little story about him. It ran to the effect that, taking a lady down to dinner on an evening when earlier he had made an important speech in the House of Commons, she asked him whether it was true that at one stage of his argument he had interrupted himself with a prolonged yawn. He admitting the indictment, she responded, 'How could you?'

'Ah,' he said, 'you don't know how dull that speech was.'

The fable had much vogue. Lord Hartington heard and read it so often that he came to believe that he had really made the reply. A few months before her death the Duchess of Devonshire assured me nothing could disturb his conviction that the conversation as reported actually happened.

When he came into his dukedom he rarely spoke whether in Parliament or out. The duty imposed upon him, he approached its performance with characteristic determination to accomplish to the fullest extent of his ability. He did not read his speeches, but he brought with him numerous notes, to which he systematically turned. He was absolutely free from gestures. If what he said were not worth listening to without assistance of waving arm or a thump on the table, folks must just go elsewhere. When he had been talking half-an-hour his voice began to take on that sleepy intonation which suggested to the flippant mind the slander about the interrupting yawn. From beginning to end he preserved an attitude of intense boredom that gradually but irresistibly communicated itself to the audience.

The last five Prime Ministers on the parliamentary roll, widely distinct in personality, differed in no point more sharply than in their manner of speaking. One gift indispensable to success they had in common. Varied in tone, each had a voice that made it a pleasure to the listener. Regarded as a place to speak in, the House of Commons chances to be, for its size, perhaps the most perfectly devised chamber in the world. The House of Lords is in this respect faulty in equally superlative degree. When Disraeli, blooming into the Beaconsfield peerage, went thither, curiosity was evoked as to how he would fare in that sepulchre of speech. Apparently without special effort his voice filled the House, an achievement that is the despair of ninety peers out of a hundred.

When either Mr Gladstone or Mr Arthur Balfour in the course of a speech approached a humorous turn his countenance lighted up with a sympathetic smile. Disraeli on his legs, whether in the Commons or in the Lords, never varied from almost ogre-like solemnity of countenance. The only time he ever unbent in this respect whilst on duty was as he sat on the Treasury Bench in the Parliament of 1874–80 listening to the gossip of Lord Barrington. Then from time to time his countenance would be distorted by a grimace undoubtedly intended for a smile. On his feet at the table, a crowded House convulsed with laughter at sallies of his poignant wit, he stood with sphinx-like face waiting opportunity to continue his sentence.

Differing from the Duke of Devonshire, he was at his best in impromptu speech; the briefer, the brighter and the more effective. Mr Gladstone, with his easy wealth of words, had a malign

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influence upon his great rival. When, upon occasion, he through five hours held entranced an audience gathered for the unfolding of his Budget scheme, it would never do for Disraeli in analogous circumstances to confine his exposition within the limit of two hours. He accordingly, after the fashion of shady financiers, 'watered his stock,' much to its detriment. He was at his very best when he spoke for twenty minutes. Except where a Budget has to be expounded or an intricate Bill explained, there are few men who really have more useful things to say than are compressible within that space.

The late Marquis of Salisbury resembled his sometime loathed adversary, later his friend and colleague, in the gravity of his demeanour when delivering a speech. As the 'Tenth never dance,' so Lord Salisbury never smiled. According to the personal testimony of Sir William Harcourt, who knew him whilst he was still Lord Robert Cecil, impartially dividing his contumely and scorn between Gladstone and Disraeli, the present generation has the opportunity of studying a speaker curiously like the terrible free-lance of fifty years ago. To those familiar with the appearance of the third Marquis of Salisbury in his last days, it would seem incredible that he should ever have presented personal resemblance to his son, Lord Hugh Cecil, with his tall, slim, angular figure and his ascetic countenance. The great Conservative statesman, who in the days of Queen Victoria revived the fame of the Cecil who served Queen Elizabeth, became in the closing stage of his great career almost hippopotamic in girth and weight. Nevertheless, to others besides Sir William Harcourt, lamp-post like Lord Hugh recalls the appearance of his father at the same age.

Lord Salisbury was so grandly contemptuous of his fellow-man, even when he wore a coronet, that he rarely condescended to address him in ordered speech. All his predecessors and successors to the premiership, notably Mr Gladstone, were accustomed to harangue large bodies of the public out of doors. Once a year during his premiership Lord Salisbury was unwillingly trotted out on the platform of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League, a really useful political machine, for whose mock title, scarfs, and rosettes he had burning scorn. But no Midlothian campaign for him, nor any divagation approaching it in character. Of all British statesmen to the front during the last thirty years, he was single in regard to freedom from reproach of bending the knee to the Baal of the man in the street. He did not pay even the House of Lords the compliment and consideration of coming down to it with an address prepared for delivery. An exquisite phrase-fashioner, a powerful debater, his speeches were invariably impromptu.

He had a curious little trick which warned the accustomed observer of his intention to take part in a current debate. As he sat on the Ministerial Bench, his closed fists digging into the cushion on each side in effort to assist in supporting his unwieldy frame, you would see one leg, resting over the knee of the other, beginning to move up and down. As the speed increased assurance was given of a particularly scathing reply to the noble lord at the moment on his feet. Other debaters, even one of the supreme ability of Mr Chamberlain, are accustomed when they intend to take part in debate to make note, however brief, of points that strike them. Lord Salisbury never condescended to the practice. To the last his splendid memory survived, and with it the orderly working of the perfect machinery of his mind. When he rose he said the best thing in the most perfect phrase, frequently quoting verbatim a sentence from a speaker heard an hour or two earlier.

Lord Rosebery obviously prepares his speeches, fashioning in advance some of his glittering phrases. But that is not on account of sheer necessity. His happiest efforts have been made on the spur of the occasion, without opportunity of preparation. For the most part he speaks without anything beyond the slightest gesture. But he can, if need be, thump the table with an energy that need not shrink from comparison with Mr Gladstone in his palmy days.

It is an old story how Disraeli, seated on the front Opposition Bench, with Gladstone thundering on the other side of the table, publicly thanked Heaven for the interposition between them of 'a substantial piece of furniture.' Lord Halsbury has not the polished wit of his first Cabinet leader. But towards the close of his occupancy of the Woolsack he found effective opportunity of reviving this ancient quip. Lord Rosebery, speaking in the House of Lords, startled the born and trained equanimity of the assembly by punctuating an indignant sentence by a terrific blow on the table. The Lord Chancellor, following him, apologised for lack of weight and force to his argument, since, from his position by the Woolsack remote from the table, he had nothing to thump.

It is recorded of Grattan that, addressing the Irish Parliament in passionate speech, he used to bend down and, touching the floor with tips of nervous fingers, 'thank God he had no gestures.' Mr Gladstone had many. In the House of Commons Mr Swift MacNeill, before he found salvation in touch with a Home Rule Ministry, burlesqued somewhat. His imitation of a windmill when he waved both arms about in denunciation of Mr Birrell's predecessor in the office of Chief Secretary would irresistibly have drawn Don Quixote to the attack had he chanced to view the spectacle from the Strangers' Gallery. When Mr Gladstone was approaching the demonstration of some particular point of his argument, he sometimes lost its effect by smiting the palm of his outstretched left hand with his right fist with resounding claps that drowned his own voice.

Sir William Harcourt occasionally did himself injustice in the same way by banging the table just as he got to the very point for which his audience were anxiously waiting.

It is a significant incident in the Tariff controversy which dominated the closing years of Mr Balfour's reign that for the first time the House of Commons observed him falling into the habit of exaggerated gesture. As a rule his most violent movement is to take hold of the lapels of his coat with both hands, suggestive of precaution against running away before he has clenched his argument. But whilst he eschews the more violent oratorical gymnastics of Mr Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, he is far removed from the mobile attitude of his late uncle or the Duke of Devonshire. He is always on the move whilst he speaks, turning to right or left an animated countenance.

Whilst Mr Goschen was still with us in the Commons he was notable for what can scarcely be described as a gesture. He was never at ease when addressing the House from the Treasury Bench unless he were sustained by consciousness of the fact that his legs were pressing against the edge of the bench from which he had risen. If in the heat of debate he momentarily advanced half a pace towards the table, his watchful and expectant audience were delighted by display of something approaching the frenzy of the proverbial drowning man clutching at straws. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (as he was then) clawed the air, passed the palms of his open hands up and down his waist, halted in his speech, lost the thread of his discourse, and would probably have broken down had he not in the process of his movements involuntarily worked his way back to the edge of the bench.

Thereafter all went well again. His speech flowed smoothly onwards; illustrations and arguments he had prepared and forgotten recurred to his mind. He went forward with irresistible debating force till in an unhappy moment of forgetfulness he again took the fatal forward step. Instantly the spell was broken. Once more he clutched at the air, caught imaginary flies buzzing within an inch of the end of his nose, spasmodically smoothed himself up and down with open hand, and convulsively worked his way back to the edge of the Treasury Bench.

It is well known that on the retirement of Mr Speaker Brand in 1884, Mr Gladstone, anxious to avert Mr Goschen's steadily increasing tendency towards the Conservative camp, offered him the Speakership. Tempted by the great prize, he would have accepted it, but to his regret he found himself deterred by physical disability. Nearly half-blind, had he been in the chair it would have been more difficult than ever for members to 'catch the Speaker's eye.' He accordingly relinquished pursuit of the coveted prize, and lived to save the first Unionist Government, under the premiership of Lord Salisbury, suddenly knocked out of time by the impulsive resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill on the eve of Christmas 1886. That hasty statesman reckoned he would, by the threat of resignation, coerce Lord Salisbury into concurrence with his scheme for reducing the Army and Navy Estimates. He felt that for the Government of the day he was the only possible Chancellor of the Exchequer. 'I forgot Goschen,' he frankly said when later he explained to a friend the history of a transaction that, as it turned out, finally wrecked his career.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman — C.-B., as affectionately and otherwise he was commonly known—was a slave to the habit of voluminous notes. It is contrary to the rules of debate in the House of Commons that a member should read his speech. C.-B. came dangerously near habitual defiance of the rule. Sir William Harcourt practically read his speeches. But he managed it with more skill than was in this respect granted to C.-B. Well or ill done, the habit sorely depreciates a speaker. Better is a stumbling speech made on the impulse of the moment than an ornate polished essay, the product of labour in the seclusion of the study.

In the case of C.-B. the habit was the more deplorable since it grew towards the close of his parliamentary career, doubtless as the result of increased responsibility. In private conversation no one was readier than he, his pointed talk being illumined by flashes of pawky humour. His speeches, fully reported, read admirably. The House resented the presence of the manuscript, and was not to be pacified by the undeniable fact that what was written upon it was exceedingly good. When occasion arose demanding immediate interposition in debate, C.-B., whether as Leader of the Opposition or as Prime Minister, acquitted himself admirably.

Regarded as a public speaker Lord Morley is more successful on the platform than in Parliament. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since he entered the House. He gained a position of high esteem, not limited to the political party he strengthens by his adhesion. But he never entirely overcame that embarrassment, analogous to stage-fright, that paralyses many men when they rise to address the House. In the House of Lords, where he is more at home, he carefully prepares his speeches, bringing down voluminous notes, on which are fully written out treasured sentences. He is freer from slavery to his manuscript than was C.-B., his chief difficulty—a common one in the gilded chamber—being to make himself heard.

Mr James Bryce, now Ambassador at Washington, never succeeded in catching the ear of the House of Commons. When he entered Parliament he was usually referred to as 'Professor' Bryce, he being, in fact, Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, and Professor of Roman Law in the Council of Legal Education in

London. His scholarship had a strong attraction for Mr Gladstone, and, perceiving therefrom an opening for advance in the political field, he diligently deprecated the use of a title at one time carefully cherished. But—

You may break, you may shatter, the vase as you will,
The scent of the roses will hang round it still.

During the twenty years preceding his promotion to ambassadorial rank he occupied many administrative posts. He was a diligent attendant upon the sittings of Parliament, in which he took the keenest interest. But there was something subtly professorial in his method of speech, debarring him from attaining a favoured position as a contributor to debate.

In the House of Lords, since Lord Salisbury no longer dominates it, the Marquis of Lansdowne worthily sustains his high position as Leader of the Unionist Party. Without pretensions to oratory, he is a most effective speaker. Somewhat frigid in manner, he makes no effort to ingratiate himself and his cause with the audience, delivering in simplest, most direct speech the message with which he is charged. It is difficult to imagine any untoward circumstance that would ruffle his well-groomed appearance. He had a bad time when, at the outbreak of the war in South Africa, discovery was made that the War Office, over which he presided, was as unprepared as it was incompetent. Lord Lansdowne fronted the uproar with the same imperturbability as when five years later he faced the music of the applause that acclaimed his share of the negotiation that resulted in the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

Lord Halsbury, long Lord High Chancellor, a marvel of octogenarian energy and virility, was handicapped in the effect of his contributions to debate by the fact that every one knew beforehand the line he would take on any question of policy that came before the House. A convinced, implacable partisan, he honestly believes that whatever his party may say or do—even if, as sometimes happens, it is in direct contravention of what they said and did a year ago—is right, and that whatever the opposite party say or do is wrong. This mental attitude militates against the interest and value of his counsel and criticism. At this time of day nothing else is expected from him, and he does not often trouble the House.

'THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS.'

III.

HALF-A-DOZEN bluejackets, barefooted, with their boots slung round their necks, lay flat on the deck at the extreme end of the *Terrific's* stern. Before them, the lights of Hong-kong gleamed brightly through the velvety darkness; behind them, the length of the great ship stretched away dark and silent and grim.

From their subdued whispers and the uneasy glances which they cast behind them, it was evident that Sammy Allgood and his friends were fully alive to their delicate position; and when five long minutes had dragged slowly by, one at least of the adventurers began to have enough.

''Ere,' he said, half-rising, 'it ain't comin'. Ah Foo 's sold us a pup. Let 's git.'

'Shut up!' hissed Allgood. 'If Ah Foo 's done us in I 'll break 'is neck for 'im.'

'Shut up, both o' yer!' whispered another. 'Somebody 's comin'.'

In strained and apprehensive silence, the six scallywags heard a soft footfall coming along the deck towards them. Allgood, revolving wild excuses in his excited brain, cast a furtive glance over his shoulder and stifled a muttered exclamation.

'It 's Ah Foo,' said somebody in a quick whisper.

A large wash-bucket slid softly to the deck between the crouching bluejackets, and a wiry little Chinaman, smiling sweetly, flattened down beside it.

'Wot yer want, you beggar? W'ere 's the sampan?'

'Me go all velly samee sailorman,' explained Ah Foo cheerfully.

'W'ere 's the sampan?'

'Yes, w'ere 's the sampan, you beggar? You findee sampan all velly soon, or over you go. Savvy?'

'Me savvy velly well, can do,' said Ah Foo blandly, gently putting aside Allgood's threatening fist. Then, leaning forward, he made a sound like the cooing of a dove, faint yet penetrating, and seeming to come from anywhere but the lips of the man who uttered it.

There was silence for a few seconds. Then through the darkness floated a similar sound, faint, but clear and unmistakable.

'Sampan come velly soon,' said Ah Foo confidently.

The smiling Chinaman and the six serious bluejackets went on waiting.

Suddenly one of the latter gave a start. 'There it is,' he whispered.

Ah Foo's smile grew broader.

A dark shape emerged from the greater darkness around, and pushed silently under the *Terrific's* stern.

'Hooray!' chuckled Allgood, his spirits rising at the chance of something to do.—'So long, mates—you 'll find me below.'

He seized a rope which had been fastened to

a stanchion, and disappeared over the side. One after the other his messmates followed him.

'W'y don't we shove off?' asked the last man, as he dropped into the sampan.

'Waitin' for Ah Foo,' explained Allgood. 'If 'e 's got the pluck we may as well let 'im come—specially as 'e got us the boat.'

The rope went up, and the basket came down slowly on the end of it. One of the bluejackets cast the rope loose and put the basket aside.

'Pretty 'eavy lot,' he commented; ''arf the wardroom plate in it, shouldn't wonder.' And he laughed at his own joke.

The whole party were now in high spirits.

Ah Foo scrambled down the rope like a monkey, and the sampan headed for the shore, while Allgood and the others put on the boots which they had carefully brought with them.

When they had disembarked at a lonely spot on the quay, Ah Foo came up to Allgood. 'Velly good time go findee ship two bells. Boatman wantee know.'

'That 's good enough, mates, eh?' inquired Allgood—'that an' a bit more luck.—All right, Johnny. Can do velly well.'

'Now, mates,' he went on, 'wot are we goin' to do? Better steer clear o' the club, I says.'

The others agreed on that, but got no farther.

'Look 'ere,' said Allgood impatiently after a few moments; 'let 's get Ah Foo to show us along. Wot say?'

'Right-ho, Sammy,' said one of the others; and, the rest assenting, they set off after Ah Foo.

That gentleman, after a prolonged talk with the boatman, was now moving away in the distance, with his basket balanced neatly on his coiled pigtail. At the sound of the bluejackets' heavy boots he looked round and immediately quickened his pace.

''Ere,' cried Allgood, ''arf speed, you blighter! Can't yer see we 're comin'?'

But Ah Foo only pushed on the faster, and suddenly dodged into a labyrinth of narrow alleys that led off the main street.

'He doan't want oor coompany,' said a leading seaman from Sheffield way. 'Stick to un, laads.'

'Ay, let 's chase 'im. Hooray; come on, boys!'

Pleased enough at some definite method of passing the time, and yielding to the primeval hunting instinct, Allgood and his party, like a pack of schoolboys, dashed into the alley after the Chinaman. In and out the narrow streets they ran, within sight, and that was all, of their quarry. If he had not been handicapped by his heavy load, his greater knowledge of the locality would have enabled him quickly to get clear away. As it was, he nearly dodged his pursuers more than once, but, in high glee, they managed to get on his trail again.

At length, however, he shot aside into a turning narrower and darker than any of the others had been. After him poured the excited sailors, only to find themselves in a blind alley, with Ah Foo not to be seen anywhere.

The place was only some forty yards long, and quite dark and deserted. On their way they had caught fleeting glimpses of expressionless faces peering from behind half-opened doors, and of lights glimmering dimly through cracked shutters; here there was no sign of life of any kind.

They gathered in a group midway down the alley.

''E 's gone in one o' them doorways,' said somebody, indicating a number of closed doors which were dotted irregularly down the passage, evidently giving access to human habitations of some kind.

'Ay, mate; but which one?'

There was a general laugh, and the party began to stroll towards the mouth of the alley. Suddenly Allgood uttered an exclamation, and stooped down by one of the doorways.

'Look 'ere!' he cried, holding out something which gleamed white in the starlight.

The others crowded round, and found it to be a shred of white calico.

'Pulled it out o' the door,' explained Allgood. 'This one.'

'I said 'e 'd gone in one o' them doorways,' triumphantly exclaimed the man who had spoken before.

'Like a rabbit in a 'ole,' commented Allgood. 'Let 's dig the little blighter out.'

They gathered round the door, nothing loath, but it was shut fast.

'Here, lemme come,' cried a burly A.B. He leant his shoulder against the lock, and, creaking and groaning, the bolts carried away with the rotten woodwork, and the door fell in.

A close and unpleasant odour of opium and stale food made itself evident; but if any one was in the place he made no sign, for through the wrecked doorway all was dark and still.

Allgood stepped inside and struck a match. Its spluttering light revealed one or two low tables, and several dirty mats and cushions scattered about the floor, and that was all. Suddenly he held up his hand. 'Wot 's that?' he said.

A low, mysterious sound of human voices, rising and falling in a regular cadence, drifted in upon them.

'Sounds like a church,' some one said with a laugh. 'Let 's git back.'

'Not till we find Ah Foo,' said Allgood obstinately. ''E must be somew'eres about. Wot 's this?'

As another match went out Allgood had spotted what looked like a cupboard door. He pulled it open. A rush of fresh air came in, and with it the sound of voices grew louder.

Allgood found himself looking down a short and narrow passage, open to the sky. At the end gleamed a light.

'Come on,' he said. 'Let's 'ave a look. Only a lot o' measly Chinamen. They won't 'urt.'

Followed by the others, he made for the light, which came through the crack of a door standing ajar. Allgood softly pulled the door open.

Within were a number of Chinamen prostrate on their hands and knees, evidently engaged in a religious service of some kind.

Allgood's gaze ranged to the light at the far end of the room. Suddenly his form stiffened and his eyes became fixed in a stare of amazement. Then he wheeled round to the others, with extended arm. 'Lummy, mates!' he whispered hoarsely, 'we've struck it this time. Look at the bloomin' joss.'

They looked, and saw, wreathed with flowers and encircled by lanterns, the *Terrific's* missing gun-sights.

. . . . . .

The band played the ensign up next morning to a very sober and chastened ship's company. Every one knew what had happened, and every one, furtively scanning the 'old man's' unreadable face, wondered what he was going to do.

The men dispersed silently and quickly to their various jobs, and the captain and officers were left alone on the quarterdeck.

'What's going to happen?' asked the gunnery officer of the first lieutenant.

'Don't know. Hang it all—and I thought the *Terrific* was such a happy ship!'

'There was the deuce of an uproar on shore last night,' said Lieutenant Pellew, looking landwards. 'I suppose, that fool Allgood! Holy smoke, what's that boat coming?'

The first lieutenant looked, and promptly moved across to the commander, who, after a glance at the oncoming boat, swung round.

'Bos'n's mate, pass the word for the master-at-arms to receive prisoners at the gangway.'

'Mr Charsdale.'

'Sir!'

'I will see them myself, now,' said Captain Barworth.

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Well, upon my word, I never saw a more jaunty set of leave-breakers,' said Lieutenant Pellew aside to the first lieutenant, as Allgood and his merry men lined up on the quarterdeck.

'And look at 'em, too,' whispered the first lieutenant. 'What a time they must have been having!'

Certainly the culprits presented a remarkable appearance. Hardly one wore a whole suit of clothes; there were enough black eyes among them to give every man one apiece and a bit over; one had an arm in a sling, and another sported a bandage over one eye. Yet they all wore an expression of cheerful contentment, which was both amazing and ludicrous, having regard to the circumstances in which they stood before their commanding officer.

'What's that?' asked the captain suddenly, pointing to Ah Foo's wash basket, which stood beside Petty Officer Allgood.

'Please, sir,' hurriedly explained the master-at-arms, saluting, 'he insisted on bringing it, sir. Says it's something very important for you, sir.'

The captain bent his brows on Allgood. 'You're the ringleader, I suppose?' he said. 'What have you got to say for yourself?'

Allgood grinned—actually grinned—and cleared his throat. 'Beggin' your pardon, sir, it was like this, sir. We got a suspicion like about that beggar Ah Foo'——

'Who's Ah Foo!'

'One of the wardroom servants, sir,' explained the commander.

'Umph! Go on.'

'So we follows 'im ashore wi' this basket in the night, an''——

'Wait. Who had the basket, you or Ah Foo?'

'Ah Foo, sir. We follows 'im up an' down, 'im stickin' to the basket like a barnacle all the time, an' then we lost 'im. But we finds the 'ouse where 'e went after a bit, an' then we tracks 'im to a church like, sir, where 'im an' a lot o' other Chinamen was all a-'owlin' an' prayin' like mad. An' there we found 'em, sir.'

'Found what?' asked the captain impatiently. 'What the devil did you find? What's in the basket?'

'Them, sir,' said Allgood triumphantly; and, unwrapping the coverings, he produced the gun-sights.

A low hum of surprise came from the astonished onlookers. Lieutenant Pellew took the sights from Allgood, and brought them across for the captain's inspection.

'Umph! The missing sights, right enough. But I don't understand. What was Ah Foo doing with them in this—temple, I suppose?'

'A-worshippin' of 'em, sir—'im an' a lot of other haythens like 'imself. One of 'em told us the little devil wot fired the guns lived in 'em. So they made a joss of 'em, sir. Of course we goes for 'em soon as we sees 'em, sir; an', after a bit of a scrimmage, the perlice comes along an' 'elps us out. An',' went on the petty officer, faltering a bit, 'we 'opes as—as you will overlook our breakin' out, sir, seein' as 'ow it's—it's all turned out for the best, sir.'

There was silence as the captain gravely surveyed the row of expectant faces.

'Men,' he said, 'it is not my duty to encourage you to neglect yours. You misconducted yourselves by breaking out of the ship, and must be awarded punishment accordingly.'

A ludicrous change came over Allgood and his mates; and, as their faces grew long, the chagrined countenance of Nobby Clark, who was looking on from a distance, began to brighten.

'But,' continued the captain after a pause,

'in view of the—er—special circumstances, I think it will be within my duty to remit the punishment which you would otherwise receive.'

The row of faces instantly became cheerful again; and Nobby Clark, disgusted with an unsympathetic world, disappeared below.

'And,' went on the captain, 'in view of the result of your expedition—I say, result, not object—and the effect on your clothes, you may each be provided with a new rig—at my expense.'

Thus the *Terrific* became once more a 'happy ship.'

THE END.

LONDON'S RAILWAY STATIONS.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.

PERHAPS no better microcosm of a great city could be imagined than one of its more important railway stations at a moment when all the world and his wife are bound holidaywards. In a relatively small compass is then to be seen the turmoil and restless activity that characterise life in general. For the philosopher at the bookstall one can imagine no better vantage-ground for the study of humanity in all its complex phases, and one wonders why no modern Teufelsdröckh has arisen to note down the idiosyncrasies of those to whom a railway terminus is the first step on the road to pleasure—or to sorrow, as the case may be. Still more curious is it that, with a single exception, no painter, so far at least as I remember, has ever transferred to canvas the varied impressions of which a scene in a busy railway station is so abundantly productive. Mr Pennell, it is true, has given us, in one of his masterly etchings, a view of Charing Cross Station from the Embankment, which has now the added value of an historic document, for it shows the great span-roof that is no more; and Whistler has also touched the utilitarian pile with the genius that has converted it into an artistic *motif*. But it was Frith who gave us one of those 'interiors' which, for variety of character and pose, recall the crowded canvases of the Dutch 'genre' painters. In that well-known picture are exhibited those amazing antitheses that one can see frequently enough at the great London termini. For if the departure of a bride almost cheek by jowl with the arrest of a criminal is not an everyday occurrence, the contrast it represents is often enough present at such scenes—the approximation of joy and distress which are there so dramatically portrayed. By the bye, there is a sad example of defective draughtsmanship in this canvas, for the portion of the platform in the foreground is at a wrong angle with the train drawn up against it. The picture has a rather special interest for me, because a maid of one of my great-aunts stood, at Frith's request, as the model for the bride who is shown starting on her honeymoon.

Railway stations are among the things to which we are so accustomed that it is likely that few of us trouble ourselves about their history. There are about half-a-score of important London termini, and they differ from each other as markedly as Cæsar tells us the various parts of Gaul did. Not only do they vary in age and in their construction, but also to some extent in the crowds that daily pass through them; the only occasions on which they bear some resemblance to each other in this latter respect being when they are all the objective of those seeking change and what they euphemistically call rest. One wonders how many who know them as they do their own hand could say when they were built or to whom they owe their respective outlines. Most of us, for instance, regard Victoria as *the* station of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, as in its now palatially rebuilt form it can certainly claim to be; but originally it was but a second terminus for this line, the first being that at the south end of London Bridge, which was projected so early as 1837, as the Brighton Railway, and was opened four years later. The engineering work was by Sir John Rennie, the terminus itself being designed in 1843 by Henry Roberts. Since those days it has, of course, been greatly enlarged and rebuilt, notably in 1847; although the hotel connected with it was not erected till 1860.

Five years later E. M. Barry designed the elaborate Italian front of Cannon Street, the bridge being the work of Sir John Hawkshaw. Cannon Street stands on the site of the old Steelyard, where the Hanse merchants were settled as early as 1250, and whence their descendants were expelled by Elizabeth in 1598. Later they returned, but subsequently gradually deserted the place. In the Church of St Swithin opposite, rebuilt by Wren in 1678, the poet Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard in 1663. London Stone, an old Roman milestone, is built into its south wall.

Compared to London Bridge Station, Liverpool Street is an infant among termini, for it was not opened till 1875, the original station, an inconvenient and out-of-the-way one at best, being at Shoreditch. Liverpool Street Station, which, on the other hand, is one of the finest and best-arranged railway centres in London, was designed by Wilson, then engineer to the company, and the hotel was planned by Charles Barry.

Excellent engineer as was Wilson, his name is not so generally known as that of the great Brunel, who was responsible for Paddington

Station, completed in 1856. Philip Hardwick, who designed many London houses about this period, was the architect of the hotel which was being built at the time the line was constructed. It is a very fine example of French Renaissance work, and, like many of the erections attached to the London termini, is far more dignified and elaborate than some of London's palaces.

Nothing of this sort, however, can be said of Waterloo Station, the entire line from which to Southampton was opened in 1840. Waterloo is one of those centres that have gradually attained their present immense and rather complicated form. Its position on the summit of one of the city's not infrequent eminences makes access to it difficult, and departure, especially in slippery weather, not without inconvenience.

Very different is Charing Cross Station, with its palatial hotel and courtyard and the reproduction of Queen Eleanor's Cross, which is probably as well known to every Londoner as is the neighbouring Trafalgar Square and its dominating monument. This terminus occupies the site of old Hungerford Market, which was swept away in 1863. Hungerford Market took its name from Sir Edward Hungerford, to whom the ground belonged, and who died in 1711. The market came later into the possession of Sir Stephen Fox, the chief benefactor to Chelsea Hospital, and Sir Christopher Wren, the mighty architect, who became the proprietors in fee of it; but the venture gradually fell on bad days, and at last ceased altogether to exist as a mart.

The station was designed by E. M. Barry, who was also responsible for the cross which stands in front of it. It is only comparatively recently that the great span-roof, one hundred and seventy feet across, was removed in consequence of an accident that might have had tragic results. Till then it was one of the landmarks of London as seen from the river; but it now exists only in memory and in certain examples of pictorial art, among which Whistler's and Mr Pennell's well-known etchings stand out pre-eminently.

It is a rather far cry from the banks of the Thames to the Euston Road; but in the latter stand three of London's chief railway stations—St Pancras, King's Cross, and Euston. The first, the London terminus of the Midland Railway, was constructed during 1865–71, in which latter year it was opened, although even then incomplete. The station was designed by Barlow, the splendid hotel and frontage to the main road being planned by Sir Gilbert Scott, who made use of the French Gothic style, and produced a building far finer than anything of the sort hitherto attempted. St Pancras stands on the site of what was formerly known as Agar Town and a part of Somers Town, the former being named after a certain legal gentleman named William Agar, on whose property arose a colony of small houses in 1841—houses of such exiguous dimensions and of such apparent poverty that ten years after they were built Dickens termed the district 'a suburban Connemara;' the latter taking its name from its ground landlords, the Somers family, and once including the site of what Dr Stukeley rightly or wrongly identified as Cæsar's camp.

Just to the east of St Pancras is King's Cross, which was designed by Lewis Cubitt in 1852, if designed be not too ambitious a word for what is, after all, but a very unimpressive and utilitarian erection. To the west is Euston, with its sepulchral gateway and its general appearance of prehistoric classicism. Nothing less like a railway station, indeed, can well be imagined than this Grecian Doric entrance, which was erected in 1838 from the design of Hardwick, who also planned the great hall, opened some ten years later, which, like the massive front, seems wholly alien to its uses; as if, indeed, a palace entrance had condescended to submit its ornamental grandeur to utilitarian requirements.

Comparatively recently a new and splendid station, the Great Central, in Marylebone Road, begun in 1894, has arisen. To make way for it all sorts of streets and squares were demolished, from Henry Street, a *cul-de-sac*, to Harewood Square, where the sculptor Lough once lived, and part of Blandford Square, in one of whose houses George Eliot for a time resided.

More recently still the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway has rebuilt the northern portion of Victoria Station on a scale so vast as to make us long for the seven-league boots of the fairy story in order to diminish the seemingly interminable distance between us and the trains bound for the coast.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway has quickly followed suit in this matter of rebuilding, and its terminus is now as airy and convenient as it was formerly dirty and restricted in space.

As we write these lines each of these termini will be crowded by myriads going from or returning to the 'hum of mighty workings' which makes up the daily life of London. As they tread the well-known platforms we need not expect any of them to point to this or that station, and say, 'Hardwick designed it,' or 'Gilbert Scott designed it;' but those who in their idle hours pull from their pockets their daily paper or their magazine may be interested in learning something of the spot where their journey began or ended.

THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

CHAPTER IX.—A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

NOT long after the slave Melos had crept noiselessly into the house of Pudens, comforted and encouraged by the words of the stranger, a dark-cloaked figure was stealthily making his way towards the Aventine Hill. The city lay quiet and peaceful, shrouded in darkness; yet at every sound, real or imaginary—at the cry of the night-watch, at the baying of a dog at the moon, or a fancied footstep—would the midnight wayfarer crouch into the shadow of a wall, holding his dagger in readiness to plunge it into the heart of any who might recognise him and betray him. Then when his fear had passed he would hasten on again, darting from shadow to shadow as he sped up the Aventine slope.

Few there were in the city of Rome who could have recognised in this fearful figure, creeping like a malefactor, the proud and stately senator Pudens. He was bent on holding converse with one of the proscribed people known as the Nazarenes; and at that time, in Rome, such an errand, especially for one of patrician rank who held an honoured post in the public life of the Empire, was fraught with the gravest danger, and was only undertaken at the risk of Cæsar's displeasure and all that it meant.

When Pudens had gained the crest of the hill he peered through the darkness at the mean dwellings clustered together on the summit, seeking for the sign of a tent-maker. On discovering it above one of the humble doors, he knocked gently but distinctly, and waited with beating heart for an answer. Presently there was a sound of footsteps within, and a voice asked, 'Who goes there?'

'One who would speak with the stranger from Judea named Paulus, who lodgeth here.'

'Who art thou?' questioned the cautious Aquila. 'Dost thou come as a friend?'

'Open,' commanded Pudens peremptorily. 'I come as a friend. Have no fear; I shall do thee no harm.'

The bolts were drawn aside and the door held ajar. Aquila looked out, holding aloft a rush-lamp. Pudens immediately held up his cloak before his face to conceal his features.

'Seek not to discover who I am,' he said, 'but let me hold speech with the stranger. Fear not, my good man; I come as a friend seeking enlightenment.'

Aquila, having many such visitors, and knowing full well their fear of betrayal, questioned no further, but bade the inquirer enter. He went to the room of his guest to rouse him from sleep and acquaint him of his visitor.

Pudens was led into the poor chamber where his slave had sat not many hours before, and stood face to face with the old man whom he had left that afternoon in the Corso gazing after his retreating figure. He saluted, and stood haughtily waiting for the exclamation of astonishment which he expected his sudden appearance there would wring from him.

'Peace be with thee, Pudens,' said Paulus, rising from his pallet and stretching out his hands as if he were an expected guest. 'Wherein can I help thee, my brother?'

'I need not thy help,' returned the senator coldly. He threw aside his cloak, folded his arms, and stood, a tall, proud figure, gazing down upon the old man with a strange, contemptuous expression on his face, half disdain, half wonder and reverence. 'I have come to have some speech with thee,' he said; 'to question thee concerning certain matters.'

'Thou art welcome,' replied Paulus; and the dignity of his mien equalled that of the Roman senator, whom it did not fail to impress. He indicated that his guest should seat himself on the pallet bed, the only seat he had to offer. With haughty disdain Pudens complied, and the strangely contrasted pair sat side by side in the humble room.

'Thou hast come to seek light on certain matters,' began Paulus. 'I pray that thou mayest find the True Light which can illuminate all darkness.'

'I came not to learn the secret of any magician's powers,' returned the senator, thinking that this reference to light and darkness must have some such meaning. 'I have come merely to question thee concerning certain matters whereon I judge thou canst give me information.'

'Speak, Pudens, and I will answer thee. What dost thou desire to hear?'

'I would know somewhat of this strange sect called the Nazarenes which has lately sprung up in this city, and of which I believe thee to be one. They are everywhere spoken of as an evil people, and are under the ban of Cæsar's displeasure. Yet it seemeth to me that there be some good in them. They live humbly and peaceably, bearing malice to no man, yet suffering much; and they die—ye gods, they die with less fear than a Roman legionary!'

'Ay; for what should they fear? He is with them, guiding them through the dark valley to the other shore, where there is no more hunger, nor thirst, nor sorrow, nor tears, and where death cannot enter in!'

'He is with them!' repeated Pudens in perplexity. 'Who is He?'

'The Christus!'

'But I have ever heard it reported that the Christus suffered death.'

'Nay, Pudens, He is not dead, but liveth!'

'Then 'twas not the Christus who was crucified in Jerusalem? It is reported that my lord Pilate sentenced to death a man whom they called the Christus.'

'Ay, He died that He might live. He died, but rose again. He liveth, Pudens; He liveth and reigneth for ever.'

'I understand thee not. How can a man die and yet live?'

'A man's body may die, but his soul lives. The Christus was not man. He is the Great High God above all other gods, and cannot die. He came to earth in man's form that men might come to know Him and follow in His ways, and when their time on earth was ended might pass into His kingdom which is beyond this world, to live for ever with Him in glory, and joy, and perfect happiness.'

'If this were the truth 'twould be the secret of life,' said Pudens musingly. 'Thou believest it for the truth?'

'I know it, my brother. I know it beyond all doubt and questioning, and I would that all men could know it too.'

'But wherefore camest thou to learn it? Sawest thou ever the Christus?'

'I shall tell thee, Pudens, how I came to know the truth,' returned Paulus; and he related to him the story of that great conversion, and how he had been changed from a persecutor of the followers of the Christus to become one of the persecuted, and was glad to bear all for His sake.

''Tis strange,' murmured Pudens when he had ended—'passing strange. And thou hast borne all uncomplainingly, joyfully, for His sake, as do all those Nazarenes whom Cæsar throws to the lions in the circus and hunts down like beasts of the forest? 'Tis wondrous! But tell me further of the Christus. What is His wonderful power over the lives and homage of men who have never even seen His face?'

Then Paulus told of the Christ, of His miraculous birth heralded by angels singing of peace to all mankind. 'Ay; and mark ye, Pudens,' observed Paulus, 'when He came to earth there was peace over all the world. The temple of Juno, which thou keepest open at times when thy Empire is at war, was closed for a whole year—such a thing was never known before in the history of Rome. 'Twas because the God of Love came into the world as a little child. The God of the Nazarenes is a God of Love!'

Then Paulus went on to tell of His wonderful life on earth; of His love, His pity, His mercy, His compassion for all men; of His trial before Pontius Pilate, who found Him blameless; of His sufferings, His death and resurrection, and His everlasting reign as King of mankind. Long he talked, till the silver light of dawn began to steal over the city.

Pudens listened in wonder and amazement. 'And it was His example that prompted thee to save my son from his danger even after my cruel usage of thee?' he asked thoughtfully.

'Ay, my brother, 'tis His precept: "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."'

''Tis marvellous! 'Tis sublime!' murmured the senator. 'Thou dost almost persuade me to believe 'tis a better faith than mine own.'

''Tis the true and only faith, my brother,' answered Paulus with quiet conviction. 'What are thy gods? Are they gods of love or purity or truth? Are they not gods of all that thou abhorrest most in men? How could those who suffer death for the Master's cause pass through the darkness if it were not that the Christus leads them to the fairer country where there is no more sorrow?'

'Ay, 'tis a happy belief,' returned Pudens. 'I shall ponder it. But the daylight cometh. I must be gone! Farewell!'

'Farewell, my brother!' answered Paulus. 'If thou seekest the Light thou shalt find it, Pudens.'

The senator left the house and hastened down the slopes of the Aventine ere the sun rose or the citizens were astir.

As the days went by the humble house of Aquila, the tent-maker, became a familiar place of resort to the senator. Often did he secretly wend his way up the steep slopes of the Aventine when the shades of night were beginning to fall, and hold earnest converse with the apostle till the dawn broke. And Paulus, too, was a frequent visitor at the splendid mansion of Pudens. No longer did he come to a secret trysting-place, but was received as an honoured guest, beloved by all the household, and his faith became their faith and his God their God.

When, after sojourning for two years in the Roman capital, Paulus took his departure to carry his message to other lands, none bade him God-speed with more grateful yet sorrowing hearts than Pudens, the senator, and Claudia Rufina, his wife. Eagerly did they welcome those wonderful letters that came from time to time from their friend, bringing counsel and cheer to the little community of Christians in Rome who kept the lamp of their faith brightly burning in times of danger and persecution, rejoicing in their knowledge, and serving their King with thankful hearts.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET MARRIAGE OF LADY PRIMROSE AND JOHN, SECOND EARL OF STAIR.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

'READING through our old registers,' ran part of a letter I received some months ago, 'I came across this plain entry, upon which no one else (Harleian Society or others) seems to have commented. . . . Being a Scotswoman, I at once saw the connection of the well-known names.' This letter was written by Mrs Doughty, whose husband is the Rector of St Peter's-upon-Cornhill, in the City of London; and the 'plain entry' she had discovered in the registers of that historic church, and of which she kindly gave me a copy, runs thus:

'1 *March* 1708.—John Dalrimple, of the parish of St James in the Fields, co. Middlesex, and Eleonor Campbell, of St Margaretts Westminster in the same coy.—Licence.

'(Page signed) JOHN WAUGH, Parson.'

Well-known names indeed! They are the names of John, second Earl of Stair, the famous ambassador and field-marshal, and of his wife Eleanor, daughter of the second Earl of Loudoun, widow of the profligate Viscount Primrose, heroine of Sir Walter Scott's *Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, and for long after her second widowhood the notable Lady Stair, one of the leaders of Edinburgh society in its couthy eighteenth century days. And whereas every peerage and biography in which the rest of the brilliant events in the life of Lord Stair are succinctly told merely states vaguely that he married Lady Primrose 'about the year 1714,' this discovery of Mrs Doughty's discloses the fact that the Earl of Stair and the young widow saw fit to make a clandestine marriage, far from home and from their own parishes, and with concealment of their rank and titles both in the license itself* and in the entry in the church register.

Oh the carrying power of a breath of scandal! The testimony of 'John Waugh, Parson,' has lain buried for over two hundred years in the old register in the City; but the tale whispered one day some time about the year 1714 in the High Street of Edinburgh—that tale was in nowise buried. Did not Kirkpatrick Sharpe repeat it, sixty years after Lady Stair's death, to young Robert Chambers, at that time collecting material for his inimitable book, *Traditions of Edinburgh*? The story, told in Chambers's *Traditions*, is that the infatuated Stair forced the beautiful widow to break her vow never to remarry by bribing her servants to admit him to her house, and appearing at the window of her oratory, and so scandalising the passers-by. Would Edinburgh — Edinburgh, that always encourages respectability—have veiled its disappointment had it learnt that the Earl in the oratory had been for six years the lady's lawful husband?

This bit of gossip has been quoted and requoted by biographers and peerages, and no doubt to it is due the fact that the most recent biographer of the Stairs, Mr Murray Graham, in his authorised *Annals of the Stairs*, allows himself so deprecating and patronising a tone in one of his few allusions to Stair's wife: 'During her married life with Lord Stair,' he tells us, 'she conducted herself in a manner entirely worthy of her position.' Little wonder that she did! Young Stair was the son of 'Glencoe Stair,' the first Earl; but Lady Eleanor Campbell, the daughter of James, second Earl of Loudoun, and Lady Margaret Montgomery, daughter of Hugh, seventh Earl of Eglintoun, was an Earl's daughter and an Earl's granddaughter on both sides of the house, and had the blood of kings in her veins; on her father's side the blood of the English Edwards and of Louis the Ninth of France, and on her mother's side a triple descent from Robert the Bruce.

The discovery in the old register gives rise to many questions. Why did these two persons, so eminently suitable to each other, marry privately? Why, having married privately, did they keep their marriage secret for six years? And why, when Stair was espied in the oratory, and society began to look askance at the lady—it apparently was not disturbed in its veneration for Stair himself—why was it that society had to be appeased by a suggestion of a subsequent marriage, and not, as might have been expected, by a frank announcement of the ceremony that had taken place at St Peter's-upon-Cornhill on March 1, 1708?

Motives must always, and especially after the lapse of two hundred years, remain greatly a matter of conjecture; but there exists something else—documentary evidence also—besides the entry in the register, and it too has lain all these years quite as safely buried. A deed of nomination is recorded in the Register of Deeds (Mackenzie), 8th November 1706, a deed drawn up by Lord Primrose, who had been so

* The original license exists in the Archbishop of Canterbury's office in Lambeth Palace. It is dated 16th February 1707. (The ecclesiastical and legal year ended on 25th March, so 16th February 1707 was thirteen days (leap year) before 1st March 1708, the date of the marriage.) It runs thus: 'Between John Dalrymple, Bachelor, of the Parish of S. James-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, of the age of 30 years or thereabouts, and Eleanor Campbell, Widow, of the Parish of S. Margaret's, Westminster, of the age of 25 years. To marry at S. Margaret's, Westminster.'

unkind a husband. Here is the deed of the man who, it is told, used his wife once at least so barbarously that she fled, half-dressed, from her window, and sought the protection of his mother's house. It begins, with great legal courtesy: 'I, James Viscount of Primrose . . . being fully assured of the love, care, and affection of my dearest spouse Eleanor Viscountess of Primrose;' and then it proceeds to appoint eight kinsmen as curators or guardians to his children in the event of his death, and his wife as guardian *sine quâ non*, and gives her control of her sons till they are fifteen and of the daughter till her marriage or until she is one-and-twenty, with substantial aliment of three hundred pounds Scots yearly for each child until it is ten, and five hundred for each one thereafter; 'and she is to aliment them at bed, board, cloaths, servants, schools, and all other necessaries.' But mark the condition: 'in favours of my said spouse is to last only as long as she continues unmarried after my deceas. And that by her marriage they shall all *ipso facto* become void and fall. And I appoint that in that event the said Earl of Rosebery * shall succeed her as *sine quâ non*. And the education and alimenting of my said children to be at the disposal of the aforesaid tutors and curators as they shall think most advantageous.' A truly lovable character this Lord Primrose! He strikes diabolically at his wife even from the grave. We are told that we brought nothing into this world, and that it is certain we can take nothing out; but the law contrives that husbands may, if they choose, take with them the comfort of the widows they leave to mourn them. So the poor 'spouse' was left, after six years of wedded martyrdom, still only four-and-twenty, beautiful, spirited, lovable; and she was to bring up her four children—were they not Lord Primrose's?—but if she essayed to marry again, if she dared to aspire to love and happiness, she was to lose her means of support and to give up her babies. And so, Dr Chambers tells us, 'she made the resolution never again to become a wife.' And the resolution was broken, the register at St Peter's-upon-Cornhill tells us, in less than two years. But Lord Primrose was frustrated.

Is it also permissible to wonder whether the brilliant Stair had remained unmarried all those years because of an early attachment to Eleanor Campbell? It may well have been so. The families of Dalrymple and Campbell were probably intimate, and were certainly connected by marriage, for the third Earl of Loudoun, Eleanor's brother, had married the younger of Stair's two sisters, Margaret; and from the time 'Glencoe Stair' became viscount, his son, the Master of Stair, as he was then, spent his time (from his twenty-third year to his twenty-eighth) between the wars abroad and at home.

* Lord Primrose's uncle.

Little Eleanor must have been only thirteen when the Master of Stair was twenty-two; but in 1700, when he was twenty-seven, Eleanor was eighteen; and it may be noted that in 1700 Stair did the correct thing for any discarded lover of self-respect to do—he 'made the grand tour,' and did not return for about a year. And meanwhile she had married Sir James Primrose (afterwards Viscount Primrose) of Carrington, a profligate youth of about one-and-twenty, 'a man of the worst temper and most dissolute manners.' It is all conjecture, but the evidence looks in favour of it, for Stair went off to the wars again; and when, six years later, Lord Primrose died, Stair, barely three months after the event—it may have been as soon as he heard, for news travelled slowly then—wrote home to Lord Mar on the subject of a colonelcy of the Scots Greys, and the letter ends: 'Pray, dear Governour, make haste with your union,* for the success of this campaigne leaves no hope of further war. I begin already to turn my thoughts towards taking a cottage from you, of planting trees, and such-like things; a little burgandy and champagne must now and then renew some faint remembrance of what is past. Everything must pass away, my dear Governour; but my being equally yours must remain.—My service to the regiment.'

He obtained the colonelcy. In November he writes: 'GOVERNOUR,—I have got the regiment. . . . So James Campbell is to be lieut.-colonel.' James Campbell was Sir James Campbell of Lawers, the youngest of Eleanor's three brothers.

Next month, December 1706, Stair returned to Edinburgh; and on the 7th January 1707 his father, after taking prominent part in a strenuous debate in the Scottish Parliament on one of the articles in the Treaty of Union, was stricken with apoplexy, and died—died eight days before the great treaty which he had striven so hard to bring about was passed. 'Glencoe Stair'!

And now again, if he had not done it before, there was time for young Stair to fall in love with Lady Primrose—time, too, for him to learn the terms of that deed. There was a good deal of legal acumen in Stair's family; was not one uncle Lord President of the Court of Session, and another uncle Lord Advocate? One may be sure that if the reckless young soldier, of whose debts both uncles had only too good reason to be aware, paid open court to the fair young widow, he was duly warned. But he snapped his fingers at them all, dead and living, and a year after his father's death—twenty months after Lord Primrose's—he took out that marriage license at Doctors' Commons for his marriage with 'Eleanor Campbell, widow.'

At the time of the marriage Lord Stair was four or five and thirty. He was a bronzed and

* The union of England and Scotland, then under discussion.

experienced soldier and diplomatist, highly educated, and had a distinguished record for bravery. He was reported to be the handsomest man in Europe, over six feet high, blue-eyed, and slender of figure. He was a gambler, extravagant, and convivial; but no other sins are laid at his door by his biographers; and even these sins, so common in his age among men of rank, seem to have been, under his wife's influence, flung off in later life. That he was deeply in debt, and in the hands of the famous moneylender Captain Charteris, would forge another link in the chain of evidence that the secret marriage was to evade Lord Primrose's terms. Only, one likes to think it was the separation from her children that counted, and not merely the loss of money.

Almost immediately after the marriage Lord Stair returned to the Continent to Marlborough and the allied armies; but he was back in four months, for, after commanding a brigade at the battle of Oudenarde, he was selected by Marlborough to carry to Lord Godolphin his despatch announcing the victory. The *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 7th–9th July 1708, tells the news:

'WINDSOR, *July 5th.*—The Earl of Stairs [*sic*] is just now Arrived with good news of a Victory obtained by the Duke of Marlborough over the French near Audinard [*sic*]. I cannot pretend to tell all particulars. . . .

'Yesternight upon Account of the above News the great Guns of our Castle were Fired and the Bells of this City were Rung, with all other Demonstrations of Joy.'

If Lord Stair saw his wife at all during this visit, it was only to leave her again at once; and he was continuously abroad, fighting or acting as Envoy to the Court of Poland, until, after the Godolphin Ministry ended and the Whigs went out of office, and Marlborough was dismissed, and the Whig officers—Stair among them—were deprived of their commands, Stair returned home, 'revisiting his relatives and estates in Scotland, and residing when in London at a house rented by him in Arlington Street.'

It is possible that it was then that the marriage became known, at any rate within the family, for in November 1710 Archibald, Earl of Rosebery, *was* tutor *sine quâ non* to little Viscount Primrose, the eldest son, showing that by that time the mother had been removed from office.

From the Stair family papers very little can be gathered, for Castle Kennedy was burnt down in 1716, and with it almost all the papers previous to that date; and all Lady Stair's letters to Lord Stair, of which there are a good many among the family papers, are undated. They are also without signature, and usually end, 'My dearest Life, Adieu!'

Among the letters that do remain, however, is one dated 1710, from Lord Stair to a Mr Gordon, about a house in London with a gallery in it, most probably that in Arlington Street; and in one of Lady Stair's letters to her husband there is also mention of a house in London with a gallery. So it is just possible that it was when Stair returned home for good that the Edinburgh gossips had to be silenced, and that Lady Primrose was transformed into Lady Stair, and took her rightful place as hostess and châtelaine at Arlington Street. But possibly it may not have been until later, not till 1714, when Stair was appointed ambassador to the Court of France, and Lady Stair and little Mistress Margaret Primrose accompanied him; for 1714 is the date usually assigned to the marriage. Certainly it is not until the summer of 1714 that the letters of the Dowager Countess of Stair to her son, which —she was a very grim old Whig lady—begin laconically by the single word 'John,' end by the polite formula 'service to your lady.' And it is in the August of that year also that perhaps the most interesting of the early mentions of Lady Stair occurs, in a postscript to a letter to Lord Stair from his relative Macdougall of Frew: 'My Spouse joins me in our humble duty and wishes to the gloving my lady Stair.' Now the word 'gloving' has no reference to any legal or heraldic term; neither is it traceable to any old custom or game. It may either be a toy-word, having meaning to the Stair connection, but to no one else, or it may be 'lloving' (the double letter used, as often, for a capital letter). And why the loving Lady Stair? Truly, the contemporary allusions to her are as baffling as the contemporary references to Shakespeare!

And what became of the children of her first marriage? Mr Murray Graham is under the mistaken impression that there were only one son and one daughter. As a matter of fact, Lady Stair had four children, three sons and a daughter, all born between 1702 and the end of 1704: Archibald, Hugh, William, and Margaret, the youngest. Were they taken from Lady Stair and handed over to the guardians when the Earl of Rosebery became tutor *sine quâ non?* At any rate Margaret was not, for there is mention of her in Paris when Stair was ambassador there. She never married, but lived with her mother to the end. Little Viscount Primrose died when he was about thirteen, and was succeeded in the title by the second son, Hugh. Hugh, third Viscount Primrose, entered the army, held a captain's commission when he was four-and-twenty, then went to the Continent, served under Prince Eugene of Savoy, saw active service, was severely wounded, and died in May 1741, in his thirty-ninth year. With him the Primrose title became extinct, for the third son, William, who had been called to the Scottish Bar in July 1723, when he was about nineteen, had died the following year.

Lord Stair lived for thirty-nine years after his marriage with Lady Primrose, and she survived him. They had no children.

Poor Lady Stair! did her second marriage prove happier than her first? Of that, like the writer in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* after the victory of Oudenarde, 'I cannot pretend to tell all particulars.'

Perhaps the most brilliant period of her life with Lord Stair was the five years from 1715 to 1720, when, as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, he gave free play to his love of extravagance and splendour, dazzled Paris by his magnificence, conducted important negotiations concerning the Jacobites and the Triple Alliance, and did small commissions for the silk and satin wardrobe of the beautiful Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of his old chief.

Perhaps the most peaceful years were those that followed Stair's recall from Paris in 1720, when he retired to his seat of Newliston, near Edinburgh, lived frugally to try to pay off the debts incurred in Paris, and introduced into Scotland the growing of turnips and cabbages in open fields.

But his country could not spare Stair to the turnips and the cabbages. Was he not one of our 'idle rich'? In 1742, his seventieth year, he was Field-Marshal in command of the British army, and in 1743 he was in command of forty thousand men at Höchst, near Frankfurt, and was with George the Second at Dettingen, and for a year or so after continued at the English Court.

In the winter of 1746 he returned to Scotland, and here, a year later, found himself 'in a languishing condition and unfit for business,' and died in his native city of Edinburgh. He was buried with much pomp at Kirkliston beside his forebears; and, whilst the long procession of mourning-coaches passed slowly out of Queensberry House and up the Canongate and beyond the city, whilst minute-guns were fired from the Castle and the flag drooped at half-mast, 'when he died he was not worth above two hundred a year free estate, and that saved out of his appointments since the year 1743.'*

Lady Stair survived her husband for twelve years, and lived in Edinburgh with her one surviving child, Mistress Primrose, as she was styled. The old lady must have crossed during those years the Psalmist's meagre allowance; but her old age was a spirited one. She was a notable figure in the society of the Scottish capital, and was greatly famed for keeping a black servant. Dr Chambers tells of how, when the great Douglas Case was pending, the Earl of Dundonald had told the Duke of Douglas that Lady Stair had cast doubts on the character of his sister-in-law, Lady Jane Douglas; and Lord Dundonald had further, in a letter to the Lord Justice-Clerk, given 'the world leave to think him a damned villain if he did not speak the truth.' The venerable Lady Stair hurried off to Holyrood, and there, before the Duke and Duchess of Douglas (who were her friends) and their attendants, declared that she had lived to a good old age, and never till now had got entangled in any clatters (scandal).—Was this true? What about the Earl in the oratory?—And then she struck the floor thrice vigorously with her stick, each time calling the Earl of Dundonald 'a damned villain.'

The Primrose title is extinct. The Stair title, inherited by three of Lord Stair's nephews in turn, then by a son of the last, then by a cousin, finally passed in 1840, with a terrible love-tragedy, to another branch of the family, and beyond the reach of the curse that rested on the descendants of 'Glencoe Stair.'

What remains in this world of those Scottish lovers who stood before the altar of St Peter's-upon-Cornhill on that March morning two centuries ago?

The 'deathless name' of John, second Earl of Stair, is honoured in Scotland; all his life-work as soldier and diplomatist is recorded and remembered; and are there not also the stretches of Scottish earth with dark lines of 'neeps' breaking through the clods, or with even rows of pale, round cabbages nipped with frost? And in the Old Town of Edinburgh there is Lady Stair's Close, formerly the property of that old Whig dame, the wife of 'Glencoe Stair' and the mother of the second Earl, and after her called Lady Stair's Close. In it, tradition and Robert Chambers aver, Lord Stair's widow and his stepdaughter, Mistress Primrose, made their home. A stately home it must have been in those days, with three storeys, kitchens, staterooms, and bedrooms; in front of it the steep Lawnmarket leading up to the great Castle Esplanade, and behind it terraced gardens stretching down to the shores of the Nor' Loch. Now it forms the corner of a court inhabited by the very poor; fluttering, grimy 'washings' hang out of neighbouring windows, and barefooted children swarm in the open court; but the house itself has been beautifully restored, with all the grace of twisting stair and huge sculptured fireplace, by the Earl of Rosebery of to-day.*

The old, twice-widowed lady and the faithful spinster daughter must often have sat in front of that great fireplace while the east wind howled round the Castle Rock and the mist crept up to the city from the Forth. What did they talk about in the firelight? Did the old mother, with the royal blood of Scotland and England in her veins, speak of her grandfather, the great

* *Memoirs of the Life, Family, and Character of John, late Earl of Stair.* By an Impartial Hand. London (Grenville Library, British Museum).

* Lord Rosebery is the lineal descendant of Sir William Gray of Pittendrum and his wife Egidea, who originally built the house in 1622, and whose initials and that date are carved over the doorway. Their daughter Agnes married Sir Archibald Primrose, father of the first Earl of Rosebery—the one who acted as the tutor *sine qud non*.

Chancellor of Scotland, the Covenanting Earl who pronounced the diabolic sentence on the heroic Montrose? Did she, in lighter moments, tell Mistress Primrose of how the Dowager Countess of Stair, so sanctimonious and ceremonious a mother-in-law as she must have been to her, had once been forcibly abducted in her youth? Assuredly Lady Stair, in all the reminiscences of old age, sedulously guarded the character of Lord Primrose in his daughter's imagination. But was Mistress Primrose aware of that clandestine marriage in 1708, and its reasons? Whatever the talk in the firelight in Lady Stair's Close, Mistress Primrose must surely, if not from the mother herself, then from other sources, have heard the famous story of the magic mirror *—the story of her young mother, when she was a most unhappy and deserted wife, consulting a wizard in the Canongate. In his magic mirror she had seen her husband being married before a foreign altar, and she had seen her own brother rush up, with drawn sword, in time to prevent the crime.

This tale, true or untrue, and all the other memories of the bad boy in his early twenties, who had been her lover as a girl and then the husband of her unhappy youth, may have softened during half-a-century. And though the figure of the handsomest and most brilliant man in Europe stood between that time and her present, yet was not the elderly spinster daughter at her side—the one child she had kept, the one constant, faithful companion of her life—was she not Primrose's daughter?

Lady Stair died in November 1759. But all these years the little whispered gossip of 1714 could never have been entirely forgotten, for Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who was not born till twenty years after Lady Stair's death, but who must have known many people who had known her, had heard it and repeated it to Robert Chambers—and 'with much that was respectable in her character,' says Dr Chambers in telling the Dundonald tale. And 'during her married life with Lord Stair she conducted herself in a manner entirely worthy of her position,' Mr Murray Graham considers. And now at last an entry, buried for two hundred years in an old church in the City of London, is read by one who, 'being a Scotswoman, . . . at once saw the connection of the well-known names.'

* Told by Dr Robert Chambers in *Traditions of Edinburgh*, and after the publication of the first edition of that book used by Sir Walter Scott, in much altered form, in his *Aunt Margaret's Mirror*.

BERRY HEAD.

WHETHER Francis Lyte actually wrote 'Abide with me' while he occupied the house on Berry Head I know not; but, since these sea-walls breed high thinking and lift men for a little space above the sordid cares of earth, so noble an eyrie may well have given him the inspiration. There are, indeed, other inspirations just inside the Head—yachts veering round their buoys that might fill many a canvas of Napier Hemy, and fair lads bathing from the rocks, ideal models for the brush of Tuke.

Berry Head is one of the considerable cliffs that serve as landmarks to yachtsmen between Start Bay and the island. There is nothing mean about it; nor do the two hundred feet of hard limestone, against which the pride of the Channel hurls itself in vain, give any hint of the good red earth of Devon seen in Teignmouth's Ness or in lesser headlands farther east toward the Dorset border. To the yachtsman, looking from the slanting deck of his craft out in Torbay, the Head looks sheer and of a gleaming white. Only closer inspection reveals the grayness of it, as well as the great seams torn out by the quarrymen, and broken ledges, amid the scant verdure of which sit gulls innumerable. The gulls are always laughing their foolish laughter, no more mirthful than that of the hyæna or bush kingfisher, and rather suggestive of the crackling of thorns. From lower levels, nearer to the water, sounds the subdued grumbling of gross shags sunning themselves in uncanny attitudes reminiscent of Milton's lines on 'the first grand thief.' True, he chose the cormorant for his parallel, but he would not have known the difference in species between the two birds any more than do the summer visitors that look down on them from the beetling crags overhead.

The water at the foot of Berry Head is a lovely turquoise, so limpid clear as to recall the sea-gardens of Catalina, where the tresses of seaweed and coralline wave gracefully in the warmth of the Kuroshiwo current. A breeze from the south-west soon churns the blueness into driven froth, and then all the sea at the foot of the cliff is like whipped cream, and the rocks shake as with the tremor of a distant shock of earthquake. At such times all manner of craft give Berry Head a wide berth; nor, under any conditions, do the owners of trim yachts venture within many ropes'-lengths of the headland, but only such as, navigating ruder craft of little displacement, aim at landing on the cradle-shaped Durl, the long ledge of rock that juts out under the end of Berry, to fish with rod and line for the bass and pollack that on favourable days are to be taken there with live prawns for bait. Another favourite rock for the purpose lies about a mile from the beach, and is called the Megstone; and here, keeping precarious foothold on the pointed

rocks, which lie irregularly like the stumps of fangs in a giant's jaw, I have had three seas in succession right over me. Truly, though this same sport of rock-fishing has its delights for the enthusiast, it is, on all but the calmest days, rather traffic for seals, who pay no heed to torn clothes or to the sudden douche which stops your watch and ruins your tobacco.

Yet, calm or animated, there is infinite peace of the sea round the Head, where, out of sight of gay Torquay, and out of hearing of the raucous salesmen on the quay who sell the scanty summer harvest of the trawlers, doing brisker trade with the fruits of the long-line and lobster-pot, there is no hint of man and his works, and you may find yourself alone with God in presence of the greatest of His works. Peace is the keynote of the monotonous dirge of gentle waters lapping the inside edge of the encrusted rocks, and of the dull boom of surf lashing their seaward side. Peace, infinite peace, is the atmosphere of this grim cliff which for a thousand generations has stood sentinel over the western horn of Torbay, a guidance for mariners, to whom its revolving beams flash warning over twenty miles of open sea; a protection for the crowded fishing-harbour which nestles just within its scarred lap; and the dear delight of all who clamber to its summit, thence to look out on the glorious panorama of sea and land, to breathe the purer air of the heights, to get away, if only for a little while, from the fret and worry of life. 'Abide with me!' Could any other coast-scene between here and Dover be as suggestive of its verses?

Coming down from Berry Head to the ancient fishing-port of Brixham, the wayfarer finds himself in presence of an antiquity that defies the hurry of our day. For here is a town—alas, it repudiates its former content to rank as a fishing-village!—which stubbornly stands for the old order. Let the steam-trawlers forgather at Aberdeen, at Hull, at Grimsby, at Milford, and at Fleetwood. Let them scour the distant seas of Iceland and the Faroes, the coasts of Biscay and the bays of Portugal. Let them bring to our markets their tons of iced cod and frozen halibut. Brixham, like Lowestoft and Ramsgate, holds true to the smacks which did duty a hundred years ago, and the great beam-trawls, with their forty-foot poles of oak or elm, may still be seen extended on the quay. Although the lesser craft, known locally as 'bumble-bees,' must needs content themselves with raiding the neighbouring grounds in Start Bay, the largest smacks fare forth to the Bristol Channel, and land their catch at Milford or Neyland with the best. Not only in the fishing-fleets of Torbay do we find this loyalty to the rule of the air; for do not the trim yachts which race around the marks or fold their wings in Torquay Harbour also serve to remind us that, for sport as for commerce, the sail, like the horse, can still hold its own against all-conquering petrol?

Latterly, it is not to be denied, a new spirit has invaded Brixham, a striving after the expansion of neighbouring seaside resorts which some of us, who loved the place in its more primitive garb, and who have no interest in its fortunes apart from the industry that has made it famous and picturesque, may be forgiven for regretting. Twenty years ago I loved Brixham for its remoteness from the world. It was so difficult to get at that few took the trouble; but those few revelled in the primitive ways of its fisherfolk, in the desolate grandeur of Berry Head, with its bracing air and its fascinating bone-cavern, and in the dominating importance of the fishing. It had—for the matter of that, it still has—its glorious memories, or, as a local guide-book, a fund of unconscious humour, prefers to put it, 'it has felt the shock of great events.' When the Armada ran to its doom, Drake sent the first prize into Brixham in the charge of two smacks. Here it was that William of Orange landed, and it is refreshing, when we recall the cold and dignified Stadtholder painted by Macaulay, to remember that he came ashore riding pickaback on the shoulders of a stalwart fisherman. Here, too, lay the fallen Napoleon, for the *Bellerophon* anchored off Brixham on her way to St Helena, and the little men crowded round her in their boats for a glimpse of the great one in his cage. It is, however, the Dutchman who cuts the most imposing figure in Brixham's past, and it is to be regretted that in the borough arms he figures as a caricature of James the First. The statue on the quay, with an obelisk enclosing the stone he first set foot on, is more to the life; and as we see him, hand on heart, we can almost hear that honest broken English of his in which he made his famous declaration, 'I will maintain,' historic words with which he devoted himself to the fortunes of England, and incidentally the fortunes of England to himself!

Yes, the new spirit is evident on all sides. Brixham is achieving popularity with summer crowds, brought to its narrow doors by train and steamer. For the sake of the honest tradesmen of the borough, it is perhaps a little churlish to look askance at the new era of its prosperity. Yet it is with a feeling of disillusion that one who has known it close on a quarter of a century finds its streets thronged with those who point the kodak and who praise its 'loveliness' in accents that he may last have heard on the other shore of the Atlantic. Not twice this popularity could ever rob the place of its quaint beauty or Berry Head of its inspiring grandeur. Yet, somehow, the old savour is going. The local provision merchant adjures his patrons thus: 'When visiting Brixham, please do not think it a Fishing Village, but remember you can procure the Best and Cheapest Provisions of every Description at'—— Quite so. You can. The pity of it!

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THE OTHER PASSENGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bernardine, The Forgotten Rock,* &c.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IT was the most depressing Christmas week that I had ever experienced; I was feeling lonely, overworked, and 'run down,' and my nerves were in miserable disorder. As I am a specialist in nervous diseases in very large practice, there was a grim irony in my being forced to admit to myself that I was no better than many of my patients, and worse than some who owned *maladies imaginaires.* My practice demanded, of course, personal attention. I had grudged myself a decent holiday all that year, and now I knew that I was face to face with a breakdown if I did not take a rest.

I had been working double tides. London's racket and stress jarred woefully on me, and the weather, foggy and dismal, was in keeping with my mental outlook.

It was the 23rd of December, and I was sitting, after a solitary breakfast, listening to the rain touching my dining-room window with sooty fingers. There would be no joyous family gatherings for me, I reflected moodily enough; for although I am a middle-aged bachelor, I am a gregarious animal, and envy those of my friends who are lucky enough to be able to join any cheery Christmas reunions. I was in an irritating, undecided frame of mind, hesitating between sticking to my work or fleeing from London to some quiet country hotel, and not much enamoured of either of these prospects. Indeed, I fancy that my nerves were in the exasperating state that makes for indecision and listlessness; and when there was a knock at the door, and the maid came in with a telegram, I opened it with a lamentable lack of interest, tolerably certain that it would be from some patient wishing an appointment. But at the sight of the message my fit of the blues 'lifted' considerably. It was an invitation to spend Christmas with an old and dear friend at his lodge in the Outer Hebrides. I telegraphed an acceptance with alacrity, for the invitation conjured up memories of good sport, open air, and sound sleep, and the awakening to the music of the Atlantic and the tang of the north wind. The complete change of scene and environment would tune up my jaded mental chords, I thought, so I joyfully packed my kit-bag, overhauled my gun-case, and started north with all the speed I could command.

I am what is called a 'good sailor,' but the weather was miserable, wherefore I decided to go north by rail from Glasgow, and catch the steamer that crosses the Minch from the Kyle of Lochalsh, rather than face the longer sea-route from the Clyde. Now the Highland Railway has many virtues. The record of lives lost on it is miraculously small. It carries the traveller through magnificent scenery. But it is one thing to patronise it on a bright summer morning, and watch the panorama of the hills and the glens unfold, and quite another to tackle the journey, starting about 4 A.M. from murky Glasgow in the dead of winter, in an ill-lighted carriage, the wind searching every corner. The season for railway travelling was bad, and the weather was worse. By the time the train began to lumber up the gradient in Perthshire the soft patter of rain on the windows had changed to a fusillade of hail, and a wild gale tore down from the Grampians. When tickets were checked the carriage was swept by an ice-cold blast, and a whirl of inhospitable snow drove in. It was, as a Highland porter remarked, 'not the good Christmas weather at ahl.'

'Not many passengers to-night!' I said to him.

'Wan or two in front, sir. You're the only wan in this coach,' he answered.

However, there was no good to be gained by grumbling at the weather or the slowness of the train. I tried to sleep, but the rumble of the train, the yelling of the gale, and the rattling and jolting of the carriage conspired against me. An hour or two passed. I felt deplorably awake, and took up a book to kill the time. I settled myself in the corner, and resolutely attacked my book, but to no purpose. The slow winter daylight had scarcely begun to peer over the Grampians, and the artificial light was the subdued and melancholy illuminant seen in some Highland Railway carriages. To try to read strained my eyes. Irritation seized me, and my thoughts refused to concentrate. I threw my book down, and resigned myself to

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vacuity, cursing the light, the weather, and my jangled nerves.

There I sat huddled in the corner of the carriage until, at last, I think I must have fallen asleep. It is possible that I may merely have been dozing; but I remember a growing consciousness of some sound other than the train reaching me, dying away, approaching again, gradually, I thought, resolving itself into the sound of footsteps in the corridor. I opened my eyes, roused myself, and listened, but I could catch nothing; and after straining my ears for a minute or two, and hearing nothing but the sough of the gale, I concluded that I had been dreaming, or that my rebel nerves had been playing me a trick. I began to feel drowsy, and again closed my eyes. Exactly the same thing happened. I heard the sound again. But this time it was distinct. It was a footfall, and a stealthy one. The sound was not regular, but as if the foot moved stealthily for four or five yards, then stopped, to take two or three undecided steps back again. Silence fell for a minute or so, and the steps began again. I had an uneasy suspicion, too, that the other passenger sometimes stopped at the door of my carriage, an uncanny enough feeling, for I remembered that the porter, when the tickets were checked, had said that I was the only passenger in that end of the train. I thought over it for a minute, then jumped up quickly, suddenly pulled open the door, and looked along the corridor, hoping to surprise the mysterious passenger. But there was no one to be seen! The corridor was as empty as my hand.

I walked along it, looking into all the compartments. The porter was right in his information, for there were no other passengers. At least I saw none.

It was strangely, icily cold in the corridor, so cold that even the low temperature of my compartment seemed warm and comfortable by comparison. I returned hastily, shivering, to my seat, making up my mind that my nerves were certainly far overwrought; and, angry and ashamed of my weakness, I strove to dismiss the whole affair from my mind.

Then, just as I settled myself again in my corner, there came once more a sound approaching the door of the compartment, unmistakably a human footstep tiptoeing slowly, cautiously, nearer and nearer.

I was conscious that my heart was drumming unpleasantly. I can scarcely put a name to my feeling. It was not fear, but rather a curious, indefinable mixture of curiosity and repulsion concerning the author of the movements in the corridor. I listened. There it was again. Pit-pat, pit-pat went the stealthy steps, until I knew they had stopped just at the door of my compartment, and something told me that somebody or something was looking at me in the darkness. I kept quite still, planning what my next movement would be. I decided to feign sleep, and lay back, neck limp and limbs loose, with my eyes to all appearance closed, but in reality keeping a close watch on the door from under my eyelids. Nothing happened. The sound of the footfalls was no longer audible; but in the state of my drawn nerves I imagined that I heard the sound of breathing so uneven as to come in gasps, like the breathing of some one who had been running and was badly winded. It went on thus for some minutes, until my nerves and patience nearly gave out. I made up my mind to summon my wits and my courage and make another sudden dash for the corridor. But just as I was about to make the spring the handle of the compartment was slowly turned, and a man craned his neck round the door.

CHAPTER II.

SO noiseless, so stealthy, was the movement that for a moment the sudden thought leaped in me that it was a lucky thing for me that I was awake; but this thought lived for the moment only. Whatever may have been its owner's intention, the face when I saw it was not that of a human beast of prey on the prowl; it was that of a man in the clutch of some deadly fear. I could see the beads of sweat on a ghastly white face, the eyes hollow, dark-rimmed, unwinking. He craned his neck farther round the door, and as his eyes fell upon me he gave a nervous gulp and sidled into the compartment, closing the door quickly behind him. He sat down in the corner, and stole furtive glances at me.

'Good-evening! I thought I was the only passenger in this part of the train,' I said, to gain time while I took a good look at him.

He muttered something, civilly enough, which I did not catch. At the first glance I thought that he was a man on the verge of delirium tremens; but I watched him closely, and confess that I was puzzled. There he sat in the corner, his face twitching, his hands (I noticed that they were large and powerful ones) plucking nervously at the buttons of his coat or now and then wiping the sweat from his face. He was a fairly tall man, strongly built, dressed in decent tweeds, and wearing a slouch-hat. His face was blotched, a disagreeable pallor showing under the coarse skin. He wore a grizzled moustache, and his hair was brindled. But what I remarked most was his breathing. It was coming in gasps, just as if he had been running. The thing was inexplicable, and as I saw him watching the door with a frightened eye I wondered if any one could have been chasing him. The thought was ludicrous, for there was no one else in the corridor, but it came back to me again and again.

I tried him with some commonplace civilities;

but he replied in jerky monosyllables, avoiding my eye. After two or three attempts at conversation I gave it up and took up my book again, pretending to read, but in reality watching him over the top of it; and, as I watched, the terror which I had seen in his face when he first peered round the door showed again plainly enough. The tail of his eye veered every now and then round to the door. Then suddenly he leaned his lined and shrunken face forward, his breath coming quickly, every feature, every shuddering gesture, advertising that he was listening intently and in mortal terror of something.

A sudden burst in the storm lashed the corridor window opposite the door. The man gave a low, inarticulate cry, and came nearer me. His lips were blue, and his teeth rattled in his head.

'It's a cold night! Have some of this,' I said, producing my flask, for the man looked desperately ill. I poured him out a stiff jorum of brandy. He put it to his mouth with both of his shaking hands, mumbling thanks, then drank it greedily, and drew a long breath like a man coming up to the air after being under water. His teeth stopped chattering, and he sat back into his seat without a word, his hands never still for a moment, plucking now at his coat, now at each other. The man was likely weak-minded, I thought, as I took up my book again, and gave up any attempt at conversation. But, weak-minded or not, I risked nothing and kept a wary eye on him. Stealing a glance at him now and then, I saw him lean forward and listen. There could be no mistake. He was listening, listening, waiting for something, his breath coming quicker; and as I watched him I suddenly remembered the soft footfalls that I had heard or imagined. I confess to a moment of disquiet. Perhaps there was another man outside, and the footfalls had been his, and not those of the panic-stricken object opposite me. The situation became intolerable. Suddenly I asked him, 'What is it? Who is it that you are afraid of?' To my astonishment and embarrassment he stared at me, then buried his face in his hands and fell a-shuddering. At this time there was a hunted, desperate look in his face that was pitiable to see. I threw my book aside.

'Come, what is it, man? There's nothing here to lose one's nerve about. I may be of service to you—that is, if you pull yourself together.' And the thought of some one following him made me repeat, 'Who is it that you are afraid of?'

Just then (it must have been through some auto-suggestion, the association of the thought) I could have sworn that I heard the footfall again. I went to the door and opened it wide. There was, of course, nothing there; but the man huddled himself in a corner, shutting his eyes, and held one arm up over his face as if to ward off something.

I mentally consigned my very uncomfortable fellow-traveller to the care of his relatives. Undoubtedly he was deranged. By this time I had seen about as much of him as I could stand. I was tired, and want of sleep began to tell. So I went into another carriage, leaving him to himself. When I saw the last of him he was sitting listening again intently.

I fell sound asleep, and did not waken until the train was crossing Culloden, nearing Inverness. I walked along the corridor, but there was no one in the carriages. The other passenger must have gone out at some station, or my treacherous nerves may have made me dream the whole thing; but when I looked into the compartment, there was my book where I had thrown it down, and the half-empty flask was on the seat! And all the rest of the journey north I could not get rid of the vision of the man with the unblinking eyes, the terror and the dreadful hunted look in them.

I had nothing to do when I arrived at Inverness, and did it very comfortably in the Highland Club until it was time to catch the train for the Kyle.

The rest of the way westward was uneventful. The wind had died. Bright sun, sparkling snow-clad woods and moors, and a clear sky completed a picture of a brisk and heartening winter day. In a comfortable corner of the carriage I sat in great content, watching the white landscape slide past, till the early afternoon, when the train arrived at the Kyle of Lochalsh. Here the *Sheldrake*, the steamer that crosses the Minch, was waiting. I watched the passengers embarking. There were some Lewismen going home from the mainland for Christmas; students from the Scotch Universities; half-a-dozen Seaforths on furlough; a number of Royal Reserve men from Chatham, in their baggy breeches and jumpers, gabbling away, English 'swear words' picked up at their training sounding comically amid the Gaelic; some west coast fishermen huddled together in groups forward, an atmosphere of cheap whisky hanging grievously about them.

There was no one on board whom I had seen before except the captain, an alert, little, red-whiskered Highlander, Roderick Fraser by name. With him I exchanged a word or two on the weather. 'We'll have more snow, I'm thinkin', come night,' he prophesied, as he left me to superintend the starting of the *Sheldrake*.

Soon the steamer was on her way up through the Sound of Raasay. The sea was calm enough, the wind light but piercingly cold. I paced the deck, enjoying the keen air; and then, after the *Sheldrake* called at Applecross, I went below, feeling comfortably tired. There I read until the early December dusk began to gather. When I went on deck again Rona light was far astern. Captain Fraser was right. The wind had freshened and was carrying a thin powder of

snow. Soon the *Sheldrake* was tossing gently on the Minch.

I did not like the look of the sky. On the weather quarter a big, moving bank of dark cloud loomed threateningly against the snow, and the wind began to hum fitfully through the rigging. The gray waves heightened here and there, showing white, curling tops, and as I watched them one rose suddenly close to the *Sheldrake*, and flung a shower of spray over the bows. There was a little stampede of the few passengers who were on deck, and I was left alone.

(To be continued.)

SONS OF TOIL AND OF SONG.

By Professor HUGH WALKER, Lampeter College.

IN the summer of last year the present writer drew the attention of readers of *Chambers's Journal* to one aspect of Scottish song—namely, the high quality of the contributions of women. Now he desires to comment briefly upon the contributions of men who have toiled with their hands. In average quality it is to be feared that the songs of the labourer-poets (excluding Burns) will prove to be far inferior to those of the songstresses; but the quantity is remarkable; and if there is much dross, there is also some fine gold.

Burns must be set aside, for he would dwarf all the others; and, moreover, far more than enough has been made of his position in life. In the case of one so highly gifted it matters little whether the poet follows the plough or sits on a throne—except, indeed, that in the former case he is far more likely than in the latter to do himself justice; Marcus Aurelius spoke from experience when he said that good life was possible *even* in a palace. And yet in one way the fact that Burns was a ploughman was really important, for it helped to give him that place in the hearts of a people which no other poet of modern times has ever held. For another reason the predecessors of Burns must be set aside too. It is highly probable that many of the old songs which Burns loved so much and tinkered with such exquisite skill came straight from the heart of men of the people. This is probable, because for many a day those whom we may call professional writers despised the song; and therefore it may be presumed that they rarely attempted it. It is not unlikely that Dr John Brown divined the truth when, in his criticism of 'Oh I'm wat, wat,' he assigned that perfect song to some ploughman or shepherd. But the facts we positively know about the authorship of those early songs are scanty in the extreme. Not of choice, therefore, but of necessity, we must be content to deal with songs of the nineteenth century or of the closing years of the eighteenth.

As soon as the question of the social position of the song-writers is raised we get a most interesting glimpse of a vanished state of affairs. We are at once impressed with the predominance of two classes: first, the handloom weavers, who now exist only in remote regions; and, secondly, men engaged on the land, including shepherds. To some extent the character of their occupation may explain the weavers' predominance. Weaving is a sedentary trade, and the workman who sits quiet may brood. It is notorious that the weavers were leaders in the struggle for political reform as well as scribblers of verse. But this was not the sole reason: they were a century ago a far larger fraction of the population than they are now; and so were the agricultural labourers and shepherds.

But though these are the principal, they are by no means the only, classes of which account has to be taken. It is only two or three years since Alexander Anderson, the 'Surfaceman,' died; and his 'Toshie Norrie' deserves an honoured place among the products of the lyric muse. Shoemakers, fishermen, coopers, cabinetmakers, masons, miners, are also represented. Pedlars are not only represented, but are exceptionally strong; and while Scott's Bryce Snailsfoot might make us hesitate to include them among the sons of toil, Wordsworth's Wanderer establishes their right to that honourable designation. William Thom of Inverurie followed this occupation for a time, but he is better classed as a weaver. Alexander Wilson, author of the celebrated *American Ornithology*, was, on the contrary, more pedlar than weaver. It is, however, his work as a naturalist, not his songs, that will keep Wilson's name in remembrance. William Nicholson, the Galloway poet, was a pedlar, some of whose pieces show a genuine love of nature, though often he merely echoes Burns. Dr John Brown says of his 'Brownie of Blednoch' that it bears the indescribable and unmistakable stamp of genius. The unfortunate James Macfarlan, who was discovered by Hugh Macdonald—himself, by the way, at one time a block-printer, and therefore a son of toil—was a pedlar likewise; and there was a power in Macfarlan which, had he lived rather longer, and been able to master his love of drink, would have raised him to a higher rank among the poets than most of those who are here dealt with. There is a refreshing originality of theme and force of treatment in his 'Lords of Labour' such as we rarely meet with in verse of this sort. But Macfarlan was as incapable of restraint as his countryman Mangan (for, though born in Glasgow, he was of Irish parentage), and he died worn-out before his time.

There are, however, two or three belonging to what may be called the miscellaneous trades who stand out from the rest. The chief is Allan Cunningham, the Dumfriesshire stone-mason, whom Scott loved to speak of as 'honest Allan.' The words carry a reminiscence of Burns's phrase for an earlier Allan of poetic fame, but they are also descriptive of the genial, manly character of Cunningham. Of him Scott declared that 'no man—not Robert Burns himself—has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich' Scottish song; and his 'It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,' was one of the favourite songs of Sophia Scott. Allowance must be made for the overflowing generosity of Scott's criticism of contemporaries; but Cunningham's songs are good enough to need no panegyric. His range, too, is unusually wide. The humorous, the pathetic, the heroic, love, war, nature—he can sing them all. There is the essence of poetry in 'Gane were but the winter cauld.' Everybody knows the grand sea-song, 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' and all who know what poetry is can appreciate it. But perhaps only those who have read whole volumes of imitative love-verse can estimate at its true value the skill of the man who could find something fresh to say even on that hackneyed theme. And this Cunningham did:

> In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
> Sae saintly and sae bonnie O,
> I cannot get ae glimpse of grace
> For thieving looks at Nannie O.

There is no new thing under the sun, saith the Preacher, and it follows that this too is old; but at least it is not threadbare.

John Struthers, shoemaker, may be mentioned, more for the sake of his admirable character than for the value of his verse. He was a protégé of Joanna Baillie and of Scott; but the interest of the latter is by no means conclusive as to the literary merit of Struthers. 'I like well Scott's *ain bairns*,' said Constable; 'but Heaven preserve me from those of his fathering!' However, Struthers was a man of no mean power as well as of much sense. Lockhart bears witness to his 'rare worth and very considerable genius;' and he proved his title to the praise by his bearing when contemporary critics accused James Grahame, author of *The Sabbath*, of having stolen the design from Struthers's *The Poor Man's Sabbath*, which had appeared just a few weeks before Grahame's poem was published. Struthers brushed the charge aside as a malicious attempt to annoy poor Grahame and to make both the poets ridiculous. Evidently there was not much of the poet's irritability about him. *The Poor Man's Sabbath* was his principal work. As a song-writer his position is quite subordinate; but he helped to preserve the works of others by editing *The Harp of Caledonia*.

A similar excellence of character marked the collier-poet David Wingate, whose publisher, Blackwood, speaks of the astonishing contrast he presented 'to the bards, especially humble ones, under whom I have suffered all my life.' But Wingate's own letters, quoted in *William Blackwood and his Sons*, are the best proof of the man's true nobility. There are only three, and they hardly cover a page, but they bear, as plainly as written words ever bore it, the stamp of the gentleman by the patent of God Almighty. The whole story of the relations between the publisher and the author makes it clear that if Barabbas was a publisher, his other name was not Blackwood. Wingate could write poetry too. His 'Collier's Ragged Wean' needs no apology; its pathos rings true.

Artistically, however, William Miller, a cabinet-maker, stands upon a higher plane, and Robert Buchanan had good reason for calling him 'the laureate of the nursery.' At least he is so in the dialect of his choice, and perhaps no one since Burns has handled that dialect with more masterly freedom. 'Wee Willie Winkie' and 'The Wonderfu' Wean' are masterpieces of their kind. William Miller is safer in his niche than many a more ambitious poet.

When we turn to the weavers, the wealth of material is both surprising and embarrassing. A small army hail from Paisley alone—most of them born there, some drawn thither as to the centre of their trade. The majority had, it must be confessed, but a scanty share of the poetic spirit; but they seem to have possessed, probably without the need of praying for it, a fairly 'guid conceit o' themsels.' Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, author of 'The Covenanter's Lament,' and of other songs whose popularity is due at least as much to association as to intrinsic merit, crossed the Atlantic at the age of sixty-six because—so it is said—he considered that his genius had not been duly honoured. But he caught cold on the voyage, and six days after he landed 'the hunger of his soul was stilled' by death. Allan was an intimate friend, as he was a neighbour and fellow-craftsman, of Tannahill, the natural centre, by reason of superiority of gifts, of the weaver-group. Though Tannahill's verse is sweet rather than strong, his lyrical gift is indisputable. The beauty of nature is a thing which he sees without effort; he is sensitive to melody and rhythm. He has 'jewels five words long' such as only genuine poets ever write. His description of the wood-dove's note, 'the cushat croodles am'rously,' is perfect. And he could sing. Burns could put far more force into his lines; but Burns himself could not write that which more imperatively demanded to be sung.

Among the group round Tannahill, and fellow-craftsmen with him, were his friend and biographer, William M'Laren, and M'Laren's half-brother, James Scadlock. Both were versifiers rather than poets. A younger man, David Webster, who was born at Dunblane but drawn by the weaving industry to Paisley, could occasionally rise somewhat higher. His 'Tak' it, man; tak' it,'

is spirited and pleasantly humorous. The minor bard is usually safer when he is humorous than when he sets out to be sentimental, perhaps because the sentiment is often not wholly sincere. Humour, sometimes mingled with satire, was the strong point also of Alexander Rodger, John Graeme, and William Finlay, all of them weaver-poets. Rodger was decidedly the best of the three, and a number of his pieces, in particular 'Behave yoursel' before folk,' 'My mither men't my auld breeks,' and 'Jamie M'Nab,' fully deserve their wide popularity. But the most interesting, though not the greatest, of the weaver-poets is William Thom of Inverurie, author of *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver*. Thom had not the delicate skill which Tannahill showed in his happier moments; yet his best verse is far from being contemptible. Where is the contrast between the sheltered and the shelterless more poignantly drawn than in these lines on the story of love betrayed?—

> Yon guarded roses glowin',
> It 's wha daur mint to pu'?
> But aye the wee bit gowan
> Ilk reckless hand may strew.

Poor Thom had cause to know the meaning of the contrast. When he sent his best-known poem, 'The Blind Boy's Pranks,' to the *Aberdeen Herald*, he described himself as 'a serf' who had to 'weave fourteen hours of the four-and-twenty.' Had he never written a line of verse, he would still be worth remembering for his vivid but heart-rending *Recollections*. He played the fool, it is true; but the man who, after that harrowing story, should choose to cast the first stone must be sheathed in triple brass against all pity.

The group of the loom and the group of the land touch through their chiefs, Tannahill and Hogg. The Shepherd visited the weaver in the last year of the latter's life; and Tannahill, apparently with the shadow of his doom already upon him, parted from his visitor with the words, 'Farewell; we shall never meet again! Farewell; I shall never see you more!' The author of *The Queen's Wake* was a poet of a larger growth than those with whom we have been dealing. He is, in fact, like Burns, somewhat too big for the present purpose. Though he was hampered as much as any of them by defective education, there was a certain native energy about the man and a fire of genius that led him to attempt and achieve things they only dreamed of. He became one of the literary figures of his time, acting as guide to Wordsworth in his first visit to Yarrow, and corresponding with Scott, Southey, Wilson, and many more. The song was to him only one of several modes of poetical expression. He is the singer of spirited war-songs, though, says Scott, himself a man of dubious courage; and he is the laureate of Jacobitism —unless we crown Lady Nairne instead; but he is also, perhaps even more clearly, the laureate of fairyland.

Hogg was in his youth shepherd to James Laidlaw of Blackhouse, and so came into contact with William Laidlaw, then a zealous student of ballads, and ultimately the dear friend and amanuensis of Scott. This, however, was only after misfortune had driven Laidlaw from his farm. He too has a place, and a safe one, in the chronicle of Scottish lyrics by reason of the touching song, 'Lucy's Flittin'.' So, by reason of 'Scotland Yet,' has Henry Scott Riddell, who was for many years a minister of religion, but who had before been a shepherd in that prolific Border region. At a later date and in a distant part of the country lived Peter Still, a day-labourer, who, amidst the hardships of his lot, retained buoyancy enough to compose, among more sober verses, some remarkably effective, light-hearted pieces. 'Ye needna be courtin' at me' is a most spirited production, and 'The Bucket for me' retains the rollick which as a rule is associated with the praise of Bacchus.

It has been possible only to name a few of each class. How large the total number is may be partly guessed from a glance at the tables of contents of collections like *Whistle Binkie*. What is the reason for this wide diffusion of poetic *ambition*, even where there is little or no poetic *talent*, through classes that in England would rarely feel such ambition? Certainly it is in part Burns, for all alike are inspired by him; but it cannot be set down exclusively to him. His own history is sufficient proof to the contrary. To 'sing a sang at least' was one of the forms of activity 'for puir auld Scotland's sake' that occurred to him; and among the recipients of his rhyming epistles were fellow-rhymers of the class to which he himself belonged. Believers in the Celtic Revival might find the explanation in the large admixture of Celtic blood in Scotland, and they could point to cognate phenomena in Wales in support of their view. But those who observe that the very greatest of our poets have all been English will be chary of accepting that explanation. At any rate, the fact is clear, and surely it is matter for rejoicing. Even where borrowed ideas, halting verse, and hackneyed rhymes unite to prove the rhymester to be no son of the muses, the probability is that the effort has been fruitful in his own nature. Surely the love of verse lighted for David Wingate the darkness of the mine; and his at least is no case of a good miner spoilt to make a poor versifier. On the contrary, whoever appreciates at their true significance the few glimpses we get of Wingate will be disposed to stand bareheaded before what is better than either a good miner or a good poet—a man of rare nobility.

THE STRANGER ON THE AVENTINE.

CHAPTER X.—A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

IT was a bright midsummer day in Rome some six years later. The streets were crowded with the motley multitude of goers and comers between the metropolis and its harbour—merchants hastening to see their cargoes safely landed, sailors bent on squandering their gains in the delights of the city, Government officials from distant provinces, commanders of the legions, eunuchs, dancing-girls, citizens, slaves, and beggars—all the varied representatives of a great Empire were to be found there.

Through the dust and the tumult of the busy streets a small company of soldiers threaded their way silently under the bright sky. They seemed to wish to avoid notice; yet, had they known it, this little procession was destined to be remembered throughout the civilised world long after the Empire of Rome had crumbled to decay. It was greater than any that had followed a victorious general borne in triumph up the Sacred Way, for in their midst was one who was soon to be crowned victorious with the martyr's crown by the King of Heaven. He was only a little, feeble-bodied man, worn and emaciated by long imprisonment, with chains hanging from his wrists and ankles, which made a clanking sound as he walked with slow and stumbling steps; yet his name will be remembered for ever, for he was Paulus the Apostle, who was to suffer death at Cæsar's command without the gates of the city that day.

All along the route from the prison-house to the Ostian Gate sad and tearful men and women were taking a last look and silent farewell of him who had been the herald of glad tidings to many a longing heart in Rome. There was no clasping of hands, no parting words; hardly did they dare even to look on him as he passed from their sight for ever. They had known for long that it must come. Their beloved friend had returned to Rome after an absence of five years, and was seized by Cæsar's command to be tried and condemned by the Imperial Tribunal on a charge of conspiracy against the authority of the Emperor. For long weeks he had languished in chains in a terrible prison, but now release had come. Even in their sorrow they could not but rejoice for him who was so soon to forget it all in the joy of beholding the Master he had served so well.

Among the sorrowing friends of the condemned man were Pudens and Claudia, their hearts wrung with grief at losing in this manner their beloved teacher who had taught them the way of peace. Silently they watched him stumbling on with the cruel chains dragging at his heels, unable to say a word of comfort or to stretch forth a hand of fellowship and farewell.

But in that crowded market-place there was one who cared naught for Cæsar's commands and dreaded not Cæsar's ire. He was only a blind boy; but at Melos's whispered words, 'Young master, the Master Paulus passes this way; wilt thou greet him?' the boy answered eagerly, 'Yea, take me to him, Melos!' And, with his attendant's guidance, he ran towards the marching company. 'Master Paulus,' he cried fearlessly, 'art thou near?'

The soldiers turned in astonishment to gaze at this disturber of their progress; but seeing the son of the senator, whom they knew by his infirmity, they let him alone.

'Art thou here?' demanded the boy again, stretching out his hands.

'Yea, Timotheus, I am here,' answered Paulus, putting his manacled hands in the boy's.

The Ostian Gate was now at hand; but as it was blocked by a large herd of cattle entering the city the captain of the guard gave orders to halt, and the prisoner was able to speak with his young friend for a few moments.

'Whither goest thou?' demanded Timotheus.

'To meet my King!' was the answer.

'Thou art going to the King!' exclaimed the boy with interest. 'Say, master, wilt thou take me with thee, and tell Him that I also would be His messenger?'

'Nay, not yet, my child,' replied the old man gently. 'He will call thee when the time cometh. I must go alone.'

'Why does He want thee?'

'Because my warfare is accomplished.'

'Then thou art passing to thy triumph! Hast thou been victorious?' asked the eager questioner.

'I know not, child. He will reward me as He thinketh fit,' said the old man meekly. 'He has called me; therefore I go to Him. Farewell, Timotheus! I return no more. I dwell with Him for ever now. Wilt thou be His messenger here in my stead?'

'Yea,' the boy responded joyfully. 'Tell me, what shall I do?'

'If the Lord spares thee to manhood, Timotheus, wilt thou go to the far colony of Britain and carry the message of the King there?'

'To Britain!' repeated the boy, wonderingly. 'My mother lived in Britain when she was a child. She has told me of that land.'

'Then 'twill be the more fitting that thou shouldst carry the Light there,' said Paulus musingly. 'I hoped to go there myself, but my Lord knoweth best. Perhaps it is His will that thou shouldst be His messenger to Britain. Wilt thou remember this, child?'

'Yea,' answered Timotheus solemnly, lifting his beautiful face with its unseeing eyes to the

blue heavens. 'I shall go to Britain on the King's service! My mother will be proud. Shall I be victorious, think you?'

'I know not,' answered the other, smiling gently at his eagerness. 'God grant that thou wilt!'

The gateway was now cleared, and the order was given to move on.

'Farewell, Timotheus!' said Paulus, gazing upon the boy's upturned face with wistful expression; then he hastily laid his worn hand upon the dark, shining curls, bent over him, and kissed his forehead. 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee!'

'Farewell, Master Paulus!' returned the boy, with happy unconsciousness of the fate awaiting his friend, and stroking his weary face with soft, delicate touch.

Then Melos, who had been watching the scene with eagle eyes, darted forward and passionately kissed the old man's thin, toil-hardened hand. 'Farewell, master! Melos will ever remember thy words. With the Master's help I will be faithful unto death!' Then he swiftly led his charge away, and the soldiers marched on with their prisoner to the spot where the headsman's sword was to end his long course of suffering, and set free the valiant spirit from the feeble body.

CHAPTER XI.—LATER YEARS.

THE peristyle of the house of Pudens was bathed in the radiance of the setting sun. It flushed the rose-coloured marble pillars to a gorgeous crimson, and gilded the silver mountings and shining citron-wood of the table till it blazed like a golden vessel. On one of the couches the mistress of the house was reclining, gazing out upon the beauty of the evening.

Many years had gone by since that day when she had stood in the crowded street of the city to see that sad yet triumphal procession pass to its final hour of victory, yet time had dealt gently with her. Her beautiful face seemed only to have been softened and sweetened by its touch. The raven blackness of her hair was threaded with silver, but her dark eyes had lost nothing of their former lustre, though the fierce flash of pride and passion had given place to a gentle serenity, like deep, still pools unruffled by any disturbing element. Her lips no longer curved in haughty disdain and unsatisfied desire, but wore a smile of content as one whose cup had been full of blessing.

There had been days of darkness and sorrow for the Christian community in Rome, for the cruel persecutions of Nero had continued with horrible ferocity till the dread tyrant was called to his account, and many of the brethren had died a martyr's death.

The household of Pudens had been richly blessed during those troublous years. Not only had they escaped from the wrath of Cæsar's vengeance; but when other households had to mourn the loss of their beloved ones, and to see the empty places, that of Pudens had been increased. Children had come to fill Claudia's life with the sweet cares of motherhood. Sons and daughters were born to her that were strong and whole, and able to serve the Empire and take their place in the world's work; yet it was to Timotheus, her first-born, that her heart ever went out in deepest love. His affliction no longer troubled her, for she trusted in the love and wisdom of the Compassionate One who doeth all things well. Had not his blindness proved a very blessed adversity for her? Was it not her longing heart, sorrowing for the infirmity of her child, that had first led her to seek the stranger from Judea, and from him to learn of the Light that lay behind all darkness?

Truly her cup had been filled for her since that day, long years ago, when she had sat in the peristyle with rebellion surging in her heart against the emptiness of life and the affliction of her son, which all her wistful longing could not relieve. She thought of that day now, and recalled how she had received the message from Pomponio Rufus bidding her seek a certain stranger on the Aventine, and how she had been filled with conflicting hopes and fears, faith and scorn. Yet how blessed he had proved to her and to those she loved! Had he not imparted to them the secret of all peace and happiness till his name was never on their lips without a prayer of thanksgiving for every remembrance of him?

But it was the comforting hope that he had ever given concerning Timotheus that her maternal heart most fondly cherished. 'The Master hath need of his affliction.' These were ever his words, and she had bent her proud spirit to bear the yoke, believing that the day would come when her faith should be rewarded and her heart should be satisfied.

The years had brought a strange fulfilling of her desires. From tranquil childhood Timotheus had grown to manhood; not to the dark and useless life that her troubled mind had foreseen for him, but to one that was full of honourable work, and hope, and happiness. He was even now a messenger in the service of the King of kings in that far land, her own island-home of Britain, carrying the Light to places of darkness. Her other sons carried the conquering Eagles of Rome, but Timotheus bore the Cross of the Christus. Claudia's heart swelled with joy and pride as she thought of him now while she lay in the peristyle with the shadows of evening falling about her. How was he faring in that far-off, sea-girt land which her earliest memories still clung about?

There was a slight movement of the curtains which enclosed the peristyle from the rest of the

house, and a servant entered bearing a letter brought by a messenger from the army in Britain.

With eager hands she broke the seal and read:

'To Claudia Rufina, from Rufus Fortunatus, greetings.

'Beloved mother mine: A messenger goes this day from our camp at Uriconium to Rome; therefore I send thee news with him—wondrous news. As thou mayest have heard ere this, our legion has been engaged in subduing the wild tribes on the marshes of Cambria. Timotheus went forth with us. He has many friends in the legion, which, for the most part, are British recruits. On the tenth day, while we were marching through a dense forest—accompanied by Timotheus, who carried the Cross in the van, which the legionaries reverence as a symbol of victory—we were surprised by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The order was given for immediate retreat; but Timotheus, understanding not the signal, marched on fearlessly, unconscious of their presence. Oh mother mine, with what fearful heart I saw him going thus unwittingly into the jaws of death, unable to give him warning, or do aught but stand like one petrified and see the tribe advance upon him brandishing their weapons with cries of fiendish triumph! He heard them, and realised his danger; and raising the Cross, he waited with uplifted face for the end. Melos, who had got separated from him in the disorder of retreat, now crept unseen like a snake through the undergrowth, and gained his side. He covered him with his shield, but, alas! was pierced to the heart by one of their deadly arrows, and fell at his master's feet. Beloved Melos, faithful even unto death! My heart was sick within me, for I thought then to see Timotheus fall by the side of his dear servant. Yet he stood unharmed, though the barbarians were closing upon him; and then, lo! they fell back as if afraid, and prostrated themselves to the ground. It appears that on perceiving his blindness they were filled with a superstitious terror, and would not harm him, regarding his infirmity as a sign that he was under the special protection of the gods. Truly he was under the protection of the Almighty God! He addressed them in their own language, which he had acquired from the British recruits, and by his gentle persuasion a truce was made. I cannot relate here all that passed. Enough that now the whole tribe are in submission to Rome. Is it not marvellous that thus the weakness of Timotheus should conquer where the Eagles were driven back? His heart is sore for the loss of Melos, but he rejoices that he now wears the victor's crown of glory. He hopes that it has been a conquest not only for Rome but also for the Christus. The legion has now returned to the camp at Uriconium, but Timotheus and a small company have remained behind to teach and reason with the conquered tribe. They listen eagerly to his words, and we look forward to the time when they will be brought from their darkness into the Light.

'Salute our father; and to all his household greetings. Our love be with you. Farewell!

'Written at Uriconium, at the camp of the Fourteenth Legion.'

With a cry of joy and triumph, Claudia clasped the letter to her breast. 'Timotheus, my son, my son!' she cried exultantly, raising her brimming eyes to the sunset sky. 'My God, I thank thee!'

'Wherefore, Claudia mine?' asked Pudens, entering the peristyle at that moment to see the joy that transfigured her countenance. 'What new happiness is this?'

'Pudens, beloved,' she cried, springing to meet him, 'see—read! News from Britain. Rufus writes to tell us of the triumph of Timotheus.'

The senator took the parchment from her hand and read. Then he slipped his arm about her.

''Tis wondrous, Claudia mine,' he murmured; ''tis wondrous!'

''Tis the Lord's doing,' she answered, 'and marvellous in our eyes! Dost thou remember how years ago I received a message from Pomponia Rufus bidding me seek the stranger on the Aventine? I was recalling it this very evening ere this letter was brought to me.'

'Ay, Claudia, well do I remember. But speak not of it. I am overwhelmed with shame when I recall how I used him—the servant of God—who was to bring such joy and gladness to thee and me.

'Yea, truly our darkness was greater far than that of our son,' returned Claudia, her eyes soft and dreamy as she thought of those past years. 'Think how we grieved for him and for ourselves; how we fretted that there was no use for him in the world; and now, lo! his affliction has conquered where the Eagles of Rome would have been laid low. "Thy weakness shall be thy strength; thine affliction shall be thine armour; even thy sightless eyes shall be thy shield." These were his words of promise to our son while he was yet a child. Surely it was a prophecy, a vision of this triumph, though we understood it not. Truly God works in a mysterious way, and it is wondrous in our eyes!'

'Yea, verily, He has been good to us, Claudia, and to our son,' said Pudens solemnly. 'Let us thank Him for His infinite mercy, and for the gift of the child whose affliction He has made blessed to Himself; to us, his parents; and to his country.'

And in the golden light of evening that still flooded the peristyle, Pudens and Claudia stood side by side with uplifted hands, thanking God for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

THE END.

THE CLASSES OF FRANCE.

By Captain Robert Seppings Law.

IN trying to describe the social divisions in a country so civilised as France, so forward in everything modern, and that has held this advanced position for so long, the writer sets himself a difficult task.

In a country where the manners and customs of the people are rapidly changing, a country that was moderately wealthy, and has now become in the space of thirty years one of the wealthiest, and where poverty is less visible than in many others, it would be natural to expect that the gap between the different classes would not be so apparent as in Britain; but I doubt if this is the case.

The fact is, the class divisions of republican France are much the same as those of democratic Britain, and will compare with them more nearly than with those of other countries. I think I am stating them fairly, if incompletely, as follows:

The old and real nobility of France, not necessarily bearing a title, but as a rule making use of the particle *de* before the name. Also families, for various reasons, not noble, and not using the particle *de*, but belonging in every way to this class of society.*

The wealthy commercial class, a most important one. To belong to it one must be very rich.

The professional class. The notary holds quite a high position in this class, and occasionally finds his way into the two preceding ones. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the habits of French people, I may mention that the profession of the notary is a Government monopoly, and each town is allowed a certain number of notaries, according to its size. The notary in France occupies the place which the conveyancing solicitor occupies in England, but does not concern himself with litigation, which is carried on by the *avoué* and the *avocat*. The notary is often wealthy and always important; and the son, on passing his legal examinations, is ready to take his father's place in case of death or retirement. The medical profession ranks about the same as it does in Britain. The doctor, when he is successful, and especially the specialist, is highly thought of. He generally marries well, often into the wealthy commercial class. Save in this case, the ordinary practitioner in a small town holds a lower social position. The doctor's standing is sometimes affected by his politics. The barrister (*avocat*), when he has a reputation, occupies a high position. In many cases he is consulted directly, and without the intermediate solicitor. The *avocat* is very often a politician, and, as in Britain, the present successful politicians have many of them been members of the Bar. The solicitor (*avoué*) holds a lower position. He is only, from a British point of view, half a solicitor, doing no conveyancing; he is mostly occupied with small causes, and undertakes the sale of property. As the notary also occupies himself with the sale of real estate, and as in every case the conveyancing must be done by him, the *avoué* of France is professionally a smaller man than the notary. He is usually to be found in assize towns, or those having at least a court of justice; for the solicitor prepares the cases, and in some parts of France, notably the north, is generally consulted as in Britain. There are exceptions, but great firms of solicitors in this country are more to be compared with the French notary than with the *avoué*. Socially the notary is perhaps even a trifle higher. To make it clearer, the notaries of the highest class are in a better social position than solicitors of the same class in Britain.

Then come two important classes: the magistracy, and the army and navy.

The magistracy of France is a class by itself, and is very highly thought of. From first to last it is a profession as much as that of the doctor or of the soldier. It is not the custom in France to take a well-known barrister and make him a judge. The French magistrate commences as *Substitut du Procureur de la Republique*, and may work his way up to be *President de la Cour d'Appel*, the highest rank. France is divided into judicial circles, with a President (or Judge); and the whole of the staff localised in the assize town in which they live are known and respected, and have a society of their own. *Préfets* and *Sous-Préfets* (governors and sub-governors under Government) generally form part of this society.

The army since 1870 has taken a very high social position. All classes, from the old nobility to the young man whose intelligence and superior education enable him to rise from the ranks and obtain a commission, are represented. The same may be said of the navy, except that there are few, if any, promotions from before the mast.

Civil engineering is a very important profession at present, and may be classed with the army and navy socially. Of late it is followed by the sons of the nobility and the classes already mentioned. Since France has grown so rich, her sons and her capital go to the new countries overseas to make railways and to work mines.

The retail tradesman in France often becomes

* Of course there are thousands of French families who have titles that are quite accepted, and others who prefix the particle *de* to their names, but who in no way belong to the noble families of France or to their society.

very successful, some exceedingly wealthy men being met with among the shopkeepers.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the divisions of classes in France are much the same as in Britain.

Formerly the classes mixed little; but a great change has taken place during the last twenty years or more. This change has come about in a great measure from two causes: first, the fact that the old families no longer prevent their sons from entering the liberal professions; secondly, the change in the education and upbringing of girls. The young Frenchman of the aristocracy, if not rich, enters the army or the navy (formerly only a few went into certain regiments and the navy only); or he becomes a civil engineer, and goes to the new countries beyond the seas, or to the colonies of France, to make his fortune. He has certainly shown that his abilities are as great as those of the rest of the population.

Another change which has affected and must affect all classes is that the French girl generally has much more liberty than in former times. Undoubtedly there are still many parents, both among the nobility and the middle classes, who remain faithful to the old system, and marry their daughters to men who they think will make suitable husbands. This is, however, becoming more the exception than the rule. Among the other classes it is even less common; and in the aristocratic class the majority of the sons, especially when they belong to a profession, generally make their own choice of a wife. At present most French girls seem to arrange their own affairs with regard to matrimony, and that in all the classes. Sometimes there is opposition, as in Britain, with respect to ways and means; and many young people wait till such time as the man is in a position which, along with the income produced by the interest of the girl's dowry (*dot*), will enable them to commence housekeeping. This change accounts for marriages between the old aristocracy and the daughters of those who do not belong to the upper classes.

The priest in France generally belongs either to the tradesman or the peasant class. As he cannot marry he is looked upon as an outsider by the other classes of society. There are, however, notable exceptions who have *entrée* into the highest Catholic society.

In former days the chemist ranked as a professional man. He sold drugs only; but he now, like some British chemists, sells nearly everything, and although he makes more money, he occupies a lower social position.

Other professions, such as that of the architect, the painter, and the sculptor, may be compared almost absolutely with the same professions in Britain. With the exception of the professors at the Government veterinary schools, who often hold a high social position and mix with the best class of medical men, the veterinary surgeon in France is socially neither higher nor lower than the veterinary surgeon in Britain.

Of late years there is more churchgoing among the men of the wealthy trading classes, the military, and many of the tradesmen.

The Protestants of France, being greatly in the minority, still remain somewhat apart. They are to be found in greatest numbers in the south and south-west of France; at Nîmes, Montauban, La Rochelle, Orthez, Sauveterre, and in the country round these towns. Many are wealthy, being met with in all professions and trades, and a number are landowners. Their pastors do not as a rule hold a very high social position. Protestants often marry with those of their co-religionists who are small shopkeepers, but the wealthy French Protestant frequently marries into an English family. The French Protestant is usually well educated and speaks English fluently.

I have now given, as well as my memory and experience allow me, a short account of the classes of France, which generally compare with our own, as stated above. The workman I have described in a previous article.

In conclusion, there is no doubt that the present obligatory military service does much in France to do away with class hatred. At an impressionable period of their lives young Frenchmen are thrown together, as there is no escape from the service, which must help to rub off the corners from the noble, the wealthy, and the workman.

OUR LATE KING'S POSTAGE-STAMPS.*

THERE was no substantial change in our national coins or stamps for sixty-one years. This was owing to the lengthy reign of Queen Victoria of great and glorious, as well as blessed, memory. The alterations on our stamps between 1840 and 1901 were purely technical.

The stamps issued on New Year's Day 1902 marked a new era in our national history and in our stamp currency. Up till then the youthful grace and charm of the head of Queen Victoria was imprinted or embossed on every stamp in use. The Queen grew old, but the head upon our stamps always reminded her and us of what she was in the glad days of her golden youth.

The stamps bearing the head of her son and

* *Great Britain: King Edward the Seventh Stamps.* By Fred. T. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society (The Melville Stamp-Books, London).

successor, King Edward the Seventh, were issued on the 1st of January 1902. They had a currency all too short—the natural result of his royal mother's long reign. They had been in preparation for some time.

The first public reference made to the new issue took place in the House of Commons on 11th March 1901, when Sir J. Henniker-Heaton put a question to Mr Austen Chamberlain. Mr Chamberlain replied that steps were being taken for the issue of new postage-stamps, but it was not expected they would be ready for a few months to come; that, excepting in the case of the halfpenny, penny, and shilling stamps, all adhesives then in use bore figures clearly indicating their value, which plan would probably be continued; and that the three stamps named were of so distinctive a character that it was not thought necessary to show their value in figures as well as in words. He also replied that it was considered unadvisable that the new designs of the proposed stamps should be submitted to the public before adoption; and, lastly, that there was no sufficient reason for altering the colour of the penny stamp from purple to red.

Our present King, as is well known, is a distinguished and most able philatelist. On 4th March 1904, when Prince of Wales, he submitted a paper to the Philatelic Society in London—now the Royal Philatelic Society—on the subject. From it we gather, among other things, that Messrs Thomas De la Rue & Co., who had for many years manufactured the surface-printed postage-stamps of this country, prepared and submitted essays for the King Edward stamps.

It became known that the portrait of the King which was to appear on our stamps and coinage was executed by a foreign artist. On the 24th May 1901 Mr Ellis Griffith asked Mr Austen Chamberlain whether the designs for the new postage-stamps had been entrusted to an Austrian sculptor, and, if so, whether this was due to the fact that there was no British artist competent for the work.

To this Mr Chamberlain replied that the portrait of His Majesty which had been used in the preparation of the designs was by a foreign artist, there being in existence an excellent profile portrait executed only the year before (1900) by the Austrian sculptor, Herr Emil Fuchs, then resident in London. It was not, however, to be inferred, though this was the case, that no British artist was thought to be competent for the work.

As the result of more questions put to the Treasury on the 7th of June, it transpired that His Majesty had himself chosen the portrait, and that as it was considered to be specially well adapted for the purpose, it had not appeared necessary to invite designs from other artists or to seek further advice. The King, it was further stated, had been pleased to grant a special sitting to Herr Emil Fuchs for the purpose of the drawing for the stamp-portrait.

Herr Fuchs is a native of Vienna, having been born there in 1866. He studied at the Royal Academy, Berlin, and gained in 1891 the German *prix de Rome* for sculpture, which enabled him to complete his studies in Italy. He came to London in 1897 in order to finish a portrait which had been commenced in Rome. At the Royal Academy in 1901 he exhibited his medallion of Queen Victoria. A year before he had shown a similar medallion of the then Prince of Wales. This afterwards served as the model for the King Edward stamps of Great Britain and many of our overseas possessions. The new coinage and the Coronation Medal (1902) were also entrusted to him; and he has executed a medallion of Queen Alexandra.

Herr Fuchs prepared a new frame-design for halfpenny, penny, twopence-halfpenny, and sixpenny stamps. In preparing this design some interesting trials were made. His Majesty King George thus wrote in regard to them in his *Notes on the Postal Adhesive Issues of the United Kingdom:* 'The design for the new frame and border was prepared by Messrs De la Rue & Co., under Herr Fuchs' instructions, from a sketch furnished by him. From the original sketch a photograph was taken. The design for the border was also photographed, and the two prints so obtained were placed together and a fresh photographic impression taken of the whole. This was submitted to the King and approved by His Majesty. . . . Temporary copperplates were then engraved to indicate the effect that would be obtained. From these plates proofs were taken for approval. . . . In the first the centre has been filled in with a photograph of the head, which will show more clearly the portrait as prepared by the artist. In the other proofs the head is engraved; and although in this operation some of the delicacy of the original work has been lost, the general effect has been retained, and the portrait is satisfactory and pleasing. The third proof only differs from the second in the forming of the head, and is the one approved by Herr Fuchs on behalf of the King, subject to a slight reduction in the width of the wreath, the suggestion made, I believe, by the Queen. The preparation of the dies was then proceeded with.'

So much for His Majesty's statement.

Mr Melville adds: 'The third proof differed from the other two in that the value was not on a solid tablet as on the issued stamp, but was in outline capitals on both sides of the knot below the portrait.'

Sir J. Henniker-Heaton in July again raised the question of the colour of the penny stamp. The answer was to the effect that 'the designs of the new postage-stamps generally had been approved, but that the colour of the penny

stamps had not yet been definitely settled.' Ultimately, after several trials in mauve on white paper, two shades of mauve on red paper, and seven distinct tints of pink lake and red on white paper, the familiar scarlet colour was selected.

The first completed plate in September 1901 was for the halfpenny stamp. In October came the plate for the penny, whilst the twopence-halfpenny and sixpenny plates were produced in December. The plates for the other values, except the two-and-sixpenny, were not completed until various dates in 1902.

Messrs Thomas De la Rue & Co. printed all the stamps bearing the head of King Edward VII. up till the end of 1910. In 1911 they were printed by Messrs Harrison & Son, and in the current year are printed at Somerset House.

I shall now try to give an account of their manufacture as carried on in both of these establishments. Messrs Turner & Co., Limited, of Chafford Mills, Fordcombe, near Tunbridge Wells, supply the paper, which is machine-made. The paper is watermarked with a number of repetitions of the device known as the 'Large (1880) Crown' for all the values up to one shilling; and for the one pound, one of these devices falls to the lot of each stamp imprinted on the paper, except in the case of the oblong one pound stamp, which gets three repetitions of the watermark. For the half-crown, five shillings, and ten shillings stamps, which are of a different size from the lower values, the watermark in each is the device known as the 'Large Anchor.' A smooth, colourless solution of pure gum-arabic is coated on one side, of course before printing. The printing plates were made up by a form of electrotyping, a die having been constructed from the frame-design and from the Fuchs portrait for each denomination. The die for each denomination was then impressed by means of a hydraulic press into a number of lead materials, and one hundred and twenty of the matrices of, say, the halfpenny stamp were made up in a chase, and the whole suspended in an electrotyping bath. In this, by means of electricity, a deposit of copper was gradually formed on the set of moulds, which completely reproduced the hundred and twenty copies of the die by filling in the lines which had been struck by the die into the lead matrices. When the copper coating was thick enough it was separated from the matrices, and in this state was a single sheet of pure copper, on which there was repeated one hundred and twenty times the design of the original die. If an inked impression had been taken from this the print would have represented a 'pane' of one hundred and twenty stamps.

The copper shell, as it is called, before being ready for printing has to be made durable. Fresh from its bath, it is fine copper, and therefore soft and incapable of giving many impressions on a printing-press without showing signs of wear. Molten metal is poured over its back to a fair thickness, and thus the firmness which is essential is secured. The printing surface is, on the other hand, strengthened by what is called steel-facing. It is placed in a bath and steel is permanently deposited over its surface. It thus becomes possessed of the same hard qualities as a steel plate. The coat of steel, however, is so fine that the design is in no way interfered with. 'Steel-faced' plates are formed in this manner, but in varying sizes, corresponding to the 'panes' composing a quarter or half of a sheet of stamps, or in some cases a whole sheet, as sold in the post-offices.

The stamps are printed from these plates on ordinary flat machines, the paper being supplied in sheets cut to the required size. There are different inks for different denominations. It is essential that the ink should not penetrate or saturate the paper. As the paper is gummed beforehand, and is dry and hard, it is not likely to do so. The printed impression, therefore, remains upon the surface, and this is a safeguard against attempts to clean off post-marks and other cancellations from stamps which have already been used in the post or otherwise.

Perforation is the final process. It is made in the case of all the King Edward stamps of the United Kingdom by comb-machines in which the punches are set fourteen to the space of twenty millimètres. Comb-machines operate horizontally. They perforate the top and both sides of each stamp in one row at the same time. A comparatively recent innovation is the machine which perforates the top, bottom, and one side at each descent of the punches.

It was thought that at least some of the denominations of the new stamps would be ready by the late King's birthday, 9th November 1901. The only plates, however, which at that time had been approved were those for the halfpenny and penny stamps, and these denominations were required in such enormous quantities that it was found impossible to print them in sufficient numbers to furnish the necessary supplies by that date. In these circumstances the issue of the King Edward series of adhesive stamps was postponed until New Year's Day 1902, when the halfpenny, penny, twopence-halfpenny, and sixpenny stamps appeared. They were all of the usual type, and showed Herr Fuchs' portrait within a frame of his own designing.

The colour of the penny stamp has been changed from purple to red, the latter being the colour generally adopted by the countries of the International Postal Union for stamps of equivalent value; the colour of the sixpenny stamp has been changed from red (*sic*) to dull purple, and the twopence-halfpenny stamp is now printed in blue on white paper, instead of in purple on blue paper.

Notwithstanding the strict injunctions that

none of the four values in the new King Edward design were to be sold before the New Year, copies were obtainable under special conditions by the 20th December—on which date one of each value was shown at a meeting of the Philatelic Society, London—and some were used a few days before the proper date. The dates of the issue of the various denominations were as follows: halfpenny, penny, twopence-halfpenny, and sixpence, 1st January 1902; three-halfpence, 21st March; twopence, 25th March; threepence, 20th March; fourpence, 27th March; fivepence, 14th May; ninepence, 7th April; tenpence, 3rd July; one shilling, 24th March; two shillings and sixpence, five shillings, and ten shillings, 5th April; and £1, 16th July.

It was at first proposed to have a £5 value in the King Edward series, and a die was prepared, proofs of which are known; but it was decided to do away with this denomination. The proposed design was of very large size, and showed a profile to left of King Edward the Seventh within a circle surmounted by a crown. On a rectangular coloured tablet was the word 'POSTAGE,' and a similar tablet at the bottom was inscribed 'FIVE POUNDS.' On each side of the portrait was '£5' in large, uncoloured, shaded characters; and the rest of the design was filled in with ornamentation.

Some attempts were made in October 1902 to improve the designs of the postage-stamps. It is said His Majesty was not quite satisfied with them, and that he preferred the Transvaal design. 'A small temporary plate of the frame of the penny value was made and printed from, with the "head" plate used for the Transvaal stamps. Various colour-trials and proofs were made, but the idea of the proposed change was abandoned. The frame of these essays was quite different from that of the issued stamps, and a great improvement thereon; owing to the larger size of the portrait oval, the wreath was much narrower; the value was not expressed in words, but an uncoloured shield appeared in each lower corner, bearing the value thus—"1d."'

The issue of the new stamps bearing the portrait of the present King commenced in 1911. In May stamps of the value of one halfpenny and one penny were placed on sale; and stamps of most of the other values, as well as post-cards, letter-cards, envelopes, and wrappers, bearing the new design have since been issued as the stocks of the old ones became exhausted.

Private firms have been permitted to put some distinguishing mark on their stamps to prevent petty pilfering by their employés. These have taken various forms. Some were allowed to print their names on the backs of the stamps, and some even on the face, but about 1880 the permission was withdrawn; a patent by Messrs T. Slopen & Company was adopted which had been in use since 1867, and which consisted in perforating each stamp with the name, initials, or other private mark of the firm. But in 1903 permission was again granted to firms to overprint the backs of stamps. The first to obtain the new permission were Messrs W. H. Everett and Son, Limited. This firm used a rubber hand-stamp, 'W. H.—E. & S.—Ltd.,' in three lines, which was struck over the gum in violet ink. The halfpenny, penny, and twopence-halfpenny of this issue are known thus hand-stamped, and the latter two values with the inverted overprint. Messrs S. & T. Watts of Manchester stamped their postage-stamps on the back over the gum 'Wattses' vertically upwards in black, and also in greenish blue. The halfpenny, penny, and threepence are known with the black overprint, the last value also with it inverted; the latter two are known with the overprint in greenish blue.

As far as Mr Fred. T. Melville knows, these are the only firms that took advantage of the permission.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE LAW.

By W. P. W. PHILLIMORE.

IF the younger generation still read, as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, Longfellow's pathetic poem of 'Evangeline,' they will remember how, the night before the intended wedding, the village notary brought to the bride's house the great parchment deed on which was engrossed in an old-fashioned legal hand the marriage settlement of the youthful couple. And they will further recall to mind how, when all parties had signed the all-important document, the notary affixed his seal thereto as a mark of its authenticity: 'The great seal of the law, set like a sun in the margin.'

Seals of some sort have been used from a very remote antiquity to authenticate legal documents. Seal is the English rendering of the Latin word *sigillum*, and that is but a diminutive form of *signum*, the private sign or mark which the owner impressed upon his property or with which he authenticated the legal documents to which he might chance to be a party. Obviously, then, every seal had to bear some distinctive device or badge, and naturally the safe custody of the seal was a matter of the highest importance to the owner; for in those days, when but few could write their names, the possession of another man's seal afforded a very easy and ready means of forgery. The risk of

forgery by means of a seal alone scarcely exists in modern times, when it has become the custom to authenticate the seal itself by means of the autograph signatures of the interested parties and of divers witnesses who see them sign. Indeed, in English law the seal for private documents has become hardly anything more than an interesting archaic survival, the importance of which is certainly not realised when the party to the deed, following the directions of his lawyer, places his finger on the seal and repeats the formula, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.'

Seldom does a modern private deed bear a personal seal; often the lawyer's office seal without any distinctive device is used. Frequently it is a mere wafer sold by the gross, and as those who have signed Stock Exchange transfers will remember, the seal may even be but a printed word enclosed within a circle. But though in this respect the seal has become an idle formality, its importance has certainly not diminished as regards limited companies. For the right to use a common seal is the distinguishing feature of every corporation or company; and the seal adopted is the emblem of the existence of the body corporate; each municipal corporation, each little authority which has been created a corporate body, whether under the general terms of some Act of Parliament or by the king's royal charter, must adopt some seal of a permanent character, which shall authenticate all the more important documents which have to be signed by those who administer its affairs. In a word, a seal is one of the safeguards against forgery.

Courts of justice use seals for similar purposes of authentication of their proceedings; and for the notary public who has to certify the authenticity of signatures upon documents for use abroad, a personal embossed one is a necessity of his office. In medieval times it was not uncommon to meet with documents bearing the seal of the mayor of the town, in addition to that of the individual, as a means of authenticating them, 'because,' as is sometimes quaintly recited in these early documents, 'my seal is not known to many people.' The old attestation clause of a deed was 'sealed and delivered.' Only in recent times has it become customary to write 'signed, sealed, and delivered,' for it did not become usual to affix the autograph of the parties until quite a late period. And to the present time a deed properly sealed and attested would, without any signature of the parties, in England at any rate, be a perfectly valid document; though, obviously, it would be a foolish thing for any one to depart from the modern practice of signing deeds.

The chief and most important seal in the country is the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, upon which is portrayed a representation of the sovereign for the time being. It is of considerable size, and is impressed upon yellow wax enclosed in a metal case. It is used to authenticate the letters patent by which the king makes his grants. Great care has to be taken against the improper use of this seal; and various steps are necessary before the Great Seal of the realm can be affixed to the king's royal letters patent. One of these precautions is the use of a smaller seal, called the Privy Seal, which is affixed to a document designated the 'writ of privy seal,' this being the authority for the official concerned to affix the Great Seal to the royal letters patent. The custodian of the Great Seal is the Lord High Chancellor; and should a new seal be required during his term of office, the old one becomes the perquisite of that exalted dignitary after having been first defaced; though that defacement is little more than nominal in its character. Usually the Great Seal needs to be renewed only at the end of a reign; but the length of her reign necessitated its renewal once at least in the time of Queen Victoria.

In shape seals are usually round, more rarely oval; but ecclesiastical seals, such as those used by bishops and cathedral chapters, are pointed ovals. Anciently seals were always pendent to the deed; that is, they were attached to it by a cord or narrow strip of parchment, a method still followed in the case of the Great Seal and by various public authorities, such as the Heralds' College, which naturally preserves many of the methods of ancient procedure. But with ordinary modern parchment deeds it is usual to place the wax seal upon the deed itself, or rather upon a piece of green ribbon run through two slits made in the parchment at the foot of the deed, for wax will not adhere to parchment; though sometimes wax seals may be found placed direct upon paper documents. Occasionally the seal is embossed directly upon the paper without the intervention of any other material than perhaps a piece of coloured paper, gummed upon the documents in order to emphasise the existence of the seal.

The materials upon which seals are impressed are various. The papal 'bulls' derived their name from the *bulla* or leaden seal which was affixed to the document which it authenticated; but for most civil and ecclesiastical documents the more ancient and best-known seals were of wax. In very early days—that is, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—a white wax somewhat soft in its nature was in common use. This gave way to a harder green wax, and in the fifteenth century red wax much like that we now use was generally adopted. A soft yellow wax is still used for the Great Seal of the realm. Of the fancy coloured waxes introduced in modern times, chiefly for use in private correspondence, it is unnecessary to speak; for they, and indeed wax seals of any sort, are practically obsolete as regards letters in these days of gummed envelopes. Wafers, usually of a red

colour, upon which is placed a thin piece of paper to take the impression, are often used, especially in the case of paper documents; sometimes placed upon the surface of the deed, sometimes pendent therefrom.

The devices engraved upon seals deserve our consideration, for apart from all questions of artistic merit, they are often of considerable historical interest. So varied are the designs that it is difficult to classify them. In medieval times many of the more important and larger seals, such as those used by the king and the great barons and large landowners, often had rude attempts at portraiture upon them. The king is represented upon his throne, the baron is shown on horseback, perhaps also with his coat of arms displayed upon his surcoat. Indeed, to the present day the Great Seal of England contains a full-length portrait of the king. These seals are surrounded by a legend, usually in Latin, having the owner's name and title, to which is prefixed the letter S. or *Sigillum* in full. Armorial seals bearing the owner's heraldic emblem form an important and specially interesting class. The earlier ones have the shield alone, without any crest, and sometimes the shield is shown 'quartered;' that is, the arms of some extinct family which the owner represents in the maternal line appear combined with the paternal shield. Later on we find the crest given, and in the case of peers their supporters also, as well as the family motto. It is characteristic of the heraldic seal that the owner's name seldom appears, the reason being that the heraldic charges thereon are, in theory, sufficiently indicative of its ownership. In modern times fashion has rather favoured the placing upon the seal the crest and motto only, which really are mere adjuncts of the shield, the principal part of the heraldic achievement. Laxity on the part of an attorney in allowing his private seal to be used by the parties to a deed has no doubt been responsible for much bogus heraldry. Some old will or deed is discovered with an armorial seal appended to the signature, and forthwith the present day representative of the family jumps to the conclusion that it is his ancestor's personal cognisance, when in truth it shows but the coat of arms of the family attorney. However, it is assumed, and a new bogus coat of arms comes into existence. The merchant who did not happen to be armigerous would often place upon his seal a special mark, known as a merchant's mark, either with or without his initials. These merchants' marks are always geometric in character, and usually include in the design the figure 4 either in its normal position or else reversed, the origin of which has been variously explained. These marks were much used by the cloth manufacturers in the west of England, who placed them not only on their seals but also over their house doors and upon their tombstones. Of a still simpler character are the seals which bear merely the owner's initials, often in later times combined into a monogram. These initial seals were used by those entitled to bear arms as well as by the man of humbler rank who did not possess such distinction.

Although corporations, civil as well as ecclesiastical, used, like individuals, armorial bearings upon their seals when they were entitled to do so, yet very many of them in medieval as well as modern times used devices of a pictorial or allusive character. Thus a fortified town would place upon its seal a representation of its castle, and a diocesan chapter would adopt a church, or the portrait, maybe, of the patron saint of the cathedral. Of the seals of modern limited companies it is impossible here to treat. They vary infinitely in character, from the little rubber stamp with just the name of some insignificant private company to the elaborately engraved seal of some great and wealthy corporation which is carefully guarded in a box with double or triple locks. The importance of guarding the seal against accidental loss or theft is illustrated by the very ancient practice of affixing it to a ring which is worn continually upon the owner's finger, sometimes in ancient times upon the thumb. Those engaged in the study of seals, the science called sphragistics, will be interested in the elaborate catalogue of the large collection of seals in the British Museum, and many of our readers have doubtless seen there the collection of the Great Seals of England which is on view in one of the public galleries. In this short article it has only been possible to take a very general survey of the subject; but what has been said may serve to indicate the interest attaching to it, and to show that the seal which perhaps may seem to some to be but a legal whim and an idle formality in truth fulfils an important function in business affairs.

AFTER STORM; ST JEAN DE LUZ.

To-day the earth was wild with wind and rain;
But now, like lightened ships, the clouds sail free.
Purple and amber veil the hills of Spain,
The dying sun stoops redly to the sea.

Come when the cliffs turn gold at set of sun,
Where the brown children guard their herds and play;
For we shall see, ere twilight has begun,
The fishing fleet come home into the bay.

From dawn they tossed in bitter seas and shoals,
Until, when magic holds the dreaming west
All peacefully, like weary, dying souls,
The frail gray ships glide homeward to their rest.

Watch till the last small sail has come to shore.
Ah, if the loved, the lost, were waiting so
To see us reach that bay one leaves no more!
Now stars come out on high, and colours go.

M. A. MACDONALD.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

IN what follows I repeat for the most part a statement and an argument that have been laid before me by a number of persons of individual celebrity and of high public authority and consequence. One of the consolations of the beginning of winter—which many thinking people will not regard as a minor consolation—is that with the oncoming coldness and damp and the shortening of the days there is a limitation of some outdoor activities, and a great change is made in the sports and games that are practised. So far as a large proportion of the public is concerned, the perpetual golf and the game of football almost monopolise the attention. Grave faults are found with the system upon which the latter is carried on in these days. It is difficult, without some misgiving, to contemplate the facts that over seventy-seven thousand pounds were taken at the gates in the English Association Cup ties alone last season, and that the income of that association, as derived from subscriptions, its share of gate-money, and other sources, came to more than twenty thousand pounds. All this comes of watching games as played by hired men and not playing them. However, even Association football is not responsible for some of the worst evils of modern tendencies in the matter of games and sports, and one of the chief of those evils is the exaggerated importance that is being attached to international competition and its bad results and influences. Competition between sections of the kingdom is a harmless or even useful thing; it is the competition between a home country and its colonies and between nations that are rivals in other matters that has exhibited dangers that were not suspected when it was first begun. There is not much of such competition in football, and such as exists is almost confined to the Rugby game. Teams have visited us from New Zealand, South Africa, and other places; and the South Africans will be touring here during the winter. To all intents and purposes, however, the world after an intensely active summer season of international competitive sport, when rivalry and jealousy have been carried far beyond the bounds of friendliness, and when the most bitter feelings have been aroused, the most unkind things said, and the severest disappointments suffered, will be at peace again for a little while.

* * *

The rapid advance in the promotion of these international competitions culminated last season in such an orgy of them in this country as must have made some other contemplative nations, that have serious business on their hands and suspect that they may have some still more serious ere many more years go by, wonder at us. One thinks of Germany, which is far from being indifferent to the needs and necessities of physical development, and of France also, which in these days loves its games almost as well as any other nation. Germans and Frenchmen think and say that we have lost all sense of proportion, and have gone entirely mad with our sports and games. During last summer we had State, industrial, and other troubles of the most serious character on hand; the life of the nation was being threatened in many ways; but when you walked through London and thought you might gather the briefest epitome of the events of the passing hours from the contents bills of the newspapers that were displayed, it was constantly the case that the only news communicated was that one cricket team was beating another. In that season we had the principle of interplay between the home country and her colonies on the cricket-field carried to the extreme in what were known as the triangular test-matches. England, Australia, and South Africa played each other on English grounds, and all the English-speaking world was bidden to watch and to wonder at this most marvellous sporting event which was understood to signify in some peculiar way the closeness of sympathy and interest between the parts of the Empire. English county cricket has for ages past been regarded as one of the best and purest features of the summer sporting season; but it had largely to give way to this new test-match arrangement. As to the triangular test-matches, they admittedly proved to be a failure. The idea was too big, it was absurd, and there was a general feeling that this form of sport was being vastly overdone; and then, also, there was the inevitable disappointment in the results, a disappointment

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that is nearly always there no matter what the results may be.

* * *

When matches are played to a finish there must be winners and losers; and when the scale of the contest is exalted to such a degree as it was last summer, the increased disappointment of defeat places a severe tax upon the sportsmanship and friendly feelings of the defeated. Sides may win and lose a little game, and all may be happiness and pleasure, and good may come from such encounters; but when the tests are discussed in conversations and the newspapers for months ahead, when they are advertised as being such tests as have never been made before, defeat becomes less and less acceptable to any side; it is made to appear as a sour reflection upon the physical and sporting capacity of the side that suffers it, and in such circumstances that side is far from happy, and a call is made on its fortitude and restraint such as it cannot bear very well. There is a humiliation in it all which is extremely distasteful. Then at Stockholm, in what are called the Olympic Games, there was more international competition and rivalry than ever, and the results were far from beneficial. In athletic events Britain and America were thrown into the closest competition; and, America winning frequently, it was made to appear that in athletic prowess we are now far inferior to these overseas descendants of our race. These Olympic Games are supposed to be good things for sport and physical culture, and good things for the mutual amity of the nations that take part in them. We hear of the brotherhood of sport and the beneficent influences that arise from it. But what were the results of the American conquests and the British losses at Stockholm? On the American side the bitterest and most scornful things were said of British physical decadence, and on our side we were half-led to believe that they were true. One of the soberest of American newspapers printed a leading article headed 'Poor Old England,' in which it was said: 'When things began to go badly with the mistress of the seven seas the blame was put on the flannelled fools at the wicket. Now English sportsmen are ridding themselves of all such reproaches. The Americans have even taken the championship in golf, although it has since been recaptured. On Saturday England demeaned itself to take the French amateur golf championship, much in the way that one would take candy from a baby. That is all that England has to boast of in these days of overflowing sorrows.' That is what comes of international sport, and how 'friendliness' between great nations speaking the same language is helped on the fields for games. The Americans despise us, and we are irritated beyond measure at the humiliation of our failure in the competitions. Our own most important newspapers say that this failure is a shocking thing, they half believe in the suggestion of our physical decadence, and they say that at all costs a recurrence of these disasters must be prevented. We must do things, we are told, as the Americans do them. We must devote more attention to our sports and games. We must take them much more seriously and practise them more thoroughly. We must train; we must specialise; we must get syndicates together to support financially our best men, so that they may have nothing to think about except their games; and we must scour the country in search of new talent. Otherwise we shall be beaten again, and the decadence of the race will be more apparent than ever.

* * *

But does any serious person believe that because we were so often beaten at Stockholm we are in any process of physical decay, that we are less capable at our sports and games than we used to be or than there is occasion for us to be, or that we devote one minute less of time to those sports and games than we should do? Britain is their home, and in recent years we have fostered them more than ever before, to such an extent indeed that there have been constant outcries that we were overdoing them, particularly when it began to appear that the winning and losing became matters of more and more importance and the mere playing of less. In these international contests the winning and the losing are absolutely everything, and the playing of the games is nothing. America and ourselves approach these matters with very different sentiments and instincts. In the past, at all events, we have been much for the playing and little for the result. The principle of the Americans is that at any cost the game must be won. Hence all the specialisation, the training, the magnificent system, the financial interests that are created, and the money support that is given to the chosen competitors. The games as games are to them nothing but mere mediums for displaying their superiority in some much-advertised respects over other peoples. That victories obtained in such circumstances and by such means are indicative of general physical superiority, of better nerve and stamina, and so forth is a preposterous suggestion. Yet impartial English critics who do not generally concern themselves with sporting matters look with dismay at the list of results at Stockholm, and cry loudly that this sort of thing must not happen again, and that we must conduct our operations in the future on the American plan of specialisation, must give up our hearts and souls to the object of winning races on prepared paths, and remove this awful stigma of inferiority to our cousins.

* * *

Now, generally speaking, the first-class athlete, devoting the best part of his time to the main-

tenance of his perfection, is not the most able and successful in the serious pursuits of life. It is not, of course, that he is necessarily a duffer or anything at all like that, but it is simply the case that no man can apply all the best working time of his life to two different and much-opposed objects and occupations with equal success in both. If he is to be the magnificent athlete, he cannot be much besides. Therefore, if we fill the country with such athletes we must be so much the poorer in other ways; and if the example of these whole-time men is followed in a small degree by thousands of others, the general result must be a great loss to our serious effort and work. It is contended that this physical efficiency makes for better men when they are efficient in all other respects; but there is a point when physical training ceases to have good effect and does harm instead—harm to the inclination and capacity for effort in other directions. That is when all this athleticism becomes a very artificial thing, and it is that kind of thing that we are being told to make it now. In the past we have struck the best balance between work and play; we have given such time and attention to the latter as no other people have, and we have even been ridiculed for our sporting enthusiasm. We give not less but more attention to these matters now than before; yet because another nation has chosen to practise games in a new and highly artificial way, and for the sake of boastfulness has devoted itself to them with even greater enthusiasm than we do, we are urged to follow suit. Surely it would be better for us in every way if we withdrew from all such foolish competition, the honours of which are of a very empty kind. In no way whatever can the results be good; in many ways they must be bad. Sports and games are not the same in America and here, and comparisons, because of the difference in the spirit in which they are entered into, must always be dangerous. The Americans laugh at us now, and some of our people are writhing beneath their scorn. This is the increase of 'friendliness' between the two countries that the Olympic Games have brought about!

* * *

But outside this one instance, a moral of tremendous force is to be gathered from the experience of international sporting contests of all kinds ever since they began to be instituted about the middle of the last century, and that is that they never do good, but always do harm. They arouse feelings of jealousy and dislike. Say what you will about sportsmanship, no man likes to be beaten at anything, and when the affair is advertised all over the world he likes it less. The sporting engagements between ourselves and our colonies are supposed to be good things for the Empire. How much better are our relations with Australia because of the cricket that we play with each other is a question that may be left to the most ingenious persons to solve. Those relations have always been as good as need be, and they would be in a sorry state if cricket-matches were ever necessary to put them right. Some years ago a team of New Zealand footballers came over here to play; and when they beat us all the time the most dangerous criticisms were freely made, such as cannot have been very agreeable to the people of New Zealand. Some of the greatest international sporting events that have ever taken place have been the yacht-races for the America Cup between British and American vessels, and on some of these occasions the very angriest feelings have been engendered and the most provocative things said. Example could be piled on example of the harm that has been done by international competition of this kind. Now here before me I have some sheets of newspaper matter in which the events of Stockholm have been reviewed contemplatively long after their occurrence; and, carried away by their jealousy and rivalry, some of the writers have wandered so far from the original point of discussion that they are now contending against each other upon matters relating to the American War of Independence! That is what the games at Stockholm lead us to—the revival of memories and feelings that it were far better to forget. Until we became rivals for any other supremacy than that of industry and commerce, Americans and Britons could regard that war dispassionately from the outside as a mere matter of history; but now, after the Olympic Games, it seems in some minds to have become a little different. These are difficult and dangerous times. Social chaos at home is threatened; terrible wars on sea and land are in prospect. Games have served us well up till now, and we have done well with them. Why not let America go on with her specialising, while we, retaining our own simple system of sport, devote our time and thoughts to other and more important matters?

* * *

The other day I went into a big bookshop in London to make a purchase of the new story by M. Anatole France, *Les Dieux ont Soif*, and found that there was but one copy remaining on the shelves of the establishment. On my remarking upon the matter to the attendant, he informed me that some twenty copies had been disposed of that day, and a full total of five hundred during the previous fortnight, all imported from Paris, with their yellow bindings and their untranslated French inside. This was interesting and suggestive of inquiry. The salesman assured me that the great majority of the purchasers were English—nearly all of them, in fact; and that the demand for new works by the leading French authors was always considerable, and for those of M. France it was

specially so. I was assured that he had a great, a growing, and most enthusiastic public in London and the country, and that apparently his works were in greater demand than those of many really good British authors, despite their being published untranslated. That is a very remarkable thing. M. France is a most delightful writer. He has a beauty of expression, a piquancy of style, and a charm of idea that scarcely any other living author in any language possesses. No doubt this great general interest in him by our people was largely assisted in the first place by the series of excellent translations of his works that has been issued, notably by Mr John Lane, who gave us such a capital set of his *La Vie Littéraire* that little or nothing of the richness of the original was lost. However that may be, here we have a fair intimacy established between British readers and one of the best and most majestic of the French authors, and it is an intimacy that leads on to a desire for more knowledge of French literature, and then to increasing curiosity concerning the manners and the methods of its makers, the ways of life of the 'intellectuals' of this Latin race who are so different from our own. This demand is indicated in the number of works that are published nowadays giving us statements of facts and word-pictures of the kind that are needed, and so Britain and France come nearer to each other constantly, and the raw political understanding that was arrived at some years since may yet develop into some sort of closer sympathy. A book that may considerably assist British readers to such understanding as they wish for has been written by M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the *Gaulois*, an excellent translation of which, with the title of *Forty Years of Parisian Society*, has been issued by Mr Eveleigh Nash. The currents that flowed through literary and political life in Paris during a most important period, coming down almost to the present time, are here sketched in a most entertaining manner. It is chiefly the story of the *salon* that was established and maintained by the most brilliant Comtesse de Loynes, who died but four or five years back. She was the wonderful 'Dame aux Violettes.' There is a picture of her in the Louvre by Amaury Duval, a very arresting piece of work. The dress she wears is of a black so unrelieved that its folds are lost in the murky background of the canvas. The artist wished to concentrate on the face, particularly on the gray eyes 'with their sunlight on shadow, sung by so many poets. The light seems to come from within, and to find its way through those magnificent pupils which seek you, look through you, and overcome you with their gentle power. . . . The whole effect is peaceful, calm, harmonious. There are no jewels, merely a little bunch of violets tucked into the bodice—worn with a purpose, no doubt. The chin, which rests on the left hand, with its long, transparent fingers, alone betrays the strength of will of the subject. And thus she contemplates you, and seems at the same time to be leaning forward the better to catch your words. To look—to listen—these are the two secrets of the perfect hostess. They are the gifts of nature, and she who became the Comtesse de Loynes, though coming to Paris as simply as did Manon, possessed them in a supreme degree. Thanks to this, she was one day to succeed in gathering into the *salon*, whose supremacy she yielded only to unrecognised royalty, all the men of the day who added lustre to their high birth, to politics, to letters, or to oratory.'

* * *

Her origin was a little vague. She came from nothing, and at fifteen she ran away from a home in the provinces to seek her fortune in Paris. At once she was flung in the way of a new writer, the lion of the moment, Dumas *fils*, who had just succeeded, with the help of the Duc de Morny, in removing the ban which lay on the *Dame aux Camelias*. A most magnificent success followed. Dumas then, we are told, was a clumsy, broad-shouldered lad, with a strong face and the crinkled hair that hinted his dark blood. There was more than a touch of the negro in this Parisian—Dumas *père* was the son of a Haytian negress; at any rate, black though he might be, he had the wit of any two white men, and his words were worth their weight in gold. Dumas was touched by the evidences of a sensitive nature exhibited by his new friend, but did not at once perceive the strength that was concealed in the graceful childish form, so one day she said to him, 'You know, I came to Paris to learn, and I do so want to be taught.' Dumas asked why. 'Because,' she said, 'I want one day to have Paris at my feet.' 'What!' exclaimed Dumas; 'and you so modest! Oh, you will never be a "Dame aux Camelias"! You are a Dame aux Violettes, and that's just what you will always be, dear child.' Nevertheless, the narrative runs on to say, his Dame aux Violettes contrived that Dumas should find her a professor at once; nor was this professor one to be picked up in the streets, for his name was Sainte-Beuve. And so she mounted to the heights, one of the most brilliantly clever and tactful women of her time. As the 'Dame aux Violettes' she was always known, and the story of her *salon* is one of the pulsing, throbbing life of the keenest, finest minds of France in the latter half of the last century.

THE OTHER PASSENGER.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a landsman, I am a good sailor and rather enjoy a toss, so I remained on deck under the lee of a deck-cabin, watching the waves and the snow swirling and disappearing among the ridges of the troubled sea. Here, comparatively safe from spray, pulling contentedly at my pipe, I stood for half-an-hour or so. The other passengers had gone below, but it suited my mood to remain where I was and listen to the wild music of a rising gale. The *Sheldrake* was a steady enough ship; but the Minch has a way of its own—a sea of sudden and ungovernable moods. There was no suggestion of danger, I knew; although the snow thickened, a sudden wind rose, and the steamer began to lurch unpleasantly.

I turned to go below, and stopped dead, amazed, shaken beyond belief, for I saw a few yards in front of me a face of unearthly and appalling pallor. It was the face of the other passenger.

It stared out to sea, the wind beating the snowflakes on to it, and as I looked, mystified, I saw the same terror-laden look on the scored and white face. A gust of wind tore along the deck. I bent my head instinctively for an instant only to the gale, and when I looked up the face had disappeared. There was nothing, no one, to be seen except one of the crew, in oilskins and sou'-wester, lurching along the slanting deck. He almost ran into me.

'Who was that,' I shouted—'the man standing just there? Did you see him?'

The man stared at me. I knew before he spoke what his answer would be.

'No. There iss no one on deck barrin' the crew and yourself.'

His tone conveyed that in his opinion any one who remained on the wet deck unless by compulsion was, to say the least of it, eccentric.

So my nerves had played me another trick! The situation made me wince. I, who had been consulted by numberless neuropaths—I, whose business it was to help others, to whom people came for advice as to safeguarding their nerves—without doubt had allowed my own to become so jangled that I was shaking like a hysterical girl. I stared into the snow, but saw nothing; and, miserable and angry, I went below and sought for company. The saloon was half-full of people. I caught myself looking for the other passenger among them. I knew very well that this was weak, illogical; that to look for him, a creature of my unstrung imaginings, was a contemptible surrender to unreason, a pandering to my nerves. Yet I confess that I was conscious of a vague relief on seeing no signs of him or of any one remotely resembling him. Still, try as I would to dismiss it, the whole affair lingered with me.

I soon left the saloon, for most of the passengers were now lying huddled up, staving off or in the clutches of *mal-de-mer*, depressing-looking objects. So I donned my burberry and went on deck again.

It was now about seven o'clock and quite dark. I was glad enough to see the flashlight at Stornoway winking through the snow, and to know that I would soon be on land and meet my friend. We were near the Shiant Isles.

I sat down on the starboard quarter aft, and as I did so the wind suddenly fell. The hush was indescribable in its suddenness after the noise of the wind; nothing was heard but the monotonous throb of the screw and the sea on the vessel's counter. Round the Shiant Isles there is often a strong tide-roost; but to-night there was little or none, and the sea became suddenly quiet.

With the dropping of the wind I felt a marked difference in the air. It became stark cold, piercing me to the marrow. The sudden cold fired a train of thought, recalling the chill air that froze me in the train when the other passenger opened the door; and as I recalled it, a vague, minatory horror, a reasonless expectancy, a premonition of something hidden and evil, invaded me. Clearly I was not myself. I sat still, waiting, hating the face that I knew I should see again—the other passenger.

He came, looking furtively round the corner of the deck-cabin, stopping twice to glance fearfully behind him, his face, with its ghastly pallor, in a paroxysm of terror. I sat quite still, choking down an impulse to shout aloud I know not what. Then he ran aft nearly opposite me on the port quarter and cowered down for a moment, to rise again and beat the air, as if trying to fend off some one, something, from him. He backed gradually, warding off the phantasm until he touched the taffrail. A swift glance at the sea, an inarticulate sound, half-groan, half-sob of relief, and before I could move a muscle he leaped over the side. I ran to the rail, but neither heard nor saw a splash. There was nothing to be seen but the water boiling white in the *Sheldrake's* wake.

Doom! doom! sang the muffled voice of the engines.

I staggered to a seat, and my senses darkened. I said nothing to any one, for I was disinclined to make a fool of myself, reflecting ruefully that overwork and worry had jarred the delicate mechanism of the brain. It was clear that I was not myself. The other passenger was a shadow conjured up by overwrought nerves.

Nearing Stornoway, I met the skipper going to the bridge. He and I are old acquaintances. He stopped. 'Middlin' Christmas weather we 're havin', doctor,' said he, and we exchanged meteorological commonplaces. 'But I 've seen far worse on the Minch. There were the winters o' seventy-three and ninety-five,' he went on. 'Many a time I 've had to heave-to for hours. But I canna grumble.'

'Have you ever had bad luck in losing lives, captain?' a thought prompted me to ask.

'It 's no' for a man to boast, doctor; but I 've crossed the Minch for twenty years, and brought every soul ashore, barrin' one, and it was his own fault, poor devil! The police were after him. He had strangled the life out of a man, and somehow or other managed to get away north and on board. I don't know what it was, remorse or mania, but the man was haunted. I saw him, and I 'll remember his face while I live. He jumped overboard and was never seen again. Lucky for him, in a way, for the police were on his track, and were waitin' for him on the Long Island.'

I hope that the captain did not see my face as I asked him if the thing had happened recently.

He thought for a moment. 'Man, doctor, now that you mention it, it 's strange that we should be talkin' about it now. If you and I weren't above such nonsense, we might call it no' very canny. For it was on Christmas Eve—this very night—last year; and now that I remember'—he took out his watch—'it was just about this minute! A coincidence! Well, well! I must be off. A merry Christmas to ye!'

'Y-yes. A coincidence, of course,' I murmured mechanically. 'The same to you.'

At Stornoway my host shook hands with me on the pier. He took a second look at me, then said, 'You 've had a rough passage, I can see, Jim! I thought you were a fine sailor! Was the Minch too much for you?'

'No; I was all right,' I said.

'You 're run down, then! Been overworking, likely. Man, you look as if you had seen a ghost!'

THE END.

THE GALLANT OLD TOWN OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

AMONGST the old towns of New England there is none more interesting than Salem, Massachusetts, with its story of youthful struggle, steady perseverance, and hard-earned prosperity; finally attaining to a period of almost unprecedented wealth and importance which she enjoyed for three-quarters of a century, until, as an old inhabitant said sadly, 'steam killed Salem,' thus epitomising in three words the story of her swift decay.

It was three years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the opposite shores of the bay that a certain Roger Conant and his company arrived upon the bleak promontory which they named Cape Anne, in honour of James the First's queen, bearing with them from the king what is known as 'The Sheffield Patent,' which authorised them to 'plant a settlement on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay.' In the Essex Institute, which stands in the heart of the town to-day, Salem preserves the identical grant, and the faded lines are still quite easily read. It bears date 1623, and for three bleak and bitter years the hardy seafarers did battle with a climate far too severe for even their hardy constitutions. Moving some miles farther up the bay, they found a 'pleasant and fruitful neck of land called by the Indians Naumkeag,' and here, in 'a most sheltered cove,' well protected from the cruel north and biting east, they laid the foundations of their town, calling it Salem from its peaceful position and the friendliness of the natives whom they found there.

Ever-increasing troubles in the mother-country drove many of the better class across the wide seas, and a second charter was granted to the new company, suspending 'The Sheffield Patent,' but reserving all their former privileges to the earlier settlers.

In 1628 a great immigration took place under the command of Captain John Endecott, a brave son of Dorset, who possessed in no small degree all the qualities of a skilful leader and organiser. Under his careful oversight the new town took the form which, with few modifications, it retains to this day. You must bear in mind the fact that the new colonists who accompanied and followed him were English subjects, under the control of English laws, bringing along with them English modes of thought, English manners and customs, also high ideals about that civil and religious liberty for which they had dared the then terrible voyage across the Atlantic. There was at the outset a much greater distinction between civil and religious liberty amongst them than is generally supposed; nor was it until a few years after the establishment of Salem that a most rigid Puritan rule became predominant there. It is hard to account for the large amount of English capital invested in the town upon purely religious grounds. There must have been some inducement other than the desire to conduct their devotions according to their own opinions lurking in the background. When the Pilgrims' agent was soliciting for the patent which legalised the appropriation of these unknown lands, James the First shrewdly inquired about the profits that might result.

'Great fishing,' he was informed. 'So God have my life!' answered the king, ''tis an honest trade. 'Twas the Apostles' own.'

Magnificent indeed was the great fishery which at first was the main foundation of Salem's commercial success. Like that of Venice in her dawning prosperity, hers came chiefly from the exportation of salt-fish to Roman Catholic countries far away. Chief amongst her cargoes was salted cod, for which she still retains a great reputation. But another and still more profitable traffic developed; this was with the Indians, who bartered beaver and other costly skins for wampum and the corn which the colonists grew in abundance on the rich lands surrounding the town. So the young colony increased and flourished under Endecott's wise rule. He laid out roads and streets, which are well-preserved thoroughfares to this day. He divided the land into lots that were impartially assigned both to the new settlers and the first arrivals. There were 'house-lots' for persons of the better sort in prominent parts of the town, whose sites are still occupied either by fine old colonial houses in good preservation or else by warehouses and stores. The 'fishermen's lots' were near the port. Also, there were 'widows' lots,' and even 'maids' lots;' but as several young women thus rendered free to earn their own living were rejoicing in their liberty, the wiseacres thought it best for the future of the young town to abolish these privileges. Therefore they refused the application of one Deborah Holmes, 'a faire young woman,' 'because,' quoth Governor Endecott, ''tis a bad precedent to keep house alone.' So early in the infancy of New England did the independent young woman begin to assert herself, and so did the 'mere man' endeavour to put her back in her place. In the first years of Salem red men and white lived amicably side by side. Long before the settlers touched the shores of the great bay the Indians had cultivated, after their primitive methods, the fertile lands of Naumkeag. Now colonist and native worked side by side, the red men learning from the white better modes of farming, and, alas! acquiring not a few of the vices which disgraced the higher race. The Indians never made themselves felt as enemies until 1675, when the mysterious Indian leader who called himself King Philip, backed by Louis the Fourteenth, stirred up the Five Nations against the colonists. Even while other towns were fighting hard for bare life, and being harried with fire and sword, Salem, encompassed by strong walls and high palisades, was comparatively safe; but her outlying hamlets suffered terribly, and many of her best and bravest citizens either perished in fair fight or were foully slain by treacherous ambuscades. Such a fate befell gallant Captain Thomas Lathrop and his seventy followers, who are still tenderly remembered as 'the Flowers of Essex.' They were overpowered by lurking savages at a place known to this day as 'the Bloody Brook,' and slain to a man. The great Narragansett Swamp, lying between Salem and Boston, which is now traversed by railroad and trolley lines as well as a good road, was the scene of a terrible battle, in which more than one prominent citizen lost their lives. After that great defeat the land had peace.

Salem was early noted for the stern Puritanism marking the everyday life of her citizens. At first the curb was not too tightly drawn, but as the prosperity and importance of the town advanced, so did the rigour of its daily life. Instances of intolerance became more and more frequent. In 1629 one 'powerful' pastor and preacher after another came to guide the religious thought and discipline of the growing town. At last a more enlightened young preacher named Roger Williams appeared, who boldly set forth the right of every man to think his own thoughts and live his own life. Already the rulers had forgotten the fact that they themselves had fled from intolerance. He was sternly forbidden to preach, and driven from his pulpit. The great men in Boston having pronounced the cruel sentence of banishment upon him, he fled to the wilderness in the depth of a fierce New England winter, and after enduring the most terrible privations found a place of refuge, where he created a settlement which he called Providence, and which became a thriving colony. It was at first known as the Providence Plantation, but is now the flourishing State of Rhode Island.

Darker and more stern became the rule of Endecott and his elders. You can read the man's character in his portrait in the Essex Institute, which is one of the sights of the town. He came from fair, debonair Dorset; but the face is that of an austere, unbending autocrat, whose strong will could brook no opposition. In 1637 Hugh Peters arrived in Salem to take possession of the principal congregation there. He had been living quietly—for him—at Rotterdam, after making England too hot for his comfort, and in Holland had somewhat kept himself within bounds. He took Williams's vacant place. But the man's restless spirit was not one to be confined in the narrow limits of a young colony. Well would it have been for him had he spent his days in Salem; but commerce had great fascinations for him, and that aspect of the seaport town interested him deeply. In 1641 he left, ostensibly to further the larger interests of the merchants. Once he was back in England, the whirlpool of the Revolution sucked him in. Salem never saw him more. But the impulse which he gave to the enterprising spirits of the town did its work. The first of the great fleets of swift ships for which Salem was afterwards famed was built, warehouses rose upon the sea-front, houses of entertainment for merchant-travellers were erected in a brave new street which traversed the town from south to north,

and for nearly a century and a half the Neck, as the business part of the town was called, was about the liveliest spot in the whole state.

As the trade and prosperity of Salem increased, so did also the stern Puritanism of her elders, who would brook no differences of opinion among the inhabitants of the thriving place. Against the Quakers, who lived in peace and quietness amongst them, the severest laws were framed and put into execution. The persecutions endured by these inoffensive and most useful citizens make a very pitiful page in the annals of the town. So terrible were their sufferings that one member of the sect escaped to England and laid a statement of the case before the king, who issued a mandate sternly forbidding Endecott to punish any of His Majesty's subjects for religious differences, especially those persons calling themselves Friends or Quakers.

So the land had rest from persecutions until the madness of terror caused by witchcraft fell upon the sober burghers, and the story of that mysterious epidemic remains a blot upon the history of Salem to this day. Endecott, sternest of governors, was dead, and his successor was the aged Governor Bradstreet, who had already far passed man's allotted span, but who preserved his strength of mind and sound judgment unimpaired. Strange it seems to us that a man of his great powers should lend himself to the delusion which cost many lives before the play was played out. There is plenty of superstition in New England to-day; but the thriving fortune-tellers and crystal-gazers can ply their trade without fear of the gallows. In the seventeenth century it was not so. Superstition had a dark and terrible meaning then, and over all the world the Powers of Evil were dreaded with an awe and horror which we of an enlightened age scarcely understand. In that particular environment there were more reasons than usual for the credulity of the people. Few households in Salem were without one or more Indian or negro slaves. If these semi-savages outwardly conformed to their owners' form of belief, in the depths of their hearts they were still devil-worshippers. In the household where the first outbreak of the dreadful delusion occurred there were three coloured servants, one of whom was an Indian woman named Tituba. Her master, Mr Samuel Parris, minister of Danvers, a village a couple of miles distant from Salem, had formerly been a seafaring man, and had brought her from the West Indies, where the darkest arts of black magic are not forgotten even in the twentieth century. The children of this worthy ex-mariner eagerly listened to Tituba's wild tales, and during the severe winter of 1691–92 they and some companions of their own age amused themselves with palmistry and sundry magical arts to while away the tedium of the long and dismal winter evenings. The season was exceptionally wild. Fierce storms swept the ocean; weird sounds and sighs were in the air. Strange visions appeared in the sky, very probably Northern Lights, which amongst the unlearned have long been connected with supernatural manifestations.

When the long, dark winter drew to its close the young people began to develop strange freaks and an impishness that seemed almost demoniac, also a disposition to play monkey-tricks upon their elders, which was very disconcerting in the well-ordered household of Minister Parris. A sound whipping might have checked an evil that developed into terrible tragedy; but the perplexed father, instead of admonishing the chief offender, his little daughter of nine years old, called in a sapient doctor, who at once pronounced the terrible word 'bewitched.' Immediately the little girl, who must naturally have been of a very untoward disposition, became the object of deep interest to the elders of the Church who met round her bed, and with prayers and fastings strove with the demon in possession. But the child's behaviour grew more and more unnatural, and many of her companions, seeing of what consequence the naughty little imp had become, imitated her vagaries with enlarged variations.

The children were exorcised, and again and again commanded to name their tormentors. They denounced three persons—two poor, defenceless old women and the slave Tituba. These were the first of the denunciations which left so dark a stain upon the annals of the fair town. Two solemn and wise magistrates were summoned to hear and pronounce upon the case. One, John Hawthorne, was the direct ancestor of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Salem's most honoured son; and the other was Judge Corwin, whose house is still preserved as a national memorial, and is shown as 'the Witch House' to this day. One of the accused women was separated from her husband, but managed to make a living somehow; while the second was a poor, bedridden imbecile, for whom no one had a word to say good or evil. Tituba had been a faithful servant in her master's home. With much pomp and circumstance the wretched women were examined in the presence of the congregation comprising all the notables of the place. The girls and the accused women were brought face to face. The girls went into fits and shrieked to Heaven as the poor old women were brought to touch their writhing bodies. The wretched beings' fate was a foregone conclusion. For the next two years 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live' was a text never off the lips of the stern judges, who hurried both young and old, men and women—and, alas! one little girl of five years old—to a shameful death. From March to September 1692 nineteen persons were hanged, and one old man was pressed to death.

Through the whole of the pitiful record of those dreadful years the underlying spirit of jealousy, envy, malice, and spite that prompted too many

of the accusations can be plainly seen. All the goods of those condemned to death were confiscated, and a large portion given to the persons whom they were supposed to have foully injured. Cupidity as well as other evil passions could thus be gratified, and there can be no doubt that very many of the victims were done to death through personal enmity. The fighting minister, George Burroughs, was certainly a victim to it. A man of giant physique and extraordinary strength, he had been a successful minister and a leader of men. His gallant deeds against the Indians in Portland and Portsmouth were well known. In both towns he had been 'an acceptable preacher.' Now he was advancing in life, and had, it may be, made himself obnoxious to those in high places. Many and various were the charges brought against him. He was said to have had dealings with a 'great black man' much more huge than himself, and to have been seen 'holding a great musquett upright on his hand,' a feat of balancing by no means impossible to a man of his giant strength. He unfortunately had lost two wives. His enemies accused him of having done them both to death by sorcery. One woman, who afterwards recanted the whole of her depositions, accused him of holding something very like the 'black masses' so fashionable in Paris a few decades earlier in the century. It is scarcely probable that an ignorant native of a little town in New England could have known of these unholy doings, yet her depositions, still preserved in Salem, read very like the tales of those dark deeds. Afterwards, with bitter tears and heart-felt penitence, she craved her victim's pardon. The magistrates who had eagerly recorded all her false witness would not listen to the truth, although she urged it upon them with all her powers. With a rigour that only personal animosity could explain, the 'Great' Cotton Mather, who was present at the trial, insisted upon the extreme sentence being carried out, and Burroughs died praying for his accusers. Mather, 'mounted on a greate white horse,' sat by and watched the tragedy to its close. When he saw the people moved by the calm demeanour of the victim, he 'shouted out in a loud voice that he deserved the death of soul and body, and that the world was rid of a pestilent witch.'

So the horrible delusion ran itself out. At last, after two dreadful years—during which no man or woman could feel secure from the awful accusation of witchcraft, and while evil-disposed persons grew bolder and bolder in their denunciations, accusing even the highest in the land—men began to recover from the panic. Lady Phipps, wife of the Governor of Massachusetts, being threatened with shame and disgrace, a reasonable spirit returned to the City Fathers, and the horrible nightmare that had obsessed the people of Salem passed away. In May 1693 the persons who were still under suspicion in the crowded jails of Salem and Boston were summarily released, whether under sentence or not; and that wise command of Governor Phipps sounded the knell of witchcraft for ever in the cities of New England. But Salem can never escape from the stigma which those dreadful years left upon her. She has repented of her madness, and recorded that repentance in her annals; but even her subsequent greatness, the triumphs of her mercantile navy, the story of her gifted sons, the many sons whom she sent out into the world to do great deeds, the beauty and interest of her colonial buildings, and the treasures of her two museums will not efface from the minds of men the dark facts of those two years' infamy, and Salem will be known as 'the Witch Town' until the end of time.

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

PROBABLY in no country have secret societies been so widespread or exercised so much influence, generally for evil, as in China. Even before the Han dynasty, 200 B.C., there existed rebellious and apparently secret societies whose members bound themselves with oaths and adopted certain distinctive badges, headgear, or articles of clothing; as, for instance, the Yellow Turban Rebels, who played an important part in bringing about the downfall of the Heu Han dynasty, which caused the empire to be divided into three kingdoms and resulted in about sixty years of turbulent unrest. It was during the struggle with these rebels that there arose the famous general Kwan Yue, afterwards deified as Kwan Ti, the god of war, venerated to this day by a later secret society—the Triad.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the notorious White Lily (Lotus) Society was established, and during a period of three hundred years played important parts in the history of China. We first hear of their making an endeavour to restore the Sung dynasty, in which they were not successful. During 1621–28 they sided with the insurgents in an effort to upset the Government, but again failed; while in 1794 the society had so increased in numbers that it was able to put no less than one hundred thousand armed rebels in the field against an equal number of imperialists, and for ten years to wage a war at the cost of thousands of lives and many millions of taels to the Government, and, moreover, with such success that at one time they were masters of the whole of Western China. In 1814 a simultaneous rising in Honan, Shan-tung, and Peking was arranged, and a most daring

attempt made to capture the imperial palace, frustrated only by the energy of the emperor's brother, who was in residence at the time, and by the fact that certain traitors within the palace had been misinformed as to the actual date of the attempt. The rising in Honan was brought on too soon by the magistrate arresting the leader and cutting off his feet. Three thousand of the society arose, killed the magistrate, and rescued their leader. At the same time risings occurred in other parts of the province and in Shan-tung, various towns were captured, and a point on the Grand Canal seized, which put the rebels in possession of supplies intended for the capital. But the following year they were defeated at several positions by the imperialist general Yang Fang, their chief captured, and the remnants of their army dispersed. That is the last time the White Lotus Society is heard of in open rebellion.

A society known as the Ko Lao Hui was in existence some time before the middle of last century; but little was known of its aims, though it undoubtedly was inimical to the Government and to foreign missions. In 1891 this society suddenly sprang into notoriety on the discovery of an attempt on the part of a foreigner named Mason, employed in the Imperial Maritime Customs Service, to smuggle into Chin-kiang a lot of arms, ammunition, and some dynamite he had purchased in Hong-kong. He had also engaged several foreigners to act as leaders of Chinese in his intended insurrection. He was supposed to be a member of the dreaded Ko Lao Hui Society, and was condemned to nine months' imprisonment and banished from China. His unfortunate servants, also suspected of being members of the association, were barbarously tortured to compel them to disclose the names of confederates. They did incriminate a wealthy Chinaman, who was captured next year, but committed suicide in prison. At the same time the leader of the society was arrested and executed, and the heads of both men were exposed to public gaze outside the gate of the city. Soon after this affair there was a good deal of ill-feeling shown to foreigners in the Yang-tsze valley; and the Chinese officials were convinced that the society sought to involve China in war with foreign nations so that it might the better carry out its own schemes.

The Triad, or Heaven and Earth Society, is supposed by its members to have been established in 1674, shortly after the Manchu invaders seized the capital, usurped the throne, and gave the name of Tsing ('Purity') to the dynasty they founded, the previous one having the title of Ming ('Brightness').

The origin of the society is supposed to have been as follows: While a certain Chinese general Wu was fighting the Manchus on the frontier he learnt that the capital had been captured by rebels and that the emperor had committed suicide; he thereupon invited the Manchu chieftain whom he was fighting to assist him in turning out the rebels and restoring the Ming heir. This invitation was accepted, and together they annihilated the rebels and took the capital; but once there, the Manchus showed no intention of departing, and the once loyal Wu was bribed or compelled to assist in suppressing opposition to the new dynasty. He was rewarded with the position of Viceroy of the West and a title. After a time, having firmly established himself and extended his power even into Burma, he conceived the desire of setting up as an independent prince, and stirred up rebellion in the Canton and neighbouring province. In so doing he started a bigger blaze than he expected, for it happened that near Swatow, hidden away in the hills at a place called Siu Lum ('Little Wood'), there was a monastery where lived a number of militant monks who had rendered good service to the first Tsing emperor by defeating some invaders whom his regulars could not tackle. First they were rewarded, but later his ministers persuaded the emperor that these bold monks constituted a danger to the State, so he had the monastery surrounded by soldiers and set on fire. One hundred and twenty-eight were killed or burnt to death, but five escaped. These five swore vengeance. They bound themselves with oaths to form the Heaven and Earth Society, and adopted the family name of Hung ('Deluge') and the motto, 'Destroy Tsing and restore Ming.' Though the society has always been a source of anxiety to the Government, the desired vengeance implied in its motto has been denied it; the strong man to lead the Triads is not forthcoming. The founders of the society and their followers were for four years engaged in the endeavour to restore to the throne the sole surviving Ming prince, but, after temporary success, were finally defeated, and the young prince was strangled.

The next important Triad rebellion broke out in Formosa in 1787, when the country-people in the district of Changhua had been quietly enlisted in the brotherhood. They attacked and routed the imperialist troops at several points, and being joined by various bandit chiefs, were strong enough to lay siege to the imperialist stronghold of the island; but, reinforcements arriving after some months' delay, the rebels were obliged to retire, and were more than once badly beaten on their retreat.

Early in this war a Triad leader, Yeh-shing, was killed, and his widow assumed command of his followers. This woman, Chen by name, was expert in the use of the sword and bow, and, moreover, was very handsome, but of violent passions. Becoming enamoured of a captured imperialist officer, who rejected her advances, she had his body sliced up, and pickled his head in a jar of filth, *pour encourager les autres*. After the defeat in Formosa this woman escaped with

some followers to the mainland, but was eventually captured and put to death. Her name is recorded in history as one of the famous Amazons of China.

The society then spread very rapidly in the provinces of Kwang-tung, Kwang-si, and Hunan, and terrorised the officials without rising in any great numbers at one time. Many people were arrested and beheaded for merely belonging to the society. The Triads assisted some savages from the hills in Kwang-si in their raids, and on one occasion played a clever ruse on the imperialists sent to clear them out. On a dark night they tied lanterns to the horns of a lot of goats, and turned them loose on the mountain-side. While the regulars were busy attacking this supposed force, the savages and Triads took them in rear and defeated them with great slaughter. The famous Tai-ping rebellion was no doubt assisted by the Triads, as it spread through Kwang-si and Kwang-tung, although they do not appear to have taken a leading part in the movement outside these provinces; but they certainly gave a lot of trouble at the time, and have since then repeatedly rebelled against the extortions of the officials.

For the moment the society may appear to be suppressed, but there are not wanting indications that it is as busy as ever; and comparatively trifling incidents are heard of, and show the activity hidden underneath exterior calm. In June 1911 a custom-house officer searching passengers for opium at Canton was shot by a well-dressed Chinaman whom he proposed to search. This man then jumped into a sampan and endeavoured to escape; but finding that he was unlikely to get away, he threw a packet into the river and shot himself. What was found out about this man was not officially made known, but it transpired that he held an important position in the Triad Society.

Though the revolt of these societies against the Government has brought much misery upon the people, as civil war must, they are not an unmitigated evil; the knowledge of a strong combination against them, and dread of an uprising, have caused grasping officials to refrain from many acts of oppression that would otherwise have been perpetrated. They were at the back of the rebellion (October 1911) which helped to overthrow the Tsing dynasty.

There is a great deal of similarity in the constitution and ritual of these several societies; but there is no grand lodge to control the various branches of any brotherhood; consequently there is no great unity amongst the lodges. They work independently; and while some are associations for mutual assistance and support in times of poverty and distress, others are gatherings of rascals who combine to arrange piratical attacks or to blackmail individuals or even isolated communities that dare not resist.

In Hong-kong it is illegal to belong to any of these secret societies, the punishment being a fine or imprisonment. In China proper it is of course absolutely dangerous to be known to belong to any such body; consequently lodges have to be held in great secrecy, and are shorn of much of their splendour. A Triad Lodge opened in due form and with the proper ornaments would be rather imposing. The officers of a lodge are the grand superintendent (commonly called elder brother), the incense master or second elder brother, the white fan or instructor, the third elder brother, the vanguard or champion, the red club or lictor, the five generals, eight guards, and a number of messengers or stewards called straw-sandals.

The lodge-room proper, called the red flower pavilion, is entered by crossing a bridge consisting of one iron and one copper plank. Herein are seen shrines to Kwan Ti, god of war and loyal patriot; to the goddess of mercy; to Fuh Teh, the god of the priest's dwelling; to past members of the Hung family; to the five patriarchs (the priests who escaped from the burning monastery); and to any other whom that particular lodge might wish to venerate. There are also seen a miniature pagoda, a temple, a fruit-stall with various kinds of fruit on it, a tripod incense-burner bearing the motto, 'Overthrow Tsing, restore Ming,' a red club with a dragon painted on it, a peck measure of rice with flags of the commander-in-chief and five sub-commanders, a candle, a dwarf cedar-tree, a sword, an abacus, and a red lamp and white fan for signalling; further, scales, the sign of justice, to weigh Ming and Tsing, a foot-rule to measure the heavens and earth, a mirror to detect the virtuous and vicious; probably also a rosary, a priest's robe, and a pair of straw sandals. Outside the door of the lodge, in the anteroom, two guards are stationed with drawn swords. The meetings take place at night, and when initiations are conducted the ceremony lasts several hours, the ritual being mostly in verse, that it may the easier be committed to memory.

The candidates are instructed in the answers they must give to certain questions, and then must appear *in formâ pauperis*, without silk clothing, barefooted, and with queues partly unplaited. The outer guard asks them why they wish to enter; they reply, 'To become brothers of the Hung family and join the army.' To the question, 'Who invites you to come?' they say, 'We come of our own accord.' They are then informed that they will have to meet difficulties and danger; a sword is laid upon their necks, and they are asked which is harder, the sword or their necks. They reply, 'Our necks,' meaning that they would rather lose their heads than disclose the secrets of the society.

After the inner guard has addressed them at some length in verse, the candidates are admitted on their knees. The ceremony then proceeds, with much dialogue between the inner guard

and the incense master, intended for the instruction of the candidates. Amongst the questions and answers are such as: 'Whence come you?' 'The east.' 'When did you come?' 'When the sun was red.' 'What is the proof of brotherhood?' 'The blood-drinking.' 'How is the oath taken?' 'By breaking a basin and cutting off a cock's head.' The candidates then advance farther into the room and kneel under an arch of swords, holding joss-sticks in their hands, while the incense master recites a prayer to heaven and earth.

The obligation is then given in the form of thirty-six oaths. These are read from a scroll by the incense master, and include a promise to respect the chastity of a fellow Triad's wife and daughters; promises of secrecy, fidelity, and obedience; promises to assist brothers in difficulty, to be attentive to duties, to learn the ritual, carefully to conceal the certificate of membership and book of rules; with many more promises of a family and domestic nature. This done, the candidates extinguish the joss-sticks in a bowl of water, and copies of the thirty-six oaths are burned in the incense-burner, and the ashes also put into the bowl. The candidates and members prick their fingers with needles and let a drop of blood fall into the bowl, to which generally a little wine is added; then all drink of this brew. The oath is confirmed by breaking a chinaware bowl and cutting off a cock's head. The newly admitted members then pay an entrance fee, usually one dollar, and receive in return four cash wrapped in red paper and a certificate of membership.

These certificates of membership are usually printed in black on white cloth, with lodge seal in vermilion; sometimes the certificates are yellow or red, and on silk. The characters are as a rule written in such a manner as to be unintelligible to the uninitiated—that is, they are either abbreviated or have a number of superfluous strokes added to them; but the family name Hung always appears, generally in a little triangle, and the motto, 'Overthrow Tsing, restore Ming,' will be found under some guise or other.

Those who have watched the progress of Chinese revolutions may wonder how, in a country which strictly prohibits the importation of firearms, such large numbers of men outside the soldiery could be so rapidly armed. Here again may be traced the activity of the secret societies, which have for years been accumulating and hiding stores of arms and ammunition to be used in the ultimate execution of their plans. But though the Triads have played their part in the overthrow of the Tsing dynasty, they have not succeeded in setting up a Ming or any other prince, but instead, what was never dreamt of in the days of their foundation, a republic.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE ACETYLENE AGE.

THE present time might be appropriately described as the acetylene age, seeing that this gas is coming more and more into vogue for a wide variety of purposes. It is only twenty years ago that a commercial method of producing carbide of calcium upon an extensive scale was discovered by Mr Willson at Niagara, and the brilliancy of the light produced by this gas instantly aroused interest. Unfortunately in those days very little was known concerning its properties, nor were its dangers recognised. The result was that accidents were numerous and startling, so that acetylene became the butt of deep-rooted prejudice. Since then, however, the whole industry and its product have undergone a complete change, with the result that to-day carbide of calcium is the safest gas-producing medium known. An explosion is impossible unless one deliberately seeks such a disaster. The raw material is produced in a manner which facilitates handling with impunity so long as ordinary common-sense is observed. The grayish-looking lumps are no more dangerous to handle than pieces of unslaked lime; and as one naturally protects the latter from moisture in order that it may retain its qualities, so carbide of calcium should be protected until the gas is required. Dissolved acetylene, as it is termed, is a perfectly non-explosive substance under these conditions, and may be stowed away without any fear in a cool, dry place. So far as lighting is concerned, it has no equal in point of brilliancy and purity, and it is the nearest approach to sunlight that has yet been discovered. For country-house and rural lighting purposes the generator has been completely revolutionised. Nowadays the gas is made automatically, with the result that generation takes place just when it is required. Moreover, the gas is of extreme purity, being thoroughly cleansed and purified before admission into the pipes; while improvements in connection with the burner have overcome the original objection to the light, that a deposit of carbon upon the burner impoverished the flame. Opponents of this system of lighting—to-day owing to convincing demonstration they are in the minority—have no idea of the firm hold which acetylene has obtained. Last year over five hundred million cubic feet of gas was used, and the demand is developing amazingly. When associated with the oxygen-jet, the gas-flame cuts through the thickest and

toughest of steel as easily as a knife ploughs through putty. It has solved the problem of welding iron and steel; rivers, harbours, and long stretches of lonely coasts are illumined by its agency for six months or more without requiring attention; while heating and cooking operations are performed with it on an extensive scale. But, what is most important, the price of the raw material is falling lower and lower in consonance with demand, as carbide of calcium is a product of electricity, and with the increased development of electricity the material for generating acetylene gas will become cheaper.

THE ELECTRIC FARMER.

Probably few of our industries have occupied so much attention on the part of the scientist during the past few years as agriculture. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the development of the land constitutes the sheet-anchor of prosperity of any nation, while, moreover, the farmer up till a few years ago was the most conservative workman on earth, content to follow the lead established centuries ago. The soil has been vastly improved both by treatment and feeding, crops have been multiplied and developed through the efforts of the scientist, and wasteful methods of working have been superseded by mechanical means of high perfection. The latest development is an effort to bring home to the farmer the useful maid-of-all-work which he is neglecting —electricity. In America there are travelling commercial demonstration shows which tour the country in the same way as an itinerant circus. A spacious canvas tent and a multitude of mechanical devices, one and all dependent upon electricity, are hauled by powerful electric trucks from place to place. When the show reaches a promising centre the tent is pitched upon a suitable piece of ground, and the numerous tools are set up under working conditions. In one corner machines may be seen coupled to tiny motors to perform such operations as pumping, driving threshing-machines, wood-splitting, bone-crushing, and unloading hay, being set in motion and stopped by the movement of a handle. In another section the advantages of electric-lighting are driven home; and another is divided by partitions to represent stalls in a cattle-shed where cows are being milked by electrical devices, with churns, &c., whizzing merrily near by in the preparation of the milk for different purposes. Not a single duty on the farm is overlooked; electricity is applicable to all. Outside, electrically-driven trucks of all descriptions, from a small, light van to a heavy wagon, are shown doing haulage work of various kinds. In another place there is a small workshop fully equipped with bench, anvil, lathe, and so on, such as may be found upon any up-to-date isolated farm, where repairs of all descriptions may be effected, with electricity as the sole source of energy. Nor is the domestic side forgotten. The farmer's wife is shown the way to lessen the arduousness of her labours in cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, cleaning, and so forth. The point that strikes the spectator is the small amount of attention the various machines require, and the ease and simplicity of their control. The campaign on the country-side is being carried on with commendable energy; and a similar movement might be inaugurated very advantageously in these islands with a view to popularising electricity. One American company is expending over twenty thousand pounds upon this campaign of education and enlightenment; and, judging from the results so far achieved, it will recoup itself several times over, as the travelling electric farm is proving a far more valuable advertisement, and effecting more practical results in regard to sales, than pages of newspaper advertisements and academic discussions. It is 'showing the goods,' to quote an American colloquialism, 'on the spot.'

CATCHING COLD.

The commonest of all common phrases, 'catching cold,' has long been pronounced by high medical authority to be misleading and untrue, says the New York *Outlook*. We do not catch cold at all; and if we catch anything, it is the bacteria which cause the illness generally described as a cold. There are several of these long-named creatures; and, in point of fact, few of us are ever without the streptococcus or the pneumococcus, the micro-organism of pneumonia, or even the dread *Bacillus diphtheriæ*. Normally, a man may have millions of these infinitesimal creatures in his system without developing a cold or other disease; but the illness will appear when predisposing factors stir the bacilli into activity. In a paper by Dr William Brady in the *New York Medical Journal*, it is alleged that we can avoid these predisposing factors. 'No one ever caught cold,' says Dr Brady, 'through cold, fresh air;' no one, it is asserted, ever catches cold in the Arctic regions. But 'housed-up mollycoddles' are in danger, and the things to avoid are overheated rooms, unhygienic dress, poor ventilation, and over-eating. More often than not the medium of infection is dust. Draughts, if the bad conditions above named are avoided, are in no wise dangerous, and a 'clean draught of cold, fresh air is an unmitigated blessing.' Dr Leonard Hill, in speaking at the British Association meeting on how to keep healthy, maintained that the bracing effect of cold was of supreme importance to health and happiness; that we become soft and flabby and less resistant to the attacks of infecting bacteria in the winter not because of the cold, but because of our excessive precautions to preserve ourselves from the cold; and that the prime cause of cold or chill is not really exposure to cold, but to the overheated and con-

fined air of rooms, factories, and meeting-places. In his opinion the harm is done by the overheating of the clothes of the people crowded together, whereby the cutaneous vessels are dilated, the veins filled, the volume of the arteries lessened, and more strain thrown on the heart. The agitation of the air by cooling fans was recommended.

THE MOST SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

Human endeavour carries industry and commerce to strange corners of the world, and has been responsible for the establishment of industries in the extreme habitable limits of the globe. In the northern hemisphere a small community ekes out an existence on Greenland's icy, inhospitable shores mining a special earth which is shipped exclusively to the United States. The ships making for this inaccessible port experience adventures innumerable, as they start northwards in the early spring, and have to battle with fogs and icebergs every mile of the way. In the southern hemisphere, some seven hundred miles distant from Tasmania's coast, is the small islet known as Macquarie Island, which has received much attention because Antarctic expeditions, as a rule, make a point of calling at this lonely spot. The island is twenty-two miles in length by five in width, and is extremely rugged, yet it has become the centre of a growing trade. For centuries it has been the home of immense numbers of penguins; in fact, it is computed that there are some eighty millions of this genus on the island. An enterprising individual saw a chance to make money, and he leased the island from the Tasmanian Government, and established a factory there for the extraction of penguin-oil. The birds are caught and boiled down in huge tanks in batches of eight hundred, and the oil barrelled and shipped to the Australian mainland to be used in the manufacture of binder twine. There is only one serious difficulty in the development of this industry. Macquarie Island does not possess a sheltered cove or bay where the depth of water will permit even the smallest ship to approach very close to the shore. As a result the vessels moor about half a mile off, and the produce has to be transported to them on rafts. Evidently the traffic is remunerative, as several ships, in their efforts to secure a full cargo, have come to grief in trying to reach the island.

A 'WIRELESS' COMPASS.

For some time past Commendatore Marconi, in collaboration with Signor Tocelli, has been experimenting with a compass whereby it will be possible for a navigator to learn and keep his position in dense fog by the aid of wireless telegraphy. It is somewhat difficult to describe the instrument without the aid of explanatory diagrams; but, briefly, it may be said to indicate the direction whence wireless signals proceed, so that by thus locating them the mariner may be able to determine whether he is approaching or avoiding a dangerous spot. The submarine bell and wireless telegraphy have done much to assist the captain of a vessel when surrounded by his worst enemy; but they have not solved the problem completely. With the new compass, however, it is believed that a master will be able to handle his vessel as easily in a thick fog as in clear weather. The invention has been subjected to searching tests in the English Channel, and has proved perfectly trustworthy, so that an additional means of securing safety at sea appears to be within measurable distance of application.

THE VALUE OF ICEBERGS.

The number of lives which have been lost during the present year through collisions with icebergs from the frozen north has revealed in no uncertain manner the extent of this foe upon the high seas. The bergs have been sighted in southern latitudes which hitherto have been regarded as beyond their reach. The popular mind has been riveted upon the subject by the number of accidents; but as a matter of fact scientists have been aware of their numbers and movements for years. So far as recent records go, this year icebergs have not been sighted so far south as in former seasons. Some years ago one huge berg contrived to weather the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and startled vessels around the Azores; and on another occasion a wanderer was espied off the Bermudas. The bergs of the North Atlantic have their origin off the western coast of Greenland, whose mighty ice-cap stretches down to the sea. As the frozen rivers come into contact with the water they break off in huge masses, some solid blocks measuring a quarter of a mile in length, and representing a dead-weight of several million tons. When the winter breaks and the currents set fiercely southward these bergs are marshalled in line, and sail steadily toward warmer climes in long procession. Those in the centre of the current keep their course, while others on the edges are whisked outward to grind against one another, to become stranded on the Labrador coast, or to be ground to pieces among the islands dotting that bleak stretch of Canadian coastline. The escaping bergs drift on and on till, in the succeeding winter, their progress is checked around the shores of Newfoundland, and they join up with the icefield, which forms rapidly. The whole mass keeps forging ahead steadily under the force of the currents, colliding and breaking continuously, the detached portions attaching themselves to larger drifting fields, until at last they float over the Grand Banks. Here their destruction commences. Their sides become pounded and melt under the rays of the

sun, while their bases, with which huge masses of detritus, gravel and rock, are associated, fall away to build up the submerged plateau of the Atlantic. Those which survive this decomposing process wander farther and farther south, foul the great steamship lanes, and there for the most part finish their career. Travellers may regard the iceberg with terror, but to the fishermen of Newfoundland and the North Atlantic states they are a blessing. It will be an unlucky day for these fishermen when Nature changes her tactics, and swings the bergs upon another course away from the Grand Banks, as then the fishing industry will disappear. It is the débris borne by the bergs from virgin Greenland to be deposited upon the bed of the Atlantic at this point which makes it an excellent breeding-ground for the cod, herring, and other marketable fish. The detritus contains an essential nutriment for these edible denizens of the deep.

THE NARUTO.

A correspondent in Japan writes: 'Between the large island of Shikoku, in Japan, and the smaller one of Awaji, is a tiny strait little more than a mile wide. This strait is called the Naruto, or the Sounding Channel. On the north side of the strait is the Inland Sea, on the south the open Pacific. The Pacific tide comes in upon the eastern shores of the two islands, and, finding no resistance at this point, rushes madly through the channel with a sustained roar like that of a great river. For a few minutes, at the turn of the tide, all is still, and then the race sets in from the opposite direction, and back into the Pacific rush the waters of the Inland Sea. It may well be termed one of the wonders of the world. A little while ago I saw it for the first time, an interesting as well as an impressive scene; for, standing on the pine-covered rocks on the Shikoku side, I saw how this natural phenomenon is utilised by the fishermen. The tide was going out. On my left, in the Inland Sea, a number of fishing-junks were grouped. Presently I saw one detach itself and row out into mid-stream, when it was borne swiftly through the channel for a mile or two until it turned aside into the smooth waters of the Pacific. During its passage the boatman, standing up and gripping with both hands the great oar attached to the stern of the boat, cleverly piloted it amid the whirlpools and rocks while fishing goes busily on. This boat was followed by another and yet another, until the group began to re-form on the other side. The return journey is performed in the same way, but I did not see it. I am told that this is the daily practice except at spring-tides, when it becomes too difficult and dangerous a proceeding. There is a wonderful mystery about such a place. Nature is constantly smiling upon and blessing Japan, and the Japanese peasant seems to know this. He lives on quiet, thankful terms with her. But he also knows how violent she can be; he knows volcano, earthquake, and flood, and although he is friendly with Nature, he is also very respectful to her. He knows her moods, understands just when he may venture with his boat into the rapids, and how near to the whirlpool he may go. And he knows when to keep away. If his beneficent friend deals him a sudden blow he seems to bear no resentment, but accepts it in a dumb, uncomplaining way, remembering that usually she is very kind to him. And herein lies one of the great charms of Japan. There is so much human interest mixed up everywhere with the natural beauties of the country! To stand on the rocky headland overlooking the Naruto on a winter day, but in the midst of summer sunshine; to hear the wind quietly moving among the pines, but almost drowned by the rush and roar of the swirling waters; to have on one side the great Pacific Ocean, and on the other the cosiest little inlet and quiet bays of the beautiful Inland Sea, were joy enough; but to watch the fishing-boats threading their swift way down the rapids and then quietly resting in calm waters gave a human charm to the scene and a feeling of sympathy with all created things.'

IMPROVEMENT IN THE DULCITONE.

In our issue of March 1909 we drew attention to the dulcitone, a novel musical instrument on the lines of the pianoforte, but having tuning-forks as sound-producers instead of strings. This instrument has proved very successful, and a boon to many musical people in tropical countries, where the ordinary piano will not remain in tune. The dulcitone never needs tuning, and is exceedingly portable (the weight being only from thirty to sixty pounds), while the mechanism is simple and reliable. With the view of making the instrument still more suitable for use in extreme climates, the inventor, Mr Thomas Machell, of Glasgow, has just patented some further improvements. These consist principally in substituting for the usual wooden sounding-board a sounding-board of metal (preferably of aluminium or duralumin), to which the forks are fastened by screws. The great advantage is that glue is entirely dispensed with, and the tone produced, while not so loud as that of the piano, is of great sweetness and excellent singing character. Aluminium is also used as a covering for the keys instead of the usual celluloid, and is superior in that it is non-inflammable, does not curl or twist, and can be fastened without the use of glue. The dulcitone is made with a compass of three and a half, four, and five octaves.

RUSSIAN TASTE IN LITERATURE.

Mr Augustine Birrell, when lecturing once at Dunfermline on 'Books and Libraries,' expressed the opinion that no one could have too many books, and that though book-collecting was a

fascinating hobby, an increase in one's library did not necessarily mean an increase in one's wits. Shakespeare's whole library could be packed into a Gladstone-bag. Carlyle, he found, was an excellent critic of a book, with more feeling for books than any Briton of his century, and he quoted opinions from that author and from Ruskin. He advocated every one having in his home at least a dozen famous books, as well as such a book as *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, which is a library in itself. A child brought up in a house where *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, Pope's *Homer*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Shakespeare, Burns, and Scott were upon the shelves had within his reach enough to make him a man of taste and a lover of good books all the days of his life. It is curious to contrast with this *obiter dictum* a recent Russian pronouncement on the question, 'What are the five most desirable books which one would wish to have if exiled on a desert island?' In reply to this question put by a Russian journal, three thousand two hundred and seventy-three replies were sent in from scholars as well as working-men all over Russia. At the head of the list, with two thousand nine hundred and two votes, stood an encyclopædia; next came the Bible, with two thousand eight hundred and eighty-six; the *Iliad*, with two thousand four hundred and sixteen; the *Divina Commedia*, with two thousand three hundred and twenty-five; Brehm's *Animal Life*, with one thousand three hundred and fourteen; *Anthology of Tolstoy*, with one thousand and ninety; Pushkin's novels, with one thousand and twenty-seven; Shakespeare, with one hundred and fifty-eight; and Goethe, with one hundred and forty-seven. One reply scoffed at the necessity of five books, declaring that three of Shakespeare's plays were quite sufficient; in strange contrast to the fact that Shakespeare occupied the second lowest place on the list.

CONQUESTS OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Mr Theodore H. Price, editor of *Cotton and Finance*, has prepared a map of the world for the New York *Outlook* which gives by means of dotted areas a graphic idea of how commerce and industry have encircled the globe and welded the interests of many different nationalities. In commenting on the map, and to remove the doubts of those who are disinclined to believe that nearly the whole world is now commercially accessible, Mr Price points out that automobiles are to-day traversing the desert of Sahara, that Khartum is a winter resort for invalids, that cotton is being grown under irrigation in the Sudan, and that much of Africa can be traversed by railway-car. Two transcontinental railroads bisect South America, one from the head of navigation on the Amazon, the other from Valparaiso. A wireless telegraph system supplements these. The feeders of the Transiberian Railway now reach nearly the whole habitable portion of Asiatic Russia. The railways and coalfields of Alaska are subjects of congressional consideration, and the establishment of an important seaport on Hudson's Bay is seriously proposed. The development of North-West Canada is one of the wonders of the century, and Amundsen reports that even at the South Pole furs are sometimes oppressive. Through the 'open door' to China the forces of civilisation and commerce are daily marching with increasing strength; and it seems probable, according to Mr Price, that in another ten years there will be no blank spaces upon the map of modern commerce and scientific industry.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE LOVER'S VISION.

SWEET, I lingered in the dusk
'Mong the roses and the musk,
As their fragrance was the whole
Faint, far longing of my soul.

Did your true heart tremble there
In that heavy perfumed air?
Was it *only* fancy wrought
Such strong semblance of my thought?

Was it but in vision sweet
That I heard your fairy feet
In a hushed, low music pass
Lightly o'er the meadow grass?

Was it but the rippling stream
That so mingled in my dream?
Was your voice not with it blent
In a song of sweet content?

Was the long-drawn, dreamy sigh,
Breathed so exquisitely nigh,
Born but of the wandering wind—
Did your heart not beat behind?

Was it *only* yearning will
Stirred me to that conscious thrill?
Dear, was that delicious kiss
But an empty dream of bliss?

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE GLORY OF THE GALLERY.

By ROBERT MACHRAY, Author of *The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.—THE DISCOVERY.

IT was on an afternoon late in February of last year that a discovery of a peculiar but extraordinarily startling character was made in Room XXIV. of the London Gallery by the merest accident. The two men who happened on it had their thoughts, tinged at the moment with amusement at the expense of a mutual acquaintance, set on quite a different matter. Indeed, had it not been for one of them—Michael Watson, the well-known art critic, whom fate chose as its unwitting instrument—there is no saying what lengthy period might not have passed before the discovery was chanced upon.

As was his custom, Michael Watson lunched at the Trocadero, and while eating his food looked through some foreign journals he had bought at the kiosk in Leicester Square. Nothing in them interested him particularly until his roving eyes lighted on an article in the *Tageblatt*, signed by Herr Doktor Adolf Klausen, the eminent curator of the Kaiser Gallery in Berlin. In this the doctor described in glowing terms his recent acquisition of an undoubted Tintoretto, and with much complacency compared it with another painting by the same master in the London Gallery, decidedly to the latter's disadvantage.

Knowing Dr Klausen, Michael smiled as he read the words contrasting the pictures, and said to himself, 'It's just like him. He's bound to crow and crack up his own, and belittle the other—it's the nature of the beast,' he added, grinning disrespectfully in spite of the high reputation of the curator. He grinned as he read on to the close of the article, for the doctor had cracked up himself as well as the painting. 'I really must show this to Champneys,' thought Michael; 'it will please him no end.'

Presently Watson paid his bill, and, folding up his papers with the *Tageblatt* on the top, walked to the London Gallery, of which his friend Sir Charles Champneys was the director. He found him sitting in his room, with a delicate Dutch interior on a table in front of him and a large magnifying-lens in his hand.

'Glad to see you, Michael,' said Champneys cordially, putting down the glass and rising from his chair. 'Any news?'

'Well, I thought you might like to read an article by Dr Klausen on his new Tintoretto,' replied Watson, opening his bundle of papers and placing the *Tageblatt* before the director. 'It's extremely characteristic of the man.'

'What does he say?'

'There it is,' said Watson, pointing to the column where the article appeared. 'Read it for yourself. Oh, it's—rich!' And he laughed derisively.

Sir Charles, a tall, spare, elderly man, with bright eyes and rather straight lips in a clean-shaven face, adjusted his pince-nez after a glance of whimsical reproof at Watson. He, in his turn, smiled as he read what Dr Klausen had written, and laughed as he came to his concluding sentences.

'It's too funny,' he said.

'You can see him shaking hands with himself, can't you? I was sure his remarks would please you,' said Watson with a chuckle.

'Of course they're absurd, Michael. Not that his picture isn't good; it *is* a Tintoretto! I should like well enough to have it here,' admitted the director, now serious. 'But it's ludicrous to allege that it is as fine as ours, which is Tintoretto at his best—his most splendid best!' exclaimed Champneys with enthusiasm.

'Yes, indeed,' said Watson, quickly responsive. 'The Herr Doktor can't help bragging—it's the man!'

Sir Charles nodded, but said nothing. He was thinking not so much of his rival in Berlin as of the two paintings, especially of that in the Kaiser Gallery, of which his knowledge was perfect—with his mind's eye he saw it to its last detail. 'A fine thing,' he was saying inwardly, 'but not so fine as mine.' There came on his face a look of pride subtly touched with other feelings—such a look as comes on the face of a mother as she thinks of her child. All at once he felt a pressing need to see his own picture.

'Let's go and take a look at ours,' he suggested in a curiously hushed voice. To disguise his emotion he added with a little laugh, 'Dr Klausen isn't a bad judge, you know, Michael; but he has allowed himself to be carried away in a ridiculous manner.'

'Idiotic!' cried Watson.

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'Well, well, Michael,' said Champneys, smiling, 'let 's go and look at ours; it 's in XXVI.'

'Oh, I know,' said Watson promptly.

It was in this good-humoured frame of mind, then, that they set out for the Tintoretto in Room XXVI., the director carrying the magnifying-lens, which he had picked up only half-consciously, and the critic alongside of him with the foreign papers. On their way they stopped now and again in one or other of the intervening rooms, which, save for themselves, were empty of people. Past three o'clock, the February day was declining rapidly, and the light from the glass-ceiled roof was thin and scanty. Sir Charles remarked on it, observing at the same time that he never remembered a winter with so many dark days in it.

In the middle of Room XXIV. they paused, almost as it were involuntarily and with the reverent air of pilgrims before a shrine, in front of a great painting. It was the Venus Victrix of Velasquez, by far the most costly picture in the whole immense collection, and the most wonderful; only in Madrid was there anything that equalled it. Universally considered the Glory of the Gallery, it filled the director's heart with a rapture far beyond words. There was something purely personal, too, in that joy of his, for it was owing to his efforts that the Venus had been acquired two years previously, for the vast sum of a hundred thousand pounds, when it was on the point of being snapped up by the American multi-millionaire Cyrus K. Shuster, the cotton-seed-oil king.

At first Champneys and Watson halted at some distance from the painting, but the light was poor, and to see better the director switched on the electric lamps. The two stepped nearer the picture, but both stopped suddenly, as if arrested by an invisible hand. Next, impelled by a common impulse, each drew closer to the canvas, scanned it narrowly, and then slowly turning from it, looked into the other's face in a strange and terrible silence. Their highly trained eyes had seen something so amazing, so overwhelming, that they were bereft of speech.

Both had seen the same incredible thing! They turned their eyes from each other, and fastened them on the painting again. With a trembling hand Champneys held up the magnifying-glass, but he did not require its help—he knew! The incredible thing was true. His face, nearly always colourless, became white as that of a corpse, and beads of sweat stood on his brow. Watson was not less moved, but, a man of a different type, showed what he felt in a hard, unblinking stare, with lips fallen apart.

'This is not the Velasquez,' said the director, breaking the silence in a shaking whisper. 'It 's a copy! The original 's gone—stolen, and this faked-up thing has been put in its place.'

The magnifying-lens fell clattering on the floor and broke in pieces.

CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERY.

FOR some moments the sense of loss weighed on the two men like an irremediable calamity. Perhaps because he had less at stake personally, Watson was the first to recover himself; that quality in him which kept him from being a possibly great artist, but made him beyond question a great art critic, was at work. With a gesture of sympathy he took and pressed the hand of his friend, but the words he spoke went straight to the core of the matter.

'It is a copy, Charles,' he said, 'but it is a marvellous copy, which could only have been done by a man who paints very well; and the faking is the faking of an expert. No ordinary person would ever dream it was a fraud, and even the knowing ones might be pardoned for never suspecting it was a substitute. There are not many who are competent for this'—his gaze swept the picture—'and it should not be impossible to find the man.'

The director still felt the shock of the discovery, which had been as the bitterness of death. The Velasquez, *his* Velasquez, gone—stolen! The loss of a darling child could not have hurt him more; the thing pierced to the quick. But he did not have those rather straight lips of his for nothing, and this feeling passed, swallowed up by one of rage, cold and purposeful rather than passionate and furious. The Venus must be recovered, and no mercy shown to the man in whose hands it should be found!

That he would be held responsible for the theft of the great painting hardly counted with him. Yet what a thing to make public—how tremendous would be the outcry! This, too, was in his mind, but he put it aside; it was the loss itself that really mattered, and all the rest was trivial. He had listened subconsciously to what Watson said, and caught its drift, but he did not respond.

'One can guess,' Watson resumed, 'there has been a carefully laid plot; brains and money have gone to the making of it.' He stepped back at an angle from the picture and looked at it intently. 'It is a wonderful copy. Who can have painted it?'

'You 're perfectly right,' said Champneys, with his faculties once more keenly alert. 'It is all you say. We should be able to find the man who painted it—which must have been done here from the original; it 's too good for anything else.'

'Undoubtedly; and that gives you something to go on,' said Watson. 'You start here.'

Sir Charles thought rapidly for some seconds; then energy and determination seemed to radiate from him. He pressed a bell in the wall, and told the attendant Whitehead, who appeared in reply, that he wished to see Mr Philips Johnson, the assistant director, at once in his room.

'And, Whitehead,' he went on, as that individual was moving off, 'before you look for

Mr Johnson. I want you to bring this'—he halted on the word, glanced at the false Velasquez, and changed what he was about to say—'the Venus to my room.'

'Yessir, d'reckly,' answered Whitehead hastily, noticing how peremptory was his master's tone.

'Come with me, Michael,' said Champneys, putting his hand within Watson's arm. As they returned to the director's room Champneys observed, 'Perhaps you heard that I called *it* the Venus when speaking to the attendant; he's been here a good many years, but I don't think he knows any more of a painting than he did when he came, and I did not see the necessity for exciting his suspicions. I can't imagine he has had anything to do with the business; he's a faithful but dull dog. And it occurred to me, Michael, that for the present at all events we'll keep this distressing affair to ourselves—that's also why I called *it* the Venus just now.'

'Quite so,' Watson agreed. 'If the public hears of it, so will the thief or thieves, and seek the deepest kind of cover.'

'Exactly what I think.'

Whitehead and another attendant brought the picture into the director's room. Whitehead looked worried.

'Beg pardon, sir,' he said anxiously, 'but do you know about this?' He pointed to the backing of the picture, which showed signs of having been disturbed recently.

'It's all right,' said Sir Charles calmly; but Whitehead went away pulling at his gray beard doubtfully.

As Champneys and Watson were examining the backing Johnson came in. He was young, but had considerable experience.

'The Venus, Sir Charles?' he said inquiringly after glancing at the picture and shaking hands with Watson.

'"The Venus," is it?' queried the director. 'Look again.'

Champneys's voice sounded grave, and Johnson knew that something was seriously amiss. He stared at his chief, at Watson, and the picture in turn, asking mutely what was wrong; but as his eyes studied the copy the expression of his face changed into one of sheer bewilderment.

'Heavens above!' he exclaimed after a long, searching gaze. 'What is this?' he asked wildly. 'What has happened, Sir Charles?'

The director told him of the discovery. 'Can you throw any light on it, Mr Johnson?' But the assistant shook his head.

'No? The faked copy is the work of an expert; indeed, it's obvious,' Champneys went on. 'I believe it was painted here, in this very gallery,' he said, his voice rising on a note of passion, which he instantly suppressed as he proceeded. 'Now, Mr Johnson, you have charge of the students and others permitted to paint from our pictures. Don't think I'm blaming you more than myself,' he continued, as the assistant reddened. 'Our precautions have been inadequate. But if you can help me now, do so, I beg of you. Can you suggest who painted this copy?'

'Yes, I think I can,' came the answer with unexpected quickness. 'There is only one man among those copying from our paintings during the last two years who could have done anything approaching such work; but I should have said this copy was quite beyond his powers. His name is Egidio Berri, of Rome. I gave him permission.'

'An Italian copying a Spanish painting! That's strange!'

'It was a commission, I understood, Sir Charles. He claimed to be a painter, and I noticed he painted pretty well. If this copy was made in the gallery, it can only be his work. He handed in his permit about a fortnight ago.'

'If you have his London address, please fetch it,' said Champneys quickly; and within a few seconds he read '118 Emperor's Square, Bayswater,' on a card Johnson brought to him. 'Will you kindly take a taxi to the address at once, and see if he's still there?' said the director to Johnson, who, after being told to keep the discovery secret, hurried off.

'It may be quite a simple affair, Michael,' Champneys remarked hopefully to Watson.

'Looks perhaps a little too simple,' Watson suggested.

'Oh, I don't know. What Johnson says seems almost to settle it. I'd like you to wait till he comes back.'

'Wait? Yes, rather,' said Watson.

In less than an hour Johnson returned with the news that Berri, accompanied by a friend called Tommaso Sasso, had gone home to Italy some ten days before, but had left an address—it was a house in an obscure street near the Via Babuino in Rome.

The director came to an immediate decision.

'I start for Rome to-night,' he said.

A week later Watson received a mournful letter from Champneys, who wrote that he had gone on what had proved a wild-goose chase. He had found Berri, who had shown him the copy of the Venus he had painted in the gallery, and it was 'nothing like so good as that substituted for the original, though not bad.' Berri was perfectly open about the matter. The copy he had made was going to a nobleman who had both Italian and Spanish blood in his veins.

'I am satisfied he is innocent,' Champneys concluded; 'but now that I am here, I think of stopping on to attend to some important business for the Gallery, which has been postponed too long as it is. But I feel discouraged, and there are moments when I am well-nigh broken-hearted and despair of recovering the Velasquez. The clouds of mystery that surround its loss are as dense as ever. I rack my brain a hundred

times a day with questions. Where in the world is my Venus? Who stole it? Never an answer comes. All is dark.'

'I suppose it's a case for Scotland Yard,' said Michael.

(To be continued.)

THE COMPLETE BOOKSELLER.

THERE is no more interesting or honourable calling than that of a bookseller or a publisher, though many occupations are a great deal more lucrative. Along with the preacher, the teacher, the doctor, and the lawyer, the bookseller fills a most useful place in every civilised community. He is the middleman who hands on the crystallised thought in printed form of this and past ages, and he comes in contact not only with books, but often with the men who write them and the intelligent class who purchase them. The business of the bookseller is thus a liberal education in many things. To have ministered to the personal intellectual needs of Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, or Whittier is something to be proud of and remember, no less than to have sold their works for a lifetime. And yet this high-toned business has manifold drawbacks, a sordid side which destroys the ideal one would fain see attained. Some of the things which make the business of the bookseller less pleasant and profitable than it ought to be are the insane competition amongst publishers in regard to cheap books, the giving of discounts from published prices which leave the bookseller less than a living wage, and the over-multiplication of books, so that no human being can guarantee that he knows a tithe of the titles of even one year's literary harvest. And to stock even one year's production is a sheer impossibility. More important still, it is doubtful if a shop can be kept open on books alone; stationery and other accessories are more profitable. Only the adoption of the net system has had a steadying effect on the trade, and has prevented its extinction.

About half a century ago Alexander Macmillan, the well-known publisher, wrote of the book-trade in a very pessimistic way to Mr Gladstone: 'Whereas in former years there used to be many booksellers who kept good stocks of solid standard books—one or more in every important town in England, and these booksellers lived by selling books—the case is now that in country towns few live by selling books; the trade has become so profitless that it is generally the appendage to a toy-shop or a Berlin-wool warehouse, and a few trashy novels, selling for a shilling, with flaring colours suiting the flashy contents; and the bookseller who studies what books are good and worth recommending to his customers has ceased to exist.' There is still much point and truth in this criticism.

Many of our successful publishing firms have been founded by retail booksellers who served an apprenticeship in gaining a knowledge of public requirements behind the counter. Of such were Murray, Blackwood, Constable, Chambers, Nelson, and Marston, of Sampson Low & Co. In reading their lives one is impressed with the zeal and enthusiasm with which they entered into schemes of book-production. They showed a real interest and appreciation, and were good judges and critics of literature, although approaching it from the commercial side. Besides, they had good taste in the get-up of books. It is to a publisher that we are indebted for that invaluable and monumental work the *Dictionary of National Biography;* an achievement which is not less useful than patriotic, and which never could be a money-making book.

The vast and increasing number of books issued is one of the greatest problems of the book-trade; only a very partial selection of them is possible in any book-shop. Since the invention of printing it is calculated that over thirteen million five hundred thousand books have been published. No fewer than one hundred and fifty-five thousand books, pamphlets, and magazines are annually published in various countries of the world. Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue*—that *vade mecum* of the bookseller—gives the names of one hundred and eighty-five thousand volumes of English books in print in the United Kingdom alone. The average issue of new books and new editions annually is ten thousand. For 1909 the number was ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-five, and for 1910 it was ten thousand eight hundred and four; and of these eight thousand four hundred and sixty-eight were new books. In the United States the number had risen from seven thousand in 1901 to eleven thousand in 1911. How hopeless, therefore, for any bookseller to cope with this stream of literature! What we find in the average book-shop is a tiny selection of current books for which there may be a demand. Cheap editions are likely to be well represented, including novels, gift-books, encyclopædias, and dictionaries. The best the bookseller can do, if a book is not in stock, is to order it from the publisher direct or from a wholesale agent. If the book is not on hand, very often the sale is lost.

A British publisher recently relieved his mind by writing to the press on the state of the book-market, which he characterised as burdened with an indigestible mass of books, a few good, many meritorious, and a great many bad. The feeling in America is much the same. At a

New York Convention of Booksellers in 1912, the keynote of a paper by Mr S. A. Everett, of Doubleday, Page, & Co., was, 'Fewer books and better.' So numerous are novelists that the bookseller hardly cares to consider other than well-known authors. Fewer books would mean better business, and the publisher would also find it more profitable to work a small number well than dissipate his energy over many. Reduce the output by 20 to 40 per cent. was a suggestion made by Mr Everett to benefit trade. One of the most important things done at this conference came last. This was the appointment of a committee to investigate the problem of the education of the book-salesman, and to suggest ways and means for his education. Some very wise things, well worth recalling, were said at the conference, such as that ideas and imagination are the two essentials to any successful business; and in no business is this quite so true as in publishing. Instinct also is required, and individuality, taste, and fine temperament. Final success depends on what there is to sell. In the lottery of book-publishing, the publisher has the larger risk; the bookseller receives the finished article to handle. The cost of production and the making of it known fall to the publisher alone.

The Mayor of New York, at the same convention, characterised booksellers as the most intelligent class of the community. Questioned whether the multiplicity of books had not caused a decline in serious thought, Mr S. Brentano believed that there was a greater demand to-day for good books than there had ever been before in the whole history of the United States; there were more people alert, but the booksellers were not. Most of them had not salesmen sufficiently trained to apply themselves to know their stock as they should know it, to offer it intelligently and suggestively, and educate their public as they used to do in the old bookselling days. Another member expressed the bookseller's position to be that of one who kept his ear to the ground of public interest. Still another made the wise suggestion to educate the taste of parents as well as of the children up to what was best in juvenile literature. In the eighteen hundred and two towns and cities of the United States, with a few notable exceptions, the juvenile fiction sold was confined practically to books that were worthless or dangerous to young people. The only way to make real book-buyers is to build up the race, and to do that you must catch them very young.

The bookseller must, then, be a man of high and trained intelligence, who knows a great deal regarding the titles of books, and also something of their contents, and who is expert in handling the tools of his profession. Withal he must have a retentive memory, backed up by catalogues and reviews in newspapers and periodicals. The complete bookseller is born, not made, and must keep his mind full and his wits sharpened as to every new development of public interest. The average life of many modern books may be from six months to a year, as far as selling power is concerned. It is pitiful to see the rows of discarded books in circulating libraries and remainder-shops. And the trade is cursed with hundreds of books which would never have seen the light of publicity save for the vanity of the authors, who have the pleasure or pain of defraying the expense thereof to the publisher. A book may be a book, as Byron says, 'although there 's nothing in 't;' but it may also be utterly unsaleable, and it is the publisher's and bookseller's business to take as few gambling risks as possible. There are seasons and fashions in books as well as in ladies' dresses; fiction is always in season. The production of books is greatest between October and February. Christmas is a record time for the sale of books as presents, and for the purchase of juvenile stories and dainty illustrated booklets. These have all been arranged for more than a year previously, and are ordered months ahead. There is a spring publishing season, too, of new books and new editions, but it is not nearly so full as that of autumn. Novels and guide-books and fancy booklets are much in evidence during the summer.

In these days of the immensely increased production of cheap books the bookseller has to work hard to earn a living wage, and his turnover is proportionately increased. The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, in lecturing once to an audience in the mining village of Cowdenbeath, took as his subject the 'Wit and Wisdom of the World for a Five-Pound Note.' Something less would now purchase the interesting list he gave the miners. There has been available a bewildering array of cheap series since Sir John Lubbock drew up his list of the one hundred best books. The true student does not, however, add to his literary treasures in this wholesale way. The purchase of each book is a matter of care and thought and keen personal enjoyment. There is pleasure in choosing, as cows and sheep do when grazing, the literary pasture on which one intends to browse. Dr Johnson's wise advice was to read whatever immediate inclination prompted us to read, as books read with inclination make a much stronger impression. His advice to Boswell was to have as many books about him as he could, that he might read on any subject upon which he had a desire for instruction at the time. Most of us have tested the wisdom of this; and the bookseller knows well, as also does the librarian, that if the book is not at hand when asked for, the appetite for it on the part of the inquirer dies down, and an opportunity is lost.

As we have said, there are fashions in books. The thin quarto reprints of books for sixpence, after the style of the Harper reprints of British classics, issued in the eighties, are dead beyond recall. They have been succeeded by the neat,

handy, thin-paper editions of copyright fiction, at sixpence, sevenpence, and one shilling. Think of the shilling *Everyman's*, the *Home University Library*, and Livingstone's first *Travels* and his *Life* by Blaikie, each at one shilling. Never in the history of literature was there greater variety or a better choice. Guidance is needed, and this the bookseller ought to be able to supply. Those who lament the increased and increasing diet of fiction ought to remember the reproof of Charles Dickens, which is also an apology for his profession: 'The English are, so far as I know, the hardest-worked people on whom the sun shines. Be content if in their wretched intervals of leisure they read for amusement and do no worse. They are born at the oar, and they live and die at it.' R. L. Stevenson used the expression that novels 'chloroform' us, and said that the most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction, because they disengage us from ourselves, constrain us to the acquaintance of others, and repeat, rearrange, and clarify the lessons of life. A great London bookseller has said that the mass of the people for whom he catered read novels and light literature, but would not read anything dull. He thought education had not improved their tastes. He could tell at a glance whether a book was likely to sell; he ordered on his own judgment, and seldom waited to feel the pulse of the public. Mr William Faux, when he retired from Messrs W. H. Smith & Son's circulating library, was of opinion that no book, unless it was really worthy, could achieve a great and lasting success; there must be personality behind it, with originality, talent, and genius; though in exceptional circumstances books succeed without these. In spite of log-rolling, merit tells in the long-run. A great incentive to the reading and purchase of a book is to hear it talked about at some dinner or tea table, or quoted by a famous preacher or lecturer. The reviews are at best advertisements, and are not quite so influential as when the late John Murray found that a good review in the *Times* generally sold an edition of a book.

One hears much criticism of the free library and the ordinary circulating library. No single book asked for can be found there just when wanted. The reason is obvious: so many people want the same book at the same time. The circulating library caters mostly for the novel-reader; history, poetry, travel, and biography are more slenderly represented. In these days of cheap editions of really good literature, what is to hinder every one, however humble, by a little self-denial, from accumulating a useful working library at home? What is one's own becomes part of the life, to be loved, used, enjoyed, and lent to others.

The bookseller ought, therefore, to be guide, philosopher, and friend in the field of ever-advancing knowledge. If this seems a counsel of perfection, nothing less should be aimed at. On the part of the public there is wanted more critical and selective power, and on the part of the bookseller a perfect knowledge, and efficiency as to how and where to supply the demand. The bookseller who can afford true guidance and help may do more for English literature than many a professor thereof.

THE PASSING OF AUNT DEBORAH.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

By RALPH STOCK, Author of *A Recipe for Rubber*, *A Tiff at Taviuni*, *Denvers' Dogdom*, &c.

'AUNTS interest me,' said Peter, dipping two long fingers and a shapely thumb into Dalton's jar of high-priced tobacco, and extracting by instinct the precise amount necessary to fill his briar, 'especially maiden aunts. They 're a surprise packet; a mere nephew never knows what they really think or what they are going to do. A successful maiden aunt combines in her personality the few sterling qualities of man, together with all the unexpectedness of woman; she knows; she—— Even other people's aunts interest me,' he ended thoughtfully; and we remained mutely expectant while he lit his pipe.

'I was thinking of Pritchard's,' he continued presently—'Pritchard of Taviuni. I don't suppose you 've ever heard of him; but he 's something of a personality in Fiji these days. At that time he was the cheerful sort of idiot that the public schools turn out in battalions every year—no particular vices, except a fondness for the company of his kind and a whole-souled detestation of work; and no particular virtues beyond an easy generosity and a really remarkable leg-break. It was this break that saved him from ruin at the start—if there is such a thing as ruin in a country where a man can live in comfort on fourpence a month.

'He had read Louis Becke, and had come to the islands with five hundred pounds to "go in for trading, 'midst swaying palms, murmuring reefs, and shimmering seas;" and the palms had swayed, the reefs murmured, and the seas shimmered to such effect that at the end of two months his cutter might have been seen (through the window of a diving-helmet) neatly tucked away under twelve feet of shelving coral, with multi-coloured fish playing hide-and-seek round three sacks of waterlogged copra and a safe containing one pound five shillings and sixpence in silver.

'Pritchard was not the sort to drown. He

swam two miles, crawled ashore at Bau, and surprised Ratu Kadavu Levu practising at the nets in a white silk shirt, a pink silk tie, and a cream silk *sulu*.

'Pritchard began to introduce himself in two-months-old Fijian, until the grandson of King Thakabau asked him, in a bored, hyper-English drawl, if his impediment were habitual or merely the result of too long immersion in salt-water.

'Then followed lunch, and after it practice at the nets.

'The first time Ratu Kadavu's wicket spread-eagled he looked mildly surprised; the second, pained; and the third, interested; and if you can get a Fijian openly to display interest you've got him. You may show him the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Bridge of Sighs, or Westminster Abbey, and he will probably yawn and make inquiries about the next meal; but show him something he doesn't know about cricket, and he's your friend for life.

'Ratu Kadavu was no exception; in fact, it was the one ambition of his life to take his Fijian cricketers to England; so that in rather less than a month Pritchard found himself the owner of a native house and two hundred acres of jungle, on the one condition that he imparted that leg-break to the bowlers of the team.

'Now it happened that this two hundred acres of Pritchard's cut a wedge out of the estate I was managing at the time, so I saw a good deal of him. He would roll out of bed about eight, make tea on a spirit-stove, and roll in again to sleep until ten or eleven; then, after a bath in the stream that ran almost past his door, he would wander out with a ·22 rifle after pigeon, and return to the hammock on the veranda and lie in dirty ducks and a pyjama jacket dreaming about the work he was going to do in the near future.

'In the evening he would come over to my bungalow for advice—which he never took, and whisky—which he did.

'This went on until one evening I handed him a letter which had just arrived with mine from the coast. I watched Pritchard's face as he read it, and it seemed to me that he had broken out into a cold sweat.

'"Good Lord!" he said softly, and then again, "Good Lord!" I awaited developments, and they came. "Have you any maiden aunts?" he demanded. "Three," said I. "——that have lent you money?" "Yes." "——that you've lost?" "I haven't lost them yet," said I, "but"—— "You ass, I mean the money!" "Oh, ah, yes." "And have you written and said how splendidly you're doing, and what a really great future there is before you if you only had a couple of hundred pounds more to work the place as it should be worked?" "Of course I have," said I. "Then perhaps," wailed Pritchard, with a hopeless outflinging of the hands—"perhaps you can tell a fellow what he's to do when this same aunt—Deborah by name—whom he has always pictured as quietly mildewing in an English cathedral town, writes from Suva to say that she is on her way to see the nephew and the plantation she has heard so much about?"

'My eye wandered over our strip of three-year-old palms towards Pritchard's two hundred acres of virgin jungle, and if it hadn't been for the heat I think I should have laughed.

'"The only difficulty about the business is the 'Deborah,'" I told him when the internal convulsion had passed. "I never did like maiden aunts named Deborah."

'"Then you have an idea?"

'Pritchard's tongue was literally hanging out, and I hadn't the heart to keep him in suspense. "I have," said I; and when we had talked the big hand twice round the clock Pritchard executed the Highland fling with Fijian variations. "I'll never be able to repay you for this, old man!" he yelped—and he never has.

'Aunt Deborah's advent was a trifle hurried. The *Amra* anchored off Vuna Point, and a copra-punt came ashore with a gray-haired lady in glasses and a delightful girl in pink, surrounded by a medley of brass-bound cabin trunks and nondescript female impedimenta.

'There were several whites as well as the usual horde of natives on the tiny wharf, and Pritchard elbowed his way through them as though some one had stolen his watch.

'"How are you? Let me introduce my overseer, Mr Moreton.—How d'you do?" (this to the apparition in pink). "Charmed—yes, most picturesque; but we must hurry—looks uncommonly like rain—yes, comes up in a minute, you know—horses waiting—there, is that right? Oh, the boys will bring the luggage—now, just follow me;" and the next thing I had any clear recollection of was a devastating smile from the apparition as I rode beside her up the mountain road.

'Aunt Deborah was enthusiastic. "Beautiful," "wonderful," "picturesque," and "fairy-like" were some of the adjectives that floated back to us; and when the Craig estate's mountain bungalow hove in sight down an avenue of pandanus and cocoa-nut palms she deliberately reined in her horse and gasped. "It's too wonderful, David," she breathed; "too, too wonderful." And I was beginning to think that perhaps it was. But Pritchard was ready. "Thought you'd like it," he beamed. "Bought it as a going concern — gift — absolute gift — previous owner drank — went to pieces — I nursed him through three attacks — took a fancy to me, and there you are!"

'Aunt Deborah murmured ecstatically, and we passed on to the house.

'My boys could cook, or they wouldn't have been my boys; also they waited "on the run;" it was a fancy of mine, and amused our visitors

no end. Everything amused them; the evening was a howling success, from the soup to the moonlight and gramophone on the veranda, and when it came to a close Pritchard and I exchanged mute thanksgiving over a well-earned nightcap.

'The next morning, after mummy-apple, grilled *saqa*, and coffee, I was detailed to escort Aunt Deborah over the estate, while Pritchard rode ahead with the apparition. I could only see the back of his head, but by the occasional angle of it I gathered he was getting in some useful eye-work; and this, I discovered from Aunt Deborah's attitude, was precisely as it should have been.

'"I can hardly believe my eyes, Mr Moreton," she said, with the happy laugh of a young girl. "Of course you are David's friend as well as his overseer, or I shouldn't mention it; but I never dreamt he had it in him to do what I can see he is doing here—such order, such splendid management! I can't help thinking that he must owe a great deal to you."

'I smiled modestly, and said that I hoped I had been of use. "But work," I added, "good, solid work, will accomplish anything. If you had seen your nephew stripped to the waist, with his boots full of perspiration and his shirt a wet rag, you would understand. You may not credit it, but I have had to help David to bed more than once"—which was perfectly true.

'"Dear, dear!" murmured Aunt Deborah.

'But just then my attention was attracted to the apparition. She had reined in her horse, and was pointing with her riding-crop at Pritchard's native house, set in a tangle of scrub and creeping vine.

'"Isn't it pretty?" she called back at us. "Just fancy, it belongs to a beachcomber, one of those dear Robert Louis Stevenson men. Do you think we might call?"

'Pritchard was feverishly tugging at his absurd moustache. "Well, hardly a beachcomber," he stammered; "too far from the sea, you know—a sort of rivercomber—you know the sort of thing"——

'I flung myself bodily into the breach. "I'm afraid not," I advised in an undertone; "he might not like it. Well-educated man, and of excellent family, I believe, but a waster. Drinks, too, and he's sensitive about it. The islands are full of such cases—mat-fever we call it. Come along, or he may see us."

'But the morning was marred. We had struck a note with that rivercomber that continued to vibrate throughout the day. Aunt Deborah was for reclamation, the apparition for anything that would give her a glimpse of a real, live "comber" in his native lair. David's plantation sank into insignificance beside him, simply because the plantation was all that it should be, and the rivercomber was not. There is nothing a woman detests like perfection; it leaves no room for her.

'"I think he's more to be pitied than blamed," said Aunt Deborah; "and I really wonder, with all your success, David, you haven't done something for a less fortunate neighbour. At any rate I intend to try."

'In this I recognised the "Deborah." I had dreaded it, and here it was.

'"I love him," said the apparition inconsequently.

'"It's no good," I told Pritchard over the nightcap; "we shall have to supply a rivercomber or we sha'n't last out."

'Hence the sudden abduction of one Tassy O'Connor from his corrugated iron humpy at Somo Somo, and his moonlight pilgrimage to the mountains, lured by the promise and part-payment of a bottle of whisky.

'He was a true type of the present-day beachcomber; beyond this nothing need be said; and after a rigorous priming he was left in sole possession of Pritchard's grass house and a carefully measured allowance of neat spirit.

'Exactly what went on inside that flimsy building the next day is known only to Aunt Deborah and Tassy O'Connor, for the apparition went pigeon-shooting with Pritchard, returning late for dinner with hair considerably mussed and eyes shining.

'"One of the most interesting afternoons I have ever spent," said Aunt Deborah. "The man is full of amusing anecdote and useful information. He tells me that, given two hundred pounds, he could convert those few acres of jungle into a cocoa-nut plantation that would return five hundred a year. I shall think about it."

'Pritchard writhed. "You don't mean to say"—— he began.

'"I mean to say," snapped his aunt, "that you are altogether too hard on that man. Obviously he was a gentleman once, and it is not too much to hope that he may be one again, and if I can in any way help to bring the transformation about I shall certainly do so. Already he has promised to try to give up the drink. Isn't that something—the thin end of the wedge? What he needs is a little capital to work on, an incentive—just as you did at first, David; and—I shall think about it."

'"B-but"—— Pritchard's mouth opened and shut impotently; then, realising his helplessness, he confined himself to the main issue. "Did you give him any money to-day?" he asked in a strained voice.

'"Ten shillings," replied his aunt, and Pritchard wilted into his chair. "Rivercombers interest me intensely," she added defiantly.

'"I love them," said the apparition.

'"Tassy O'Connor with ten shillings in his pocket!" Pritchard hissed into my ear as he turned the key in the back-door an hour later. "Keep your eye skinned!"

'But there was no need.

'About ten o'clock, to the accompaniment of the "Blue Danube" waltz on the gramophone, the rivercomber made a dramatic moonlight approach down the pandanus avenue. He carried Pritchard's pigeon-rifle under one arm, and steered an erratic course among the deeper shadows under the evident impression that they marked a yawning abyss. Out on the little patch of lawn he came to a halt, and stood swaying gently in the moonlight while he surveyed the bungalow with marked disapproval.

'Tassy O'Connor was not a pleasant sight when he ran amok—which was just as often as possible: six feet two in his naked, gnarled feet, with a shock of grizzled hair, and a matted beard that unfortunately failed to cover his face entirely, a ragged shirt, moleskin trousers, and a filthy pith helmet, long since reduced to a shapeless pulp by the exigencies of the tropics.

'"Come out into the open, ye crimson impostors!" he yelled.

'A house-boy emerging from the corner of the bungalow with a pail of water promptly dropped it and ran for his life.

'The gramophone finished the "Blue Danube" unattended, and continued to emit a monotonous scratching as the needle carved a new path in the virgin celluloid.

'"Mr O'Connor," came Aunt Deborah's voice in tremulous appeal—"Mr O'Connor, what can we do for you?"

'"Do for me?" roared the rivercomber. "Do for me? I'll see about the doin' for. I want what's mine—earned by the honest sweat of me brow this very afternoon; and I want it now, or by"——

'At this point Pritchard seemed to come to life. "You had better go inside," he said in an authoritative undertone. The apparition had already taken the initiative.

'"What are you going to do?" bleated Aunt Deborah. "I insist on knowing what you are going to do." But for probably the first time in her life insistence was of no avail. Pritchard hustled her bodily into the house and slammed the door, as a bullet crashed through the sitting-room window.

'"Stand there, old man, and if I go under don't let him in." Such were my instructions; and for some reason—possibly surprise at receiving them from such a source—I obeyed.

'"Let's have a look at ye," yelled O'Connor, brandishing the rifle as though it had been a wisp of straw, "deluder of innercent wimmin, pretender to the throne of Billy Craig! Come out of another man's house, ye scarlet trespasser"——

'And Pritchard went.

'There was something reminiscent of the early martyrs in his descent of the veranda-steps.

'"Perhaps it would be better"—— I began; but he took not the faintest notice.

'What followed on that strip of moonlit lawn I can see even now. Pritchard had reached the path when a bullet shattered the window behind him; he ducked, ran on all-fours for perhaps three yards, and sprang at O'Connor for all the world like a wild cat, receiving a blow in transit that should have stunned him.

'Then followed a wild waving of herculean arms, a rifle-shot, and muffled oaths, for Pritchard had grasped the brim of O'Connor's dilapidated helmet and jerked it over his face. The man's head was in a pulp-stuffed canvas bag, and Pritchard was gripping it under the chin for dear life, while O'Connor groped blindly for a hold on his writhing body.

'"Rope!" Pritchard yelled; but I was beside them, and in rather less than two minutes the rivercomber was a trussed bundle of ineffectual blasphemy.

'It was splendid! Even Aunt Deborah admitted that; while Pritchard lay back on the grass feeling for teeth that were not there. All the stuffing seemed to have been knocked out of him—which was hardly surprising.

'"Do you still find rivercombers 'intensely interesting'?" he murmured faintly. But Aunt Deborah was dabbing his face with an eau-de-Cologne-soaked handkerchief.

'"And do you still 'love them'?" But the apparition was smoothing the hair from his forehead with what struck me as experienced fingers.

'"Because, if so," he continued still more faintly, "there's one here who can do with both"——

'Then he fainted.

'And I knew that in the eleventh hour it had been vouchsafed to Pritchard to do just the one thing that suits Aunt Deborahs and apparitions the world over.'

FRENCH GALLEYS AND AN ENGLISH FRIGATE.

By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N.

IN the flying spindrift of the English Channel, as the sou'-wester roared through from the broad Atlantic, in the trough and on the crest of the North Sea combers whipped in front of the pitiless nor'-easter, in long, languid sunny summer days full of light and colour, and in bleak dawns of spring, gray, cheerless, and cold, the ships of England year in, year out, had for many a decade striven for the mastery of the narrow seas. The reign of Queen Anne found this struggle still in progress, with fleet still contending against fleet, ship against ship; the hazard of the strife

ever impending over war-vessel, merchantman, or privateer which fared forth from the ports of any of the surrounding countries.

The time of which we write was one of great and stirring deeds. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim and Ramillies, at Oudenarde and Malplaquet, had proved himself to be the greatest captain of his age. Sir George Rooke and Sir Cloudesley Shovel had but just taken Gibraltar, Peterborough had captured Barcelona, and the Earl of Galway, at the head of the allies, had entered Madrid.

Yet those who read this story will surely agree that no man, even in that age of heroes, deserved better of his country than did the English frigate-captain who saved his convoy after a fight with the Dunkirk flotilla; which fight, Homeric as it was, has only been preserved to us by the narrative of a French Protestant, condemned to the galleys for his religion, who on that September day in the year 1708 rowed an oar in the galley of the commodore, Monsieur le Chevalier de Langeron.

The story is wonderfully circumstantial, but in it the Huguenot falls into some errors in matters which he himself had not the opportunity of verifying. We could almost wish that his opening account were correct, as there is a completeness in it which is most diverting. He says that in the beginning of 1708 Queen Anne had, among many other ships which were put in commission, one, a vessel of seventy guns, commanded by one Smith, who is described as 'a concealed papist,' and who was animated by an implacable hatred towards his own country. The narrative goes on to state that the ship was stationed to guard the coasts, but that she belonged to no particular fleet, and in consequence the captain was enabled to cruise where he liked; and, taking advantage of this roving commission, the perfidious Smith sailed his seventy-gun ship to Gothenburg, and there sold her to the King of Sweden. Then, with the price of the ship in his pocket, he proceeded to France and offered his services to Louis the Fourteenth. The dry light of history projected on to the career of Smith in these later years by the eminent naval historian Sir J. K. Laughton has unfortunately dispelled the legend of the sale of the ship, in which there is a completeness seldom to be found in either fact or fiction.

Smith, it would appear, was a very competent seaman, well acquainted with the narrow seas, and when he presented himself to the French king was not only graciously received, but promised the first captain's commission which became vacant in the navy. He was at the same time 'advised' to go and serve on board the galley of the Chevalier de Langeron at Dunkirk. Smith —who, although a traitor to his country, was by no means a fool—knew what 'advice' which emanated from such a quarter meant. He accordingly repaired to the seaport, where he was politely received by De Langeron, who entertained him at his own expense.

The narrative proceeds: 'In all our toilsome but fruitless expeditions to the coasts of England, Captain Smith was one. He would often advise us to a descent upon the coast in order to burn their towns, where he might at once have an opportunity of showing his bravery and gratifying his unnatural hatred. But it was thought dangerous to comply; the coasts were guarded by patrolling parties, while large bodies of trained troops were placed at convenient distances from each other, a species of animal French sailors do not care to meddle with.' It will be seen that the author of this tale, although a Frenchman, had no fear in speaking out, in showing contempt for the traitor Smith, and a somewhat sneering condemnation of his own side. Perhaps the galleys were not the most favourable places for the cultivation of a philosophic aloofness and a cheerful toleration.

Smith was certainly a whole-hearted renegade. Fighting, as he did, with a rope round his neck, he was animated with a desperate courage. The king gave orders to De Langeron to follow the captain's instructions during the whole voyage, and to furnish all necessary stores, which shows that Louis had a great belief in the abilities of this English traitor.

As may easily be imagined, De Langeron had no liking for being placed under the command of a man for whom, in spite of his bravery and his cleverness, he had a profound contempt; but the word of the king was law, and he had to submit. This he did with seeming satisfaction; while Smith, on his part, gave orders for combustibles and everything necessary for carrying out his nefarious purpose of burning Harwich, 'a little town situated on the mouth of the Thames,' says our Huguenot, this time slightly out in his geography. On 5th September all was ready, and the expedition, which consisted of six galleys, put to sea in fine, clear weather, with a gentle, favourable wind from the north-east. Without having occasion to use their oars, they arrived at the mouth of the Thames at about five o'clock in the morning. Smith, however, who was of opinion that they were too early, and that the squadron might be discovered if they came any closer, ordered them to stand off till night fell, in order that the descent might be made during the dark.

'We had not laid-to half-an-hour,' goes on the narrative, 'when the sailor at the masthead cried, "A fleet to the north steering west, thirty-six sail, merchant built, and escorted by a frigate of about thirty cannon."' This was a fleet of English merchant-vessels which had left the Texel under convoy, and were making for the mouth of the Thames. The commodore of the French flotilla immediately called a council of war, which, with the smallest possible delay, decided that the burning of Harwich might wait,

and that the capture of the fleet of merchantmen which had arrived at so opportune a moment would be of far more advantage to the king. They could burn Harwich, or whatever town it might be, at any time; but such a chance as this was not likely to occur again.

The resolution of the council of war did not meet with the approval of Captain Smith, who strongly advocated the carrying out of the orders given by His Majesty. Smith, however, was overruled, and the commodore gave orders for the disposition of his squadron.

The wind was light, and in consequence entirely favourable to the manœuvring of the galleys. The commodore, the Chevalier de Langeron, on board of whose vessel was the man who tells the story, gave instructions for four of the galleys to cut off and hold up the merchant-vessels; while he himself, accompanied by the galley commanded by the Chevalier Manviliers, stood over in the direction of the frigate to prevent her interfering with the capture of the convoy, and incidentally to cause her to strike her flag to immensely superior force.

'In pursuance of these dispositions,' says the narrator, 'four galleys took a compass to surround the merchantmen and cut off their entrance to the Thames, while we went directly to attack the frigate. The frigate, perceiving our designs, and the danger which threatened the whole or the greater part of the fleet, took its measures accordingly.' The problem presented to the captain of the English frigate was one of no ordinary complexity. His first duty was to save the convoy, and also his own ship, if it were possible; but he had six active, well-armed enemies with which to contend. The wind was light, the sea smooth; everything, in fact, was in favour of the oar-driven vessels, including the immense number of fighting-men carried in each unit of the flotilla of Monsieur le Chevalier de Langeron. If ever a man might have been supposed to be in a hopeless case, it was surely the captain of this solitary frigate, with so great a treasure to guard, and with means so inadequate for the purpose. The man in command of the *Nightingale*—for such was the name of the frigate—was an individual of no ordinary description; in him was something of the genius of that most *rusé* of seamen, Lord Cochrane, and at the back of this as desperate a determination as ever informed the soul of a fighting-man. The Huguenot says that 'this captain had the character of being one of the most resolute yet prudent commanders in the British navy; and indeed his conduct in this conjuncture did not give fame the lie.'

The signal was made from the frigate that the merchantmen should crowd on all sail for the Thames—an order which we may imagine was almost superfluous. In the meanwhile the frigate prepared to put up such a fight as would prevent the six galleys from seizing and holding any of the convoy.

Two galleys were approaching the frigate, that of the Chevalier de Langeron and that of the Chevalier Manviliers; the last-named, however, a league astern of her leader. The remaining four galleys were in pursuit of the convoy. The commodore held on, not doubting his capacity to take single-handed the insignificant enemy to whom he was opposed. He was somewhat surprised, however, when the frigate altered her helm and stood down in his direction.

'Our commander,' continues the narrative, 'who seemed in no way disturbed at the approach of the frigate, thought that our galley alone would be more than a match for the Englishman; but the sequel will show that he was somewhat deceived in this conjecture.'

What now happened is thus set down: 'The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun, but seeming steadily resolved to reserve all her terrors for more close engagement. Our commodore, nevertheless, mistook English resolution for cowardice. "What!" cried he; "is the frigate weary of carrying English colours, and does she come to surrender without striking a blow?" The boast was premature. Still we approached each other, and were now within musket-shot. The galley incessantly poured in her broadside and small arms, the frigate all the while preserving the most dreadful tranquillity that imagination can conceive. At last the Englishman seemed all at once struck with a panic, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more spirit than a flying enemy. Nothing was heard but boasting among the officers. We could at one blast sink a man-of-war; ay, that we could, and with ease, too. If the English ship does not strike in two minutes, down she goes to the bottom.'

Now, the Huguenot was not a sailor, and his description of what happened immediately after this is somewhat confused and hard to understand. One thing emerges from it very clearly, which is that the captain of the *Nightingale* must have been a consummate tactician. 'He was in silence preparing for the tragedy which was to come.' The simulated flight had a definite object, which was to entice the galley to attempt to board his ship over the stern, which, being the weakest portion of the ship, was well adapted for the galley to drive her beak into and there remain fast. Also, while approaching in this manner the galley was able to maintain up till the last moment the fire of the five guns which she carried, when the shock came and her boarders poured over her bows.

The Commodore de Langeron and all his officers and crew now thought that the time had come when, in a very few moments, the ship would be theirs. The galley was close under the stern of the *Nightingale;* the boarders, with pike, battleaxe, and cutlass in hand, crouched on her fore *rambade* or platform, ready for the

tiger-spring which was to synchronise with the crash of the galley's beak into the quarter of her flying adversary. The guns aboard the galley roared and volleyed as she approached, but in all this time not so much as a single musket-shot had come from her opponent. She was, however, running away; that was plain for every one to see. Once they had her by the board they would make short work of her. Nearer came the great beak of the pursuing vessel, and ever nearer; the guns had ceased barking now, and nothing was heard but the sound of the straining oars and the whistle of the whips of the *comites* as they urged the wretched gallerians to further and more heart-breaking exertions. They were now within six yards, three, two; in one second more the crash must come.

It came, but in a manner quite unexpected by the Chevalier de Langeron. At the very last second, so nicely timed was the manœuvre, the helm of the frigate was altered. Jammed hard over, as it was at this juncture, it caused the beak of the galley to strike a harmless blow slantingwise on the broadside, and then she fell alongside. It was at this moment De Langeron discovered that the captain of the *Nightingale* was quite as full of fight as those on board the galley; for in the next few seconds the frigate had her grappling-irons out and lashed herself securely to her adversary. Here was one galley at any rate that would chase no merchantman in that convoy! And now the galley had to pay for the self-confidence and the rashness with which she had been handled. She had set out to chase a timid hare; she had caught a full-grown tiger! Broadside to broadside now were the two vessels, and the odds all in favour of the frigate. Her broadside guns, loaded with grape, did awful execution; while at the same time seamen in the rigging flung hand-grenades upon the galley's crowded deck till she was nothing but a shambles, a hell of blood and fire. So close were the ships that men were scorched to death by the flame of the cannon.

'The terror was so great as well among officers as common men that they seemed incapable of resistance. Those who were neither dead nor wounded lay flat and counterfeited death to find safety. The enemy, perceiving our plight, threw in forty or fifty men to add to our misfortunes; and these men, sword in hand, hewed down all who ventured to oppose, but spared the slaves, who made no resistance.'

So numerous, however, were the crew of the galley that in some sort they made head against the boarders from the frigate; but the guns of that vessel continued to work havoc, and the officers of the galley who were left alive were by this time so demoralised that it was the commodore himself who hoisted a signal of distress which rallied to his aid the remainder of his flotilla. By this time the galley of the commodore was little better than a wreck, and had it not been for the prompt and timely assistance of her consorts she would have been a prize to the frigate.

The hounds which De Langeron had unleashed to round up the thirty-six merchantmen had now to be recalled. There must have been curses both loud and deep on board the Dunkirk flotilla on that September day, when, instead of quietly collecting a rich prize of some thirty-six sail, they had to lose them and return to plunge into a fight which was by no means over. The captain of the *Nightingale* had not yet finished with the Dunkirkers!

Very soon the galley of the Chevalier Manviliers rushed into the fray; she had been supporting De Langeron, but had been a long way astern when the action began. In half-an-hour all six galleys were engaged at the same time with the frigate. All this time the convoy was making good its escape; and through the smoke of battle did that dauntless seaman who commanded for England on that day peer with anxious heart to see if yet it had attained to safety. But now the deck of the frigate had become as the deck of De Langeron's galley had been, for her numerous foes were able to haul off and sweep her decks with gun-fire. Very soon the decks became untenable, and her crew were driven below. This was deemed a favourable opportunity for boarding, and twenty-five grenadiers from each galley were ordered for this service. 'They met with no opposition coming on,' says the chronicler; 'but scarce were they crowded on the deck when they were once more saluted *à l'Anglais*.'

Every one on board seems to have been informed with the wonderful spirit by which their captain was animated, and the one hundred and fifty grenadiers soon wished themselves anywhere but on the deck of the *Nightingale*. The officers had entrenched themselves in the forecastle, from whence, in comparative safety, they kept up a brisk and well-aimed fire; while the crew, who had been driven below, fired their muskets up through the skid gratings, actually burning the grenadiers' trousers. Incredible as it may appear, the frigate's crew actually cleared their deck of the invaders; they all seem to have been as clever as they were brave, and to have perpetually invented some new manner of harassing the foe. Another party of grenadiers was ordered on board, but could not dislodge the crew; whereupon carpenters were sent on board, who, working where no one could fire at them, actually commenced to tear up her decks. Several carpenters and axemen were killed during this operation, but at last the assailants were able to fire down on the men on the main-deck, who then surrendered. The officers, however, held out in the forecastle, and it was still some time before their resistance could be overcome. This was at last effected, but not without more loss to the attacking party.

It has to be remembered that all this time the convoy, in front of the paltry breeze which was blowing at the time, was getting nearer and ever nearer to safety.

The ship's company and the officers had now surrendered, and it might be imagined that the fight was over in consequence. But this was by no means the case, as there was yet one person who had no intention of surrendering. This was the captain of the frigate. He had barricaded himself into his cabin. He had provided himself with an apparently inexhaustible store of loaded muskets and pistols, and to every demand that he should surrender he made answer by shooting the person who had the audacity to make the proposal. By this time the captured English officers had been taken on board the galley of the commodore, and to him they represented that he had better not push things to extremes with their captain, as he was absolutely reckless of his own life; that his cabin, in which, single-handed, he was defying six of the enemy's warships and their crews, was in direct communication with the powder-magazine; and that he was quite capable, if pushed too hard, of blowing up his own ship and taking his adversaries to glory with him.

By this time the Dunkirk flotilla had had about as much glory as it wanted. Six galleys had been pounding at and boarding one small frigate for a long autumn day, and at the end thereof they were being held in check by one man! The Frenchman has a dread of ridicule; and no doubt it passed through more than one mind what a story would be told concerning the Dunkirk flotilla from that port among the sands to which it belonged, round as far as Brest and St Nazaire.

The captain still held out. A sergeant and twelve grenadiers were ordered on board to take him dead or alive. He waited until they got quite close, and then shot the sergeant through the head. The twelve grenadiers then retired in good order; and when they were ordered to advance again to the attack, they politely requested that their place might be taken by the officer giving the order. They explained with much clearness and great good sense that only one person could approach this English madman at a time, and that they had no desire to share the fate of their late sergeant; in fact, they were prepared to yield the honour of capturing the English captain to any one who might desire to do so. As far as they were concerned, they had had quite enough of it; and from this point of view neither orders nor remonstrances could move them. While this was going on the captain had an opportunity of looking out of his stern-ports to see how his convoy was faring. He saw that it was now in complete safety, and that his object had been attained; and he knew that he had fought such a fight as even the annals of the British navy would find hard to surpass. In consequence he resolved to surrender. His personal stand had been carried out to make security doubly secure for his convoy; his ship, of course, he knew he could not save.

He now announced that he would surrender; but in order to gain yet more time he pretended that it would be lowering to his dignity to give up his sword to any one beneath him in rank, and demanded that the commodore should come in person and receive it. This caused an argument and further delay. The commodore was appealed to, but sent a message to say that the English captain must know very well that in a time of battle the commodore could not leave his ship, but that he was sending one of his captains to receive the sword of the frigate-captain. That officer, who did not in reality care two straws to whom he gave up his badge of office now that his convoy was safe, yielded 'like a real Englishman, despising ceremony when ceremony could be no longer useful. He was now brought before the commodore, who could not help testifying some surprise at the inconsiderable figure which had made such a mighty uproar. He was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in person as beautiful in mind.'

The commodore, in his generosity to a fallen foe, allowed the captain to retain his sword, handing it back to him with a graceful compliment.

The result of this indulgence very nearly had fatal consequences for Smith. The English captain, having been taken below into the cabin of the commodore, came face to face with the traitor. The moment he saw him he knew him for the man on whose head England had placed a reward of one thousand pounds. Instantly the sword of the captain of the frigate flashed from its scabbard, and had he not been restrained by force the traitor's career would then and there have been cut short, 'to the great regret of the captain, who would have been better pleased in killing him than to have taken the six galleys.' Captain Smith, feeling that there was no safety for him in the same ship with his fiery countryman, demanded of the commodore that his prisoner should be removed to another vessel; but the commodore, who had far more respect for his gallant enemy than for Smith, coldly declined, at the same time saying that that individual might remove himself if he so desired.

This is the whole story as related by Jean Marteilhe. Sir J. K. Laughton tells us the sequel. It is to the effect that the *Nightingale* was retaken by the *Ludlow Castle*—Captain Haddock. The *Nightingale* was then sailing from Dunkirk as a privateer, Smith being in command. Haddock in his official report says: 'I am glad it has been my good fortune to bring that gentleman to England.'

Smith was landed at Hull and sent to London, where he was tried at the Old Bailey. He was condemned to death, and a fortnight afterwards was drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle.

After he was hanged his heart was extracted from his body and shown to the people; it was afterwards burnt, and his body was quartered and set upon spikes. There was no sentiment in dealing with a traitor in those robust days.

What became of Seth Jermy, the captain of the *Nightingale*, history does not relate.

There have been many stirring tales of the devotion of the seamen of England to duty in the days that are past. It is not too much to say that seldom has there been such an action as this, in which the highest qualities of the fighting-man were exhibited, and it certainly loses nothing in the telling inasmuch as it was chronicled for us by a Huguenot serving in the galleys of France.

ROMANCE OF A BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD-MINE.

By J. T. Bealby.

ABOUT twenty-four years ago an American speculator in mines received a letter from a prospector in British Columbia stating that he had staked certain claims which gave promise of yielding a good return; but not possessing sufficient capital to develop them himself, he was willing to sell them to his friend the American speculator. The American, knowing that the writer was a man whose word was worthy of attention, set off for the Kootenay River, on the bank of which the claims were situated.

At Bonner's Ferry, on the boundary between Idaho and British Columbia, the American, whose name was Jack Davenport, fell in with another American mining speculator whom he knew, named Jim Wardner. The two naturally exchanged greetings, and agreed to travel together. Indeed, they had no choice, for the only road and the only means of locomotion was the deck of a small steamer which paddled down the Kootenay River. Neither man confided to the other the object of his journey or where he was going; though each was not without a good deal of curiosity as to what had brought his companion into that part of the world. There was, both knew, nothing whatever in the Kootenay country to attract a man except mining claims. Of these there were several.

On reaching Procter, half-way down Kootenay Lake, Davenport expected Wardner to leave him. If he were going after mining claims in Ainsworth, Kaslo, or the Sandon district, Procter was the point where he would naturally leave the steamer. But Wardner did not quit the steamer at Procter. He remained on board.

The two men journeyed on to Nelson, some twenty miles farther down. At Nelson, when landing, the two men lost sight of each other. But the prospector—we will call him Mackay—not only met his old friend Davenport; he also noted that Jim Wardner was amongst the arrivals. Although he was not personally acquainted with Wardner, he nevertheless knew who Wardner was, and recognised him. Mackay and Davenport went to the Silver King Hotel, and after arranging to go out together and look at the claims early the next morning, they separated for the night. Then it was that Davenport observed Wardner, his companion on the journey from Bonner's Ferry. He also was staying at the Silver King Hotel. But still neither man divulged the object which had brought him to what was then a very remote and out-of-the-way part of the world.

Early the next morning Mackay and Davenport went out to inspect the gold claims, which were situated on the mountain-side five miles west, on the south bank of the Kootenay River, about five hundred feet above the stream. On their way back they met Wardner walking westwards.

When they got safely beyond earshot Mackay remarked casually, 'What's that fellow doing around here?'

After a pause of a few seconds, during which he puffed steadily at his cigar, Davenport replied just as casually, 'Don't know. After some claims, I guess. Met him at Bonner's Ferry.' And there the subject ended.

Nevertheless Davenport had by this time a shrewd idea as to what it was that had brought Wardner to that out-of-the-way place.

The two men met again at the hotel in the evening, but not a word was said by either as to the business which each had in view. But before going to bed Davenport made some inquiries as to Wardner's movements. It was as he suspected. Wardner had somehow heard of Mackay's claims on Eagle Creek, and it was these he was after.

That night Jack Davenport spent many sleepless hours, wondering how he could negotiate matters so as to attain the object for which he had travelled so far without having to pay an excessive price for the property, as he no doubt would have to do if he entered into competition with Wardner. Unfortunately the claims were not big enough for a partnership, which had at once suggested itself as an obvious solution of the difficulty.

Before morning came Davenport had formed his resolve. He found Wardner, drew him to one side, and frankly stated what was the business which had brought him (Davenport) there, and wound up by asking Wardner point-blank if he was not after the same claims. Wardner admitted that he was. Davenport represented that he had

been the first in the field, and begged Wardner not to spoil his business. Wardner refused to recognise Davenport's priority of claim, and equally he refused to withdraw from the field. He proposed that each of them should make his bid, and leave it to Mackay to accept the better offer. To this Davenport refused to agree; and so matters remained until the evening.

In the evening Davenport again made an appeal to Wardner to withdraw, and again Wardner refused. But after some conversation the latter proposed to leave it to chance to settle the dispute. They would play a game of 'seven up,' and the loser should pledge himself to withdraw, leaving the winner a free field. Davenport agreed. The cards were called for, and the two men began to play. Davenport won. Then Wardner, as in honour bound, left Nelson the following morning for Bonner's Ferry, and so drops out of the story.

Davenport built a ten-stamp mill, and for three summers worked the claims, which were known as the Poorman group, and he is believed to have obtained a considerable amount of gold from them.

In 1897 or 1898 he sold the mine to a party of Vancouver capitalists, who very soon sold it to the Duncan United Mines, which just before this had also bought another set of claims in the same locality, known as the Granite, and situated a little higher up the mountain. The new owners enlarged the mill to twenty stamps, and in November 1899 started crushing the ore from the Granite Mine as well as that from the Poorman Mine. From 1903 to 1906 the conjoined claims, known as the Granite-Poorman Mine, were leased to Mr M. S. Davya. After the expiry of his lease they were bonded to Mr Thomas Gough, who soon associated with himself Mr J. P. Swedberg and Mr E. Guille. Mr Swedberg had worked at the Poorman claims when they were owned by the American, Jack Davenport, and it was he who, in conjunction with a partner, discovered the Granite group. These three (Messrs Gough, Swedberg, and Guille) eventually bought the property outright from the Duncan United Mines, and in 1909 added to it the Greenhorn claim, which is situated immediately below the Granite Mine. Then in January 1911 these three groups of claims were amalgamated into the Kootenay Gold Mines Limited, with a capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (fifty thousand pounds). Later in that same year the new company bought the Jackpot series, situated immediately above—that is, south of the Poorman Mine.

Shortly after this last purchase a very important discovery was made in the Granite claims—namely, the presence, in appreciable quantities, of five out of six of the ores which go to make the highly valuable platinum group, each of them intrinsically more valuable than gold, which hitherto had been the principal mineral extracted from the mines of the company.

As soon as the discovery of these metals—palladium, iridium, osmium, rhodium, and platinum—leaked out there was a small local boom, and scores of so-called platinum claims were staked all along the Kootenay River for ten miles east and ten miles west of the Granite-Poorman Mill.

In the Granite and Greenhorn sections (where the writer was privileged to see and examine it) the dike or intrusive vein crosses the workings of the gold-mines at right angles and in a direction nearly vertical. The dike is about two feet wide and of great depth. Its presence has been traced for a considerable distance through the tunnels of the Kootenay Gold-Mines properties. The raw mineral in the dike is of a dirty-brown to dirty-yellow colour, very soft, so that it can be broken out with the naked fingers, and of a soapy and slightly greasy nature. When worked in the hand it quickly assumes the consistency and appearance of putty.

As soon as the directors of the company were quite satisfied that these minerals of the platinum group were really present in quantity, they proceeded to construct a special plant for their extraction. At the moment of writing the plant is not fully completed, and consequently it is not possible to speak as to the yield per ton of raw ore. If, as seems likely, these very valuable minerals can be extracted at a profit, a new and extremely important industry will be established in the neighbourhood of Nelson. At present there is only one part of the world in which the platinum metals are extracted on the commercial scale—namely, the Ural Mountains, between European and Asiatic Russia.

Still later in the year Mr Gordon French, an eminent metallurgical chemist, to whom the discovery of the five metals of the platinum group in the sluices of the Granite-Poorman Mill is due, made yet another discovery—namely, a sixth member of the same platinum group, one hitherto quite unknown to science. To this he has given the name of canadium.

The ore is brought down from the workings of all these mines by means of iron buckets slung on overhead wires or cables. The distance from the mill to the highest tunnel of the Granite group is approximately a mile. If one were to go straight up the mountain-side from the mill, it would mean a climb of nearly two thousand feet over in part very steep ground. Visitors to the mine who wish to inspect the workings are accordingly taken up in an iron cage just big enough to accommodate two people sitting sideways, with their feet dangling in the air. The power which hauls the cage up is the weight of the descending buckets filled with ore.

The first occasion on which the writer visited the mine was a snowy day in January. He was one of a party of five. When we reached the

mine we were first given luncheon by Messrs Gough, Swedberg, and Guille. Then Mr Gough and one of the visitors took their seats in the iron cage, and were soon drawn up the mountain-side, and disappeared from sight over the edge of the first bench or shelf of the mountain. In about a quarter of an hour the iron cage came gliding down the mountain again, when the writer, along with another gentleman of the party, took a seat in the iron vehicle. It consisted of three bands of iron, each about two inches broad, for the seat, and a couple of similar bands which formed the ends and one side. The other side consisted of a single iron rod on a level with the seat.

'All ready?' 'Yes.' 'Then off you go.' And off we did go! We travelled three yards, then stuck. For some reason or other, the cable, and consequently the cage, refused to budge. Furious ringings of the telephone bell; messages shouted into the telephone for the men up at the mine; interjectional remarks at the receiver below! Then came a wait of two or three minutes, when the hubbub was repeated. Still the cage refused to budge except for an inch or two. After hanging suspended for a quarter of an hour about six feet above the platform of the mill, itself thirty to forty feet above the ground, my companion grew tired of it and dropped off. And no wonder! It was snowing steadily all the time, and in addition it was freezing; the thermometer, we learned afterwards, registered eight degrees of frost. I, however, remained in the cage; my visit was a visit of duty.

After a while the cage moved on two feet, three feet, six inches, two inches, one inch, at a time. In the course of ten minutes I travelled the great distance of ten feet! Then the cage stuck again. I had on only a summer waterproof, which is generally sufficient in the Kootenay country, even with twenty degrees of frost, owing to the dryness and stillness of the air. I pulled the lapels of the coat closely across my knees, and tucked one of the empty bags with which the cage was cushioned round my shanks, and fortified my soul in patience. But it was cold for the fingers, with one hand holding on to the iron bar at my elbow, and the other grasping the bar overhead. Still, I could hear from the vibrations of the cable that the men were working—and working without intermission—to get me up, and after every three minutes or so the cage would move up a few feet, going in jerks of two or three inches at each movement.

This mode of progression was not altogether pleasant. After each jerk the cage began to oscillate, and as it was suspended from a sloping cable, held in place by a clutch, my seat swung sometimes a good deal out of the horizontal. I was quite unable to get down, because for most of the time I was sixty to seventy feet above the ground, and my feet were generally level with the tops of the trees which lined the path of the cable.

Had it been a clear day I should have had one admirable compensation—namely, a magnificent view of the river Kootenay, some three hundred to five hundred feet below. In one direction it flings itself in tumultuous eddies down the Kootenay rapids and under the railway bridge, and in the other just gathers itself into a broad, smooth, and placid stream, which appears to have no current at all. But this beautiful scene, framed in by the rocky bank, the sawmill, and the fruit-ranches, nestling close up to the mountains on the opposite side of the river, I was unable to see owing to the blur of the falling snow.

During the course of the journey I had three long waits and innumerable short ones. But eventually I did reach the top, a good deal numbed, but none the worse in reality. My 'carriage' had taken one and a half hours to travel one mile. The reason of the difficulty was that the men at the ore-shoots up above, not knowing a second party was coming up, had begun to send the ore-buckets down empty, and the empty buckets were not heavy enough to haul me and my 'carriage' up the hill. I registered a secret vow that if ever I went up that way again it should be in summer, when the sun was shining, and not when there were eight degrees of frost and a snowstorm fluttering down on mountain, tree, river, and ranch alike.

PERFUMED GARDENS OF DELIGHT.

PERFUMED Gardens of Delight,
Where I wander day by day,
Steeped in shimmering sunshine bright;
Yet against thy charms I weigh
Memories of a silent night
In a gray isle far away.

Out and in among the limes
Shadows vanish as they came;
By the silver fountain climbs
The pomegranate's scarlet flame,
And the falling water chimes
Sweetly one belovèd name.

Here, amid the gorgeous glow
Of the Southern sunset's hue,
Wayward thoughts fare forth and flow,
Through a drifted haze of dew,
To a Northern winter's snow
And a chill, beclouded blue.

Dreams of sweeter, simpler things
In my bosom stir and thrill,
Glimpses of a burn that sings,
Or a daisy on a hill—
Though this radiant moonlight flings
Glamoured beauty o'er my will.

Shrinèd fair in rose and gold
Perfumed gardens, shifting sand—
Yet would I more fain behold
That seagirt and misty land,
And as in the days of old
Softly clasp one faithful hand.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

ON GROWING GRAY.

By Lawrence B. Jupp.

THE first gray hair! There is no blinking the inexorable fact. For one all too brief instant I was disposed to pooh-pooh the sinister, ghostly apparition as a spiteful trick of the cross-lights, a hitherto undetected flaw in my mirror, or else some strange optical delusion, a mere fleeting fancy which a moment of time would unhesitatingly dispel. Besides, I reflected, a fair-haired person can take more chances than he whose locks are raven-swart, permissive of no fond self-deception. A further minute examination brought home to me the utter fallacy of this reasoning. Here was Truth — naked Truth, that is said to lurk so coyly hidden at the bottom of a well—flaunting itself shamelessly, most unblushingly, upon the smooth surface of my shaving-glass, called by courtesy a mirror. I think I could better have borne up beneath the sudden shock of the hateful discovery had not the wan offender stood out in such insolent singularity, such splendid isolation. There are none of those intricate, crow-like claw-patterns which are popularly supposed to indicate the beginning of the end at the corners of my eyes, inauspicious footprints left by the little bird that whispers in our startled ears that old age, rheumy and stiff-jointed, is slowly creeping in upon us. No such thing. I think I had e'en been better pleased had my 'hair turned white in a single night,' in accordance with the Law of Uniformity; it is the insufferably pompous egotism of this solitary, unabashed trespasser that exasperates me!

To-day, then, I have arrived at a life's epoch, thus clearly marked by the first silver thread in the fretted woof of my existence; a stitch dropped —inadvertently, I feel sure—by industrious Time, whose busy fingers slave so ceaselessly for each one of us from the cradle down to the grave.

It is to be presumed—let it not for a moment be imagined that I claim to speak as one having the authority of eld—that with the advancing years we become ever more and more prone to review the past from the vantage-ground of these periodically recurring epochs. Alas! there are so few to come before that last and greatest of them all which shall lay us level even with the dust. Soon withered memories will be the best of what is left for us. Happy the man who can look upon those poor bleached blossoms pressed between the leaves of the Book of Life, and remember only their one-time fragrance, not the sharp thorns which tore his hands so ruthlessly as he stooped to gather them in.

The important epoch of being born—your birthday and mine, reader—is of necessity more an obscure but undeniable fact than a cherished recollection; its annual celebration the occasion of riotous festivities in the days of our youth, juvenile saturnalia, when we sought backsheesh with the avidity of young Bedouins, spoiling our indulgent relatives as of old the Israelites spoiled the Egyptians—they, our relatives, would probably have called it spoiling *us*. These joyous orgies are done away with for ever as far as we are concerned. Now if we give the day a thought, it is merely to regard it as another milestone on the road which once seemed so interminable, so beset with mysterious possibilities. With the lapse of years our chief desire is to journey with as little fatigue and stress as is practicable, keeping steadfast to the track, without any of those delightful deviations beloved by curious youth, content if we can but stretch a helping hand to a weary fellow-pilgrim, or grateful to the friendly hand that is reached out to us in the good-comradeship of the road. The parable of the kindly Samaritan has lost none of its significance to-day.

Personally, as to this earliest epoch, I, in common with the rest of humanity, have ever relied upon tradition. Tradition — doubtless correct, but indubitably caustic in my case— holds me up to obloquy as an infant of a most malign disposition. Would it be believed — indeed, there are times when, in the light of a subsequently blameless, or comparatively blameless, career, I myself can scarcely credit the horrid rumour—that, during the solemn ceremony of my christening within the venerable walls of a sacred edifice hallowed by historic associations, I did not only uplift my shrill secular voice in lusty-lunged remonstrances, but did actually (I have it upon authority) lay sacrilegious, creasy hands upon the full-flowing priestly beard of the officiating clergyman, relaxing not my irreverent grip until the excellent man restored me (right willingly, I opine) to the soothing arms of my justly scandalised nurse? To this day I cannot even casually encounter a well-bearded minister of

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religion of any denomination whatsoever without a keen spasm of contrition, an almost uncontrollable, though tardy, desire to apologise for that crowning delinquency of my impertinent babyhood. Who was I, overfed little egoist that I was, that I should pluck the good, earnest man by the hairs of his beard until the scalding tears of anguish started all unbidden to his eyes?

With regard to a rather later epoch, the cutting of my first tooth. Here again unsparing tradition has written me down recalcitrant, intractable; it is but a small grain of comfort to reflect that much the same may be said of each one of us. Mine must have been the very Buddha's Tooth of infancy, judging by report. The female devotees who flocked eager to behold the marvel ceased not then and for long weeks to come—this is hearsay only, let me state—to expatiate enthusiastically upon its quite exceptional size, its unusually pearly lustre, the unheard-of sufferings unstoically endured by its indignant producer. These and other important items of intelligence, have they not been handed down to me as matters of family history, possessing the sweet, intrinsic charm of absolute verity?

Time went by, and, like Jeshurun, I 'waxed fat, and kicked.' I can claim a tolerable recollection of this particular period of my existence, and the comparison is, I consider, not inapt. After I had gambolled in sansculottic innocence through the blissful days of petticoated inconsequence, the years brought 'the inevitable yoke:' I was duly and ceremoniously breeched! Which of my male readers cannot call to mind that memorable morning when, trembling with an almost religious exultation, he proudly, yet not without a certain craven trepidation—for youth is so susceptible to anything in the shape of ridicule—donned his first pair of pants? I am not at all sure that I do not consider this the most decisive epoch of my career. Had I haply brought those beautiful, brand-new trousers scathless through a day of manifold tribulations, they in their entirety might justly have been adopted as emblematic of my future success in life; instead of which—— But no matter, only things might well have been *so* different. Alas that the chances of a lifetime should hang upon a rusty nail!

It happened thus. Unable any longer to bear with equanimity the boisterous pleasantries of my schoolfellows, who could discern in my trousered state only a matter for flippant mirth, I hit upon the daring scheme of solacing my wounded feelings in Farmer M.'s fruit-garden. It was the month of roses, and, what was of far more consequence to the communistic mind of ten, the month of strawberries, whole luscious beds of them, netted over to keep at bay predatory birds, the garden-wall forbiddingly high, doubtless for the determent of predatory boys. I reached the Mecca of my desires breathless and flushed of face, otherwise in passably good condition. Like Adam, I was alone in the garden. I had chosen my time well. The ripe fruit stared curiously at me, crimson-cheeked (like myself), half-hidden beneath broad, sheltering leaves; but the dark-green leafage had no æsthetic charms for me—it was the fruit I was after. My lips watered gluttonously. A row of gnarled old apple-trees effectually screened me from the latticed windows of the farmhouse, a low, straggligly built homestead, with gray-lichened, mossy-tiled roof and quaint, inquisitive gables. The drowsy afternoon was loud with the buzzing of innumerable bees; the air was full of the sweet, old-world fragrance of lavender. There were roses hedging me in on every side—deep-bosomed damask roses, creamy-petalled tea-roses, red rambler roses climbing the sunny south wall to which the peach-tree's slender limbs were so ruthlessly nailed; brier-roses grew tangled in brambly bushes prolific of thorns. 'It was roses, roses all the way!' Green gooseberries too! I then and there determined upon a second course. What sudden panic possessed me I know not. The conscience of a healthy boy of ten is seldom imperative, especially when a glut of forbidden fruit is in question; nevertheless an acute, unreasoning fear got hold upon me, and, emulative of my lips, my bowels turned to water. Cramming my capacious trousers-pockets (I had stood out manfully for pockets of a good holding capacity, much against the maternal wishes—a wise mother knows her own son) with the juicy, incomparable berries, I turned and fled, closely pursued by the phantom footfalls of my imagination—how different, if I had but stopped to consider them, from the resonant creaking of sturdy Farmer M.'s iron-plated boots! Good man, he sent my father the free gift of a pottle of strawberries only the following day. How I scaled the wall, blinded as I was by terror, still remains a mystery defying solution. However, I accomplished the difficult feat, to the great detriment of my ill-gotten gains, which, crushed to a veritable pulp, exuded a ruddy juice through the pores of my nether garments, if I may be permitted such latitude of expression. Once astride the coping of the wall, little coward that I was! I breathed more freely, and straightway started to slide down to the safe security of neutral ground. A retributive nail, rusty and malevolent-looking, was the culminant disaster of that most eventful day. Never shall I forget the agonised moment when, suspended in mid-air, revolving slowly, impaled upon the spit of horrid circumstance, grilling before the slow fire of my own guilty terrors, I palpitatingly waited for the hideous rending sound of cloth, and the subsequent bone-jarring contact with mother-earth. Stoutly that excellent tweed material (eminently suitable for rough school-wear) sustained both my boyish weight and the mature reputation of old Mr Saul, our local sartorial artiste; but, alack! the endurance of even the best of tweeds has its limits. I fell—great was my fall! I draw a

decent veil over my home-coming, also over what Mr Bales, our fourth-form master, who was fond of obscure and, to us, unmeaning words, would have called the alarming hiatus in that article of wearing-apparel I had donned so proudly diffident but a few brief hours before. Even my bruises and abrasions, exhibited in all their pristine freshness, failed to excite the parental commiseration. I was dismissed supperless to bed; and—horrible to relate next day's degradation—I was sent to school in my oldest knickerbockers, the loathed pair that, by reason of a neat but too perceptible round patch, had earned for me among my ribald fellows the insulting sobriquet of 'Young Bull's-eye'!

The first tail-coat, the *toga virilis*, may perhaps be said to mark an epoch, but it is one best left unhonoured, unsung, at the most just slurred over with but scanty comment. In combination with the down or chicken-fluff of male adolescence and a voice of uncertain timbre, now mannishly gruff, now childishly shrill, it is answerable for an excess of clumsy self-consciousness too unutterably painful for words.

Calf-love! The term is hardly flattering; it suggests more or less ungainly caperings, which in turn may be construed into the inward workings of a first love finding outlet in peculiarly uncouth demonstrations indicative of rapture. Pretty little Patty Peters! She was fourteen, I was a year her senior, when happened that *affaire du cœur* which ended, as far as I was concerned, in complete ignominy. Patty was plump and fair; supereminently fickle, of course, as became her sex and season of life. She had already been responsible for several Blighted Hearts. Her customary mode of procedure was simple—primitively so. Having selected the object (I use the word in no derogatory sense) destined to be the recipient of her transitory affections, she deliberately put out her tongue at the embarrassed youth. Few of us could resist Patty when she put out her tongue; it was a red flag—*drapeau rouge*—summoning the enemy to unconditional surrender. Patty in the imperative mood had also at her command a most compelling squint, by no means so unbecoming as it appears when written down in cold black-and-white; this assumed obliquity of vision was calculated to bring matters to a crisis without undue delay. She was a connoisseur in stockings, and preferred them open-worked at the ankles. For nearly a fortnight I was Patty's willing slave. She was a boarder at Miss Birch's High School for Girls, and our opportunities for philandering were strictly limited. Indeed, I doubt if we exchanged two dozen words together during the brief period I occupied the proud position of first favourite in her regard. I regret to say that our courtship was conducted principally by means of unprincipled pencilled missives, twisted cocked-hatwise, and transmitted on Sunday mornings during divine service in the parish church, slipped surreptitiously from hand to hand by twenty grinning little parodies of womanhood, until haply the perfervid communications were safely delivered to the one for whom they were intended. Our family pew was conveniently situated for the furtherance of this intrigue, being immediately behind the seats reserved for Miss Birch's young ladies; in addition, a massive pillar, against which I was wont to lean my heavy head during sermon-time, gave me the advantage of a friendly cover.

The affair came to an abrupt termination. Miss Hoyle, the senior class mistress, reprehensibly referred to by her young hopefuls as Old Oily, intercepted one of my most inflammatory epistles just before the Collect for the day. She scanned its contents under cover of her Book of Common Prayer, cast one withering, basilisk glance upon the all too self-conscious Patty, and—— But I saw no more; I buried my burning face in my hands, and remained so long in the conventional attitude of devotion that I was unjustly suspected of somnolence, and pinched (like the fat boy in *Pickwick*) in the fleshy part of the leg, to the accompaniment of *sotto voce* remonstrances. The confiscated note was not sent to my parents for perusal. Would that such had been the course adopted! My father, worthy man, would have tried hard to look severe, and failed signally in the attempt. Instead, the perfidious Miss Birch caused it to be ceremoniously delivered to Dr Cane, the headmaster of the school at which I was a day-scholar. I was summoned to his awful presence after second lesson on Monday morning. In one hand he held the offending missive; in the other he gripped firmly the dreaded instrument of correction whose name he bore, and whose baleful repute he so uncompromisingly upheld. He glared at me over the gold rims of his spectacles. 'Sir, is this your handwriting?' he thundered. Denial was useless; guilt was written on every lineament of my ashen face. The absurd note was unsigned, but its original orthography was indisputable. I will not dilate upon the subsequent proceedings, from which I emerged with all the young romance mercilessly flagellated out of me. That very same afternoon Patty transferred her fickle affections to Jones Minor, an obese youth, red-haired and freckly. *Varium et mutabile semper femina!*

A very different first-love was that of Mr S., a grave, taciturn old gentleman, a confirmed bachelor, with a kindly smile, and of a deeply meditative habit. When I was a small boy it was his custom to spend a goodly portion of each Sunday at my father's house. He died, and his will named my father his sole executor. Among a multifarious collection of those entirely useless odds and ends which accumulate during the course of years was a little pile of letters loosely tied together with a piece of tape; there was also a little, white, knitted glove, small even for

a woman's hand; it was discoloured with age, but natheless it had been carefully preserved from the ravages of time. Pathetic little notes, pathetic in their trivial, everyday commonplaces, their fond little endearments of expression, the little jesting allusions, intelligible only to the laughter-loving girl (long, long since dead) who wrote, and to the gray old man who treasured these letters to the last day of his life. They had been read and reread until the yellow, faded paper was all frayed at the folds. It seemed an act of sacrilege for a third person to intrude on the communing of those young and tender hearts. Thus it is that one man will love once and for a whole lifetime; another, less steadfast, will 'stagger humanity,' so to speak, by the amazing multiplicity of his amorous engagements. Happy the man of single heart, and such was old Mr S. Like hale John Leisure:

> Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
> A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;
> His ways were far too slow, he said,
> To quite forget her.
> And still, when time had turned him gray,
> The earliest hawthorn buds in May
> Would find his lingering feet astray
> Where first he met her.

But of all epochs that may bechance in this changeful life of ours, is there one more momentous, more fraught with significance, than man's exile from the country which is his by right of birth? It may be for ever. Slowly the stately ship swings out into the sluggish stream. He has set foot for the last time upon his native shores. His hand still feels the firm grip of a hand that he has clasped perhaps for the last time here upon earth. He has looked his last into fond eyes dimmed with tears, eyes which shall surely gaze into his no more in this mutable world of sorrow and decay. The sun has gone down in a splendour of misty purple and gold. He will look no more upon those fair, green hills and wooded valleys of his boyhood's days; henceforward he is as a stranger, a sojourner in a strange land. The stars steal silently into the heavens, but for him there is no light—darkness has descended upon him like a cloud.

Again, what is comparable to the first glimpse of a new land, the country of one's adoption? Preconceived ideas collapse like a pack of cards in the encounter with actuality. Of myself, I can hardly say what were my thoughts as I looked for the first time on the grim coastline that loomed through a gray and ghostly haze. Thoughts involved, unintelligible enough, doubtless. But what were her secret musings, that vast and mighty island-continent, as she lay there expectant, gazing out over a limitless expanse of shimmering sea? Were they anything like this? I wonder —'Youngest of countries, yet am I among the oldest. The spirit of earth's virginity dwells in the desolate defiles of my lonely mountain-ranges. My far-reaching, trackless forest-lands are pregnant with promise; they await but the coming of a chosen people, and my wildernesses, my waste places, "shall blossom as the rose." I am so old, yet am I so infinitely fruitful. All these immemorial ages past I have been waiting patiently, expectantly waiting, for the advent of those to whom I will most certainly yield up my hidden hoard, my boundless treasures of gold and silver, my kindly fruits of the earth. Give me, then, of the young life of your humanity, and I will arise in my strength and lustihood, casting off the years which cover me like a fretted garment, and stand erect amongst the nations of the world, rejuvenised, exultant in power, the fairest and the loveliest of them all!'

Dear me! I find I have been beguiled into the extreme garrulity of old age by the sight of a single, solitary gray hair! Temptation is better removed in case of further offence; so, 'Jim, just lend me those tweezers of yours one moment, will you, there 's a good fellow?'

THE GLORY OF THE GALLERY.

CHAPTER III.—THE REVELATION.

CHAMPNEYS was thinking, like Watson, that the police would have to be called in. There seemed nothing else; yet the Berri clue had appeared so promising! The links in the chain looked so strong—the copy must have been made in the gallery from the original, must have taken a considerable time to paint; the man painting it must have been seen at work, and must be a painter and not an amateur. Who could it be but Berri? True, Johnson had stated that he should have said the copy was beyond Berri's powers, and there, in the Italian's studio, was the proof of the correctness of the assistant's estimate. Yet Berri, and Berri alone, fitted in with the facts!

Feeling that the mystery was too deep for him, the distracted director came to the conclusion that he would place the matter in the hands of skilled London detectives, and set about the transaction of his other business with the utmost energy so as to settle it in the shortest time possible. A prosperous end was in sight; and he was leaving the next day, when, going to Cook's for a ticket for the journey home, he was addressed in the street by a woman.

About thirty years of age, she was still handsome, though her good looks were on the wane. The expression of her face was hard and fierce, and her eyes burned with intense light. Champneys had seen her once before—in the studio of

Egidio Berri. While walking he had been trying to solve the problem which tortured him, and meeting with the same defeat; but hope sprang up anew as he recognised her.

The circumstances attending his seeing her recurred to him—the sound of a male and a female voice in sharp contention within the studio while he was knocking at the door, its sudden cessation as soon as he made himself heard above the din, the door slowly opened by Berri, partly disclosing the room and this woman standing near a large easel, her full bosom heaving, and her dark eyes flashing fire. It was plain to him that she and the man had been quarrelling in hot anger, and when she retired, on his saying he wished to speak privately to Berri, it was in a sullen and ominous quiet. Till this moment he had forgotten all about her.

'I am Elena Berri, the wife of Egidio Berri,' she said, and as she pronounced her husband's name her voice vibrated with hatred. 'You saw him about a painting, signor, and he deceived you.'

'He deceived me!' Champneys exclaimed. On the instant his hope grew large, and he restrained his excitement with difficulty.

'I cannot speak of it here in the street; there are too many people about. If you will follow me, signor, I will take you where we shall be alone, and then you shall hear. Come, signor,' said the woman, with a passion of entreaty behind her words.

'Yes, signora, I'll come, if you'll lead the way,' returned Champneys without hesitation.

Walking at an ordinary pace, which seemed all too slow to the director's impatience, she presently turned off into a side-street, and in a few minutes went into a small restaurant that, as she explained afterwards, was kept by her brother, to whom she was talking as Champneys entered the place. The brother did not seem well pleased; but he showed them into a room. Before closing the door on them he remarked to his sister that she might regret her action; but she denied this vehemently, and saying emphatically, 'I shall never forgive him,' added with an accent of indescribable ferocity, 'To leave me for that trull of a girl, Maria Ucelli!'

Champneys understood. Here was a woman scorned—and her revenge!

'Egidio deceived you, signor director—I know who you are,' she said to Sir Charles when they were by themselves. 'Oh, he is clever; and Tommaso Sasso is just such another!'

Tommaso Sasso! Champneys recalled that Johnson had been told that Berri and Sasso, his friend, had left Bayswater together.

'But Egidio is vain, boastful, and garrulous, while Tommaso is silent and discreet,' continued the woman. 'It was Tommaso who spun the plot to steal your painting, and to replace it by a copy.'

'Replace it by a copy?' queried the director, his brows knit in perplexity. Had he not seen the copy in the studio?

'Two copies were made of your painting, signor. One hangs in your gallery, and you saw the other in Egidio's studio.'

'Oh!' cried Champneys sharply on this sudden enlightenment.

'Egidio is an artist of talent, with a gift for copying the work of other painters,' she went on. 'Sasso is also an artist, but he has greater skill in making new pictures into old.'

'Faking! I see,' said Champneys. 'Berri painted the copy in the gallery, and Sasso faked it?'

'Yes. But wait, signor! Let me tell you the plot in my own way. Tommaso has relatives in America, and he has been to New York more than once; it was there he learned of the huge sums of gold given by new millionaires for old masters, and to what lengths they go in competition for them. He saw that he could obtain a large amount of money if he had a really great original; but the only way in which he could get such a painting was to steal it. He and Egidio are old friends, and my husband fell in with his plans—which he could not keep from telling me. Fifteen months ago Tommaso returned here with his scheme complete. It was the Venus of Velasquez he had selected from *your* gallery, signor director.'

'But why did he choose it?' Champneys inquired.

'He had heard of a man who greatly desired it,' she replied. 'But pray, signor, let me go on. Tommaso's plot was very simple; that was its cleverness. He and Egidio went to London, saw the Venus, and proceeded with the scheme. Egidio got permission to copy the painting; but, unknown to you, he made two copies, one at his very best, which, signor, is wonderful, and the other in a commonplace manner. The former was to replace the original in the gallery to keep the theft from being discovered easily, and the latter he was to retain in case the trick should be found out quickly, and he suspected of being connected with it; in that event he was to produce the inferior copy, as he did to you, signor, when you saw him. He satisfied you that he was not guilty?'

'I was thrown off the scent altogether,' said the director.

'At first the copies were taken alternately to your gallery,' continued Elena. 'Egidio worked hard, and Tommaso, who kept in the background, helped when he could; but all the while their efforts were concentrated on the copy for *your* collection, signor. After some weeks Egidio took only the poorer copy to the gallery—the other would have been noticed and remembered later. When the fine copy was finished by Egidio, Tommaso toned, rubbed, and treated it, and gave it age—faked it, as you would say, signor. It was so perfect an imitation that he hesitated

whether to sell it as the original, but it was not absolutely perfect'——

'I know!' Champneys exclaimed.

'You saw, signor, suspected Egidio, and so came to Rome—I understand,' said the woman. 'I was told that only a very great expert, and one familiar besides with the painting, could notice the difference, and that not easily.'

'It is true, signora.'

'When everything was ready,' resumed Elena, 'they chose one dark afternoon—you have many such in your foggy winter, signor—when your gallery was deserted. Egidio got the attendant out of the way on a clever pretext, and kept him in talk. Tommaso was prepared to act promptly, and did so. The exchange was made, and the original carried off. Egidio told me there was no hitch; it was simple, signor director.'

'I should have said it was impossible,' said Champneys wrathfully; 'but I suppose it all happened exactly as you say.'

'I have but repeated what Egidio told me—the fool! It is the truth. He boasted to me of what he and Tommaso had done, never dreaming that I should give him away. But he is unfaithful to me—the villain!' said Elena in bitter tones.

'What has become of my Velasquez, signora?'

'Tommaso took it to New York'——

'But it was said he came back here with Berri.'

'A blind, signor! He took it to New York concealed beneath the false bottom of a trunk he had had specially made. He arrived some days ago, and since has cabled Egidio that the painting is sold.'

'Sold! Incredible, signora! Who, in Heaven's name, would buy it, knowing what it is and whence it must have come?'

CHAPTER IV.—THE RECOVERY.

'DID I not tell you, signor,' asked Elena Berri quickly, 'that Tommaso knew of a man who greatly desired it? He lives in New York, and is exceedingly rich even for an American; he bought it.'

'Indeed! What is his name?'

'That I cannot say exactly, for though Egidio mentioned it to me, it is a strange, uncouth name. But you 'll get it from him, signor.'

'Yes,' said Champneys. He looked at Berri's wife keenly. 'You know what this will mean for your husband, signora?'

'You will cause his arrest? Yes, that is what I want,' said the woman, her voice shrill with passion. 'When I found he was untrue to me I thought to kill him. See,' she cried, drawing a stiletto from her bodice with a violent movement; 'I meant this for his heart!'

'But you could not kill him?'

'Oh yes, signor, I could,' she rejoined, with a sort of contempt. 'But death, such a death, would be too quick a thing for him—and for me! I remembered your Velasquez, signor director—a great crime, in which Egidio had played a chief part. I had but to reveal it to you, and he would be cast into prison for years, many, many years, and wear out his life in agony and shame. That pleased me more than this!' she cried, holding up the dagger, and then thrusting it back into her dress. 'You shall avenge me, signor!' she added, with a wild gesture.

Champneys could not repress a shudder as he gazed at the implacable woman, whose face was lit up by a horrible gladness, and his breast was even stirred by a faint pity for her victim. But there was the Velasquez, and that was his business.

'Is he at his studio?' he asked.

'Yes—with Marcia Ucelli! Now she will see him taken,' said the woman, with a dreadful laugh.

'Have you anything else to tell me?' he inquired.

'No, signor director,' she answered, and opening the door, let him out into the street. It was with a sense of relief that he breathed the open air.

He lost no time in going to a high official of the Italian Government with whom he was intimate, and in placing the case before him, with the result that Berri was behind the bars on the evening of the same day.

Egidio, a slight, nervous, middle-sized man, with a clever face, and the long, delicate fingers of the artist, proved obstinate and truculent, and, with many oaths, refused to give any information. Champneys thought of going immediately to New York, but was advised by the governor of the jail to remain for a day or two, as he was convinced that Berri would soon change his tone. What happened in the interval Champneys did not hear; but when he saw Egidio two days afterwards, he found the man cowed, submissive, and ready enough to make confession.

Although it was a full confession, it added little in substance to what his wife had said, except with respect to one particular, which, however, was now the most important—who was the rich American that had bought the stolen Venus? When Berri gave the name the director gasped with astonishment, and could scarce believe his ears. Egidio pronounced the words vilely, but there was no mistaking them.

'Serusche Susta,' said the Italian in reply to the question.

'Cyrus K. Shuster?' asked Champneys incredulously.

'Yes, yes, signor.'

'I can't believe it!' Was it possible? The multi-millionaire had almost secured the Velasquez in competition with him, but he had beaten the American by getting together the hundred thousand pounds to pay for it—with what

difficulty and self-sacrifice he alone knew—before the option expired. Shuster, no doubt, was greatly disappointed in the matter. But this! Surely it could not be true!

'He had set his heart on it,' said Berri, as if he read what was passing in the other's mind. 'You had taken it from him. Tommaso knew all the circumstances very well, you see, signor.'

'But Shuster knew it was stolen,' objected Champneys.

'Go and see for yourself,' said Berri with a shrug. 'He's in New York.'

Plainly that was the thing to do. The director completed the interrupted walk to Cook's agency, but now took a passage from Genoa to New York. He had no difficulty in finding Cyrus K. Shuster; indeed, on the day he reached New York he saw the cotton-seed-oil magnate in his palatial room in the gigantic sky-scraper that bore his name. The men knew each other, and Champneys noticed that Shuster did not seem altogether surprised to see him.

Without beating about the bush, Sir Charles told the American the whole story, which he wound up with the remark, 'I don't believe you have bought the painting, but after what I was told I had to come to you.'

'I very nearly did buy it,' said Shuster gravely. 'I don't mind in the least admitting between ourselves that it was a terrible temptation, Sir Charles. I'd give a million dollars to come by it honestly. I'd like to have it!'

A great longing thrilled through Shuster's words, and Champneys nodded sympathetically.

'I might deny all knowledge of the thing,' continued Shuster; 'but that would be rank stupidity—you know too much for that. I might have written to you about it, wired you, you may think; but my hands were tied, because Sasso got a promise from me not to reveal what he told me. His scheme was most ingenious, and I did not see why it should fail. The painting tempted me, as I said, Sir Charles, and I even went so far as to tell him that I'd consider the proposition; he imagined I'd come to terms, and that is why he cabled Berri that it was sold. But in my life I've never done anything I could not justify, whatever people may say, and this I could not.'

'Yes, of course, Mr Shuster,' said Champneys as the American looked at him fixedly.

'Not so much a matter of course as you might suppose, Sir Charles,' Shuster rejoined. 'I'd give anything, and do almost anything, to get the Velasquez, but this was too much. Yet it was a great temptation,' he added with a sigh. In a different tone he went on: 'So it was a woman that ruined this fine scheme! That's nothing new.'

Champneys was on the point of asking Shuster for Sasso's address, when there was a tattoo on the door, which was opened forthwith, and a young and beautiful girl stepped into the room.

'Why, you're engaged, papa,' she said, smiling charmingly. 'I didn't know.'

Shuster looked at her with a fond and open pride; his eyes beamed and his face glowed with delight.

'My daughter Pansy,' he said to Champneys, and introduced him to her.—'Now run along and wait in the next room,' he said to her. 'I'll be through in a few minutes.' As she withdrew his rapt gaze followed her.

'Ah, Sir Charles,' he observed, 'we're all in the hands of the women one way or another for good or ill. How could I do anything wrong with a maid like that to keep me from going off the rails?' His voice changed again as he remarked, 'That fellow Berri got nothing from his wife that he didn't deserve.'

'Where is Tommaso Sasso?' asked Champneys.

'I don't know,' said Shuster. 'I haven't his address. He was to call back to see me. The police will soon hunt him down for you.'

'But didn't you fix a date?'

'My promise covers that,' was the quick reply. 'See the police, Sir Charles; that's your best way. Now I've a favour to ask of you. I'd like you to come and see my pictures. Will you dine with us to-night? Do say "Yes."'

It may have been the American's collection, or perhaps Pansy Shuster had something to do with it; but the director accepted the invitation. After dinner that evening Shuster showed Champneys his gallery of fine paintings, and then took him into another room in which stood a draped easel. He drew aside a cloth, and disclosed an unframed canvas.

It was the Venus Victrix of Velasquez!

After an abrupt exclamation, the director scarcely breathed for emotion.

'Sasso sent it to me,' said Shuster, gazing at the painting with all his eyes. 'The temptation was very great,' he murmured.

'I know,' said Champneys simply but sincerely.

'Of course, it is yours, Sir Charles,' said Shuster; 'but I think you should first find Sasso.'

Tommaso Sasso was found and arrested. But now everything had to come out, and the story of the stolen Velasquez made an unparalleled sensation. Sir Charles Champneys naturally was not too well pleased by the publicity, sometimes the reverse of flattering, to which he was subjected both in New York and in the course of the trial in London of the two Italians, who received severe sentences. But what the director suffered in this way was as nothing compared with the exceeding great joy that filled his soul when the Venus of Velasquez shone forth once more as the Glory of the Gallery.

'It was lost, and is found,' he said to Watson, and an intensity of feeling suffused his voice.

THE END.

SKETCHES IN GERMANY.

By Professor E. H. PARKER.

ON each occasion that I have visited Germany I have expressed my views in the public press upon the subject of German municipal energy. I remember well the sleepy old days of forty-five years ago, when the whole population seemed to be dreaming its life away with long china pipes in the mouth, indoors or out-of-doors, at work or at—I was going to say 'play;' but beer-drinking seemed to be the only form of pleasure then known; there was not activity enough for any movement beyond an occasional peasants' dance. But now all is changed. Municipalities learnt of course from England, for France had nothing to teach them in pre-Haussmann days; in fact, even Paris had then scarcely begun to conceive the euphemistic words 'lavatory' and 'toilet.' But now, what a change! England in many respects is left far behind, and the pity is that she is too complacent to see it, to listen to it, or even to read about it. Take, for instance, the management of butchers' shops in Germany. Each carcass or large piece not only looks healthy, but is healthy, and must bear the blue stamp of the municipal department concerned; the meat looks as though it had been purified and sweetened in some mysterious way; the joints hang, daintily beribboned or decked out with immaculate perforated paper, over spotless counters or slabs; the tiled floors, and often tiled walls, look almost too clean; offal is never seen. The pork-butchers, fish-dealers, and general provision dealers, with their shops, are just as nice in their respective degrees. Oh how different from the fly-blown, slatternly exhibitions of our large industrial cities! The prevailing note all over Germany is neatness and order. Take the old imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, for instance. On our visit, one day was a working day, another a holiday, a third a half-holiday; we could not see a 'tramp' or a loafer however hard we looked for one. Moreover, here—as in most parts of Australia and in many of America—it is not the practice of workmen employed in dirty trades to keep their soiled clothes on in the streets after work is done. In the old days it was England that was 'tidy;' now the German is tidy, and we are too often greasy, frowzy, and dirty.

In ascertaining the cost of living we by no means confined ourselves to looking into the shop-windows or the market-stalls. A few yards from the head post-office at Mannheim, for instance—that is, in the very core of the most up-to-date town in Germany—we inquired of a little girl for a cobbler, and were referred to Herr Reichert, whom any one can examine for himself at No. 17 'P2' (the Mannheim streets are not *named* in these one hundred and thirty-six central blocks). For four dark rooms and a kitchen on the top floor but one of a magnificent exterior (resembling those melancholy, sombre rows in Victoria Street, London) he paid about forty-five pounds a year. You entered by a huge, stylish gate into a dingy court, on the left side of which a dark, cheerless, winding flight of wooden stairs with thin iron balusters ran up to the floors. The first floor was occupied by a tailor and another artisan; Reichert and another were on the second floor. Mrs Reichert and the children—if they did not wish to play about the street, the melancholy stairs, or the patch of dull yard below—must all pig away in a tiny workroom used also as a kitchen, where there was a very small coal cooking-stove and a still smaller gas water-boiler. The cobbler, who reheeled a pair of boots for us in one and a half hours for sevenpence halfpenny, sat at his last a few feet away from the stove. All the windows in the flat were shut, of course. One of the bedrooms was sublet to a clerk or shopman, who came in just as we were examining his retreat. He only took his coffee there in the morning, and was out all day. The room was adequately but not luxuriously furnished. The cobbler's daughter, her husband, and her children occupied a second bedroom and a third much smaller, and the cobbler and his wife a fourth, all solidly furnished. He paid two shillings a pound for good coffee; anything below that was unpalatable. Meat cost him one shilling to one shilling and twopence (good cuts). Butter ranged from one shilling and eightpence to two shillings, and margarine was only used for cooking.

A messenger carrying parcels, with whom we walked for a mile or more in Ludwigshaven hard by, confirmed these prices in a general way. He was thirty-six years of age, married, with three children; he paid about thirty-six pounds a year for two rooms and a kitchen on the fifth floor, and earned twenty-six shillings a week.

Some waitress girls at the 'Spires' restaurant opposite the station told us they never touched butter, which was two shillings a pound; nor did they eat lard or *Schweinschmelz*—it was not customary to do so; they had to take their bread dry. At that moment they were taking a lunch of soup and bread (*Schwarzbrod*). It may be mentioned that, despite its name, this is *not* 'black bread,' but a dull, 'livery' sort of white bread. Black bread is called *Pumpernickel*, and is rather expensive; pure white bread is *very* good. Even in the very best restaurants *Pumpernickel* and *Schwarzbrod* are always served up with cheese and butter (also good all over Germany). Moreover, with coffee in the morning the white bread is always accompanied by *Schwarzbrod* and

'raspy toast' (*Zwieback*), the last usually in neat, sealed paper packets. It is rather remarkable that everywhere butter and meat should be served to restaurant customers in generous quantities considering their high price. On the other hand, Germans are mean with their coffee and chocolate, the quality also being indifferent. After-dinner coffee is often good, but there is a 'seconds' sort of flavour about their *café au lait*; and, as many hotels charge sixpence extra for a bed unless *café au lait* be taken, it is evident that special profit is looked for here (as on wine at dinner). Chocolate is rarely ready except in the largest towns; still more rarely liberally served; most rarely of all with 'body' and good cream *à la Hongroise*. It is only in Austria-Hungary and the Balkans that good coffee is universal. Tobacco and beer continue to be very cheap in Germany as compared with ours; though cautious additions to taxation have considerably 'hitched up' the prices which prevailed a generation ago. Of course the Moselle wines are good (for those who like white wines), and many of the German red wines are very palatable, though usually more acid and 'watered' than the corresponding French wines. The hotels and restaurants make the mistake of charging almost equal prices for German and French wines; hence at a good restaurant the waiter who desires to please will commonly slyly recommend a French wine to '*feine*' *Leute*. When once you get out of modernity the German 'country' food is coarse. Even at the 'Spires' place the only presentable cheese was gruyère, some of the native specimens stinking even through their glass covers. With regard to the various sausages, hams, and meat mixtures, to look at them almost turned the stomach. In Germany the delicate traveller can always do well on bread of any kind, Swiss cheese, butter, and beer; and our experiences show that a shilling thus spent lies much more wholesomely on the *Magen* than the best four-shilling dinner or supper.

I made a particular point of inquiring of every porter or man of 'low degree' what his family arrangements were. For instance, the bright young fellow who carried my baggage at Würzburg (an old-fashioned, cheap town) told me he paid fifteen shillings a week for one room and a kitchen, water supplied free, on the fourth floor. Meat of all kinds was from a shilling to one shilling and twopence a pound; butter, eighteenpence to one shilling and eightpence. Black bread (*Pumpernickel*) was dearer than the best white, which again was dearer than the light brown (*Schwarzbrod*). And yet we ourselves had an excellent repast at a café-restaurant, consisting of a perfect omelette between two, a good wad of caviare, with any amount of butter, cheese, bread, *hors d'œuvres*, &c., and two flagons of Bavarian beer, for three shillings, including tips. Thus it is the poor man who suffers in Germany, not the well-to-do man. In this same café-restaurant ('Alhambra') we were served with excellent creamed chocolate in the Vienna style that afternoon at fourpence the large cup.

We made persistent inquiries at Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Passau, and throughout Styria, Croatia, Slavonia, and Hungary. The prices of commodities varied little from those above specified. Beef, pork, mutton, butter, and bread—all these are everywhere decidedly dearer than in England; but they are more carefully handled, and, with the exception perhaps of beef, of better (or, at all events, more attractive) appearance. Tobacco is as bad and as dear throughout Austria and Hungary as it is good and cheap in Germany; for the traveller, it may be said that prices are generally 25 per cent. higher all round.

Nothing astonished me more in Coblenz and the neighbourhood than the extraordinarily poor physique of the inhabitants. We walked through many of the streets and alleys of the old town, where most of the working-classes congregate, and drove for more than five hours over the new town, up to the drill-grounds, through the so-called municipal forest, along the Rhine till we were opposite the mouth of the river Lahn, across two bridges to the fortified heights (Ehrenbreitstein, &c.) on the other side, north, south, east, and west, and during the whole of this period scarcely discovered a single fine, well-set-up man or woman. The rare exceptions might have been found amongst the railway porters, the outdoor hotel employés, persons travelling for pleasure, a few military officers, and such-like well-fed persons. It is no exaggeration to say that 50 per cent. of both men and women were undersized, and not only unusually so for Germans, but also cramped, pigeon-chested, crook-legged, wizened, and unwholesome-looking. The children for the most part looked pale, ill-nourished, often dark below the eyes, and comparatively sad or depressed. The only other place in Germany where I had previously observed a great falling off in the average physique was around Stettin; but in Coblenz the case was much more serious. I had no opportunity of asking closely from what parts of Germany the garrison of five thousand or six thousand men was drawn; but even among the soldiers, though in less degree, cases of diminutive stature were remarkably numerous, from which I concluded that many of them must have been local men. But at least these diminutive soldiers looked well fed and had a fairly good colour, though very many of them were under five feet in height, and one or two even suspiciously near four feet. The air of Coblenz, especially on the higher levels, must be about the finest in Germany. True, there are manufactures, but it can hardly be called a manufacturing town. Moreover, it must be said that the German administration appears here, as everywhere else, to do its best to conceal the inelegancies and counteract the social and economic evils of crowded manufacturing life. What is

the reason for so marked a physical degeneration in the very centre of the wine-trade? The inhabitants have nothing characteristically Teutonic about them, though there are a fair proportion of light-haired individuals; there is more of the submerged French or debased Swiss look; the fine, manly (though rarely clean-limbed) Prussian or Bavarian type is scarcely ever seen here. It was Easter Sunday, and the whole population (mostly Roman Catholic), in its best attire, was out of doors or in the crowded churches; thus it was easy to see them all. There is no doubt about it—it was a topic of conversation between us all day long—the physique of the inhabitants of Coblenz is shockingly degenerate.

Later on, remarking that even in the Moselle valley up to Trèves the people still had a stunted and ill-shapen appearance, with a minimum of the characteristics of the North German about them, I was induced to make inquiries among the older people, and I was told that Napoleon's soldiers during the wars of a century ago absolutely ruined the Rhine population, and notably that of Coblenz, by their profligate behaviour. On the heights (now the exercise-place and the aeroplane descent-ground) I was shown a spot whence can be had a beautiful view of the Moselle valley, where a large number of French prisoners—I think fifty thousand—were kept in 1870–71 after the Second Empire's fall; but it can hardly be supposed that these prisoners would have had a free hand to continue the first Napoleon's depredations of a gallant nature upon the female population. Not only were the troops stationed in and around these two towns also small and unsoldierly men, but a large number of the officers seen walking about the streets had a callow and weak appearance, with ill-fitting uniforms. Of course, especially in the best cafés and elsewhere, there were to be seen specimens of the well-set-up, punctilious, and decidedly soldierly Prussian or *echt* German officer; but in no other part of Germany, north, south, east, or west, have I ever seen the mighty German army so poorly represented as to its physique as in the Rhineland. There is another possible reason. It is generally understood that in the Napoleonic wars the robust male population of France, especially on the then east frontier, was more than decimated—almost annihilated—by the conqueror's demands for drafts and new armies; the cripples and the old men left behind would thus be the only ones available to keep the population 'going.' Finally, one local worthy of mature judgment told me that the bodies of both men and women became cramped through stooping over the vines at harvest-time. Anyway, there is no mistake about it; as we worked our way through Mannheim into Bavaria we saw clearly what a vast difference there was between the physique of the people there and that of the people of the Pfalz and the Rhineland.

Whilst insisting that in some matters we ought to try to learn from the Germans instead of pigheadedly fixing our protests upon black bread and horseflesh—by the way, there is to be seen a horseflesh-shop near Paddy's Market in Liverpool—we must confess that the *Regierung* is often as futilely fussy as the French *administration*. One day a member of our party left an overcoat aboard a steamer; it was telegraphed for, and the telegram took the precaution of adding: 'Be sure to write too.' Next day the post-card announcing the parcel's departure arrived, and of course the overcoat must have reached or even passed the frontier, if not the German town also. The hotel people said that several days must elapse before I could get the coat; probably two before even the *Adresse* or yellow ticket could arrive from the post to say that the overcoat was actually at the parcel-post office; after which I should have to go there and fight out various other questions. I then said, 'Surely, when I show the sender's card and explain the facts, they won't keep me here for four days?' 'Sir, it is impossible; you must wait.' 'Well, I intend to have it *now*.' My first step was to get my letters from the *Postlagernde* box, when I was severely told that there was no *Adresse* for me yet. Then I went to the *Paket* department in another street, and exhibited the sender's card; I tried hard to gather from the indignant and voluble man at the counter if the parcel was there, and succeeded at last in making out that I must go to the *Hauptzollamt* at the *Bahnhof*. Here there was quite a queue of aggrieved wretches in a furiously heated chamber, each one arguing out his case with the obdurate officials. Among them I caught sight of the hotel porter, who said to me sadly, 'No, no, you can't do anything.' I gave him a wink for his pains, went out, and knocked at the door of the *Oberinspecteur's* office. There sat a rather gentlemanly man in undress uniform, apparently assiduously doing nothing. I put on an aggrieved air, explained the case in dreadful German—so far as genders went—and succeeded in inducing him to go with me to the heated chamber. 'First,' I said, 'see if the parcel is there; if so, see if the *Schein* (invoice) is there.' The parcel *was* there, but I could not see it; the *Schein* was also there, and I did see it. I then argued, 'As I want to start now, and hold the sender's card, and as the invoice is here, why can't I get the coat?' The *Oberinspecteur* said the *Hauptpost-oberdirecteur*-in-chief was the only man to give special orders, for an *Adresse* would (*in its turn*) be made out from the *Schein*, and sent to the *Postlagernde* box or delivered at my hotel by the *Facteur* (postman), when I should have to go to the *Paket* place, &c. 'Ha! ha!' Back I went to the *Hauptpost;* and, knocking timidly at the *Oberdirecteur's* door, I was courteously listened to by a quiet old gentleman in mufti. He seemed to think the whole business very extraordinary, and

sending for an orderly, told him to take me somewhere. I arrived at a busy office with enormous bundles of *Scheins* and *Adresses* done up in bundles and baskets. The official in charge was snatching mouthfuls of bread and coffee as he rushed from telephone to table. He undertook at last to telephone to the *Bahnhof* about me; but the 'demnition' machine would not 'get on.' Then he impatiently asked me to take a seat, and gave such complicated orders to so many people that I simply resigned myself to inaction. Finally a cheerful soldier told me that I must first pay two marks twenty pfennige *Nachnahmgebühr*. This rather stumped me, but I was only too glad to pay it. Then he actually gave me a brand-new *Adresse*, and said I should probably get my parcel at the *Bahnhofhauptzollamt*. Thither I hied me in high feather. They could not find the original *Schein*, but I rather astonished them by shouting out, 'It's the last paper but one in that portfolio you have in your hand now.' They thought I must be the devil incarnate for secret knowledge. Then came the parcel, but first I was asked if I had papers. 'For what?' '*Für Legitimazion.*' 'Passport?' '*Ja.*' My passport was carefully studied, and I was asked to explain why the Foreign Office limited me specially to five years. I said this was a *Warnung* under the new rules. Then I had to write my signature rapidly to see if it corresponded with that on the passport. At last the parcel was produced, but the question was raised, 'Is the coat new or old?' The official turned it over like a Jew old-clothes man buying an old pair of breeches; it certainly looked quite new, but luckily he discovered a fray inside the collar, the existence of which I promptly confirmed. Then I was presented with half the new *Schein* as a memento. I myself abstracted the post-card from his table, for I felt it might still be required in case my arrest were telegraphed for. Thus I got my coat, from door to door of the hotel, just within two hours. Such intolerable delays and futile fussings are common enough in Germany; but as a rule they only occur when irregularities have taken place and the distracted officials are asked to straighten them out. All branches of the administration work sensibly and effectively so long as you do not 'queer the pitch' by creating exceptions.

EN ROUTE.

By A. H. Begbie.

THE carriage-door had been slammed, the guard had lifted his green flag, the train was starting, when the door of the smoking-compartment in which John Basselthwaite had comfortably seated himself alone was violently wrenched open, and a woman half-jumped and was half-thrust into the train. A young man running alongside it on the platform threw a bag and some rugs in after her, uttering a few breathless words in a foreign language, then fell back as the train, gathering speed, glided rapidly out of the station.

Presently the woman turned from the open window, where she had stood for a few moments looking out, and spoke pantingly: 'I am extremely sorry, sir. I—I fear I intrude on you.'

'Not at all,' Basselthwaite replied stiffly, and felt privately extremely annoyed. Was it for this, indeed, he had slipped half-a-crown into the discreet hand of a guard, with the expressed hope that he should have a carriage to himself? A foreigner, too, of all people! What a frightful nuisance!

For undoubtedly there was something very un-English in the accent of the intruder's voice, and intangibly so in her appearance. She was a tall girl, her figure too thin for grace, with a pale face and dark eyes. Her black hair, somewhat carelessly arranged beneath a small fur hat, had become loosened by her hurried flight along the platform, and now fell low on her neck. She raised her hands with a quick, careless gesture, as she sat down, to fasten it up more securely.

'Not a pretty girl,' Basselthwaite decided instantly, and felt his annoyance increase. Nevertheless she was a woman, and looked terribly fatigued. He rose up and offered formally to place her belongings on the rack overhead. She accepted the offer with a murmur of grateful thanks; and, that being accomplished, he returned quickly to his corner of the carriage, took up a newspaper, and firmly screened himself behind it; while the girl, leaning back against the cushion with averted face, closed her eyes.

For some time nothing was heard in the carriage but the ceaseless and rapid whirring of its wheels. By-and-by the girl roused herself with a deep sigh, and sitting forward on her seat, chin in hand, gazed out of the window. The interminable rows of house-tops and chimney-cans were giving way now to snug villas with gardens, to wider fields and more generous spaces of the country. The miracle of young spring had touched them all to fresh and tender beauty. She looked at everything with a sort of eager, devouring interest. Her dark eyes expressed a great intelligence. One could almost perceive through them the working of a quick and keen mind; and yet beyond that, or deeper down, as it were, in them, lay a profound sadness.

Basselthwaite had meanwhile become absorbed in his newspaper, and forgot, for the time,

about his companion. He was a politician, the newly elected representative of a constituency; 'a Liberal of Liberals,' as he devoutly called himself, and as his father and grandfather had been before him; a good-looking, clean, well-groomed young Englishman, of whom the public schools of England turn out thousands, to their country's credit and defence.

'Silly fools!' The exclamation broke forth impetuously from his lips, and he flung down his newspaper on the seat with a gesture of disgust.

The girl opposite, gazing out of the window, turned round startled eyes at the sound of his voice, looking at him with such surprise and alarm that, recalled to her presence, he felt bound at once to apologise and explain.

'I—I beg your pardon,' he said, colouring hotly and recovering himself; 'for the moment I forgot I was not alone. But it's this idiotic, wicked, window-smashing business of last night that riles me so. You've read about it, no doubt?'

'I think I saw some large bills on the streets this morning'—she spoke hesitatingly in her foreign voice—'as I passed on my route to the station. But I was in such haste that I could not stop to read.'

'Really! Well, it's a rotten business altogether. These foolish women have broken out again, it seems, and gone about smashing windows all over the town last night. To show they're fit for the vote, I suppose!' he added bitterly, and gave a contemptuous laugh.

'To show they are fit for it!' she repeated in surprise. 'But why, sir?'

'Ah, why indeed?' He laughed again shortly. 'To demonstrate they would like it, at least. That's how they themselves would explain their odd behaviour. A most ill-advised, unprincipled proceeding I call it. Simply ruining their cause now in the eyes of all sensible, right-minded people.'

'Is it the women-suffragists of whom you speak, sir? I have only arrived recently in London; but I know, as all the world does, about them. Oh yes, assuredly, of those persons one has heard many reports.'

'You are not English, I think—mademoiselle?' He stammered over the last word uncertainly.

She shook her head. 'I am a Russian.'

'Ah, Russian! Indeed!' He looked at her with quickened interest, and unconsciously drew nearer. 'That's a country, now, that is passing through the throes of revolution—or evolution would you call it? The one's just the same as the other, though—only the "r" makes it red-hot.' He laughed aloud, well pleased with his own neat definition. 'You're making a grand fight for freedom over there, mademoiselle. Now, that appeals to us English Liberals, e-normously.'

'Ye-es?' she said slowly, and looked at him questioningly with her dark, intelligent eyes. 'But why, then? I inquire.'

'Oh, because we know something practically of what it all means,' he answered quickly. 'We've fought for it here in the past ourselves. It's what blessed Old Ireland is asking for now at the present time, and what we mean to give her this session, by Jove! if we can.'

'You have sympathy, then, with the spirit of liberty, sir?'

'Oh, rather—yes. It's just what our Liberal Parliament represents and stands for. I happen to be a member of the House myself,' he added with a boyish blush, 'so I speak with confidence. You see, I'm rather keen on this business of liberty and freedom for all, mademoiselle.'

'Ah'—the interjection came out softly and slowly, and the dark eyes fixed so steadily upon him wore an enigmatical expression—'you are one of those, sir? I offer you my sincere compliments.' She made a little foreign gesture with her hands and bent her head with a swift and smiling grace.

'Thanks—thanks immensely! Yes, without any rot, don't you know, I'm rather proud of my party. But your Government in Russia, I'm afraid, mademoiselle, scarcely holds with our principles. It doesn't treat the liberty and progress fighters there with any great sympathy, does it?'

She smiled curiously. 'The highest honour of our Government for such people is the prison or banishment. Many of the finest and best of our country are now wearing out their lives in prison-cells or in exile.'

He uttered an exclamation of indignation. 'But how short-sighted, how frightfully—pardon me—damnably blind of your Government! Such a rotten waste of splendid material! Now, here, with us—though Heaven knows we aren't perfect by a long chalk!—such a thing could never be permitted for a moment.'

'So I have already been told, sir. Oh happy, happy England!' she murmured.

'And you find that personally to be the case?' he inquired eagerly. 'None of that wretched spying or detective business over here, for instance. Oh yes! liberty for each individual; that's the grand ideal we're out to fight for and maintain.'

'A glorious ideal, truly! And yet, when I hear of what you read in your journal this morning, sir, it appears strange also. It puzzles one, that—a little.'

'Eh, what? The window-breakers, you mean? Oh, but they're only a few foolish females, after all—not to be taken seriously. We'll give them a little time in quietness to cool down again. They don't really know what they're after.'

She looked at him gravely, with a slightly puzzled frown on her face. 'It is, I understand, the right of voting they wish, such as you men already possess, is it not? They consider

such necessary for the expression of their desires, their welfare, as we also in Russia now think.'

'And I agree with you in Russia, quite,' he said warmly, 'down to the ground. I've always said, let's have individual expression for the people. Why, that's one of our fundamental Liberal principles. But it's the way these women are going about it now that one objects to so strongly. So—so unwomanly, don't you know, and all the rest of it.'

'How, then, would you advise them to act?'

'Oh, ask for it nicely, of course—like ladies. Hold meetings, and that sort of thing. Persuade, persuade, persuade the men.' He laughed gaily. 'That's the strongest weapon, after all, you ladies have, isn't it, mademoiselle? Sweet persuasion!' He smiled again, showing all his charmingly white teeth.

She did not return the smile, but continued to gaze at him with a sort of intent, preoccupied gravity. 'I understand they have been doing as you advise for many years—for about fifty years in all. Is it not true?'

'Oh, well'—he waved his hand lightly—'what's fifty odd years? Hold more meetings, then, I say. Go on persuading. John Bull needs a lot of convincing before any reform. The stubborn old chap moves slowly.'

The girl sighed and knitted her fine, dark brows. 'Pardon, sir, I appear awfully stupid! But it is so very perplexing, all you say. In one breath you tell me you are a free people; that your Liberal Party, now in power, stands for that principle above all others. And yet, at the same time, when a great portion of your nation demand also a right and liberty which you acknowledge to be their due, you will not grant their request. How very singular to a foreigner all that appears! Why, it is in a similar fashion that our Russian Government, which you condemn, is acting at the present hour. That is the reason we revolt under it.'

'Oh, but that's quite another story, mademoiselle!' he broke out warmly. 'Your Russian Government has jolly well given you cause for revolt. I know that. Your people are shamefully ground down. Why, your peasants have no proper representation at all, or any real liberty. It's—it's altogether a ghastly state of affairs that, I say.'

'And your English women who revolt, they are represented, then—some of them, perhaps?'

'N-o, not exactly. And I own frankly they ought to have it, if they wish it. I've always said so. But, all the same, they're not really badly off. We men of this country look after their interests too well for that.'

'Yes!' The Russian girl nodded her head several times silently, and, averting her dark eyes, glanced thoughtfully out of the window for a few moments without speaking. He looked at the clear-cut, nervous, delicate profile with interest. Who was she? he wondered. Where was she going? What was her business here?

Suddenly she turned her face, and, as if reading his thoughts, spoke abruptly. 'I am a journalist, sir, or was one recently, of Petersburg. I have come to your country for several reasons, and one is to seek the liberty and protection which I do not find in my own. And since I come, I make it also my business to study the affairs and conditions of your English life. I have gone, therefore, about your London streets, and observed your institutions and your manners, and I tell you honestly I find much to admire there—oh, very much!'

'Do you really?' he broke in eagerly, his young, good-looking face beaming radiantly. 'It's jolly kind and complimentary of you to say so, mademoiselle.'

She smiled back at him swiftly, her thin, tragic face lighting up at that moment into surprising beauty and softness, a charming expression of kindness and friendliness in her dark, speaking eyes.

'No; it is the truth I utter. But listen also, sir!' She held up her hand. 'There are likewise, I confess, some other things in your wonderful island that are to me strange and very horrible!'

'How? What things, for example, mademoiselle?'

The smile dropped from her lips. She bent forward unconsciously as she spoke. '*Par exemple*, I perceive the rich, beautiful women who drive daily in your parks, who frequent in such *chic* toilettes your theatres and operas; and then I go down to your slums, as you call them, and see the poor toilers there slaving such long, long hours to earn a miserable pittance of wage that can scarcely keep body and soul together. I see your Regent, your Piccadilly, and Oxford Streets at night, thronged with what you name the fallen women. Sixty thousands, I am told by statistics, in London alone. And many of these, I have learnt, driven to that trade of horrible shame because they cannot keep life in their bodies by any other means. Oh so poorly do you pay the women of your land! Ah, it is a very grievous thing that, sir!' Her voice shook and deepened. 'Starving women; starving children! Fallen women; fallen men! For, look you, the one implies the other without doubt. And it is that, I tell you, which makes not only for the moral degradation of souls, but for the ruin of an entire race.'

He looked at her with abashed, uncomfortable blue eyes.

'If it's all true,' he began soberly, and drew up his collar in embarrassment as he spoke, 'you paint a very terrible picture, mademoiselle. But, of course, we're hoping to remedy a lot of all that misery. We don't want to have any starvation in our country any longer. We know that's a disgrace. Every man ought to have a

decent living wage, we say. And since the Liberal Government came into power, of course, the people's rights are infinitely better respected. Our working-men now,' he went on eagerly, 'they do have votes, most of them, and are consequently better off. There's the Labour Party, too, an awfully strong force in the House.'

'And the working-women also, their rights then, in like manner, are represented?'

He frowned. 'Not yet; not yet. But that's coming, of course. Oh, it'll be all right if they'll only just behave decently and keep quiet about it.'

She smiled strangely. 'You think some of them do not go the proper way to seek reform? Well, of that I cannot presume to judge. Their methods, certainly, may not be those of a highly civilised land. Nevertheless, when I perceive such conduct in your well-ordered country, amongst your well-bred, educated Englishwomen, I would pause instantly were I a politician and inquire into the reason of it. What does it signify? They are not all mad at once, these women. How does it arise, then, that they behave in such an extraordinary fashion, and afterwards so terribly punish themselves?'

'H'm! perhaps.' He twisted his mouth dubiously. 'Yet, law and order must be maintained, mademoiselle,' he said stiffly, 'at all costs; whatever be the reason for revolt, it mustn't be encouraged.'

'Ah, yes, yes,' she cried; 'but first of all make certain that your law is always just and right. It is precisely because they consider much of it unjust towards them that women are rising up in revolt all the world over.' She paused and bit her lip. 'Oh you men! you great English Liberals! But are you blind? I ask,' she broke out with a sudden fierce passion in her voice, beating her two hands sharply together. 'Why cannot you see and understand that you will never, never stamp out by force a sense of injustice in the human heart? It is so our Russian Government acts now. Yet with each suppression the flame of revolt burns up the more brightly, the fire spreads amongst us. So it has always been in the history of nations; so it always shall be. No; there is only one way to extinguish it, and that is by finding out the grievance itself and by setting it right. Then, I promise you, will disorders and violence cease, and you shall have a happy people willing to be ruled by laws they recognise are just.' She stopped breathlessly. The hot, beautiful colour had flamed into her cheeks as she spoke. Her eyes glowed. She was transformed. She was like the very Spirit of Revolt, he thought. Her voice was a cry for justice.

The young man stared at her in silence with fascinated blue eyes. 'By Jove!' he said to himself. And again, 'By Jove!' he murmured half-aloud, and cleared his throat. His thoughts were chaotic.

'Lunch, sir?' The restaurant conductor put his head in at the door and spoke interrogatively.

Basselthwaite glared at him for a moment in bewildered silence. 'All right,' he nodded hurriedly. 'Coming—yes.' And with his words the moment of strong emotion passed.

'Lady too, sir?'

'No, I thank you. I have my luncheon here with me,' she answered. And the man's head instantly vanished.

'I do not always enjoy the hot meals of a train.' She smiled whimsically and shrugged her shoulders.

'Nor do I,' he exclaimed eagerly and with a sort of apology in his voice. 'But one must eat somewhere, I suppose.' His tone unconsciously and naïvely pleaded for justification.

'Of course, of course, sir.' She laughed merrily. 'One must not encourage starvation.'

He joined in her laugh. 'I'm most awfully sorry, though, mademoiselle,' he said rather awkwardly, rising up, 'to—to break off our conversation. That confounded fellow'——

'But we may resume it later perhaps. Oh, do not condemn the poor, harmless official! *Au revoir*, sir, meanwhile.'

'Yes, oh yes, I hope so,' he said heartily, his face lighting up again as he lifted his cap to her and passed out.

John Basselthwaite, a young man of normal healthy appetite, probably never spent a shorter time over his lunch or treated it with less interest. At intervals he muttered 'By Jove!' to himself, and stared thoughtfully before him. In an incredibly short space of time he had finished and was back again in the carriage.

When he returned he found his companion smoking a cigarette. With a half-rueful exclamation and movement of apology, she made as if she would throw it out of the window.

'No, do not, please,' he interposed quickly. 'This is a smoking-carriage, mademoiselle. Let me have one too, though. May I?'

'This is a smoking-carriage?' she repeated in a tone of surprise, glancing about her. 'Ah, I did not know when I intruded so hastily. But, of course, monsieur, light your cigar. We in Russia, I fear, smoke much—young women and men alike. But I permit myself one cigarette only after lunch each day.'

'Oh, lots of our ladies smoke here too,' he said easily, and drew a cigar-case from his pocket. 'I'm awfully interested in what you tell me about Russia, mademoiselle,' he continued, having lit his cigar. 'It's—it's simply fascinating. It's such a glorious, big, *real* thing, your struggle for freedom over there. You're willing to suffer for it, actually and practically, you know. That's rare.'

'Oh, ye-es,' she said slowly, with a sort of surprise in her voice and look.

'Well, that hits home, I say. That makes it awfully impressive, and—and, just living to us, you see.'

She remained silent, still looking at him with a sort of wondering, puzzled expression in her intelligent dark eyes, a faint, ironic smile dawning on her lips.

'I shall be going over there in autumn, I expect, with some of my colleagues,' he went on, examining his cigar intently. 'I'm keen to go and see things for myself, don't you know.'

'You will go to Petersburg? Yes?'

'Yes,' he nodded. 'There certainly. I hope so.'

She pondered for a moment. 'If you are interested, then, in our life,' she began with a certain hesitation, 'and if I could be of service to you, sir—— I happen to know several students and others involved in this present movement for liberty. If you cared for introductions—to some of them?' She paused and looked at him interrogatively.

'Thanks most awfully,' he responded eagerly. 'I should like to meet them extremely. Of course I should tremendously appreciate your kindness, mademoiselle.'

She turned silently, and opening the travelling-bag beside her, dived into it and brought out some cards and a pencil.

'Here is my name,' she said, and paused. 'Now, but what shall I write? To introduce—yes, I write in Russian of course'—she scribbled some words hastily on the card, then looked up at him questioningly—'to introduce to you—whom?'

'Oh, Sir John Basselthwaite,' he said hastily, and blushed.

She nodded again. 'Spell it, if you please;' and she wrote the name carefully to his dictation. 'English names are strange to us, yet not so singular as are Russian ones to you, I know,' she added with a brilliant smile. 'I shall give three introductions to make sure,' she murmured half-aloud to herself. 'Yes, yes, for some may have left Petersburg by that time;' and she wrote rapidly on several cards. 'Here, sir!' She held them out to him. 'But may I beg of you also to use great discretion? Do not, for example, leave these cards lying about in hotels for chance hands to find. That precaution is more necessary in Russia than you can here imagine.'

He received the cards with expressions of warm gratitude. 'Oh, I shall promise you to be frightfully careful,' he laughed gaily. 'I might have my head chopped off otherwise, might I not?'

'It is possible,' she said very seriously; and he laughed again at the absurd idea.

'Vera Sergyevna,' he read her name stumblingly from a card. 'Excuse me; but madame or mademoiselle, may I ask?'

'Mademoiselle,' she said briefly, and, turning away, began hastily to gather her belongings together.

'You are not leaving yet, mademoiselle?' he exclaimed involuntarily.

'Shortly, I think—yes. My station must be the next one on the line.'

His face fell as he carefully placed the cards in his pocket-book. 'When I go over to St Petersburg I—I shall perhaps have the pleasure of—of meeting you there again?' He coloured and spoke stammeringly.

'Ah, that will depend!' She shrugged her shoulders. 'One can never tell. I may have passed away on before that time—what you call dead.' She spoke quite simply.

'Dead!' he echoed in a startled voice. 'Oh no, no, mademoiselle! Surely not.'

'But yes; there is always that chance, certainly. And my action, when I return to Petersburg, may bring death to me quite soon. Who knows? But do not look so horror-stricken, sir. Eh, what does it matter? Life is a very great adventure, I allow. But death is only one natural part of it. Do you not agree with me in that?'

'Death!' His face was sober and rather pale now. He swallowed twice. 'I don't know, mademoiselle. I don't seem to wish to have that part of the adventure for a while yet, anyhow. Life's so jolly good to a fellow as it is, you know. Oh, I say, mademoiselle!' he burst out impulsively, 'but you are young too. What makes you speak of dying yet?'

The smile on her lips and in her eyes as she looked back at him was extraordinarily bright, her expression touched with a certain sweet compassion. 'But I tell you I do not mind that at all, sir,' she said gently. 'And if by so doing I can further the cause of liberty and justice, oh, willingly, gladly, most proudly, then, would I lay down my life! What! has not the greatest Teacher of all said, "I lay down my life that I may take it again"? It is a profound truth that, believe me, for all living souls. That which we renounce we gain. What we keep to ourselves we lose eternally. Why, sir,' she went on with a gracious and charming courtesy, 'but consider yourself; if you knew you might save life in this train by giving up your own, you would not hesitate to do so, I am convinced, for one moment. You would instinctively follow the gallant tradition of your brave English race.'

'One hopes one might be saved from ever playing the coward,' he muttered humbly, and she liked him the better for his words. 'But women,' he broke out next instant—'oh, women should never be called upon to do that sort of thing—to pay that price. Persecution, prison, death! These are not for them at all.'

Her face changed swiftly; her eyes grew very black. 'Our prisons are full of women to-day.

They go there, I think, that they may break the bars for other spirits in prison now.'

He stared at her in astonishment. 'But it isn't right,' he insisted vehemently. 'What d'you mean? By Jove! they shouldn't be put there. I say there's something totally wrong about all that.'

She smiled slightly. 'Men make the laws, do they not? They mete out the measure of justice; they see that it is enforced. It is, they say, for women to obey only; or, if her conscience tells her, she replies, to revolt.'

'It isn't right, though!' he cried out again confusedly. 'There's something rotten about all that. Why, prisons aren't meant for any of your sort, mademoiselle. They should be—— They're the salt of the earth, these people. They're the moral salvation of a nation's life. What are you shutting them up in prison for? I say.'

The train had been slackening speed as he spoke, and now, as it slowly came to a halt, she rose to pick up her bag. 'Ah, why are you, sir? I ask that question also,' she said softly.

He rose mechanically and opened the door for her. 'Oh, must you go already, mademoiselle? Let—let me help you out with your things, then?' he murmured.

They stood for a moment or two side by side on the platform, while he beckoned to a porter, who laid hands on her luggage. The clamour and confusion of a station were around them.

Where was she going? He wished he knew, yet dared not ask. 'Ships that pass in the night,' darted through his brain.

'You have made me think, mademoiselle,' he exclaimed impulsively—'see things rather differently perhaps.'

'Ah, I am glad!' Her face was luminous. 'After thought comes action, does it not?'

He nodded hurriedly. 'I just wish to say you're the bravest woman I have ever met!' His words came out with a sort of boyish rush and fervour.

She laughed aloud almost gaily. 'No, no, sir; I am nothing at all strange or extraordinary. I am only like many others of your own countrywomen. They fight for freedom as we do in Russia, as men and women fight to-day all the world over. Adieu, sir! But help us if you can. It has been a pleasure to meet. Adieu!'

'*Au revoir*, mademoiselle!' he said aloud, cap in hand. 'I'll still hope we may meet again one day in St Petersburg.'

She smiled back at him, the frank smile of a comrade, but shook her head slightly as she turned away.

The guard was raising his green flag. Bassel-thwaite had scarcely time to stumble into his carriage before the train moved off. He had the compartment to himself now; but he was not glad. How singularly empty and lonely it had grown! 'Like a prison-cell,' he thought, and shuddered as he looked about him. How awful the real thing must be!

By-and-by he seated himself very carefully in the corner his companion had occupied, drew his cap down over his eyes, leaned back with folded arms, and thought very straight and hard. Did some of her spirit pass into him then? Who can say?

When he opened his eyes again the train had gone many miles upon its way; but more poignantly conscious still did the young man feel within his own soul that he too had travelled an immense distance.

IN THE RIVIERA.

A WINDSWEPT air full of golden sunshine, a bee making love to the heart of a rose,
An emerald world in blue canopied setting, and the swish of the waves as the tide ebbs and flows;
Gray-green olives, and sun-kissed palm-trees, blossoms of orange woo'd by ambient breeze;
Sweet, soft odours drifting to greet me, 'mid the 'Hush' of the night and the whisper of leaves.

Dancing lights, ever-changing shadows, one fleecy cloudlet—just an exquisite thing—
God's emblem of purity in azure setting, soft as the touch of an angel's wing.
Wooded slopes with scent of wild heather, white-winged butterflies born of the night—
Ephemeral atoms, like fairies dancing, flitting hither and thither till lost to the sight.

Dawn! with its roseate, wondrous splendour, and high noon with its touches of gold and blue;
Dusky night with God's 'forget-me-nots' shining—silent watchers o'er me and you.
Purple shadows with snow-capped ranges, two velvety swallows darting swift, on the wing;
Innocent lovers in a radiant sunshine, and over it all tender glamour of spring.

Subtle perfumes float upward to meet me from fairest flowers asleep in the dew,
And in God's garden the twinkling stars seem wafting a silent message to me and you;
While an angel's tear hastes to solace a lily—now drooping and faint—that the day is done;
A beautiful, slender, pure white blossom, who has broken her heart for a passionate sun.

In the distant and misty translucent ether a lark is trilling his thanks for a life too brief,
And methinks 'tis an echo of unearthly music till he sinks back to grass like a falling leaf.
Shadow and sunshine, twilight and starlight, day fading to dusk, then a moon set clear,
Till cluster on cluster of stars wax paler, as I stand in the silent night to hear.

In this beautiful world of white lustre I listen to the sigh of the sea as thoughts come and go,
And the waves seem sobbing for a heart that is broken as they dash far away on the rocks below;
And I wonder if those in heaven ever dream of us drifting here and alone on the river of years,
But the breath of a radiant spring comes to meet me till I smile through a mist of tears!

E. A. HENTY
(MRS EDWARD STARKEY).

MENTONE.

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ON TWO EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERIES.

By the Right Hon. ROBERT FARQUHARSON, P.C., M.D.

IT is barely possible even for the most vivid imagination to conceive the miseries of operating-theatres in the old days before anæsthesia was invented. Bad as the anticipation was, it barely equalled the realisation; and perhaps the looking back was worst of all, making up an accumulation of mental shocks and dreary depressions worthy of inclusion in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Mrs Paget, as she then was, gives her own experience in graphic terms, derived from her residence in Bartholomew's Hospital. She suffered, and remembered it all her life, hearing the cries from the operating-theatre a few yards off, in the old days before anæsthetics; remembered her husband coming back and saying that she looked worse than the patient, and she always used to wonder that a day of national thanksgiving had not been set apart for the discovery of anæsthesia. Simpson, who was nothing if not an antiquary, gives some racy accounts of early attempts to induce insensibility from pain during surgical operations. In 1800 Sir H. Davy recommended the employment of nitrous oxide gas for the relief of pain in tooth extraction, but never carried it much further, thus losing an additional claim to immortality. The compression of nerves and of the carotid artery, Indian hemp, mandragora, opium, and various other still more mysterious drugs, were also recommended, but all in vain. The idea was a natural one to abolish local pain by local applications; and Richardson's ether spray, which froze the skin, was much in vogue at one time; but the sharp, stinging smart of its full application was resented, and the hardening of the tissues which resulted made cutting difficult; and cocaine, though successful up to a certain point, was of very limited application.

All these and other methods, however, have been quite thrown into the shade by a really remarkable new discovery of the substance called omnipon, which when injected deeply into the muscular tissue entirely abolishes sensation, whilst leaving consciousness intact, so that surgeons have actually been able to direct the operations of the knife used on them by their professional brethren. Although the properties of the substance were discovered abroad, it has been widely made known by Dr Gray of Aberdeen in a most interesting paper communicated to the *Lancet*, in which he details the great success he has met with from the use of omnipon in his own practice. As patriotic Scots we must all feel proud that the splendid discovery of anæsthesia should have been made in Edinburgh, and is one of the chief glories of its medical school. And when we are taking stock of the contributions of our native land to the alleviation of suffering and the prolongation of life, let us not forget the epoch-making work of Lister and the antiseptic method by which he has revolutionised surgery and saved more lives than Napoleon and Wellington destroyed. If the splendid deeds of these great men seem to have been insufficiently recognised by a country which has been so liberal in its practical appreciation and gratitude in other quarters, we may lay the flattering unction to our souls that they have earned an imperishable place in the admiration and respect of generation after generation of those who rise up and call them blessed. But if it is desired to appreciate fully the real and true significance of Simpson's discovery, let us turn to his collected works and read Dr George Wilson's testimony. This ardent little man, in whom the sword too soon wore out the scabbard, was the first professor of that mysterious subject known as technology, and the first director of the Industrial—now the Royal Scottish—Museum. I never had the advantage of making his personal acquaintance, but I have often heard him lecture, and remember his weak body stumping along, or more frequently driving, for Syme's amputation of one of his feet had deprived him of the power of easy locomotion. But it was difficult to forget his thin, pock-marked face, his bright eyes, framed in gold-rimmed spectacles, his general look of a fragile spirit on the verge of the hereafter, which he did not desire, but which he was quite prepared to meet. Readers of *Horæ Subsecivæ* will remember the beautiful and affecting tribute paid by that equally delightful spirit, John Brown, to his departed friend. I must not quote at length, but refer my readers to that charming blend of wit and wisdom. Here are his words: 'How nobly, how sweetly, how cheerily, he bore these long-suffering years; how his bright, ardent, unsparing soul lorded it over his frail but willing body, making it do more than seemed possible,

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and as if it were by sheer force of will ordering it to live longer than was in it to do, those who lived with him and witnessed this triumph of spirit over matter will not soon forget. It was a lesson to every one of what true goodness of nature, elevated and cheered by the highest and happiest of all natures, can make a man endure, achieve, and enjoy.'

This remarkable man was called upon to face the terrible ordeal of amputation of one of his feet, and with heart-rending eloquence he thus describes his sensations: 'Of the agony it occasioned I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus fortunately cannot be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten; but the black whirlwind of emotion, the hour of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close on despair, which swept over my mind and overwhelmed my heart I can never forget, however gladly I would do so. Only the wish to save others some of my sufferings makes me deliberately recall and confess the anguish and humiliation of such an experience; nor can I find language more sober and familiar than that I have used to express feelings which, happily for us all, are too rare as matters of general experience to have been shaped into household words. When I first heard that anæsthetics had been discovered I could not and would not believe it. I have since thanked God many a time that He has put it into your heart, and into that of other wise and humane men, to devise so simple and so safe a way of lessening pain.'

The gratitude of the professor to the Almighty was not shared by a clergyman who wrote to a medical friend; and his letter is quoted by Simpson, in which he says that 'chloroform is a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless women, but in the end it will harden society and rob God of the deep, earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help.' Sir James reports a conversation with a very worthy clergyman who stopped him to say that he was just returning from absolving a patient's conscience on the subject, for she had taken chloroform during labour, and so avoided suffering; but she had felt unhappy ever since, under the idea that she had done something very wrong and very sinful. Some theologians based their protests on the old familiar ground that these new practices had not received divine sanction by being specially mentioned in holy writ, forgetful of the fact mentioned in Genesis that God put Adam into a deep sleep before performing the operation of extracting a rib and constructing Eve. In the second volume of Simpson's collected works is to be found a most complete and able reply to his clerical critics, but the controversy was at last ended by Queen Victoria, who, with her usual good sense, allowed herself to be placed under chloroform during the birth of some of the members of the royal family. In the same book we may see the not very edifying details of a fight between Dr Bigelow and Sir James Simpson as to the priority of the introduction of anæsthetics, in which the American does not get the best of it. There is no doubt that after the failure of nitrous oxide gas in the hands of his master Wells, Dr Morton of Boston was the first to extract teeth painlessly under the vapour of ether, and a variety of surgical operations were afterwards performed by the aid of this anæsthetic vapour. But it was found to be slow, uncertain, and disagreeable, and in midwifery to be quite impossible, so that it soon fell into disuse. Chloroform had been discovered simultaneously in France and Germany, and its use was recommended to Simpson by Waldie, a chemist of Liverpool. What a dramatic and epoch-making scene that must have been when the great little professor and his assistants, Keith and Matthews Duncan, were sitting round a table inhaling deeply from tumblers! Suddenly a thud was heard, and Duncan was found to be sprawling on the floor. 'I think we have got the right thing at last,' said Simpson, and with characteristic energy he proceeded to show his new toy vigorously in all directions. At his parties chloroform and soda became the fashionable refreshment, and Lady Priestley gives an amusing account of how she was dosed on a Channel voyage by the irrepressible inventor. She was lying on deck doing her best to keep off *le mal de mer*, when she saw a bulky form bending over her, and an insinuating voice whispered, 'Try a chloroform pill, my dear.' On what the result was we had better draw down the curtain of oblivion.

It was a long time before any accidents were noted in the administration of chloroform. Syme gave it over five thousand times without mishap, though his method was both rough and ready. An unmeasured quantity was freely poured on a towel, which was closely applied to the patient's face, and pressed more firmly over the mouth and nose when struggling began; and believing rightly, I think, that danger comes from the respiration rather than the circulation, he pulled out the tongue with a dressing-forceps if stertorous breathing set in. But some at least of the safety which attended chloroform administration when it was first introduced was undoubtedly due to the purity of the drug manufactured and produced in large quantities at a moderate cost by Messrs Duncan & Flockhart, the leading chemists of Edinburgh. In addition to the unco guid, opposition came from rather an unexpected quarter, and medical men, who should naturally have welcomed this relief to their own sufferings and that of their patients, gave it influential opposition. Inspector-General Hall obtained an undesirable notoriety in the Crimea by saying that he liked to hear the soldiers cry under the

knife, for the danger of shock was thus lessened. Mr Bransley Cooper was averse to the prevention of pain, as checking respiratory action, Dr Gull was in doubts about the desirability of removing pain, and the great Magendie remarked that pain has always its usefulness. These gentlemen surely had forgotten their Milton, for does he not say, in *Paradise Lost*,

> But pain is perfect misery, the worst
> Of evils, and excessive, overstrains all patience?

And authoritative medical testimony takes the same line. Ambroise Paré, the father of modern surgery, says it 'ought to be assuaged, for nothing so much deflects the powers of the patient.' Mere pain, observed Dr Gooch, *can* destroy life. And Mr Travers, the distinguished surgeon, says: 'Pain, when amounting to a certain degree of intensity and duration, is in itself destructive.' There is no doubt that in old days many people died rather than submit to the agony of the knife, and surgeons too were so deeply impressed by the sufferings of their patients that they often passed sleepless nights before performing a serious operation. Sir James Paget limited himself to consultations as soon as he could afford it, and thus sacrificed half his income. I am happy to say that my professional studies began after the introduction of chloroform, and I am quite sure that my nerves would not have stood the ghastly spectacle of an operating-theatre before 1847. I have often seen medical students faint at even the mitigated procedures of the knife in these days, and they, as well as all of us, must bless the day when the keen brain and brilliant invention of the late Sir James Y. Simpson brought peace and comfort into many a worn frame where only misery and depression reigned before.

THE WILD MAN OF SANTA CRUZ.

By H. Hesketh Prichard.

FIRST of all contemplate for a moment the scene upon which the following events took place —the pampas of Patagonia, limitless leagues of harsh grass, of thorn, of granite, pebble, and black basaltic rock. Upon the Atlantic rim of these mighty plains a few sheep and cattle farms exist, a few settlements such as Santa Cruz and Gallegos; in the far interior a few Tehuelche Indians lead their nomadic life. Otherwise the pampas throughout all their enormous extent are given over to bird and beast, and upon them is carried out a perpetual warfare. Huge condors, measuring as much as eleven feet across their wings, hawk-like chimangos and coranchos, pumas, hoary dogs, Magellan wolves, carrion-eaters, and creatures of prey exist in almost inconceivable numbers.

In travelling through this country one is forced to realise the struggle for life. Let the camper leave his bridle upon the ground for the night, and all the leathern parts of it will have been devoured by morning. This is the work of the hoary dogs or the Magellan wolves; but perhaps two experiences of my own will illustrate my point more closely than pages of generalisation.

Once, when in camp with my comrades in the middle of a very desolate stretch of country, I laid my gun, which had a leather sling, beside me when I turned in for the night. In the morning I awoke to find the gun missing, but soon discovered it at a little distance but without the leather sling; this had been gnawed off and eaten. As I picked up the gun the culprit, a large Magellan wolf, sprang out from a bush. I slipped in a shot-cartridge, and advancing to within ten paces, during which time the wolf held his ground, snarling at me, I gave him the charge of number four between the eyes, killing him instantly.

And now follows my second instance. One day I shot a guanaco weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, and after cutting up the animal, returned to camp for an axe to divide the backbone. I was not away twenty minutes, but on my return the condors and coranchos had picked the bones, and there was nothing left save a few pounds of mangled meat.

From these two instances the reader will understand how easy it is for a murderer to get rid of all trace of his victim upon the pampas. A shot at twilight, a body lying stripped of its clothes, and two hours after dawn there will be nothing save a few bones to tell that the deed has been done.

Ascensio Brunel, the Wild Man of Santa Cruz, was by birth a Swiss, but in his very early years his parents emigrated to Argentina; and while still a young man he broke away from them, and, with his brother—whom I knew, but whose name I forget—worked his way south until he came at last to the Santa Cruz province of Patagonia. Here for some years he and his brother, whom we will call Henri, worked as *peons*, cattle-herding and sheep-tending; but in time growing weary of the unexciting nature of their calling, they at length set up as tamers of horses.

Now, a horse-tamer in Patagonia carries on his business by travelling from *estancia* to *estancia*. On arriving at a place where the owner has some horses that he wants broken, the tamer camps, and remains until he has finished his contract. Argentine horses are usually broken before they are three years old, so that the animals, not having reached their full strength, are fairly easy

to deal with. The method of breaking is simple in the extreme. The colt is lassoed, caught, thrown, and saddled; the breaker mounts and gallops it to a standstill. Then he does the same thing again next day and the day after, until the horse is quiet or as quiet as its nature will permit. The tamer is paid by being allowed to keep one horse in ten of those with which he is successful.

This business, then, Ascensio and Henri pursued for a long period. Ascensio was a marvellous rider, and his services and those of his brother were in considerable request all over the south. So some months and even years went by, during which many hundreds of animals passed through the hands of the Brunels, and they became the owners of a comparatively large troop of horses. Ascensio, though a savage and merciless rider, never during all this time gave a glimpse of the ferocity which underlay his character.

At length the two brothers happened, in the natural course of their nomadic profession, to come to the *estancia*—this fine word may mean anything from a large residence to a mud hovel with a roof of tin—of a farmer who had recently settled in the country, and who was the husband of a very pretty wife, a dark beauty of, it was rumoured, a rather uncertain temper. The farmer gave the brothers a horse-breaking contract, and for some weeks all went well. The Brunels seemed to be well-spoken and quiet men—as indeed Henri was—and they made such rapid progress with their work that very soon their contract was nearing its end, when suddenly and with no warning the crime was committed which marked the beginning of the really extraordinary career of him who came to be known far and wide as 'the Wild Man of Santa Cruz.'

One evening, when the farmer, tired from a long day in the saddle, had just come home, Ascensio Brunel entered, and having, it is said, put him off his guard by making some simple little request, murdered him in cold blood.

The actual details of this, Ascensio's first murder, are hard to come by. Henri, whom I met near Ultima Casa, never told the same story twice running; and the only other witness, the wife of the murdered man, passed through some terrible experiences, and I never heard her authentic story. The main fact remains. Ascensio murdered the farmer in order that he might carry off his wife—which he did, besides driving the whole stock, cattle, sheep, and horses, of the dead man into the heart of the wilderness.

Here for a time the two brothers dwelt with the unhappy woman, until at last Ascensio quarrelled with Henri. It was not for the first time, and Henri went to sleep thinking it would all have passed over by the morning. He was wakened at dawn by a voice shouting to him, and saw at once that during the night Ascensio had driven away all the horses, and had also removed the woman. Ascensio then said he had decided to part company with his brother for good and all; that at first it had been in his mind to kill him in his sleep, but for their mother's sake he had relented. He added that he had shifted the horses and cattle to a safe distance, and that if Henri followed he would unhesitatingly shoot him down. He then rode away without more words.

As Henri had neither horse nor weapons he did not follow. Indeed, all his efforts were directed towards getting out of the wilderness alive. Living chiefly upon berries, he wandered for many days, finally to arrive, an emaciated wreck, at the *estancia* of an Argentine herdsman, who tended him, and when he had recovered gave him sufficient provisions to take him to the nearest settlement, where Henri duly arrived.

Proved innocent of the murder which his brother had committed, he went back to the life of a *peon* and shepherd, and so he passes out of this history.

The next act in the drama opens with the arrival in the coast-settlement of Punta Arenas of the woman whom Ascensio had forced to accompany him into the wilderness. She had a dreadful tale of cruelty to relate, culminating in a fortunate escape.

It appears that Ascensio had become subject to fits of passion so frightful that they were akin to madness, and indeed madness of a kind had already declared itself in him.

The Tehuelches of Patagonia hold the well-known belief, common to many branches of the Indian race, that when they die they pass to the 'Happy Hunting-Grounds.' On the grave of a warrior they slay his dogs and horses; within it they place saddle, knife, and food; and for nine nights they kindle great fires, by the light of which the ghost may find his way upon his long, dark journey. After that they light no more fires, as they consider that the dead man has had time to reach his destination in the land of spirits.

Such is the Tehuelche belief, and in his years of wandering over the pampas there can be no doubt whatever that Ascensio must have been present at the funeral of many an Indian *cacique*, and was therefore thoroughly conversant with their tenets.

Whether Ascensio grew deranged suddenly, or whether it was a slow and gradual process, no one can ever know; yet the fact remains that he finally adopted the religion of the Indians, with some variations and startling additions of his own. Believing, as he did, that death was only a road by which man passed into a longer and more enduring, though not necessarily an eternal, life, he conceived the idea of building up a fortune for himself in that future life. In order to understand his outlook—as far as it may be understood—it must be realised that the Indian heaven is merely an imagination of their earthly existence lived under ideal conditions.

In the 'Happy Hunting-Grounds' the wind never blows too fiercely, the rain falls gently, while the sun still shines, and the animals of the chase are fat and plentiful; and not all the inhabitants of the world, but only those who die in Patagonia, the land of the Tehuelches, can attain this ideal.

In Ascensio's diseased brain there arose the idea that whatever he slew in this world would be his property in the next. On that point he was a maniac, on all others perfectly sane; and now began the series of thefts which made Brunel's name known from the Rio Negro to the Magellan Strait. One after another, he raided the horse-farms near the coast, drove away as much of the stock as he could, and, shaking off his pursuers in every instance, escaped into the wildest parts of the pampas. Here he killed the horses, and the farmers riding hard on his trail came time after time upon the bodies of their slaughtered animals. Is it any wonder that the name of Ascensio Brunel was execrated through the whole of Patagonia? One day he would raid an *estancia* near Gallegos, the next he would be eighty miles away. The man was a wonderful rider, and what they call in Patagonia *muy vaqueano;* that is, he had an absolute knowledge of the immense areas that were the scene of his operations.

Over a year passed, and all this time Ascensio was of course shut off from the purchase of any necessaries. To show his face in a settlement would be to court immediate arrest, followed in all probability by the swift and savage vengeance of the despoiled farmers.

There were, however, certain articles which are necessary to life upon the pampas. Of these matches are the most important; but it was also thought that Ascensio, who was a slave to drinking maté, would sooner or later attempt to procure some of this herb at one or another of the settlements.

Possibly he would have done so had he not found an easier method. There was at the time a farmer whom we will name Simpson living north of Santa Cruz. This man found that it was necessary for him to go to Gallegos and Punta Arenas on business, a journey which occupies about eleven days. The farmer started with provisions for that time, and half-a-dozen horses. Each night, as is the custom of the country, he tied up one horse and turned the others out to graze on the harsh grass which grows all over the pampas. One morning, when he woke at dawn and sat up in his blankets, he saw that the horse which he had tied up overnight was gone. He naturally concluded that the animal had broken away while he slept, and was about to start in search of it, when, looking out across the pampas, he saw a man riding towards him.

He leaped to his feet at once and shouted to the stranger, who he had no doubt would help him to find his strayed horses. But as the rider approached, Simpson saw that he was dressed from head to foot in the skins of wild beasts, and that his long and tangled hair hung down his back like a woman's. To Simpson's questions he returned no answer, but slowly continued to ride in an ever-narrowing circle nearer and nearer. The uncanny appearance of the solitary man and his continued advance caused Simpson to draw his revolver. Immediately the rider sheered off just out of range, and then it was that Simpson first suspected—what in the light of subsequent events proved to be correct—that this was Ascensio Brunel, the Wild Man of Santa Cruz. Simpson had been using his provision-bags as a pillow, which was no doubt the reason that the Wild Man had not stolen them when he crept up and cut the tied horse loose during the night.

Simpson retreated to his camp and made his breakfast, and all the time he was eating it he had good opportunity of studying Ascensio, who sat his horse in unbroken silence just out of revolver-range. His saddle, as well as his clothes, was fashioned from the skins of pumas, or, as they call them in Argentina, 'lions,' which he had slain during his long outlawry. While he was breakfasting Simpson reviewed the situation. Obviously the Wild Man had driven off his horses; equally obviously, if he attempted to seek them the Wild Man would prevent his reaching them, and, being mounted, the Wild Man was complete master of the situation. The nearest *estancia* was nearly forty miles away. There was but one thing for Simpson to do—to walk to it. The amount of provisions he had with him was too heavy to carry, so he turned out the greater part of them upon the ground, and then, as he limped off down the track cursing bitterly, he saw the Wild Man ride into his late camp, produce a bag, gather up what he (Simpson) had purposely spilled, and then ride away to the west.

Ascensio stopped several travellers in a similar way that year, and those who lived to tell the tale were the lucky ones, for during the long period that the Wild Man was wandering upon the pampas there were certain riders who started out but who never returned. It may be that these met with the ordinary accidents common to travellers in a wild land, or it may be that the man in the lion-skins crept into their camps, stole their horses and food, and left them to die in the wilderness. Certain it is that the fear of Ascensio Brunel lay over the whole of the country. If two men were together they took it in turn to watch at night, each with his rifle upon his knee, and few cared to sleep out alone in the haunts of the arch-robber.

So things went on, and from time to time the strangest rumours arose. One was that the Wild Man wanted wives in the next world, and that for this reason he had killed two women in Chubut. This rumour had no foundation in fact, but the people in the lonelier spots lived in dread

lest they should hear the hoof-beats of a horse in the night. It took a brave woman in those days to allow her husband to sleep from home.

So for a long time, for years indeed, Ascensio Brunel, the Wild Man of Santa Cruz, lived his wild life beyond the reach of the short arm of the Argentine law. *Comisarios* hunted him, a notorious *Juez de Paz* declaimed about him, and the garrison of cavalry in Chubut had 'bolted their beef and started again on the track of the thief.' And then suddenly one morning the news flew across the countryside that the Wild Man had been captured. It was true. The way of it was as follows.

In the very heart of Patagonia, upon the banks of a river called the Mayo, lived, and indeed still live, a tribe of Tehuelche Indians, the tallest and perhaps the strongest people on earth. They are hunters and horse-breeders, wonderful riders, and good men. They worship horsemanship, and have a number of strange rites which they practise at the birth of a man-child in order to ensure that he shall turn out a good rider. Into the nature of these rites we need not go. They are very cruel. I merely mention them that you may understand what a task the Wild Man set himself when he decided to steal a hundred mares from men such as these, peerless riders, trained in every phase of horsemanship, much of whose lives is spent in searching for strayed horses, and who can ride a hundred miles a day without fatigue.

It was probably a spirit of bravado, intensified and strengthened by the immunity from capture he had so long enjoyed, that caused the Wild Man to embark upon so perilous an enterprise. I had the whole story from the Indians themselves when I visited them a year or two later. Here it is.

It appears that the herd of mares which Ascensio stole were feeding in a *vega* or marsh that stretches along the southern banks of the Mayo. No one was watching them, and as they were well used to their pasturage it seemed unlikely that they would stray. Therefore, when, shortly after dawn, an Indian lad came galloping to the *toldos* with the news that the mares had disappeared, the men of the tribe were soon on horseback and riding upon their trail.

In a few minutes the experienced eyes of the Indian horsemen told them that the mares had not strayed, since, by the tracks, they were travelling too fast. They had, therefore, either been stolen or else stampeded by lions. A few minutes more and the lion theory had to be abandoned, for the mares continued to travel in a close bunch, whereas when stampeded by wild beasts they scatter to every quarter of the compass.

Hard on the trail the Indians rode all day, and before sunset they were aware of a man clad in skins driving the mares before him. Swiftly some of the pursuers closed in on him, while others rode to cut him off by a *cañadon* or rift in the pampa which lay across his path. Had it not been for this *cañadon* the Wild Man would never, in all probability, have been taken. As it was, he galloped down the almost sheer wall of it, but only to find himself cut off by the Indians who had been detached from the main body by the *cacique* for the purpose. Riding in upon him, the Indians flung their heavy *boleadores*—the Tehuelche weapon of three raw-hide thongs, each weighted at the end with a ball of stone—which entangled the legs of the Wild Man's horse and brought it crashing to the ground. On the ground the Indians captured the Wild Man, snarling and biting.

There was once a time when the Indians were not the peaceable men they are to-day, and at that period no doubt they would have wreaked their own justice upon the thief. But now the Indians keep the white man's laws in small things, and on this occasion they proved that they could do so in great things also.

They did not slay the Wild Man, but bound him upon a horse and conveyed him over three hundred miles of pampas to Gallegos, where they handed him over to the authorities in due form. He was thrown into prison, and the Indians departed for their wilderness home.

In the Argentine Republic there is no capital punishment, so that after his trial the sentence that would be passed upon the Wild Man was certain—penal servitude for life.

But it never came to a trial, for it was not long before the warders of the prison awoke one morning to find their prisoner gone. He had cut his way out through the walls of wood, stolen a horse that had been tied by some late visitor before the door of a house in the main street, and ridden through the night until at dawn he found himself far out upon the pampas.

All along the coast of this belt of country from Gallegos to Santa Cruz farms are scattered at frequent intervals. The Wild Man turned north, and on the second day of his escape caught and stole a horse from one of these farms, and rode on up the coast as a man rides along a post-road; only there was this difference: while the ordinary traveller dismisses the horse which has borne him gallantly and well with a pat and a kind word, so did not the Wild Man. Each time he procured a fresh mount he turned to his tired and weary beast and killed it. His road from Gallegos to Santa Cruz was marked at every stage by the dead body of the horse he had ridden. On and on he rode so fast that pursuit died out behind him; on and on he rode like a man with a purpose. A purpose he had. He never stopped or wavered; but, leaving Santa Cruz to the east, he turned north and west until he came into the great unpeopled districts, in the centre of which dwell the Tehuelche Indians who had captured him.

And then one night, before the Indians had

even heard of his escape from jail, once more he raided their mares and drove away a great troop of them. His intention doubtless was to get them to some suitable spot and there kill them, thereby gratifying his own peculiar and bloody-minded beliefs, and at the same time revenging himself upon the Indians.

The instant they discovered their loss the Indians rode on the trail of the mares, but this time Ascensio drove them like a madman, as indeed he was. He had a good start, and he was a wonderful *gaucho* and horseman, possessing the rare quality of being able to control a large number of horses mainly by voice. So he fled west all day, and all day the Indians followed hard upon him.

The sun was already falling towards the pampas rim when at last they spied him. He was nearly naked, for he had flung away the clothes which had been supplied to him in the jail, and was mounted upon a gigantic horse. As he rode he uttered the cry of a lion, and the frenzied and terrified mares galloped wildly in front of him.

But, try as he would, the Indians gained on him, and at last, with a wild shout, he turned from the mares, and struck out upon a course of his own. Some of the Indians stayed to round up the recovered animals, but six of the best riders among them swung off on the trail of the thief. After a time he altered his course and rode straight towards the sun, which was swiftly sinking like a gigantic red-hot cannon-ball beneath the horizon. Its light, which was of extraordinary brilliance, dazzled the eyes of the riders; one came heavily to the ground, and another remained to tend him while the others swept on. The sun sank and the chase continued. One by one the Tehuelches dropped away, until at last the Wild Man and a single Indian alone remained. Now the moon was in the sky, and by its light the Indian saw the Wild Man slacken his pace, and, with features convulsed with rage and hate, turn at bay. The Indian grew afraid and paused. They looked at one another for a moment, and then the Wild Man laughed aloud, and, turning his great yellow horse, rode slowly away to the west; while the Indian returned to his companions, whom he rejoined on the following day.

Such was, in detail, the story that was told me by the Indians; and I, not unnaturally, I think, was inclined to disbelieve it in its entirety.

To put it shortly, I made no doubt that the story was true up to a point; but I very much suspected that the six Indians had caught the Wild Man and had wreaked their vengeance upon him. I believe those in authority in the coast towns also favoured this edition of the tale; events, however, were destined to prove us both to be absolutely in the wrong.

And now I must come to my own small part in the story. One day I was riding with one of my companions upon the banks of the river Leona. This river lies due west of Santa Cruz, under the very shadow of the Andes, and it has probably not been visited half-a-dozen times by men of white race.

We were, as I say, riding along its barren shores, when our attention was drawn to a couple of roughly fashioned paddles which lay upon the bank. They were made of roblé-wood, such as grows upon the neighbouring mountain of Frias. As the Tehuelches never cross the Leona, and as they know nothing of boats, it was clear to us that we were looking upon the work of a white man. What made it more certain was the fact that no bribe will induce the Indians to enter the region of the Cordillera of the Andes, because of their rooted belief that the Gualichu—their Devil or God of Evil—dwells in these mountains. The noise of glaciers calving and the shifting of great masses of ice the Indians believe to be the voices of fierce demons, and in my own experience a large offer which I made to them if they would accompany me into the 'land of the dark trees' was refused. Therefore we had no reasonable doubt that the paddles had been left there by a white man. But what white man? Only an exploring party or a criminal fleeing from justice would ever dream of entering the land to the west where man had never trod. My companion, a well-known farmer, gave it as his opinion that in the paddles we were looking on the handiwork of the Wild Man. On this we examined them, and both of us agreed that the paddles had been cut from the trees that year.

Was the Wild Man, then, still alive? Was the Indians' story indeed true?

My companion was inclined to answer both questions in the affirmative, and he advanced a theory which was at least plausible.

'You see,' said he, 'if the Wild Man did escape, as the Indians say, his one idea would be to cross the Andes into Chili, where he would be comparatively safe.'

'But,' I objected (we were at the time within fifty miles of the Pacific Ocean, with only the Andes between), 'what good would it do him to escape over the Andes into Chili so far south as this part of the country? There are neither cities nor inhabitants. The man would starve.'

'Not necessarily. There are the canoe Indians. He might join one of their tribes, and so make his way up the coast into the more settled districts.'

That night we slept by the Leona, and early in the morning my companion called me and pointed to the great range which towered to the west.

There, high up the slopes of a mighty mountain, against the clear, pale-blue sky, smoke was rising. There was not a doubt about it. On that February morning, and on another afterwards, some human being did light a fire upon the unexplored slopes of the Andes.

When I returned to the settlements in the

following May I mentioned the occurrence to one or two residents, all of whom declared that the smoke must have existed only in our imaginations. I was, therefore, the more interested to receive a letter from Patagonia from my erstwhile comrade. He reiterated his originally given opinion that the smoke we had seen rose from a fire lit by the Wild Man, and he added the following facts: Near the Cordillera of the Andes an adventurous German settler had squatted with his family, and had built himself a small house or hut. One night the German was awakened by a knocking at the door, and opened it to find a man clad in skins facing him.

The man appeared to be emaciated, and was certainly of the most extraordinary appearance, his whole face being blackened by an almost continuous growth of hair.

The man demanded food; whereupon the German invited him to enter, and taking a frying-pan, commenced to cook some meat. As he bent over the fire the Wild Man, with senseless and brutal cruelty, shot him through the back, and, helping himself to various provisions, left the house and the dead man lying in it.

The news of this crime, and of others which followed close upon it, aroused the whole district. Neither man nor woman could feel safe while the Wild Man lived, and at last a body of armed settlers ran the criminal to earth in a house which he had entered for purposes of plunder. He never left that house alive, but fell on the threshold riddled with bullets, yet not before he had left his mark upon more than one of his assailants.

The exact facts of the period between the Wild Man's escape from the Indians and his reappearance at the house of the German can never be accurately known; but his dress of skins and his long hair and beard make it almost, if not quite, certain that he never found his way into civilised Chili, but spent the interval lurking in the vast forests of the Andes.

For my part, I have very little doubt that the smoke which we saw that morning rising from the slopes of the mountains arose from the solitary camp-fire of the most menacing and habitual criminal the Patagonian provinces have yet known. With his distorted beliefs and his wonderful wilderness skill, he set at defiance for long years the Government and the people of vast districts. He had not a friend; nor was there a man in the country who did not long to take his life, or a house in which he could hope for shelter. The cunning of the madman, allied in him to the savagery of the beast, made him the most dangerous creature between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Colorado and the Strait of Magellan, and when at last he paid the penalty of his many crimes, the solitary traveller and the lonely woman all over the country felt that the shadow of a great dread had at last passed away.

EUGENICS AND WHAT IT MEANS.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

FROM an irresponsible fisherman named Max Jukes, born in 1720, there have descended 1200 men and women. To criminologists that numerous progeny is known as the 'Jukes Family.' Of these 1200 persons, about 300 died in infancy. Among those that survived were 60 habitual thieves, 130 convicted criminals, 7 murderers, 440 physical wrecks who succumbed to their own vices, and 300 professional paupers. Not one of that tribe but was a chip of the old criminal Jukes block. Only 20 learned a trade —10 of them in state prisons. Not one of the entire family had a common school education. That heritage of crime, disease, inefficiency, and immorality has thus far cost the state of New York about 1,300,000 dollars. What the indirect loss has been in property stolen, in injury to life and limb, can only be guessed.

If you wish additional proof of the platitude that 'blood will tell,' you will find it in a score of criminal records and in the genealogies of royal families. The career of the Cæsars affords abundant proof of hereditary insanity and criminality, beginning with the great Julius, who was an epileptic, and ending with Nero, who was insane, in the opinion of psychologists. For three hundred and fifty years hereditary neurosis hung like a pall over the throne of Spain, 'sometimes passing over a generation,' as Ireland says, 'and appearing in various forms and intensities as epilepsy, hypochondria, melancholia, mania, and imbecility, till at length it extinguished the direct royal line of Spain.'

Consider now the record of the men and women descended from Jonathan Edwards, a record thus summarised by Boies:

'1394 of his descendants were identified in 1900, of whom 295 were college graduates; 13 presidents of American colleges; 65 professors in colleges, besides many principals of other important educational institutions; 60 physicians, many of whom were eminent; 100 and more clergymen, missionaries, or theological professors; 75 were officers in the army or navy; 60 prominent authors and writers, by whom 135 books of merit were written and published, and 18 important periodicals edited; 33 American states besides other countries, and 92 American cities and many other cities, have profited by the beneficent influence of their eminent activity; 100 and more were lawyers, of whom 1 was a most eminent professor of law; 30 were judges;

80 held public office, of whom 1 was Vice-President of the United States; 3 were United States senators; several were governors, members of Congress, framers of state constitutions, mayors of cities, and ministers to foreign Courts; 1 was president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; 15 railroads, many banks, insurance companies, and large industrial enterprises have been indebted to their management. Almost if not every department of social progress and of the public weal has felt the influence of this healthy and long-lived family. It is not known that any one of them was ever convicted of a crime.'

But the main lesson of this comparison between the Jukeses and the Spanish succession on the one hand and the Edwardses on the other is not simply that a man is primarily what his ancestors make him; but this: the criminal, the pauper, and the imbecile are reproducing faster than the manufacturer, the professional man, and the scholar. If that be true, what will become of civilisation? Here is the answer, taken from the report for 1902 of the superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Feeble-Minded:

'Unless preventive measures are adopted against the steady increase of the defective classes, such a calamity as the gradual eclipse, slow decay, and gradual disintegration of our present form of society and government is not only possible but probable.'

If you are willing to endure a few confirmatory statistics, consider these:

In 1850 there were 6737 prisoners in the United States—29 per 100,000 of population; in 1904 there were 100,000 prisoners—about 125 per 100,000 of population. How many offenders ought to be in prison but escape the law it is difficult to estimate accurately, but it is usually assumed that 90 per cent. of American criminals are free at any given time.

The statistics for the feeble-minded are no less alarming. According to an estimate made by Homer Folks, secretary of the New York State Charities Aid Association, about one-sixth of the total expenditure of the state of New York is allotted to asylums and hospitals for the care of the insane. The number of the insane in the United States is placed by Mr Folks at 200,000, which is about equal to the population of Nevada and Wyoming. Feeble-mindedness is steadily increasing. In 1890 there were 74,028 inmates of asylums and hospitals for the insane; in 1904, about 150,000. From 1904 to 1910 the insane in the hospitals of New York alone increased 25 per cent.

The situation in England is even worse; for there emigration has depleted the country of its best blood, and left behind the less desirable stocks. The English ratio of 'defectives' to normal human beings nearly doubled between 1874 and 1896. The Scottish Commission reported an increase of 190 per cent. in insanity since 1856, with a corresponding increase in population of only 52 per cent. No wonder that Rentoul the English statistician remarks, 'The hand that wrecks the cradle wrecks the nation.'

The keystone of this arch of figures has been supplied by Professor Karl Pearson, of the Eugenics Laboratory of the University of London. He has shown that the average English and American deaf-mute usually has more than six children, that tuberculous English families have between five and six, and that the mentally defective parents of London have on an average as many as seven. On the other hand, an English middle-class family usually has about four children, Harvard graduates two, and English intellectuals even fewer. If a good stock is to perpetuate itself the individual family must have at least four children.

Very similar in its results is an investigation made by David Heron of twenty-six metropolitan boroughs of London. In boroughs inhabited by professional men, and in which the most servants are employed, he found the lowest birth-rate. In the congested districts, where there are most pawnbrokers, he found the highest birth-rate. What is more, he discovered that conditions were not always thus in London. In 1851 the middle classes had the highest birth-rate, in 1901 the lowest.

A painstaking study of English, Welsh, and Danish statistics has enabled Pearson to state definitely that 25 per cent. of the present generation produces 50 per cent. of the next. If each generation of lawyers, physicians, chemists, engineers, men who are leaders, men who mean something industrially and politically, is producing less than its share of useful members of society, if the human race is steadily deteriorating, surely statesmen have here a more serious problem to attack than Tariff Reform or the abolition of the House of Lords.

How is this attack to be made? By building more asylums for the insane, more prisons for murderers and thieves, more almshouses for paupers? All these are necessary, but they cannot convert a bad stock into one that is good. Charitable institutions, schools, libraries, and model tenements cannot solve this problem. A man is not an imbecile, or a thief, or a public charge simply because he was born and reared in the slums. If all the world lived in marble palaces, drank water and ginger-ale and eschewed alcohol, and slept on sterilised linen, society would still be threatened with extinction by the hereditary defective.

Very slowly but none the less surely we are beginning to realise that the biologist and not the sociologist must come to the rescue; that we must study the manner in which family traits, good and bad, are inherited; that we must prevent the perpetuation and increase of a stock which we know is a menace to the nation. It was bad human protoplasm that

gave us the Jukeses, good human protoplasm that gave us the Edwardses. The task that confronts the biologist is the determination of the manner in which good and bad protoplasm affect each other. That is the purpose of the new science of eugenics.

Sir Francis Galton, the father of eugenics and inventor of the word, defined it as 'the study of the agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or morally.' In its most literal sense eugenics means 'good breeding.' If Galton's ideal could be attained each class would be represented by its best specimens and permitted to work out its destiny in its own way, and the useful classes of men would be encouraged to contribute more than their present proportion to the next generation. Galton and his disciples, of whom Professor Karl Pearson is the foremost, worked chiefly with statistics in a truly marvellous way.

They begin with the premise that, while we all have a head, two eyes, a nose, a mouth, two arms, two legs, a heart, breathing apparatus, and a blood-circulating system, yet we are all different. Some of us are tall, some short, some fair, some dark. This variability can be made the subject of statistical study in order to ascertain what is the average height, the average pulse, the average keenness of sight and of hearing, the average colour-sense, the average lung-power, the average quickness in obeying a signal, the average strength of pull and squeeze, the average span of arm, and other average qualities and abilities. Statistics for the present generation are compared with similar statistics for our fathers and grandfathers. Englishmen and Americans are statistically ranged beside Hindus and Japanese, labourers beside professional men. Such measurements and comparisons indicate how far you and I differ physically and psychically from the normal man. Elaborate studies, often involving mathematical attainments of a high order, have shown how one generation as a whole compares with past generations as a whole, how much faster one class of society is multiplying than another, how the physical and intellectual power of epileptics compares with that of normal beings. But of individuals we learn nothing. We can state merely that a man with such and such characteristics is *probably* a desirable member of society, because he belongs to a group having similar characteristics. It is not enough to deal with groups of men. We must deal with the individual and his protoplasm.

Because of the limitations of statistics the eugenist is beginning to study the human race as animal and plant breeders now study cattle and wheat, and to apply a law of heredity which was discovered in the fifties by Gregor Mendel, a monk who died in 1884, a patient, self-effacing scientist whose work was ignored until 1900.

In the cloister gardens of Brünn, Mendel conducted experiments with the edible pea, experiments which are now regarded as classic, and which resulted in the discovery of the law of heredity that now bears his name. Given certain unit characteristics of two parents, whether they be plants or animals, and it is possible by Mendel's law to state with considerable accuracy how the offspring will inherit these characteristics.

The Andalusian fowl, for example, may be either pure white or pure black, splashed perhaps here and there. Each variety breeds 'true' in breeders' parlance; in other words, black parents invariably produce black offspring, and white parents white offspring. Cross a black and a white fowl, and the result will be grayish-blue chicks, as might be supposed. It might also be supposed that were these grayish-blue fowls inbred we should obtain merely another generation of grayish blues. Experience teaches otherwise. One-half of the chicks will be grayish blue, like their parents; one-quarter will be pure white, like one of their grandparents; one-quarter will be pure black, like the other of their grandparents. Continue the process of inbreeding for another generation—that is, breed the blacks together, the whites together, and the grayish blues together, and you will find this: the blacks will always produce blacks; the whites will always produce whites; but the hybrid grayish blues will always produce one-half grayish blues, one-quarter pure whites, and one-quarter pure blacks. In other words, Mendel discovered that an absolutely pure strain may descend from a hybrid, contrary to general belief, and that a hybrid in which two unit characteristics are combined will transmit the combination only to a certain proportion of the offspring.

The case of the Andalusian fowl is the simplest that occurs among animals. When a pure black and a pure white guinea-pig are mated, the offspring will not be partly white and partly black, but entirely black. For all their blackness, the hybrid offspring have a white strain, which is masked by the black, and which manifests itself in the next generation when they are inbred. That next generation will consist of one-quarter pure black guinea-pigs (like one grandparent), one-quarter pure white guinea-pigs (like the other grandparent), and one-half hybrid guinea-pigs, thus strictly following the law. The pure blacks will always produce pure blacks when mated with pure blacks; the pure whites will similarly always produce pure whites when mated together; but the hybrid blacks will always produce one-half hybrid blacks, one-quarter pure whites, and one-quarter pure blacks. In these hybrids the conspicuous black colour is said to be *dominant* and the masked white *recessive*.

There must be something in the original germplasm from which these organisms are developed that caused the pure black Andalusian fowl and black guinea-pig to produce only black offspring.

Just what that something is we can only surmise. For the time being the presence or absence in the germ-cell of a hypothetical 'determiner' is supposed to govern the inheritance of simple characteristics. The cells of black Andalusian fowl and black guinea-pigs have a determiner for colour; the cells of white fowl and white guinea-pigs lack it. Similarly, in long-haired Angora goats or sheep the determiner that arrests hair-growth is absent. Hybrid guinea-pigs or Andalusian fowl are developed from cells one-half of which are provided with a determiner for colour, and the other half of which are without it. Hence the apparent blending of characters in the hybrid. In the next generation of inbred hybrids the determiner accompanies all the germ-cells of one-quarter of the offspring, thus yielding a pure black grandparental type in the case of the guinea-pig and the Andalusian fowl; while in another quarter the determiner is totally lacking, thus yielding a pure white grandparental type in the case of the Andalusian fowl and the guinea-pig. The hybrids will always be developed from cells one-half lacking the determiner, one-half provided with it.

Each unit characteristic has its special determiner. Thus the presence or absence of a particular determiner is responsible for length of hair, colour of eyes, absence of horns in cattle, the form of a cock's comb, the waltzing habit of Japanese mice, the extra toe in some cats, the short tail of the Manx cat, susceptibility to certain diseases as well as immunity to others, the face-colour of sheep, presenile cataract, and many other traits. Whether the experimenter works with mice or wheat, primroses or cattle, butterflies or rats, hybrids always produce a certain number of individuals of absolutely pure strain, and some characteristics are dominant, while others are recessive.

Because man is an animal he too is amenable to Mendel's law of heredity. As yet the law cannot be applied to him as readily as to the waltzing mouse or the Andalusian fowl. Unlike the mouse or the fowl, he is composed of highly complex traits of which little is known. He is really an intricate mosaic, so wonderfully blended that only a few of the myriad stones that comprise the pattern have been segregated. If complex man could only be resolved into the units of which he is composed (and some day he will be so resolved), we could predict more readily than we can at present how some intellectual traits will be inherited. Even as it is, many physical and mental traits are found to obey Mendel's law—enough, in fact, to foreshadow the immense part eugenics will play in solving the most important social problem of the day.

In the *Treasury of Human Inheritance*, now in course of publication by the Eugenics Laboratory of the University of London, will be found many a striking instance of the application of Mendelian principles to humanity. Among them are cases of the transmission in true Mendelian fashion of 'split hand' or 'lobster claw,' in which all the fingers except the fifth are absent from both hands; of congenital cataract; of 'night blindness,' a retinal defect which prevents the afflicted person from seeing except in a strong light; of Huntington's chorea, a form of insanity which usually ends in death; of deaf-mutism, rheumatism, and kidney diseases; and of physical weakness that means inability to resist tuberculosis and other diseases.

A study of these and hundreds of other cases has shown that normal parents never have abnormal children, whether or not the ancestry is abnormal. It has shown, too, that only in a few cases should the marriage of normal and abnormal persons be permitted. Thus one authority has stated: 'Under all circumstances it is exceedingly dangerous for a deaf person to marry a blood relative, no matter whether the relative is deaf or not, or whether the deafness of either of the partners is congenital, or whether either or both or neither have other deaf relatives.' Equally dangerous and fraught with even more serious consequences, so far as society is concerned, is the union of the mentally defective. Mr C. B. Davenport, the leading American authority on the subject of eugenics, expresses that peril thus: 'So definite and certain is the result of the marriage of two imbeciles under any circumstances that it is a disgrace of the first magnitude that thousands of children are annually born in the United States of imbecile parents to replace, and probably more than replace, the deaths in the army of about 150,000 mental defectives which the United States supports.'

Although a vast amount of information has been collected to prove that many human characteristics recur generation after generation with predictable regularity, and although a few Governments have passed laws to check the preservation of insane stocks, the science of eugenics must be still further developed before its teachings can make themselves felt. There must be more investigation, and after that publicity of the widest scope. Last of all will come suitable legislation.

With these objects in view, the work of the London Eugenics Laboratory is supplemented in America by a Committee on Eugenics organised by the American Breeders' Association, of Cold Spring Harbour, N.Y. The members of that committee include Alexander Graham Bell, Luther Burbank, Professor W. E. Castle, J. Arthur Thomson, C. E. Woodruff, and C. B. Davenport. The committee has distributed several thousand blanks, upon which family records are to be written for future study. Work of this kind, properly encouraged, must inevitably result in the accumulation of data of immense value for future legislative use. The inquiry is unquestionably of so great importance

that it ought to receive Government support, and that support will perhaps soon be forthcoming.

'If only one-half of 1 per cent. of the 30,000,000 dollars annually spent on hospitals, 20,000,000 dollars on insane asylums, 20,000,000 dollars on almshouses, 13,000,000 dollars on prisons, and 5,000,000 dollars on the feeble-minded, deaf, and blind were spent on the study of the bad germ-plasm that makes necessary the annual expenditure of nearly 100,000,000 dollars in the care of its produce,' states Mr C. B. Davenport in a report of the Committee on Eugenics of the American Breeders' Association, 'we might hope to learn just how it is being produced and the best way to diminish its further spread. A *new* plague that rendered 4 per cent. of the American population, chiefly at the most productive age, not only incompetent but a burden costing 100,000,000 dollars yearly to support, would instantly attract universal attention, and millions would be forthcoming for its study, as they have been for the study of cancer. But we have become so used to crime, disease, and degeneracy that we take them as necessary evils. That they were, in the world's ignorance, is granted. That they must remain so is denied.'

INWARD SIGHT.

By the Rev. S. Baring Gould.

ALTHOUGH in so-called thought-reading there is usually a good deal of imposture, there is certainly a substratum of truth. To certain persons is given a faculty of 'taking stock' of another that is justified by after revelations. We are all conscious of entertaining sympathies or antipathies for which we are not able to give a rational explanation. Children, to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting, possess it; and in the same way animals—dogs and horses—entertain strong and unaccountable likes and dislikes for special human beings. It is certainly true that the judgment we form at the first sight of individuals hitherto unknown to us is often more correct than that which is the result of a longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us when encountering strangers may, by further acquaintance, be weakened, yet it is never altogether shaken off, and in the long-run is not infrequently justified. This is a faculty of peculiar value in the East, where every native lies, and in a court of justice no witness can be trusted to speak the truth.

In some persons the gift is very strongly marked. I had an intimate acquaintance, now no more, who could read the mind of an interlocutor; and, quite involuntarily, when engaged in a conversation he would read off the mind of the person with whom he was engaged in talk, and startle him by saying, 'You are speaking of this matter, but your mind is full of something quite different; and what that is I will tell you.' And I have known him to frighten people out of all equanimity by thus revealing to them what was passing in their minds.

I remember one special occasion when he suddenly interrupted a young lady with whom he was conversing by abruptly telling her of a passage in her past life known to no one but herself. She turned livid, and went off into a dead faint. It was not, I presume, that he saw her past portrayed before him, but that he read her thoughts at that moment recurring to the incident which was thus disclosed to him.

He told me that this faculty of his had estranged so many friends and acquaintances from him that he now never spoke of what was present to him in inward vision. He was quite unable to exercise this power at will; nor could he exercise it on whom he would.

A person of lively imagination might perhaps form a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, but this would be due to deliberate exercise of the mind, whereas in such as are gifted in this particular manner it is almost always involuntary. As my friend said to me, it was usually when talking with individuals who did not interest him, or about subjects that bored him, that, as by a flash of inspiration, he read their minds; and if the mind at the moment were engaged on some passage in the past life he saw that.

Zschokke, whose autobiography was published in 1842, informs us that he possessed this power. 'It has happened to me on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some peculiar scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinctly, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read and distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of the features.'

Here, in my opinion, Zschokke was mistaken. He could not possibly see the incidents of the past life of a total stranger; but by means of thought-reading he might follow the thoughts of the person who was before him, as that individual recalled the incidents of his past career. Zschokke, on making the acquaintance of John von Riga, related to him his past life with the avowed

purpose of learning whether he was correct in his revelation or not, and Von Riga was constrained to admit that what he had said was true. He gives an instance: 'One fair day, in the town of Waldshut, I entered an inn in company with two young student foresters. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making merry over the peculiarities of the Swiss. One handsome young man who sat opposite us had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would candidly answer me if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me. He promised to admit frankly if I spoke the truth. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of this young merchant —his school years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed with reference to the cash-box of his principal. I described to him the unoccupied room with the whitewashed walls where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confessed every particular, even—what I hardly expected—the last-mentioned.'

Zschokke says that this faculty of his was never of the slightest material service to him. 'It manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through.' This was precisely the experience of my friend. The power was exercised quite unexpectedly, as it were involuntarily, and generally when he was in a listless mood.

Zschokke says that once, when on an excursion with his two sons, he saw an old Tyrolese seller of oranges and lemons who possessed the same gift and exercised it upon Zschokke himself.

Dr Mayo, in his *Essay on Popular Superstitions*, mentions a Scottish lady of his acquaintance who had a cook who was invested with the same power, and whom she had to dismiss on account of the annoyance caused her by this domestic being able to read her purposes before they were expressed. Probably, when her mistress was entering the kitchen to order dinner, the cook told her what she had purposed ordering. That there is a faculty of this sort lodged in all, but not in all developed, we can hardly doubt; and we cannot but be grateful that it is not in its perfection in very many, or social intercourse would be at an end. It is not always pleasing for persons to give us a bit of their minds, but it would be far less pleasing if they could give us a bit of our own!

THE FLINT-MAKERS OF BRANDON.

By E. J. Prior.

ADVENTURE and tragedy attend in different ways on the work of quiet-mannered, slow-speaking men who, in the sleepy village of Brandon in Suffolk, within a stone's-throw of the Norfolk border, carry on the industry of flint-making, as their forefathers did centuries ago. It is the oldest of British industries, one which was carried on in prehistoric times; yet it is one of which the general public of to-day know little or nothing. It is also one of the most dangerous, for death (often slow and lingering) claims the flint-makers at a comparatively early age.

In small, whitewashed sheds at the rear of their cottages you can find the workers at their ancient craft—'flakers' who break the nodules of flint, and 'knappers' who 'knap' the flakes into flints for guns to be used by savage man in the forests of Central Africa and in the wilds of South America. As they work there rises in a fine cloud the flint dust, which in time reaches the workers' lungs and means an early grave. I was guided on the occasion of my visit by the dull cracks of the flaker's iron, the quick *tip-tap-tap* of the knapper's hammer; also by an ancient flint-quarryman, whose life-work, though arduous, had been free from the danger which shadows the flaker and the knapper. 'There are no old knappers,' he truly said.

The flint is found near at hand, at Lingfield, a rather high-pitched expanse of country sheltered on one side by Scotch firs. Quarrymen sink a shaft of about six to eight feet, proceed horizontally for two or three feet, and then sink another several feet, and so on, making a kind of giant's stairway. The average depth of a pit is fifty feet. Payment is by the load. If a quarryman has the bad fortune to sink a shaft and find no flint he gets no pay. The flint is found in the form of big, oblong pebbles, some three feet long, some much less, lying in layers. No machinery is used; everything, indeed, in connection with this industry is primitive. A quarryman has to throw the pieces of flint from level to level up the pit he has dug, and then climb up after it. I tried the climbing, and it is exhausting as well as dangerous.

The flaker rests the lumps on a pad on his left knee and flakes them with dexterous strokes, according to the line of cleavage, so as to get at the black core, which alone is used. The blacker the core the better the flint. As the flaker requires much elbow-room, he sits in the centre

of the shed. The knapper sits in a corner, with a little anvil and long, sharp-edged hammer, knapping the flakes into gun-flints. Several years' experience is necessary before any one can become an expert at the work. The flaker's is considered the more difficult work.

Science has given the present-day flint-makers a better quality of tool to work with than that which their ancestors used, but otherwise the craft is the same. When there was a heavy demand for flint-locks, at the time our soldiers used them, nobody seems to have invented even the rudest machine for doing the work. Now it is not worth while, for with the coming of matches and percussion-caps the flint age neared its end.

Scarcely more than a dozen men are employed in the industry now. Not so long ago—within the easy recollection of many Brandon people—there were fifty or more. In the days of the Napoleonic wars Brandon and its black flints flourished exceedingly. There was also a wave of prosperity at the time of the Crimean war. In 1846 a company was formed whose agents received the flints at so much per thousand. Now there are only three manufacturers, and they employ a small number of workers among them, obtaining the flint from the quarrymen and paying the men for the flaking and knapping.

Sometimes, even now, the demand threatens to exceed the supply. Orders come from agents —mostly Germans, I am informed—for a special flint for muskets, for carbines, or for pistols. These are shipped sometimes to the Continent, but generally direct to West Africa, South America, or some Mediterranean port. The flints are used in old rifles which have undergone 'conversion,' a process which often takes place in Birmingham. Against whom these rifles are used is something of a mystery. Native sportsmen employ them, no doubt; but not sportsmen only. There are tribal wars, and occasionally wars which are not strictly tribal. Should there be extensive operations in Central Africa, Brandon will probably benefit. The call for flints comes from the agents who send on the request of the coast traders in far-off places. The traders barter them to the natives. Some time ago a Soudan rising meant business for Brandon. On a similar occasion the authorities made the flints contraband. Brandon heard and understood; in fact, Brandon has a keen appreciation of it all. 'A funny business,' said one knapper; 'but we have to live.'

It pays very well even now. In the old days a Brandon knapper was a man well above his fellows. One of the reasons why the industry is not so flourishing now is that there is a diminished demand for flints; another, that the race of knappers is dying out. Very few care to take their places. Elementary education and increased travelling facilities have opened a wider field for the youth of Brandon. To many the trade of their fathers and grandfathers was not sufficiently attractive, and the modern fathers, unlike their ancestors, resolved that their sons should have a chance of living to old age, which the knapper never does.

Boys used to take to it even before leaving school. One of the workers told me his father had threatened him with dire penalties when he found him working at the stone. In one family in Brandon there are no fewer than twelve widows living now, their husbands, who were knappers, having sacrificed their lives to the work. One of the men in the family died quite recently aged forty-five. I saw one of the few remaining representatives of this family who are still in the trade. A cheerful young man, he takes the precaution of working with a respirator strapped over his nose and mouth. In past generations all the men of his family had been flint-makers; but he had one brother who was a soldier, and another who was on the land. He had himself followed another calling; but, being an expert flaker, he could not resist the temptation of coming back and earning good money. What he wanted to forget was the family record.

The head of one of the three firms I have alluded to, a middle-aged man, said his father barely reached the age of fifty; his brother had died at twenty-six. He remembered nine of his family being engaged in the industry; now there were only two left. 'Out of seven who worked in the shed,' he said, 'my father lived to be the oldest.' Another man told me his father, his uncle, and several brothers all died before middle age.

A depressing record, but the flint-maker is proud of his craft. He will tell you of his fitness as a knapper, and demonstrate the speed with which the flints can be turned out. An expert can easily make twelve thousand gun-flints per week, or from two to three thousand in an ordinary working-day. One man had his whitewashed, dusty shed decorated with specimens of muskets, carbines, and horse-pistols for which the flints are made. With pride he showed how the flints 'sparked.' He had the true joy of the ancient craftsman; he worked on the raw material taken from the soil near his own home; he beheld, so far as the flint was concerned, the finished article. There is still some trade in 'strike-a-lights,' which are used by trappers and explorers who are out of the reach of matches and civilisation; and a certain number of the flints, being black and shiny, are used for decorative purposes.

There is little sentiment about the flint-makers; but at odd moments they have the feeling that their destiny as workers is linked with the future of stray Arab tribes and of unlettered savages who, ever marvelling at the cleverness of the white man, employ the product of peaceful Suffolk. A few more turns in the wheel of time and savage man will probably be superior to flint-locks. Then the *tip-tap* of the knapper's hammer, with all its dread significance, will cease for ever.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By ALEXANDER J. PHILIP, Editor of *The Librarian*.

PROBABLY the 'Literary Lady of Bloomsbury,' as the British Museum is sometimes called, has never been 'at home' under such circumstances as those found during the threatened suffragist raid in the early part of this year. Earlier in the year severe attacks had been made upon the library by various critics; and there were those who criticised the authorities for closing it as showing 'unwarranted pusillanimity'—this being the way in which the anonymous 'oldest reader' usually couches his language. But I think I am not divulging any confidences when I say that the museum authorities received warning that damage would be done if the building were not closed; and it is shrewdly suspected that the warning came from the militant suffragists themselves, who, without any intention of damaging national property of this character, saw an opportunity of securing a splendid advertisement by bringing about the closing, or at least the nominal closing, of the building. I was more inclined to give credit to this truly Machiavellian scheme after seeing the precautions taken to exclude 'dangerous characters,' precautions under which it would have been possible for a battalion of women to gain entrance, carrying with them a whole armoury of ironmongery of the 'smashing variety.'

This, I think, is the first time the secret has been divulged. However, it is of the museum and its wonderful treasures that I am writing, rather than of the somewhat 'personal scandals' that have occurred recently regarding the Literary Lady. Nevertheless, *en passant*, one cannot refrain from drawing attention to the weird appearance of the great entrance-hall at that time, deserted but for a few silent readers who crossed and recrossed it at intervals with almost bated breath.

Theoretically the British Museum includes the South Kensington Museums and the Natural History Museums, but when referring to the British Museum one does not usually include its 'branches' under that name. As a matter of fact, the museum itself may be said to contain antiquities and a library. At one time it was usual to estimate the size of the museum library, and in fact any other library, by the number of volumes contained in it. For instance, in 1881 the British Museum library contained in round numbers a million and a half printed books and upwards of fifty thousand manuscripts. For quite a long time comparisons have been made between our own national library and the national libraries of France and the United States, somewhat to the detriment of our institution with those who still believe that 'two and two make four.' The three libraries have quite different methods of counting, although it must be admitted that they all estimate their stocks to some extent at least. One counts pamphlets as books, which, of course, increases the number enormously—inflated capital, one might almost say. Another binds pamphlets together in volumes—a reprehensible practice—which unduly reduces the total.

But all such methods of calculation are now done away with, and the stock is measured by the mile. The reader may remain quite calm, however; whether on mileage, tonnage, or acreage, or any other lineal, square, cubic, or avoirdupois weight or measure, the British Museum is well ahead; and this will be still more the case when the new wing is opened. This comparison, however, is most unprofitable, as the methods of making it are unreliable. It is only necessary to take parchment manuscripts rolled to see how easy it is to make the mileage of shelving the criterion of numbers. The method of presenting statistics lends itself so well to picturesqueness that it is always likely to be popular. No one has yet estimated how many books would be required to reach to heaven; a single book, however, would be enough to carry one to the seventh heaven. Speaking of manuscripts reminds me that there are some very wonderful manuscripts and some of the greatest beauty to be seen at the museum. There is the story of centuries to be read by placing a modern reprint side by side with an illuminated manuscript heightened with gold, say of the thirteenth century. The method of applying gold—real gold hammered to the thickness, or rather the thinness, required—is popularly believed to be lost, and to have been lost for some hundreds of years; but at least one man in London still claims to be able to do the work. The difficulty, however, is that no one will live long enough to ascertain if his work has withstood the passage of the greater part of a thousand years.

Few readers at the museum library, even those with the very rare 'life' ticket of admission, know the extent of the library or of the museum itself. Away down in the basement is a bewildering labyrinth of cellars with in one section enormous furnaces and an electricity plant. In another department upstairs the museum does all its own bookbinding. Behind cunningly contrived doors in bookcases there are entrances to long suites of rooms for the officials engaged in the work of the various departments. 'You will find him in "No. 34"' is the direction to the keeper of the oriental books. And if you pull the handle of what appears to be a well-filled bookcase, numbered, like all the other bookcases, at the bottom—No. 34—you find

yourself in a fairyland behind the shelves. I would not suggest that Dr Barnett is a fairy, although his deciphering of a book that most resembles the drunken rambles of an inky spider is magical. It is not very long, as time goes at the museum, since the department was created and Dr Barnett appointed to it.

Very few of the people who wander into the museum and see only a few policemen and commissionaires are aware of all the work going on behind the scenes. In passing from one room to another—in the antiquities upstairs, not in the library, this would be—you may have noticed how high and wide the wooden panelling is, and if you pull the bell-handle the panelling is simply a cunningly contrived door. Even if you have found only an ancient coin or a curious stone in your back-garden, you will be admitted and courteously informed if you have made a 'find' or discovered a mare's nest. The enormous amount of work done in this way—advice given on the best method of treating antiquities of all kinds, identifications of unknown pieces, and a thousand and one other things—is scarcely realised by those outside the institution, although the size of the visitors' book in each department is some slight guide. But its ultimate value is to be seen in the large number of donations to the museum. In spite of all this, however, there are still some things requiring to be improved. But the advance has been so great, and so many others have pointed out to the Literary Lady of Bloomsbury that her garments are just a little out of fashion, that I will refrain from pointing out how a tuck here, a bow there, and a little bit of lace or chiffon somewhere else would bring her right up to the latest American fashions.

It is quite a popular belief, in fact almost a superstition, that the British Museum library contains all the books published. This is indeed a long way from the truth—just about three-quarters of the truth, and nothing more. In other words, even of the books published in this country since the invention of printing the museum library has only about 75 per cent. Each year, however, the percentage is being increased by purchases in the matter of old books and by gift in the case of new books under the copyright law. However much authors and publishers grudge the copies of their books that have to be presented to the other copyright libraries, few, if any, grudge the copy that has to be presented to the museum library.

The Literary Lady of Bloomsbury cannot be described as inexpensive; rather the opposite, in fact, as she required (including the Natural History Museum) nearly one hundred and eighty thousand pounds last year, or nearly as much as all the other public libraries in the country together spent on books throughout the same period.

The museum and its library have undergone various vicissitudes since it was first founded in 1753 by the purchase of the collection of books of Sir Hans Sloane for twenty thousand pounds. No one would attempt to estimate the value of its literary contents now—too many of them are priceless—but it has steadily grown year after year. As it expanded it got rid of the natural history section, and within recent years the newspaper department has been established at Hendon, where another sum in acreage and tonnage is waiting to be worked out by the curious student. The whole history and work of the institution bristle with statistical and other problems. Here is one: What would be the annual value of the autographs on the application forms received from famous readers? The total for the years that are gone would be enormous when it is remembered that every famous man of letters and many others both famous and infamous in other walks of life have made use of the museum library at one time or another.

Before bidding farewell to the Literary Lady of Bloomsbury it is necessary to refer to the catalogue, that monumental work recently described by an irresponsible American journalist in an otherwise responsible American periodical of standing as a collection of cuttings from publishers' announcements, which has been, and still is, a bone of contention between the various schools of cataloguers. The catalogue is always going on, fresh entries being inserted day by day, but always the correct alphabetisation is maintained. Therein is to be found the secret of the success of the catalogue, which in its many folio volumes is an extensive library of itself. The original printed issue is now very rare, and if any reader has a set by him I shall be pleased to hear from him for our mutual advantage.

SUNSET.

FROM THE QUEEN'S VIEW, LOCH TUMMEL.

THE setting sun that bids the night
Succeed the day's departing light,
As glides it toward the golden west,
Still lingers fond on many a crest
And towering peak that, to the eye,
Mingles its colours with the sky.
Schiehallion's shaggy slopes are lit
With purple hues that seem to flit
From bush to corrie, crag to glen,
Now light, now shade, now light again.
Dark Tummel broadly winding down,
Where Rannoch's circling mountains frown,
O'er streams and eddies, pools and bays,
Is gilded by the lessening rays.
The placid lake that sleeps below,
All burnished with the sunset glow,
Reflects upon its bosom wide
The crags and peaks on either side,
And seems, amid the dying light,
A gleaming mirror strangely bright.

NORMAN MACLEOD CAIE.

POLLOKSHIELDS.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HUNGARIANS.

From a CORRESPONDENT IN THE BALKANS.

ON the last occasion I had better opportunity than ever before of examining the Hungarian plain and some of its market towns and manufacturing centres, as well as the hilly region of the Roumanian frontier and the Slav province of Slavonia, which, with Croatia, falls under the rule of the Ban appointed by Hungary. Fiercely patriotic though all Hungarians are, the peasantry have solid grievances against their own ruling classes, whose patriotism is tinged with two fatal vices—to wit, indifference to the economical and electoral claims of their own peasantry, and want of consideration for the Slav races under St Stephen's crown. Of a total Hungarian population of twenty-one millions, scarcely nine millions are real Hungarians, and they are so placed politically and racially that they find it impossible to extend to their fellow 'Hungarians' of Slav race any of the privileges they themselves clamour for so persistently, as fellow 'Austrians,' at the expense of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a whole; and now this new army reserve question has been developed at their own deliberate instigation, nearly bringing with it the abdication of the Emperor, and in any case hoisting Count Khuen Hédeváry with his own petard. There is no middle class to speak of in Hungary; roughly speaking, there are 'counts' on the one side and 'peasants' on the other, the former taxing themselves on the third or lowest scale, the latter being taxed on the first or highest scale. Land, moreover, is nearly all held by the 'counts,' which expression, of course, includes nobles of any degree, squireens, Junkers, and all such privileged persons. The 'peasants' (including traders, manufacturers, and artisans) have a hard time of it to pay rent and first or second scale taxes. One man informed me—pointing to the rich cornfields between Arad and Szolnok—that the cultivator rarely obtained half of his labour's fruits for himself; a kind of *métayer* system is in vogue, and the aristocratic landlord votes himself free of taxes on his rents.

The empire as a whole, and certainly the Emperor as King of Hungary, seem quite ready to introduce manhood suffrage into Hungary; but the selfish landowners, like the selfish Prussian Junkers, are by no means in love with electoral reform. The position is in other respects much the same as in Turkey. If the Young Turks, after, in the enthusiasm of Abdul Hamid's dethronement, falling upon the necks of Greeks, Bulgarians, Jews, and Albanians, had stuck to the principles so generously suggested by themselves and approved by the Western Powers, and had tried fraternisation instead of persisting in Ottomanisation, Turkey's credit would have risen immediately, and an effective Turkish Empire 'in being' would have been the result, warmly supported by all its subjects and religions, a useful friend to the progressive Powers. But, unfortunately, the Young Turks have been dazzled by visions of Turkish pre-eminence; they have chosen to abide by German advice in most economic and political matters of urgency; it does not suit Germany to have a sound and loyal Turkish Empire, the pickings from whose fall she is looking forward to, and thus Turkey has only her own magnificent army to depend upon for bare existence against all possible comers.

It is much so with Hungary; she is firmly determined to have no German domination or German civilisation; not a person in Hungary (save to a limited extent in Budapest, where there are one hundred thousand Germans) will speak a word of German if he can avoid it; no German place-names, street-names, or (where possible) even postal address-names are ever to be seen. Everything German is taboo. In the whole of Hungary there are over two million Germans, mostly along the Roumanian frontier (Transylvania and the Banat) and in the trading towns of the Danube. But Hungary is in no way fortified or prepared to withstand a deliberate German or Austro-German attack, and therefore the one thing she ought to have done long ago, instead of hectoring and bullying the Slavs under her own special crown, was to have carefully conciliated all the Slavs, with a view to obtaining their affections, and their submission if possible, against their common 'enemy,' the Germans; or, at all events, forming a federation or an alliance with them. Hungary *with* the Slav states could easily form an effective barrier against Germany—for German-Austria is in many respects Germany *in petto;* but Hungary alone, more especially if hostile to the Slavs, cannot possibly resist the combined onslaught of Germany and Austria, or even of Germany *or* Austria, and thus runs the chance of extinction; whilst the

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more scattered Slavs may conceivably not only survive, but develop independent power. Counting Bohemians, Slovakians, and Moravians, there are eight million northern Slavs in Austro-Hungary; there are nearly four million five hundred thousand Poles in parts of Galicia and in Silesia, none of whom have any love for either Prussia or Russia; there are nearly four million Ruthenians (practically Little Russians, the only Slavs I have not myself dealt with) in other parts of Galicia and north Hungary. Thus there are more Slavs in Austro-Hungary than Hungarians; and even in Hungary and the Slav states directly under Hungary, there are not so many Hungarians as Germans and Slavs combined.

The Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is considered a true friend of the Hungarians, and he is much interested in the researches which have been made within the last two years (after a vote of credit in the Hungarian Parliament) into the origin of the Magyars (mentioned in Chinese history A.D. 1220). 'Great Bulgaria' (of course before it became purely Slav) and 'Great Hungary' were both formerly situated in the basin of the Volga. It was by adopting the military ways of the Hun-Avars that the Bulgarians succeeded in establishing themselves in the Balkan Peninsula. The only nation known to have immediate connection with the Hungarians, so far as speech goes, are the Finns; but there are only twenty or thirty pure Finnish and Hungarian words *exactly* the same, and only forty or fifty more that principles of etymological change can *prove* to be from the same common origin. Hungarian is now much mixed with Turkish and Slav, just as Finnish is much mixed with Swedish and Russian.

The currency question is even more irritating in the Balkan region than paper money used to be in Australia before the Commonwealth. On leaving Hungary you must change your money from crowns (*kroner*) into francs (in Servia called *dinars*); in passing to Bulgaria the francs become *leu*, and again into Roumania become *lei*. None of these three Balkan states will accept the others' money at par; though there is no difference in the English exchange. Moreover, the centimes of France become the *para* of Servia, the *stotinki* of Bulgaria, and the *bani* of Roumania. Thus division in sentiment and in economy is cultivated and perpetuated. The natural position of the southern Slavs is with Russia (of course entire independence would be equally good); Turkish influence has now disappeared, except that she still has some Bulgarians of her own to bully. There only remains Germany. *Voilà l'ennemi!* It in no way suits Germany to facilitate any Slav development except in subordination to Germany or German-Austria. Nor does it suit Germany to have a strong Hungary or a strong and honest Turkey. True, Germany is awkwardly placed in north Europe, and is fighting desperately for her own hand. Less resistance is likely from the east than from the west to her 'peaceful penetration' and warlike ambition as recently and barefacedly developed by a distinguished general. It is very likely, therefore, that the visits of MM. Deschanel and Roussel to the Balkan states may have had more than 'banquet' significance. They were both still at Bukharest when I left the place on the 2nd of May.

THE RUN ON FARRACOMBE'S.

By C. EDWARDES.

THE true inwardness of that stirring day last week, when Farracombe's nearly went smash, will, I dare say, never be known now, and I, for my part, don't care whether it is or not.

Mr Sampson, the bank's solicitor, still inclines, with Mr Bernard Farracombe, the managing partner, towards that large word 'conspiracy.' They fancy it was to some extent an engineered scare either on the part of the United Midland or the National Joint, or perhaps both—there is such a lot of competition in business, isn't there?—these much more important concerns, of course, hoping to scoop in our customers afterwards as easily as a grocer scoops sugar. They had both got tired of making overtures to us to amalgamate, and presumably meant to kill and eat us in their own way.

There was a board meeting this morning—present, Mr Bernard, Mr Sampson, old Mr Barron (eighty-seven, with an ear-trumpet), middle-aged Mr Farracombe (from London, in the latest tailor things and his single eyeglass), and sharp-nosed little Miss Mortimer, who had inherited a fifth share in the bank from her father, who married a Farracombe in George the Fourth's time, which proves her to be no chicken either.

I took some documents into the room in the midst of their talk, and caught Mr Sampson waving his finger and mentioning the United Midland manager's name with a fierce expression. 'How unkind of him!' squeaked little Miss Mortimer. Then they all shut up briefly in my honour; and Mr Bernard said, 'Thank you, Westcott,' with a sweet and cordial smile.

I didn't get back for about five minutes. They were all so pleased to see me again.

Mr Sampson rose and put his hand on my shoulder. 'Whatever forces were at work for our injury last Wednesday,' he remarked in his most glowing board-room manner, 'one thing is

almost beyond question: we owe the preservation of our credit to this young man.—Well done, Mr Westcott! Well done!'

'There 's no doubt you are right, Sampson,' said Mr Bernard generously.

The buck Farracombe monocled me with a flattering air. 'Capital idea, my boy!' he chuckled. 'When the Germans come, you 're the sort of young feller to—er—swill 'em back to the Fatherland, ships an' all.'

Miss Mortimer's long nose pointed at me and shook like a twig in a breeze. I understood her to whisper that it was *so* clever of me, and that she could never have conceived such a bold thought herself.

Then she piped it into old Mr Barron's trumpet that I was 'the young resourceful employé of the bank who,' &c.

'I think that will do, Westcott,' said Mr Bernard ere the old gentleman had fully grasped my importance. 'We can't afford to turn your head. I hope I shall have some good news for you presently.'

'Is Alderman Grandman better to-day, have you heard, Westcott?' called out Mr Sampson when I was bowing myself forth.

'He 's going on very nicely, sir,' I replied as I retired and shut the door on his laughter, which didn't strike me as being in very good taste.

Back I went to the office, and told Ebbswith, my assistant at the counter, that the dons were still gnashing their teeth about the other two banks.

'Well, all I can say,' said Ebbswith, 'is that they 're a pack of silly old fossils.'

We had talked the mystery to death by this time, Ebbswith and I, and come to the same humble opinion. The evening before the rush a soap company's motor-wagon went amok in the market square, and played Old Harry with our windows; and in the late hours of that day we both heard newspaper-boys crying, 'Farracombe's Bank smashed!' That sort of thing catches on to provincial nerves. Pebbleton isn't a brainy spot, and the agriculturals outside are even thicker-skulled than our townsfolk. Although Mr Bernard and Mr Sampson wouldn't and won't see it, we both feel pretty sure that the rush of depositors and credit accounts which set in at ten o'clock next day (market-day, by rough luck) was due mainly to our broken windows and those loose-tongued young newspaper-rips. However, to return to the fateful Wednesday, as it was for me and the bank.

The fateful part in my case rather began on the Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, an hour before that wagon charged at our windows. Alderman Grandman, Elsie's father, met us at the King Street corner. I had just taken Elsie's arm to steer her past a perambulator, and she was laughing because the perambulator went over her toes nevertheless. It was a light pram, with a very small baby, and so she wasn't really hurt.

'Ho! what 's this? You, Mr Westcott, and *you*, Elsie?'

The old gentleman didn't like me then. Elsie had teased me previously with that information. It was one of the reasons, she said, why I had better not yet tell him I was in love with her. He glared at my guilty hand, then at the rest of me, and lastly at Elsie's smiling face, which hadn't any guilt on it.

'We happened to meet, sir,' I said, with a great longing to tell him much more still.

But he didn't give me any chance of that.

'Indeed!' said he. 'Indeed!' He eyed me as if I were fit stuff for the town's rubbish destructor—a recent installation at large cost.—'You will come home with *me*, Elsie.'

'With pleasure, papa,' said Elsie.

She took his arm just as I had taken hers, smiled me a melodious little 'Good-night,' and away they went. The alderman was in an awful rage, too warm for more words. He gave me one other terrific look, and I wandered off to my 'digs' feeling very flat. I hadn't much laugh in me when I heard those kids crying 'Farracombe's Bank smashed!' and ascertained from a policeman that it was only a plate-glass smash.

A note from Elsie at breakfast the next morning started the great day vilely. She just wrote to say that papa *knew* now, and that perhaps I had better try to love some one else. 'He hates you, dear—and what *is* to be done?' With these pretty words in my mind, I rammed on my hat and made for the bank. The best comfort I could get on the way was the hope that the alderman would have a fit soon and die, and leave Elsie to please herself. He is a seventeen-stone man, which supplied grounds for the hope.

Then came the excitement, and love took a back-seat for hours.

There was a crowd of forty or fifty folk at Farracombe's door; glaziers were mending the windows; a constable was grinning outside the crowd; Green, our porter, in his claret livery, was trying to jeer them into common-sense; and young Mowbray, the junior, was helping him.

'What 's all this?' I asked.

'We want our money.' 'If they doors bain't open soon we 'll bu'st 'em in.' 'Robbin' poor folks!' 'Mr Westcott, sir, do say it 's false about the bank bein' broke!'

They made such a din and such ugly faces!

'Of course it 's false, idiots!' I said, in answer to Mrs Brabbins, a retired pork-butcher's wife, the appellant party. 'You 'll all get your money if you want to.'

I ran round to the back entrance, and met Mr Bernard coming down from his breakfast. We had a laugh together, and in ten minutes

the doors were open and we got to work, Ebbswith and I.

It was pay, pay, pay, as hard as we could, from half-past nine to half-past ten.

By ten o'clock Mr Bernard had no laugh left in him. The pack of depositors grew larger. They struggled to get in, and couldn't.

At a quarter-past ten Mr Bernard went off to the United Midland and the National Joint for additional cash, but got none.

When he returned, Mr Sampson was trying to make the thickheads listen to him and be patient. But not they. Mr Bernard's troubled face and whispers, first to Mr Sampson and then to me, convinced them that we were bankrupt, and they became like hungry hyenas.

We truly were in difficulties—temporary ones. Our supply of ready cash was not more than the average, and another hour of this game and it would all be gone.

'I 'm going to Birmingham for help, Westcott,' said Mr Bernard in my ear. 'Hold out somehow until I return. I must rely on you. Anything you can think of to gain time—anything.'

'Right, sir,' said I; and on we went.

Mr Sampson harangued himself hoarse. Green, trying to keep order in the pack, got his nose punched and his livery torn off. We paid slower and slower. The last bag of gold came out of the safe—a mere three thousand pounds—and disaster stared us in the face.

And then who should come fighting in, like a giant among pygmies, but Elsie's dad, with cheeks like pickled cabbage!

'Make way, there!' he shouted, louder than any of them, his white hat well back on his head, and a slip of paper in his hand.

I 'm sorry to say it, but he didn't spare the women in his crush to the counter—my part.

'Mr Westcott! Mr Westcott!' he thundered, 'cash this for me at once—in Bank of England notes.'

Well, I was hot and tired enough before his coming, but he and his cheque were the limit. The cheque was for one thousand one hundred pounds. I looked at it, and then at him.

'Just a moment, sir,' I said, and returned it to him.

Poor old Green had struggled to the glass door of Mr Bernard's private room on the public side of the counter. There he stood, with a fine patch of bare shoulder showing through his torn shirt, guarding that approach to the bank's premises. He caught my eye, and was ready for me when I slipped from the office into the private room.

'Something startling 's got to be done, sir,' I whispered to Mr Sampson in passing; and that something I quickly communicated to Green when I 'd got him inside. The thought had come to me a few minutes ago, and Elsie's father ripened it.

'Get out the hose, Green—quick!' I said. 'See?'

He saw. It delighted him to see. He owed the crowd a debt of gratitude, and his eyes twinkled as he ran into the corridor. When he returned, with the swelling pipe in his hands (a two-inch nozzle and tremendous water-pressure), he found my preparations for a small bonfire in the manager's room complete. A few crumpled newspapers on the floor by the door, a match—and there we were!

Up went the flames!

'Now then,' I said, opening the door, 'let 'em have it!'

The next moment I was shouting to Pebbleton's fools to look out for themselves. 'The bank 's on fire, ladies and gentlemen! For your own sakes, clear!'

It was a gorgeous blaze, with every appearance of the real thing. Green hissed his stream through it into the midst of the crowd—head-high, neck-high, and waist-low. Ebbswith said it fountained up from them in sprays like the sea at a shell-practice. It *was* something like that. And then the scuffling and yells! They 'd wanted their money just before; but they were still keener now in making sure of their lives. Hats, bonnets, all loose trifles at the right elevation, were swept from their fleeing heads and shoulders like straws in a hurricane.

In a very short time not an unofficial soul was left in the bank, and only their jetsam remained in the puddles on the floor to bear witness to them.

'Now close the door, Green,' I commanded; and, with a bang, for the first time in its long career, Farracombe's was shut when it ought to have been open.

'Scales and Crewe,' I next commanded two of the staff, 'write out a couple of notices as big as you can, "Will reopen at one o'clock, certain," and stick them in the windows. You might, for the look of the thing, turn the hose on the windows first, Green. It will also help the notices to stick!'

Then I picked up the remarkable white beaver hat for which Elsie's father is famous, and smiled at Mr Sampson.

'It was the only thing to do, sir, I 'm afraid,' I said.

Mr Sampson shook hands with me across the counter.

'Desperate diseases, Mr Westcott,' said he. 'It was smart of you. I hope it will serve its turn, and that Mr Bernard will be back in time.'

Mr Bernard came back well to time, but until then we all sat tight behind our closed doors and let Pebbleton fuss and fret outside as it pleased.

He came back in a Birmingham motor-car, with thirty thousand pounds in notes and gold;

and punctually at one o'clock we reopened and got to work again. We not only cashed cheques as before, but we distributed hats and bonnets and other toilet trifles to the recent sufferers, with apologies and easy smiles. We were all in good spirits now on our side of the counter. We even chaffed the sufferers, which astonished and soothed them so much that some of them chaffed back. Better still, an example was set which soon caught on. Certain of them loudly declared their confidence in Farracombe's stability, and went off without their money.

By three o'clock we were saved, and at half-past we shut the door at the usual time, with lots of cash still in hand; and Mr Bernard said once more, 'Good man, Westcott! This shall be remembered at the next board meeting.'

At four I went home exhausted, taking Elsie's father's hat with me, and feeling depressed again about Elsie herself; but otherwise crowned with laurels.

I had wondered off and on in the meantime why the alderman had not returned or sent for his hat, and why his anxiety about that one thousand one hundred pounds cheque had died away. I still wondered in my diggings as I toyed with the hat, and asked myself questions associated with the old gentleman and Elsie; and thus toying, lo! I drew out from the lining of the hat a fold of paper with a pencilled line on it, and one, two, three, four crisp Bank of England notes for five hundred pounds apiece inside the paper!

A gasp or two at this discovery, and I hurried to the old gentleman with his two thousand pounds. He had several quaint habits, and I remembered now that Elsie had mentioned this one of carrying light treasures in his hat. But *what* could have happened to him in such circumstances? Something alarming, at least.

It was just that. I found him in bed, groping towards the realities of life again. A Pebbleton policeman had brought him home from the fire in a cab, breathless, with a congested brain and streaming with bank water. The doctor said that about his brain, and they had kept him as silent as a tomb until now, when he had begun to insist that he was well and yearned for just the comfort I alone could give him.

'Oh Tom,' cried Elsie, rushing downstairs to me in the hall, '*you* have his hat! That's what he is worrying about. Wait, dear.'

I heard a husky 'Ah!' of relief in the alderman's deep voice above, and waited. And then Elsie beckoned from the stairhead, and I followed his hat into the alderman's presence.

He seemed very feeble, but was surprisingly grateful also. 'Thank you, Mr Westcott,' he whispered. The four bank-notes were already on his pillow. 'You were aware of these?' he asked, touching them.

'I chanced upon them, sir,' I said.

He whispered a needless explanation of them. They represented a cash transaction that morning for some property. He was taking them to his own bank, the United Midland, with the one thousand one hundred pounds cheque on us, when the scene at Farracombe's disturbed his mind's balance. He didn't say this in exact words, but we understood, Elsie and I, on opposite sides of the bed. We exchanged glances.

'What possessed me to think Farracombe's could be shaky?' he asked suddenly.

'I can't say, sir,' said I, 'but many thought the same. Of course it's all nonsense, and we shall be all right to-morrow.'

'Ah! And that fire?'

'It was the saving of us,' I exclaimed, with cheek that I ought to have been ashamed of, yet was not. Elsie's face and eyes at the other side of the bed were an inspiration. Besides, I did but echo the opinion of Mr Bernard and Mr Sampson, sharper heads than mine. 'It gave us a rest, you see, sir.'

'Ah!' He perceived that also. 'A fortunate thing for Farracombe's!' he murmured. 'Nothing could have been more so—nothing. Your appliances for—for such emergencies are very powerful indeed. I was struck'——

Whether he was more struck by them in the abstract or the concrete he was not permitted to say.

Elsie intervened. 'That will do, papa!' she said. 'You are both tired. You don't know how hard he has been working all to-day, papa. Dr Helmsley says every one is talking about it. And he says, too, that you must be kept quiet, dear.—Say "Good-night" to papa, Tom.'

I said it, with hidden emotions, after a look at Elsie which—well, it told me, among better things, that the weaker sex, as they are called, are often a mighty lot stronger and more determined than we are.

'We must obey orders, I suppose,' said the alderman, with a faint and not unpleasing smile. He showed no surprise at the 'Tom.' 'Good-night, Mr Westcott,' he added, smiling from his pillows.

I expect if he had given me his hand to shake in that moment I should have made him yell. That's how I felt towards him, for his own as well as Elsie's sake. But he drew his hands under the blankets, and Elsie tucked him up tenderly. She slipped those bank-notes beneath his pillow, and his slight nod showed that she did right in that also.

She followed me downstairs, and we embraced in the dining-room.

'I'm so glad *you* brought it, dear,' she said, with her little hands on my shoulders—'so very glad, Tom.'

She had to explain that the 'it' was the hat. I wasn't thinking of hats, bank-notes, or even fathers just then. Not likely, with Elsie's eyes smiling at me with such sweet confidence.

'You must go home and to bed, Tom, now,'

she went on. 'Dr Helmsley says there 's nothing to be seriously alarmed about in papa.'

'I hope not indeed,' said I very earnestly.

'I 'm sure there 's not,' she said. And then she whispered, 'He 'll *really* like you now, dear. I think he began to try last night; but when he remembers to-day, and all you 've done, he can't help himself. Tom, I 'm *so* proud of you, dear.'

You may guess if I was proud of myself as I clasped her to me.

'But'—the riddle clamoured for an answer, and I sought it while we went hand-in-hand to the door—'what makes you think he began to like me last night, Elsie?'

'Began to *try*, I said, Tom,' she replied. 'Oh, because I told him he would have to, dear. There! That 's quite enough for you. Men are very easy to manage, if you go about it the right way.'

. . . . . .

It was a splendid ending to a day that opened pretty badly, wasn't it?

I 've had a lot of scruples since then as to what the alderman will say when he learns the truth of the fire. It 's generally known now, and I 'm rather tired of being ragged and praised for it across the counter and everywhere. But it hasn't reached the alderman's ears, because Elsie is keeping him quiet at Torquay for a month. *Elsie* knows. 'How naughty of you!' she said when I told her. But she is sure the alderman will forgive me even that when he realises what physical marvels a month's rest has done for him. Dr Helmsley says it will give him a fresh lease of life, and he 'll like that too.

. . . . . .

There 's something else he 'll like. The board meeting is just over, and I have had the pleasure of shaking hands again with Mr Sampson, old Mr Barron, middle-aged Mr Farracombe from London, and sharp-nosed, little Miss Mortimer. They were very decent to me, all of them. And then came the most decent thing of all. Mr Bernard beckoned me into his room—where the fire was—and told me this: 'I am delighted to inform you, Westcott, that we have unanimously decided to acknowledge your services last Wednesday in a way that I hope you will appreciate. The sum of five hundred pounds has been allotted to you from Profit and Loss Account. I am making the transfer note at once.'

I couldn't do much more than say, 'Thank you, sir,' press his hand, and think of Elsie.

But it 's bound to have an effect on the old alderman also.

ROBERT BURNS AND THOMAS BURNS.

THE POET AND THE PIONEER COLONIST.

By ROBERT WOOD, New Zealand.

The world's wealth is its original men; by these and their works it is a world and not a waste; the memory and the record of what men it bore—this is the sum of its strength, its sacred property for ever.—CARLYLE.

IN the Octagon, Dunedin, New Zealand, overlooked by the massive Town Hall, are two monuments to distinguished men. One of the monuments is a life-size bronze statue of Robert Burns, and the other is a tall column crowned with a Maltese cross erected to the memory of Thomas Burns. The connection between these two is not a mere accident of name. Robert and Thomas Burns were related by ties of blood. The latter was the son of the poet's brother Gilbert, whose name figures so prominently in the letters of Robert Burns. They are related also in other ways. The poet sang out the praise of grand ideals, and his distinguished nephew helped to work out these ideals in actual life. The poet sang out in his magnificent verse the idea of a world-wide human brotherhood:

> Then let us pray that come it may—
> As come it will for a' that—
> . . . . . .
> That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that!

Thomas Burns, in leaving his native Scotland, and in taking a leading part in laying the foundation of a new Dominion in the uttermost parts of the earth, did something to realise the ideal of the poet. The poet sang in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night' that the true grandeur of a nation, that makes her 'loved at home, revered abroad,' is to be seen in families bound together by pure religion and by mutual love. Thomas Burns, as a pioneer colonist, made it his life-mission to foster the growth of such homes; and the last and best monument to his memory is not the memorial column in the Edinburgh * of the southern hemisphere, but in the homes where the moral ideals of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' have been realised through his ministry as a statesman and religious teacher. The poet and the pioneer colonist are thus brought together by their memorials in the heart of a province that is in a sense the Scotland of the southern hemisphere.

The statue of the poet in the uttermost parts of the earth shows how successfully the name of Robert Burns has appealed for world-wide com-

* Dr William Chambers of Edinburgh took a keen interest in the colonising scheme in which Thomas Burns was a leading figure, and it was on his suggestion that the ancient Celtic name of Edinburgh—Dunedin—was given to the proposed city in southern New Zealand. Dr Chambers also has a memorial in Dunedin in the shape of a full-length portrait of himself in oils, one of the valued possessions of the corporation of that city.

memoration. But what a contrast there is in this posthumous glory to the actual experiences of the poet as he lived out his life among his fellows! He did taste of the pleasant fruits of fame, but only for a very short season. Edinburgh recognised his genius when his first volume of poems was published, and society opened its arms to him and caressed and fêted him. The year 1787 saw Burns the hero of an admiring crowd of literary men and fashionable society of Edinburgh. He was there, as Carlyle puts it, 'on his own basis, cool, unastonished, holding his equal rank from Nature herself.' He left Edinburgh, with its temporary fame, and faced life in the old fashion. There is something tragic in the last days of Burns. Society took him up, found entertainment in him, confirmed him in his weakness, and then threw him over. And then night fell on the poet's day of life, and his toil was over. The early biographers of Burns write as though it was an act of condescension on their part to do honour to the poet. Norman Macleod in his early days refused to preside at a Burns memorial meeting because he dared not commemorate such a man. So writes Macleod's biographer in the 'Famous Scots' series. To-day all is changed. Monuments to his memory are found all over the earth. The highest names of literature find honour to themselves in appearing as his biographers or commentators. In the British Museum there are eight hundred books or parts of books having for their subject Scotland's poet. Men to-day are not blind to the faults of Burns, but their eyes are opened to see the heritage of good in his writings; and so Burns is remembered, and rightly remembered. As Wordsworth writes:

> Through busiest street and loneliest glen
> Are felt the flashes of his pen;
> He rules 'mid winter snows and when
> Bees fill their hives.
> Deep in the general heart of men
> His power survives.

The name of Thomas Burns does not appeal to anything like such world-wide commemoration; but it is not forgotten in the new land in which he spent his last years of arduous and self-sacrificing toil, and it should not be forgotten in the land of his birth and in the place where he was trained for the special mission of his life.

He was born on the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, on the 10th April 1796, and was thus three months old when his uncle the poet died. His birthplace is commemorated in New Zealand, for a township some ten miles from Dunedin bears the name of Mossgiel. The farm of Mossgiel was taken by Robert and Gilbert Burns after their father's death, and there they found a home for their mother and themselves. It was during his life at Mossgiel that Burns wrote the larger part of his works. The surroundings of Thomas's early boyhood were thus the same as those of his uncle when his genius worked at its best. The poet held his brother Gilbert in high esteem. 'In good sense and in every sober qualification he was far my superior,' he wrote on one occasion. Gilbert and his handsome and cultured wife sought to do the best they could for the six sons and three daughters that were born to them, and five of the sons were given a university education. When Thomas Burns was still very young his father found a new home in the farm of Closeburn in Dumfriesshire, and this brought the family within reach of the Wallace Hall Academy, and the educational advantage was much valued by them. Gilbert Burns then abandoned farming on his own account, and in 1800 removed to East Lothian to manage the farm of Morham West Mains. In 1804 he was appointed factor to Lord Erskine, and to manage his Blantyre estates. Thomas Burns came under the influence of a teacher whose name is well known, Edward Irving, who became the celebrated preacher, and who was then the intimate friend of Thomas Carlyle. Irving, who had not yet finished his divinity course, was tutor to Jane Welsh, who was then only a young girl—the Jane Welsh who became in after years the wife of Thomas Carlyle; but he conducted, in addition, classes in the mathematical school of Haddington, and Thomas Burns was one of his hopeful pupils. Mrs Oliphant, in her *Life of Irving*, notes the intercourse of Irving and the family of Burns. 'Among those,' she says, 'who opened their houses to the teacher was Gilbert Burns, with whom he is said to have had some degree of intimacy.' Thomas Burns was wont to speak in after years with much affection of his old teacher Irving, and in the home of one of his descendants in Dunedin to-day there is a prize book with the following inscription in Irving's handwriting: 'From Edward Irving to Thomas Burns, this book is presented as a testimony of that esteem which his industry and success, while his pupil, have procured for him.—HADDINGTON, 12 *October* 1812.' Carlyle in his *Essay on Robert Burns* refers to his personal acquaintance with Gilbert Burns, and he may have made this acquaintance through his friend Edward Irving.

At sixteen years of age Thomas Burns entered the University of Edinburgh as a student; in due course he passed into the divinity hall, and during the summer recess each year acted as tutor in various families, and had as pupils the nephews of Sir George Warrender and the sons of Admiral Stewart. He was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Haddington in 1823, and in 1825 was presented by Sir Hew Dalrymple, in whose family he had acted as tutor, to the parish of Ballantrae in South Ayrshire, where he laboured for five years. In 1830 he removed to the parish of Monkton, the 'richest living in the county,' and in the same year married Miss Clementina Grant, the niece of the former minister of Monkton and the daughter of a Church of England minister. For thirteen years he laboured in

Monkton with signal success, and it was through his exertions that a large and handsome church was erected.

In 1843 a crisis came. Mr Burns took a decided stand on the side of the spiritual independence of the Church in the battle that was raging in the Church and in the country. He was on the side of Thomas Chalmers in protesting against the tyranny of the State; and when 1843 came round and the Disruption took place, Thomas Burns was one of the heroic band of four hundred who abandoned churches and manses and stipends. He was one of the procession that marched to Tanfield Hall, and he thus took a personal part in setting up the Free Church of Scotland. During the next few years he passed through hardships that were part of his training for his future life-work as a pioneer colonist. He changed his large manse for a small cottage, his four hundred pounds a year of stipend for a bare living wage, his magnificent church building for the stackyard of a farmhouse, where the congregation that followed the minister worshipped in the open air. He laboured in the Free Church with the same fidelity and success as he had done before the Disruption, but his thoughts were led out to the extension of the Empire through colonisation. The desire to be a pioneer colonist became a passion with him. This desire on the part of some soon took definite shape in a project to found a 'New Edinburgh' at the ends of the earth, and this scheme found the warmest favour in the heart and mind of Thomas Burns.

Scotland had once before entered with amazing enthusiasm on a project to found not only a 'New Edinburgh' but also a 'New St Andrews' in remote parts of the earth. In 1695 the Darien Scheme was sanctioned by the Scottish Parliament, and in 1698 five ships with one thousand two hundred men on board left Leith for the Isthmus of Panamá with the object of founding a colony there, and making that colony 'a commercial entrepôt between the eastern and western hemispheres.' The scheme included not merely the founding of a 'New Edinburgh' and a 'New St Andrews,' but also the making of a Panamá Canal; but it ended in utter failure, and it cost Scotland much in human life and money. Had it succeeded—and some say it would have succeeded but for its enemies south of the Scottish Border—how much more enormous would be the commercial extent of British commerce to-day!

The 'New Edinburgh' scheme that captured Thomas Burns was nurtured not in a House of Parliament but in a Church court, and it ended neither in dream nor disaster, but in the extension of Empire and Church. The children of the world are not always wiser than the children of light. The stir and excitement of the Disruption of 1843 had hardly quieted down when an Association of Free Churchmen formed a scheme for colonising the southern parts of New Zealand and founding a 'New Edinburgh' there. In 1845 Dr Candlish submitted a report to the Free Church General Assembly which said: 'The General Assembly is aware that a project for the colonisation of the interesting islands of New Zealand has been before the public for several years, and has already been partially carried into effect. In particular, a Scotch colony to New Zealand was projected two years ago under the name of New Edinburgh.' The report, which met with the approval of the Assembly, went on to express 'warm and cordial approbation of the principles on which this settlement is proposed to be conducted, as making due provision for the religious and educational wants of the colonists; and their anxious desire in these respects to co-operate with the association, and to countenance and aid their efforts to the utmost of their power.' This scheme matured somewhat slowly, for its promoters were determined that it would not end like the former 'New Edinburgh' project; but at last it was matured, and late in 1847 the two ships *John Wycliffe* and *Philip Laing*, with three hundred and forty-four emigrants on board, sailed from British shores for southern New Zealand, with the view of founding there a Presbyterian Church and extending the Empire.

In the early days of the scheme Thomas Burns was asked, and willingly agreed, to become the minister in the proposed 'New Edinburgh' colony. But while the scheme was being slowly matured he left Ayrshire and did some Church extension work in various places, and then accepted a call to a charge in Portobello. He left with the large majority of the new colonists in the *Philip Laing*, and there was much in the sailing of this ship from Greenock, on the 27th November 1847, that resembled the sailing of the *Mayflower* for New England in 1620. A farewell service was conducted by Dr Patrick Macfarlane; and as the service went on, Andrew Cameron, assistant editor of Hugh Miller's paper, the *Witness*, was busy taking notes for publication in the journal he represented. This Andrew Cameron afterwards became a minister and a pioneer religious journalist, and started *The Christian Treasury* and *The Family Treasury*, and later went by special invitation to Melbourne, Victoria, to fill a leading pulpit there; and his journalistic energy did not fail him in his new field, for he founded *The Southern Cross*, which to-day is the leading journal of its kind in the southern hemisphere.

It took Thomas Burns and his fellow-colonists four months to reach their destination in the Southern Seas, and when they landed they set themselves to turn the wilderness into a fruitful field. For six years Mr Burns had a territory as large as Scotland to oversee; and as settlement was always increasing, his work was trying and arduous. But helpers came one after another, and Church and community grew with a healthy rapidity. Between 1848, the year of his landing

in New Zealand, and 1871, the year of his death, he saw the land transformed. He saw it settled with a law-abiding and prosperous people. His enthusiasm for education was as great as for the extension of his Church, and he spared no effort to help on the work of establishing a primary school in every district, a secondary school in every large township, and a university in Dunedin; and to aid the setting up of this latter institution, he took a leading part in getting authority from the Provincial Council of Otago to use a Church endowment for founding Presbyterian schools in paying the salaries of professors in this national university. To-day the Otago provincial district is one of the most prosperous in New Zealand. Dunedin is the best-built town in New Zealand, and the woollen-mills and other industries in Otago are the most successful in the land. The Presbyterian Church which Dr Burns founded (his *alma mater*, Edinburgh University, gave him his degree) is outstandingly the dominant Church in Otago; its freewill offerings last year amounted to over fifty thousand pounds, and through its sustentation fund it paid last year a minimum stipend of two hundred and eighteen pounds, with a manse, to each of its ministers—the largest minimum stipend in the southern hemisphere.

The Life of Dr Burns has never been written; but it ought to be written, for as a man, a patriot, an educationist, an empire-builder, and a Christian minister he has made posterity largely his debtor. The poet and the pioneer, the uncle and the nephew, whose monuments are so close together in the central breathing-space of fair Dunedin, were poles apart in many ways; but in their fundamental message they had a great deal in common. The moral side of Robert Burns is seen at its best in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' and in the message of such a poem uncle and nephew are at one.

THE LOST TREASURE OF THE INCAS.

By the Rev. A. Stuart M'Nairn.

IN the year 1527 there was enacted on a little, barren island in the northern Pacific one of the most remarkable and momentous events in the world's history. On the sandy shore of that storm-swept isle, with no onlookers save the wheeling seabirds, no music other than the crashing notes of the surf, no background but the infinite spaces of that newly discovered ocean, was staged the first act of one of the world's tragedies.

The actors were a group of weather-worn, ragged, and half-starved Spanish soldiers. Many weary months before they had sailed from Panamá full of golden dreams of a wonderful El Dorado, a kingdom of gold that lay somewhere in the mysterious and sunny South. But bitter and terrible had been their disappointment; storm and tempest, fever and famine, had thinned their numbers and well-nigh broken their spirits. Where they had seen signs of the coveted gold on the coast the formidable and well-organised resistance of the natives had rendered any permanent landing impossible; while the deadly miasmas of the low-lying, swampy jungle proved an effective guardian of whatever treasures the interior might contain. At last, worn with toil, hunger, and disappointment, they had taken refuge on this barren isle, one-half to eke out a wretched subsistence on what shellfish they could pick up on the shore, while the others returned with the ships to Panamá for provisions and reinforcements wherewith to prosecute their fantastic quest.

The vessels had at last returned; but in place of reinforcements and help for their ambitious schemes, orders had come from the governor of Panamá that the whole company was to return without delay, and sacrifice no more valuable lives in such a chimerical enterprise.

It was a supreme moment. After weary months of hunger and privation relief had come; the way was open to return to civilisation, to exchange the misery of their wretched lot for the comfort and security of home, and they had the governor's command to do so. Though they little dreamed it, the fate of a mighty empire hung in the balance, and one wonders what would have been the history of that western hemisphere had that command been obeyed. But the leader of that ragged band, execrable though his name may be in many respects, was a man of indomitable perseverance and unalterable purpose, a man who never knew when he was beaten. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;' and, in spite of every appearance to the contrary, that was the moment of flood-tide in the affairs of the erstwhile swineherd, Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru.

He looked around that sullen group of hunger-wasted men, and read in their emaciated faces the story of blighted hopes and ruined prospects. He saw the light of a great relief in their eyes as the command to return to safety was read by Tafur, the leader of the relief expedition. He saw the golden dreams of a great destiny growing dim in the light of the stern reality of their actual position. And then he acted.

Stepping out from amongst the others, a gaunt, heroic figure, and drawing his sword, he traced a line from east to west with the point of the weapon on the firm sand of that wave-worn beach. Then, pointing southward, he turned to his companions and said, 'Comrades and friends, on yonder side

toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death await us; on this side, ease and pleasure. Yonder road leads to Peru with its riches, this to Panamá and poverty. Let each man choose what best becomes a brave Castilian.' And he stepped across the line to the south.

There was a pause, while men looked in one another's faces; then the old pilot, Ruiz, strode after his leader; and one by one thirteen of his companions followed the dauntless Pizarro across that fateful line.

. . . . . .

The golden kingdom that these men were seeking was no dream. While the peoples of Europe were struggling out of a condition of rude barbarism into national self-consciousness, there existed on the shores of that far western continent, undreamt of by the Old World, an empire and a civilisation comparable only with the ancient dynasties of Egypt and Assyria. Rising on the ruins of long-vanished peoples whose origin and identity are lost in the mists of antiquity, and whose very existence is known to us only by the titanic and imperishable monuments that they raised, there had emerged a unique and wonderful empire, which in its strange combination of an absolute despotism with a partial socialism is perhaps unequalled in the world's history.

That strange race, the Incas, or Children of the Sun, as they styled themselves, whatever their antecedents may have been, had established themselves in the great valleys of the Andes, and from there had extended their sway to the countries which we now know as Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. Out of the conflicting and barbarous tribes that peopled those regions they had built up a strong and united empire, using one speech, obeying one law, owning one supreme head.

Under the beneficent sway of the Incas the arts and sciences of architecture, engineering, and mining, working in gold and silver, and weaving, had attained a pitch of excellence that is well-nigh incredible, and in some of these branches the work has never been surpassed.

The mountains that formed the cradle and home of that race were literally full of gold and silver, and very early these old craftsmen learned to mine and smelt these metals, and to work them into a thousand forms of artistic application. Money they had none; and all the store of the precious metals that these mountains yielded went to the purposes of art and decoration, and almost entirely to the decoration and adornment of the royal palaces and temples of the Incas.

This was the golden kingdom, rumours of which had excited the cupidity of these Spanish adventurers, the El Dorado which had lured them on through storm and tempest, by pestilential swamp and barren desert, and the lust of whose gold and treasure was yet to steel their hearts and nerve their hands to deeds of unspeakable treachery, cruelty, and bloodshed; to spur them on in their frantic quest till they should lay their ruthless hands on the throbbing golden heart of the empire—Cuzco itself, the sacred City of the Sun.

And so, with consequences more dire and terrible and far-reaching than any of that little band could conceivably have foreseen, Pizarro and his handful of desperate followers stepped across that line of destiny on the wave-swept shore of Gallo, and set their faces southward towards Peru and the conquest of an empire.

. . . . . .

In the city of Caxamarca, Pizarro and the Inca first came face to face. The ruler of this great empire, fearless and trusting, came to extend hospitality and royal welcome to the white strangers who deigned to visit his land. But alas for the confidence of the simple Indian! The wily Spaniard, having invited the royal potentate to visit him as a 'friend and a brother,' posted his troops in an ambush in the houses round the *plaza*, and at a given signal they opened fire on the unarmed retinue of the monarch, slaughtering them like sheep, and in the fierce struggle and confusion that followed taking the Inca himself captive.

The royal prisoner, Atahualpa, very soon found what was the ruling passion in the minds of these fair-skinned strangers, and the object that had brought them to his shores; and rightly judging that, as their lust for gold had led them to such a dishonourable act of treachery and violation of the sacred laws of hospitality, the same greed might open to him the door of liberty, he offered in return for his freedom an enormous ransom.

He was confined in an apartment twenty-two feet long by seventeen broad; and one day he said to Pizarro that if he were set at liberty he would cover the floor of his room with pure gold. His hearers laughed incredulously, and this so enraged the Inca that he exclaimed, 'You think I cannot do this? I shall do more!' And stepping to the wall, and standing on tiptoe, he reached far up the wall, and said, 'Look you! I shall fill this room with gold to where I now reach if you will in return set me free.'

They took him at his word. A line was traced on the wall at a height of nine feet from the floor; and an agreement was drawn up whereby the Inca was to be set at liberty when he had filled the room to that height with golden vessels, ornaments, and utensils to be brought from the royal palaces and temples of Cuzco, and also filled a smaller adjoining chamber twice with silver; the whole to be performed in two months.

Messengers were despatched to Cuzco, to Pachacamac, and to other places with orders to strip the temples of their treasures and bring them to Caxamarca. And presently the first instalments began to arrive. But the distances were great and the burdens were heavy, and the

rapacity of the soldiers made them impatient. Rumours of a rising among the Indians got abroad. The Inca was accused of causing delay with a view to giving time to his people to effect his rescue. And at last, before the amount of gold agreed upon had been delivered, the contract was closed, the gold was melted up and divided, and, in cruel violation of their agreement and sacred promises, the Inca was brutally murdered, after a mock trial, lest he should prove a hindrance to their further plans of conquest and plunder; a vile and despicable deed that was a fitting prelude to the tragedy of a conquest that covers the remembrance of Spain in Peru with eternal shame.

Although the amount of gold was far short of what the Inca had offered, it is estimated that the sum divided among the conquerors at that time amounted to three and a half millions sterling, and this only takes account of the gold as metal. Had it been retained wrought as it was into a thousand wonderful forms by the skill of the Indian artists, how vastly would its value be enhanced in our eyes to-day!

This was only a beginning, and a foretaste of the treasure that awaited the conquerors in that land of gold.

In the course of time they made their way to Cuzco, the capital of the empire and the site of Ccuri-cancha, the Temple of the Sun, with its court of gold. The horses' shoes wearing out and iron not being obtainable, the cavalry shod their animals with silver, and thus went on their way. All along the route they encountered treasure. In one place they stumbled on ten large planks of silver intended for the decoration of the palace of an Inca noble. These planks were twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick, all of solid silver.

It was in Cuzco itself, however, that their dreams were realised and they got to the very heart of the golden kingdom. This was the sacred City of the Sun established by that Child of the Sun and founder of the Inca dynasty, Manco Ccapac. Here, according to the old legends, the sceptre of gold entrusted to him by his father, the Sun, had sunk into the earth and disappeared, thus indicating the spot where he should establish his capital; and from here the empire had grown and spread till it embraced the vast dominions over which Atahualpa was ruler. Here the wealth of ages had been accumulated in the embellishment of the great house of the Sun and the numerous temples to inferior deities which abounded in the capital.

The great temple had already been stripped of a large part of its exterior decoration to help to swell the ransom of Atahualpa; but the golden frieze remained, having been too firmly embedded in the masonry to be removed. This frieze or cornice consisted of a plate of pure gold more than a yard wide, which ran round the whole building like a crown. The interior of the temple was covered from roof to floor with plates of gold, and on one side, facing the eastern portal, the whole wall was occupied with a gigantic representation of the Sun. This was a circular plate of gold double the thickness of the plates that covered the walls, and thickly studded with precious stones.

It has been generally understood that this precious emblem, a fortune in itself, fell to the lot of one of the conquerors named Leguisamo, a great gambler, who lost it at cards in one night's play, giving rise to the proverb, '*Juega el sol antes que amanezca*' ('He plays away the sun before dawn'). Further light, however, has recently been thrown on this story, and it appears that it was not the great golden sun from the temple which Leguisamo squandered at cards, but a very much smaller plate of the same kind. The great sun escaped the treasure-seekers, and is concealed to this day with other vast hoards of hidden gold.

The well-authenticated descriptions of this great temple and the gardens by which it was surrounded, which have come down to us from those who saw them in their glory, read like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*. Gold, which in the quaint poetry of the Indians was the 'tears of the Sun,' had been used in the most lavish manner. On each side of the great image of the Sun were ranged the bodies of the dead Incas (embalmed by some process that preserved them as though they were alive), seated on thrones of pure gold. On the floor of the temple stood twelve immense silver jars, which were said to be so large that two men with outstretched arms could scarcely encompass them. These were filled with maize from the sacred gardens of the Island of the Sun in Lake Titicaca. The ornaments, utensils, and all things necessary for the service of the temple were of the same precious metals. The gardens surrounding the temple surpassed all that these eager adventurers could have imagined in their wildest dreams. Here the fancy of the luxurious princes had run riot, specially in the veritable Ccuri-cancha, or Court of Gold—a garden in which nothing grew, but where all growing and living things were simulated in imperishable gold and silver by the skill of the Indian craftsmen. Here was a field of Indian corn where, from the tall silver stalks, with their broad leaves, the rich golden cobs peeped out from their silver sheaths, and delicate tassels of finely spun silver floated on the breeze. In another part a golden fountain sent up a sparkling jet of silver, while golden fish disported themselves in the silver waters beneath. Plants, shrubs, herbs, and flowers, even trees, large and small, with their hanging fruit, filled the garden, all wonderfully fashioned; and animals of all kinds, serpents, lizards, and toads, birds and butterflies, each one in its natural position, gave the impression that some richly stocked natural garden had at the touch of a magician's

wand been transformed into gold and silver. Elsewhere could be seen a number of llamas, the Peruvian sheep, with their young, and the shepherd in attendance, all formed from the same precious materials; while golden pipes brought streams of sparkling water from unseen sources which rippled over the golden ground where these rich creatures browsed.

A sceptical age will smile at all this and class it with the story of Aladdin's wonderful garden; but be it borne in mind what has already been mentioned, that this was all in the heart of a country which is unparalleled in the wealth of its gold and silver deposits, and that the output of the innumerable mines which were being continually worked passed into the hands of the princes for their exclusive use, to be applied as they thought fit to the embellishment of their palaces and temples. This exclusive accumulation of the precious metals had been going on for centuries, and each successive ruler strove to outdo all his predecessors in the magnificence of his palace or of his gifts to the sacred Temple of the Sun.

Probably only a fraction of this vast accumulation of wealth fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The news of their approach spread far and wide, together with the fact that they were eager for gold and were despoiling the temples and sacred places of their treasures; hearing which, the Indians hurriedly removed and concealed all that was portable so effectually that it has never been found from that day to this. What remained, being difficult of removal, was in itself a vast treasure, and gives one some faint conception of the almost illimitable wealth that lies stored away in secret hiding-places to this day awaiting the fortunate explorer—or, as has sometimes happened, the casual wayfarer—who stumbles on some hidden hoard. One old Spanish writer who visited Cuzco shortly after the conquest says that when he was speaking of these treasures to some of the Indian nobles, they took a large measure of Indian corn, and dropping one grain out of it, said, 'The Christians have found that; the rest is so concealed that we ourselves do not know the place of it.'

In many places, when the news of the death of Atahualpa and the fall of the empire was received, vast treasures were disposed of so effectually that they could never be recovered; the native priests preferring that these sacred things should be for ever lost rather than fall into the sacrilegious hands of the invaders. This occurred, for example, in connection with the Sun Temple on the sacred Island of the Sun in Lake Titicaca. This was the reputed spot where the Sun had originally placed his two children, Manco Ccapac and Mama Occllo Huaco, the founders of the Inca dynasty, and was held in very high regard as a particularly sacred place. A temple to the deity was erected here adorned with gold like that at Cuzco, and every year vast offerings of gold and silver and precious stones were made at this shrine. So great was the accumulation of these rich materials that the Indians declared there was sufficient to have constructed another temple entirely of gold and silver. As soon as the news of the downfall of the empire and the approach of the Spaniards was received, the entire treasure was thrown into the lake and lost for ever.

Another small lake near Cuzco, very deep and surrounded by lofty mountains, is said to be the resting-place of a large proportion of the treasure that was hurried from Cuzco on the approach of the invaders. Among other great jewels that were cast into this lake was the golden chain which the Inca Huayna Ccapac caused to be made in honour of the birth of his son Huascar. This chain was about seven hundred feet long, and it is said that the two hundred Indians who bore it in the ceremonial dances on the occasion of the naming of the child were scarcely able to lift it. In the year 1557 a number of Spaniards formed a company to drain this lake and secure the treasure. As it lies high above the river, they sought to attain their object by driving a tunnel through the hill below the level of the lake-bottom; but after proceeding about a hundred feet they struck a flinty rock on which, with the tools at their disposal, they could make no impression, and gave up the attempt.

A story that still holds in these regions tells how a convoy of a thousand llamas, each with its burden of from fifty to one hundred pounds of gold, was making its way to Caxamarca to complete the ransom of Atahualpa, when the news was received of the murder of the ill-fated monarch. The convoy turned aside into the mountains, where the gold was concealed, and to this day its location remains undiscovered.

There can be no doubt that in the vicinity of Cuzco itself a great part of the treasure must have been concealed, time not permitting of its removal to any great distance with the invader at the very gates. No country could better lend itself to such concealment than the immediate environments of the ancient capital. The broken limestone formation of the hills above the city offers innumerable possibilities in this way, and in one place the limestone cliff is fissured and worn into a perfect labyrinth of passages and chambers which the Incas evidently extended indefinitely, heightening and widening the passages and cutting recesses and chambers in the rock. This labyrinth, or *chingana*, as it is called, extends for an unknown distance into the heart of the mountain, and was said to communicate not only with the great fortress of Sacsahuaman, which is only a short distance away, but with the city itself, though this latter is exceedingly improbable. There is a story extant, however, of two students having explored these passages till they found themselves underneath the former site of the Temple of the Sun, and heard the chanting of mass in the Church of Santo

Domingo, which now stands in its place. Certain it is that these ramifications must be very extensive, as people were frequently lost in them, the last instance being that of three boys who were lost and starved to death in the remote recesses of the labyrinth. This led the then prefect of Cuzco to destroy the entrance, and not many people now know of its whereabouts. Were this hill thoroughly explored in a systematic and scientific manner, who can tell what treasures would be brought to light from that romantic and bygone age?

A well-authenticated story connected with this place, and suggestive of the possibilities that await such exploration, must bring this brief sketch to a close. The story is taken from a manuscript in the British Museum, and is as follows:

'It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that in this fortress of Cuzco there is a secret hall where an immense treasure is concealed, including the statues of all the Incas wrought in gold. A lady is still living, Doña Maria de Esquivel, the wife of the last Inca, who has visited this hall, and I have heard her describe how she came to go there and what she saw. The lady married Don Carlos Inca, who did not keep up the state becoming a person of his exalted rank. Doña Maria frequently reproached him, declaring that she had been deceived into marrying a poor Indian under the pretence that he was a great lord and Inca. She repeated this reproach so often that one night Don Carlos exclaimed, "Lady, do you wish to know if I am the poor wretch you accuse me of being? Come with me and I shall convince you that no lord or king on earth has such treasure as I have." Doña Maria consented; and, bandaging her eyes, her indignant lord led her by a number of turns, and taking her hand, conducted her down a short flight of steps, when he then removed the bandage from her eyes. She was spell-bound with amazement. She had only come a short distance, and now she found herself in a great hall, where she beheld round the walls all the statues of the Incas, each as large as a boy of twelve years old, and all of massive gold. She saw also innumerable vessels of gold and silver, and blocks of the same precious metals. "In fact," she said, "it was the most magnificent treasure in the whole world."'

In corroboration of this old story is the fact that this same treasure was seen and utilised so late as the year 1815 by Pumacagua, the leader of the last revolt of the Indians. Unable to obtain funds for the rebellion, he was bewailing his helplessness, when an old Indian took him aside and told him he need not let money stand in the way of his plans. That night he also was led blindfolded but a short way from the city to what appears to have been this same treasure-hall, and there told to help himself to what he wanted. He secured a large ingot of gold, wrapped it in his *poncho*, and returned, staggering under the burden, to the city. Although the Indian led him by a circuitous route with the object of confusing him, he relates how, as he stood in the treasure-hall, he heard the cathedral clock in the *plaza* strike the hour—proof that he was no great distance from the town. This would confirm the much older story of the hiding-place being in the fortress-hill, where in the silence of the night the striking of the clock in the cathedral could well be heard.

A friend of the writer in Cuzco can remember as a boy conversing with the mother of Pumacagua; and Sir Clements Markham tells of a friend of his in Cuzco who as a child knew the chief personally, and was actually present on that memorable night when he returned, dripping wet after his midnight adventure, bearing the gold for his patriotic campaign. Slender links these with a rapidly vanishing past!

Such is a very slight sketch of some of the wonders of that land of treasure and romance. Few histories enshrine such tragedy as that of the conquest of Peru. Rarely has the lust of gold wrought such irrevocable ruin, or its possession brought such sad and terrible disaster on its unhappy owners. Perhaps it is well that the vast accumulations of that imperial treasure should lie for ever buried in the secret fastnesses of those mighty mountains. May those glittering peaks that stand sentinel over the graves of that vanished empire guard well the secret that has been committed to their charge, lest in the effort to wrest it from their grasp and unlock the mysterious doors of silence which have kept it through the centuries, the spirits of cruelty, lust, and blood are again let loose to bring desolation and misery to that unhappy land!

EURASIANS IN BURMA.

By F. N. Burn, Rangoon.

I WAS born in India of Scottish parents. My father joined the Madras army when he was sixteen years of age, and retired as a general officer in the early fifties of the last century. My mother was the daughter of the officer commanding the Argyll Militia in the early years of the nineteenth century. My grandfather was employed in the India Office in the eighteenth century. I had a brother who, like my father, joined the Madras army at sixteen years of age, and who served in the Second Burmese War as adjutant of his regiment when he was only nineteen years old. I came to Burma in 1862, and with the exception of five months spent

in England in 1876, and two or three visits to India of about a fortnight's duration, have been in Burma and Siam for forty-eight years.

I mention these personal facts partly to show that I am not a Eurasian myself, and also to point out how early military careers were commenced in the first half of the nineteenth century. No examination was thought necessary in those days. Cadets were simply requested to call at the India Office, where they were interviewed by their nominators and any other directors who happened to be present, and after ten minutes' conversation informed they were appointed, and expected to sail for India by such-and-such a date.

Since 1862 there have been great changes. Travelling was slower and more expensive then. Nowadays men in Government service usually spend their privilege leave (three months in three years) in Britain, and get their five or six weeks at home after every three years with almost as great regularity as a trip could be made from London to France or Germany. India seems to have ceased to be the happy hunting-ground it was formerly considered for young ladies. They come out as they formerly did, but often return unmarried after spending a few months with their relatives and friends. Young men, if they are in a marrying mood, prefer going to Britain to make their selection. There is also a much greater number of educated Eurasians in the East. In Rangoon and Moulmein there are hundreds of young ladies of this class who hardly differ in appearance from Europeans, except perhaps that some of them are of somewhat darker complexion. Many of these ladies have been educated in the excellent hill-schools in India; some even go to Europe for their education. There are also excellent Roman Catholic orphanages in Rangoon and Moulmein, originated by the late Bishop Bigandet. Hundreds of Protestant children have received their education at these institutions. For many years there were no other places where girls could be placed; though Anglican and Methodist orphanages have recently been started. Bishop Bigandet was a most liberal-minded Roman Catholic prelate. He was loved and respected by every Protestant in Burma who knew him; and although over a thousand Protestant children must have passed through his schools, I have never heard of any complaint as to their religious belief being in any way interfered with. Although he must have passed nearly his whole life in the East, Bishop Bigandet had a European reputation. His *Life of Gaudama*, written nearly half a century ago, is still quoted by scientists as a work showing both knowledge and research. His knowledge of Burmese gave him great advantages over many missionaries. For hundreds of years there have been Roman Catholics amongst the Burmese, originally descended from Spanish and Portuguese adventurers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who were taken prisoners by Burmese kings and placed in various villages, but whose religious belief was not interfered with by the tolerant Buddhists, an example not always followed in those days by European nations.

Prejudice against Eurasians is not so strong as it was when I first came to the country. That the British, of all races in Europe perhaps the most mixed, should ever display it is remarkable indeed. They, of all nationalities out here, are the most responsible for the existence of the Eurasian. In 1857, when for a few months it seemed a question whether we should be able to hold our own in the Indian upper provinces, the Eurasians were everywhere on our side. They, with the European officers of Sepoy regiments of the Bengal Army which had mutinied, formed more than half of the only squadron of cavalry which accompanied Havelock to the first relief of Lucknow. In Lucknow itself they formed a considerable proportion of the garrison, and took their share of military duties, together with the Queen's Thirty-second Regiment and the few Sepoys who threw in their lot with us. In Cawnpore they shared in the first horrors of Wheeler's entrenchment, and with their women and children were massacred along with Europeans. In no town or village did they ever, when there was fighting to be done, cast a slur on the European blood in their veins. Since the days of Clive, Eurasians have supplied the Indian army with some of its best soldiers, and the Civil Service with some of its best administrators. These are not a race which any nationality should despise, and certainly not natives of Britain.

In Burma, owing to the freedom of Burmese women, the Eurasian has advantages which are often denied him in India, where caste keeps the women secluded, and difficulties are placed in the way of any one trying to rise in the social scale. In some instances where the European father dies, or goes away and leaves his offspring (which, sad to say, is occasionally the case), the mother brings up the children in Burmese dress under a Burmese name, and they will in all probability be classed as Burmese in the next census. The mother finds it cheaper to do this than to buy European clothes and bring them up as Europeans. Considering the thousands of Indians who settle in the country and the large proportion who take Burmese women as wives, there will be a considerable admixture of races in Burma before the middle of the present century. Indians in Burma try to keep up caste for themselves and their children; but it is considerably modified by the Burmese mother, and if the fathers die the children to all intents and purposes are brought up as Burmese Buddhists. The boys are sent to the monastery for a short period, where they learn to read and write in Burmese. If the mother has sufficient means

she sends all her children to school, and even girls now pick up a smattering of reading and writing from their brothers or at a village school. Nowadays no one in Burma sees the necessity for education more than do Burmese women, and the freedom they enjoy enables them to acquire knowledge more easily than their Indian sisters. When I first arrived in Burma a Burmese woman who could read and write fluently was an exception to the rule. Now the majority in towns can read, whilst there are a few who are fairly well educated.

Marriages celebrated in churches or before registrars between Europeans and Burmese women are much more frequent than they used to be. Several British judges, magistrates, and civilians have formed these unions, and so far as my knowledge goes they have generally resulted happily. I do not believe any better helpmate exists in the world than the Burmese woman. When a man sees that the best part of his life will be spent in Burma, it is not perhaps surprising that he is attracted to the always cheerful and lively, and often beautiful, woman of the country, who will never pine for the hills or Britain in the hot weather, who will make it her duty to save out of his income, whatever it is, and who will really look after him in sickness and in health in a way that no European woman could do, however loving and willing she might be. Other unions than Christian marriages are not uncommon. Buddhist marriages between Burmese themselves are purely civil contracts, lasting as long as husband and wife mutually desire. Notwithstanding the facility afforded for divorce, Burmese Buddhists do not, I think, more freely indulge in it than Christians. Very few Burmese divorce cases come before our courts; though it is not absolutely necessary that they should, for they can divorce before the elders of the quarter in which they live if they choose, without the expense of judicial proceedings.

The children of unions between Europeans and Burmese are, of course, Eurasians, whether born in or out of wedlock. When they are brought up carefully and properly educated they are virtually Europeans. In these days no one would be so irrational as to blame them for one of the few circumstances in their lives which can by no possibility be said to be their fault. In every walk of life in Burma Eurasians are to be found. As amongst other races, some have turned out failures, but the large majority succeed. As judges, barristers, engineers, and as doctors, they seem in no way inferior to the Britisher. The girls make excellent wives and mothers. They can often paint, sing, and play, besides being able to cook and sew, humble but useful accomplishments where the husband's income is small.

Fifty years ago, when I was in England, the use of rouge on the cheeks or painting the lips was confined to the stage and the lowest female characters. I am sorry to say I have seen this habit practised by Englishwomen out here who are leading members in Rangoon society, or pose as such. I am told that English ladies can be seen daily at the Rangoon Gymkhana gambling at bridge. When such habits prevail, is it surprising that Englishmen with small salaries look somewhat askance at marriage with English ladies? The Eurasian educated 'girl of the period' is never seen with paint either on lips or cheeks, and I have never heard of her gambling in public. She does occasionally use violet powder, and is fond of jewellery when her husband can afford it; but I have never heard of any other extravagant tastes prevailing amongst her class.

I commenced this article because I noticed in the correspondence columns of a London newspaper some disparaging remarks regarding Eurasians. I number some of my best friends of many years' standing amongst Eurasians of both sexes. Like all other peoples I have met, they are the creatures of their surroundings. Where these are good Eurasians are good, and where they are bad similar results follow with Eurasians, Burmese, and the British. Education does as much for them as for other races. Parents sending their sons to Burma expressed fears in the same paper of the deterioration of their morals in this country. In the large towns of Burma things are very similar to what they are in large towns in Britain. Young men have their choice of different modes of life. There is a branch of the Y.M.C.A. here, and clergymen and priests of most Christian denominations, including Seventh Day Adventists. For many years Plymouth Brethren have held services in each other's houses, and they have branches in several other parts of the province. Up till the present year an old Mutiny veteran existed up-country who is a Plymouth Brother, and the Brethren number several Burmese Christians in their ranks. In the timber business, when young men are isolated, with perhaps no European within a radius of fifty miles, the temptation to fall into the ways of the country is of course much greater. Some men are able to withstand this temptation, but the majority are not. If a man expects to be only a short time in Burma he would be wise to avoid all connections, whether in the form of matrimony or unions of a temporary kind, with Burmese women. Some officers take their Burmese wives with them to Britain when they go on furlough; but the wives are happier in their own country. In this respect they are like most Englishwomen out here, who after the first few months usually desire to get back to England. I know one married man in Burma who during his service of over twenty years has only seen his wife for a month every three years when he goes home to England on privilege

leave. He has had to keep up two establishments throughout his whole career, and I suppose will retire shortly to his native land on his pension, to live the rest of his life with a wife who has been living apart from her husband for over twenty years out of twenty-one years since she made her wedding vows! Is it surprising that the British out here look somewhat askance on matrimony under such circumstances, or that unions with loving and helpful Burmese wives occur so frequently as they do?

There was a small Protestant orphanage for boys and girls in Moulmein when I arrived there in 1862, begun, I believe, by the Rev. C. S. Parish, who is still alive in England. One at least of the lads trained there (a Eurasian) displayed considerable self-reliance. He started a newspaper and printing establishment in Moulmein, and saved sufficient money to go to England, where he became a barrister, married an English wife, and acquired a good reputation at the Bar in Burma. His descendants are still in Rangoon. The girls' orphanage was under the charge of the Misses Gordon, a Eurasian family well known and greatly respected in Moulmein, where for over half a century they have remained conducting the same school. They must have educated some hundreds of children in their time. Many of these have married and settled in Burma and India. The Gordon sisters have been splendid examples of what hard-working and industrious Eurasians can do even in the tropics. Up till quite recently their mother, an old Burmese lady, was alive and well in Moulmein. Their father, a Scotsman, died when his daughters were children.

I wish to say nothing as to the morality or otherwise of temporary unions between men and women in Burma. But what every honest reader must condemn is that whilst it is a notorious fact that such unions are common in every large town in Europe, that fact is wilfully ignored by correspondents who single out Burma as a specially immoral country because similar unions take place here.

Curious ideas seem also to be prevalent in Britain as regards the unhealthiness of Burma. Our army suffered considerably from sickness during the First Burmese War in 1826. No care had been taken to supply the troops with fresh meat, and they were largely fed on salt provisions. Even our military hospitals could not always give patients fresh meat or milk. This was remedied in the Second Burmese War by Lord Dalhousie, and bullocks for slaughter were sent here from Madras; whilst the Burmese, when they found we paid for everything, also brought in large supplies. With ordinary care, any one of good constitution, leading a regular life, will enjoy fair health in Burma. Except for an accident, I have not had a doctor in attendance or required any medicine for the last thirty years. Many of your readers living in temperate climates could perhaps not say as much. In the districts, especially the teak-forests, where there is malaria a good deal of fever prevails; but happily, though other sorts of mosquitoes are very annoying in Rangoon, we do not get the *Anopheles* variety, and malarial fever is very uncommon here.

A LEGEND OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

In one of the numerous battles or skirmishes which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, 'Look at that Scotsman who is eating his own blood!' Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland; whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from the table, and going into a neighbouring chapel, shed many tears, and asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke.—*Tales of a Grandfather*, Chap. VIII.

He sat amidst the southern host, their bread the bread of gladness,
But pride kept vigil o'er his heart, to scare away his madness;
The victor's spoils upon his knee, what cause was there for sadness?

One gazed upon the silent man, and eyes with eyes are meeting,
And for the stranger in their midst he gave the strangest greeting:
'This Scot, despising honest fare, a brother's blood is eating.'

His heart went out into the night, his feet ran swiftly after,
Their jeers rang echoes down his brain, from rafter unto rafter;
Above the thunder of his blood he heard their bitter laughter.

From tomb to tomb of chill despair, his soul went blindly creeping,
The stain he cleansed from off his hand unto his heart was leaping;
A stain that rests upon the heart needs stronger purge than weeping.

Within the gates of sleep arose a vision quickly guiding,
The face of Saul, from heaven's bright rays, his dazzled vision hiding;
'Tis hard to kick against the pricks,' the fate of worlds deciding.

Before the altar of the Lord, the Bruce came humbly bending,
And swore to shrive his deadly sin by patriot love unending;
Outside the road that crests the hill to Bannockburn was wending.

A. Stodart Walker.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

WE have moved into the winter now, and there can be no more excuse for dalliance, a pretending to one's self that the indoor-time has not really and fully set in. The proper coldness has come, and we are committed to the fireside and the long evenings. To many good people these circumstances bring the determination in one form or another to begin a course of pleasure-work, and at last, after some years of neglect and hesitation, to set in force a system and do something for a badly tried conscience. These fancies refer chiefly to reading. The books are always with us. They are more with us now than ever before, because they are so much cheaper and so much more portable, and so every season is a reading season—summer, with its sunshine and open-air pursuits, as well as winter. But still in the days of sunshine there are many strong competitors with the reading for the favour of attention, and in the winter there are not so many, for repose and comfort and the fireside back up the reading so very well. Hence many say, now that the winter has really come, they will start that system they have been thinking of for so many years, and by its operation they will repair some of their most shameful deficiencies in the matter of reading. Men and women of any capacity of mind are slow to confess any of these deficiencies unless they are entirely excusable. When a book is being discussed they will not volunteer the information that they have not read it; by a certain muteness or a casual question or thin criticism they may half-suggest that they have done so; only when the question is directly put will they admit their ignorance. Now you make up your mind that you ought to read a certain book, and you purchase it. It is a long book, and the study of it is postponed until another season, and then it is deferred again. Each wasted season makes it the more difficult to recommence, and a certain uneasiness, unhappiness, comes upon you when you contemplate the volume on the shelf—not it alone, but the several others that have been added to it and neglected in the same way. You are worried exceedingly about those books; you do not know what to do with them. It has begun to seem a most difficult, even painful, matter to read them. It will mean, as it seems, an enormous sacrifice; and though the books will most likely do the reader good, will inform him upon matters that he is too ignorant of, it is felt that to read them now is going to become a severe trial. And yet when you bought them, and first in happiness made the determination to wander through the pages, you felt that it would be a great joy and pleasure to do that. Take a case that I know. One who has somewhat studious and bookish ways twelve years ago concluded that he had forgotten too much of the history of his own country since he left school, and that it would be well for him generally, for his appreciation of all that was occurring, and for his better understanding of his morning newspaper if he took a short course of English history, and thereupon he purchased Green's *Short History of the English People.* In the twelve years that have elapsed since then he has not read more than fifty pages, and he has read those fifty about eight times, renewing the task all over again at the opening of each winter! Every time it seems more and more to be an appalling business to go through this splendid little volume, and every year does it the more force itself upon him that the reading must be slow, most thorough, and very careful. Now he is almost afraid to look on the shelf where that volume lies. Yet five years ago he decided that it was impossible for a man such as he to go any farther in life in blank ignorance of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* and so he bought it in two volumes, and determined that he would read it as a change from and as a complement of a kind to Green. Only two chapters have so far been read, and perhaps, despite this new season's determinations, no more will ever be read. It is not only that procrastination has become something of a habit, but a sense of hopelessness has come upon the man. This is truly the state of thousands and thousands of other readers or would-be readers of books, and there are definite cases as to which there must be new and revolutionary decisions, or in one small, but after all not unimportant, aspect many lives will be failures. There are tens of thousands of men and women who are worried, and will always be, because they know next to nothing of Dickens, and feel they should know more. There are nearly as many who fear con-

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stantly the admission being forced from them that they have never read a line of Scott. Others reproach themselves because they have given no attention whatever to Ruskin or Carlyle, and so on. It is the old good classic and semi-classic reading that causes all the trouble. How many people who pass for being well-read have ever gone through six plays of Shakespeare? How many others could utter from memory twelve lines from Keats or Milton? The poets indeed have a sorry time with readers in these days, for all the cheap editions; but they also cause some of our worries.

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Well, then, what are the causes of the neglect and the mental dissatisfaction and unhappiness that are occasioned thereby? One is that the newspapers take up too much of people's reading-time in these days. Newspaper reading has become a disease. A man feels he must read his paper morning, noon, and night, and when he has done that there is little time for any other reading. He should make up his mind not to neglect the newspapers, for that would be a foolish and improper thing, but to reduce somewhat his newspaper habit, and to read only what he considers to be essential. Another cause is the enormous output of new books and the great facilities that are now given by the libraries for reading them on very easy terms. Say what you will, there is a certain attraction about the brand-new book fresh from the publishers, poor thing as it may be really, that there is not about the old one. It is new; when you have read it you have had the latest, and you have had something which your fathers and grandfathers had not. Moreover, you are primed with it for conversation. You either gain over others or at least preserve equality with them. This is a not unimportant consideration. And, besides, some new books are very good and valuable. The third cause is the cheap editions of the classics and the semi-classics. In the old days there was a certain excuse for not reading on the ground of expense, and perhaps also in the bulkiness of the books making it difficult to carry them about. Now we can buy them all for sixpence or a shilling each, well printed on good paper, nicely bound, and so small that they may be carried in the pocket. This has made many people more miserable than they were before. Now they feel more than ever that they must read all those books; but there are so many that it is difficult to know where to begin. And how can they begin at all when there is that Green's *History*, that Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, those Shakespearean plays, and the poems of Keats still untouched, unread? No; they must do the Green and Gibbon first, and then they will go through a long and cheap course of the classics. And, again, it is so hard to begin these, looking wistfully upon the cheap editions containing so many treasures that one would love to spend long nights with. So Gibbon and Green and Shakespeare and Milton are in the way, and they will always be so. Hard it is that it should ever be said of them, but they have become a block in the system, a hindrance, and until their terrible obsession is removed nothing will be done, but we shall simply go on reading the new novels and the newspapers. I am satisfied from inquiry, observation—and, if I must say it, knowledge of myself—that this is the state of things with an enormous proportion of readers, and that they are seriously unhappy and dissatisfied with themselves as the result. Now what must be done?

* * *

There is only one remedy, and it is a drastic one, needing a great power of decision, a hardness of heart, a callousness, a ruthlessness. It needs courage. Those old obsessions must be removed. The dream of knowing Green's *Short History* so thoroughly, and following Gibbon through the ages of ancient Rome, must be dispelled. It is very little use reading such works unless you read them most studiously, and every line from beginning to end. So resolve, if you are one of those unhappy procrastinators, that you will go to the end of your life without them. The same with all the other old obsessions—consider them finished and done for. But, you may say, surely these are appalling and shameful sacrifices to make. Yet is it not wiser to make them, better for yourself, when you may then go forward to a long companionship with other authors who are not without great merit and fame? A man who has the Dickens and Scott obsession may never be satisfied until he has read all their works, and he will never do that; and I doubt if he should. Let him renounce his slavery, and if he wishes, and is in real earnest now, let him take on some newer favourite or some good French author instead. But if he would cast overboard his few famous obsessions and start a new life among his books, he must now come to a clear understanding with himself. He has been taught a lesson, and he must profit by it, and not droop to the same unhappy state again. He has lost Green and Gibbon as the result of his errors and neglects. We will not say that he has yet suffered an eternal separation from Shakespeare and Keats, but he has lost them temporarily. Perhaps he had better get rid of his volumes of Green and Gibbon, and any others except the poets, who may be dipped into, that are in the same class. Their presence will only aggravate him and make him uneasy again when he is slowly finding his salvation. On starting afresh he must behave with common-sense, recognise certain truths, and come to certain understandings, the first of which should be that he will not buy any new books for mere shelf purposes, but that each one shall be bought to be read, and shall be read when bought, and that before others are

bought. Certainly there is no objection to taking them in small groups, three or four at a time, of different kinds for change and variation of mood. It is nice to have a library of famous books, but they should be books that have been read. There is not the same value or credit in a library of unread books to-day that there was forty years ago. And so do not buy a new shilling classical book just because it is a classic, but only because you wish to read it, and will do so forthwith.

* * *

This brings us at once to a most tremendous question, probably the greatest question that any reader of books has ever to settle in the whole course of his life. It is the question as to whether it is right and good to skip, or whether skipping is wholly bad and a practice to be entirely avoided. Have you 'read' a book in any sense whatever when you have skipped large portions of it? The ethics of skipping make a very perplexing study. Now there is the one overwhelming fact that no man can read everything that is printed in his own language. In the best of circumstances, and with very much skipping, he can only read an extremely small portion of what is selected from all the rest as being good and valuable. Then, as he cannot read all, is it better not to skip at all and read some works most thoroughly and carefully, every word of them; or should he skip freely, and by so doing make acquaintance with perhaps four times the number of books, and have a very fair knowledge of all of them afterwards? Much depends on personal idiosyncrasies and temperament, much again on one's mental agility and capacity for discovering at a glance what is the subject and general trend of a page of print, and much again on the book, for there are some books that even the most habitual and expert skipper would never think of treating in this way, for the good reason that he would gain nothing from his reading by doing so. Where each page is a necessary part of the whole, as, for instance, with many historical and scientific works, skipping to any extent cannot be done. Some people would never be really happy in skipping anything. They would have the feeling always that they were being unfair to the author—and it is a creditable feeling; and they and others might consider that a book only half-read is a book not read at all. All such people must and will decide for themselves. But there is very much to be said for careful and judicious skipping by a reader who comes to know almost intuitively what is on a page, and decides that it is not essential to his reading, and that he will not be interested by it. Most people who skip many parts and read the others carefully, as they are almost sure to do, remember the read passages better than the whole-booker—to coin a necessary phrase—remembers anything, and when they get to the last page and shut the volume they have a clearer and more accurate impression of the general contents of the work and its meaning than if they had spent four times as many hours upon it. That is exactly what they have—an impression; and in reading, as in many other matters, you do not get an impression by too close attention to detail. And then in this way a book may be finished at a single sitting which otherwise would occupy several, and the enjoyment of really completing a short study in this manner is very considerable. The long-drawn-out task becomes wearisome; and it should be borne in mind that unless the book is specially interesting to the reader there is a danger of its being avoided, and then it may become another Green or Gibbon and the beginning of another downfall. All people who skip improve in time in their skipping, and it comes to pass that though they may only spend a few seconds in a glance at a page, they know all that is on it. If one desires to do much reading and to cover a wide field, there is much, almost everything, to be said for skipping if it is done wisely and well. Fifty books are finished in a winter season as against the half-dozen or so that would have been covered by the whole-book method of reading, and in most cases probably the general entertainment and instruction are much greater. It may seem to many people to be a bold and dangerous thing thus to advocate this skipping. It is a habit which many practise but few admit, and the justification for it is that which was set forth at the beginning: that no man can read everything, and that some may by this means read far more than they otherwise would, and so the end justifies the process.

STORIES OF OLD DEVON.

By Professor HERBERT A. STRONG.

IT will be remembered how Heinrich Heine in his *Reisebilder* describes the stolid and hopelessly unimaginative Berlin Philistine as inspired with a sudden impulse to shout and sing at the bare mention of an excursion into Italy, the land of ancient glories, of art, and of beauty. I must confess to the obsession of a similar impulse when reflecting on the charms of a few, a very few, spots on this *dædala tellus*, as the old Roman poet finely describes his country. One of these is the fairyland of New Zealand, with its fiords surmounted by snow-capped mountains, its noble glaciers, and its dark verdure. Another is Tasmania, the land of fruit, with its lovely lakes

and forests and its perpetual sunshine. These are the scenes which most often present themselves to me in my dreams, and they have often tempted me to utter the prayer, '*Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ!*' But they are hard-pressed by a rival, in the shape of the memories, which can fortunately be refreshed from time to time, of 'glorious Devon;' and more especially do I love to recall the memories of more than a generation ago, when the West of England was still more or less isolated, and its open moors and leafy lanes were as yet comparatively immune from the accent of the cockney and the sandwich-papers of the tripper.

The sons and daughters of Devon invariably love the county of their birth, and I think that this local patriotism will be understood by no one better than by Scotsmen; it is perhaps difficult in the case of either Devonian or Scotsman to analyse the elements which coalesce to produce the strong love of country or county which exists among certain populations. Beauty of scenery, a historic past, an imaginative people fond of adventure—these are properties common to the most patriotic nations in the world. This local patriotism we call clannishness, and those who possess the virtue (or vice) of clannishness will be commonly found to possess, besides other traits, those mentioned above in large proportions.

Before the universal spirit of restlessness had set in, and transformed our island into a series of experiments in the solution of the problem of perpetual motion, one of the great charms of travel was to notice the contrasts met with in the character of the people in different districts of the country. These traits of character are of course most strongly noticeable in the peasantry; and the peasantry of the West of England had, and indeed still have, some characteristics which, I think, render them worthy of a passing notice. Only three authors seem to me to have caught the spirit of the Wessex peasant—Mr Hardy, Mr Blackmore, and Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch; Mr Hardy in his *Wessex Sketches*, Mr Blackmore in *Lorna Doone*, and Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in *Troy Town*, in which admirable story Caleb appears as a not unworthy country rival to the cockney Sam Weller. Kingsley must not be omitted as an author who has succeeded in bringing out the Devonian peasant's pride in his ancestry, and especially in the old sea-dogs who fought and beat dons and 'mounseers' on every sea. But the author who shall do for the West of England what Sir Walter Scott did for his country is yet to be found, and it may be too late to find him.

The population of Devon is that of a mixed race. It can hardly be doubted that colonies of British Celts inhabited the fastnesses of Dartmoor long after the invading Saxon had gained the mastery of the low country, and many of the Saxon warriors must have married the dark British widows whose husbands they had put to the sword. This admixture of Celtic blood is, I think, responsible for some of the most interesting features in the character of the Devonian peasantry—for their innate politeness, their superstitions, and to some extent for their peculiar humour. The dialect of Devon is of course the West Saxon, which is spoken also in the two neighbouring counties of Somersetshire and Cornwall; though the Devonshire dialect differs from that of its eastern neighbour in the pronunciation of the vowel *u*, which has the sound given to it in French, and is thought to be possibly a Celtic peculiarity. It contains a certain amount of Cornu-Celtic words (like *pillum* for dust), but not very many. The Devonshire peasant is notably free from vulgarity, and is very courteous and obliging; he is not remarkably fond of hard and continuous work, and is often the despair of overseers from up-country who do not understand his ways. 'You may lead me anywhere, but I won't be druv,' is one of his sayings. He has a great reverence for the old families who have made history in his county and in his country, and sees with regret their gradual disappearance before the advent of the rich brewers who have taken their place. He has a sly humour of his own, which he likes to indulge at the expense of his own fellow-countymen. This humour frequently takes the form of ridiculing his own people for their stupidity, and thus has led strangers to the belief that they are really dull and stupid; and I was shocked to find that inhabitants of other counties had originated the saying, 'The farther you go to the west the more convinced are you that the wise men came from the east.' This stupidity is often affected before strangers of whose goodwill the peasant is not certain, for the west-country peasant does not like to be pumped; though he will talk quite openly and freely to all who go the right way to gain his confidence. But I think that our peasant is not a very clear or quick thinker; and I believe that muddle-headedness is quite compatible with a strong sense of humour, and this compatibility is proved by the presence of the two qualities in our friend.

As an illustration may be cited the instance of a witness at the Exeter Assizes who was served with a writ of subpœna by the defendants in a case where a warranty had been given that a certain horse was sound. The cross-examiner said, 'Now, witness, on your oath, what did he [the vendor] say in your hearing about that horse?' Answer: 'He never zaid nothing about un at all, zur.' 'Did he say nothing about any horse?' 'No, zur; he zaid zomething about a mare.' 'What were the words he said?' 'He zaid her was a gude mare, and he'd warrant her zound.' 'I want the very words. Did he not speak in the first person?' 'No, zur; I was the first person that spoke.' 'I mean to say he

cannot have spoken in the third person?' 'There wasn't no third person there, only him and me.' Here the judge interposed, and asked, 'Listen, witness; did he not say, "*I* know the mare, and *I*'ll warrant her sound"?' 'Bless your honour's heart! he never mentioned your honour's name. Howsomedever, as you know the mare, you had better adjudicate the case yourzelf.'

Another story illustrative of this slyness is current on Dartmoor. The clergyman of a moorland parish wished to absent himself one Sunday from his pulpit, and asked a neighbouring parson to take his duty. The friend, on arriving, informed the clerk that he was afraid that he must cut his sermon rather short, as his dog had torn away some of the leaves. The clerk replied, 'Well, zur, zome of us in this parish would be proper glad if you could zpare us a pup from your dog's breed, for our parson here he 's a mappery deal too long.'

A story which always delighted me was the following: A coach on Dartmoor conveying a picnic-party had the misfortune to be overturned into a ditch. Great confusion followed, the passengers being mixed up in wild disarray. The guard of the coach, seeing two small feet projecting from the general mass of bodies, caught hold of them and cried, 'Who owns these here feet?' A juvenile voice from beneath was heard to reply, 'If 'tis a pair of half-boots with tabs on them, they be mine.'

A small boy on Dartmoor, where there are many morasses, rushed breathless into the nearest inn and shouted out, 'Lend us a ladder, quick; father 's in a bog and can't get out!' 'How deep be 'e in?' asked the landlord. 'More than two feet,' replied the boy. 'What do that matter? 'E can easily pull 'imzelf out.' 'But I forgot to tell 'e that 'e fell in 'ead-first.'

There is another Dartmoor story which seems interesting as apparently based on previous stories; but what this one relates really took place, and the house in which it happened stands on the Tavistock road to-day. While travelling on Dartmoor one night a man was caught in a snowstorm. Being unable to proceed, he turned into the nearest house, and received the offer of a bedroom for the night. The storm abated, and the moon shone in at the window. The traveller, for some reason, felt restless, and, failing to sleep, began to examine the contents of his chamber. He was surprised to find under his bed a long box, which an irresistible curiosity impelled him to open. What was his horror when he discovered that it contained a corpse! He promptly made up his mind that he had fallen into a den of murderers, and remained all night in a state of expectant terror. At daybreak he fell into a troubled slumber, and was awakened by the voice of the cheery owner of the house bidding him good-morning, and asking him how he had slept. The traveller narrated the gruesome story of his find, and made as if he would be off at once. To his surprise his host burst into a laugh, and explained to him that the ground had been for some time frozen so hard that no burials could take place, and as an old woman from the neighbourhood had recently died, and the household with whom the traveller had passed his uneasy night were known as good 'salters' of bacon, they had 'salted her in until her could be buried.'

This story puts us in mind of that narrated by Paul Louis Courier, who tells us that during the French occupation of Calabria he and a friend sought the hospitality of a charcoal-burner's hut. His friend had a large packet of his fiancée's letters, which looked like a money-bag, and he took a particular pleasure in displaying it to every one, even to his hosts. When the two friends awoke in the morning they were struck with terror at hearing the charcoal-burner say to his wife, 'Shall we wring both their necks, or will one be enough?' She replied, 'Oh, we may as well kill them both when we are about the job.' The guests were needlessly alarmed, as the honest peasants were merely referring to the two hens which they were intending to kill for the breakfast of their visitors. But this story of Courier's strangely resembles an anecdote in the *Heptameron* of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, where it is told that two *cordeliers* arrived late at night in a village, and took up their quarters with a butcher. During the night they heard the butcher talking to his wife, and he said, 'My dear, I must be up betimes to-morrow and see about our *cordeliers*. One of them is very fat; we will kill him and salt him forthwith, and we shall make a good thing of him.' In this case the butcher was talking of his pigs, which he called *cordeliers* presumably because they were as fat as a friar; but the plight of the real *cordelier*, who hid himself in the pigsty for safety, is very diverting. This series of stories may be said to support the theory of those who hold that all the anecdotes in the world are descended from a very few which were originated by some jocular ancestor in prehistoric times.

When I was young Devonshire was celebrated for its breed of hunting parsons, of whom the celebrated Jack Russell was the type. Many anecdotes about his doings are still in the mouths of the moormen of Devon. I remember a friend of his telling me that the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra honoured Mr Russell by an invitation to Sandringham, which he accepted. He was warned—whether rightly or wrongly I have not experience enough to say—that it was not etiquette to address royalty until royalty had seen fit to address the guest. In spite of this, Jack Russell persisted in paying compliments to his gracious hostess and addressing her as 'my dear,' which familiar form of speech, it may be noted, is used in addressing men, just as *mon cher* is employed in French.

There was another parson of my acquaintance

who was a great sportsman, and kept a pack of harriers at his rectory. In those days the great Bishop Phillpotts presided over the diocese of Exeter, and, among other reforms, he resolved to suppress the tribe of hunting parsons. Our friend the parson was aware of the stern resolve of his superior ecclesiastic, and gave strict injunctions to his servants, and above all to his faithful maid Sally, to give him due warning in case the gaitered enemy should ever attempt a foray on the stronghold of the rectory. One day the reverend huntsman had duly donned his pink and mounted his hunter, the hounds playfully careering around him as he prepared to start. All of a sudden Sally appeared, breathless, and cried, 'I never zeed a bishop, zur, but here is a gentleman with gaiters a-comin' up the drive!' Presto! our parson ran up and got into bed, red hunting-coat and all. The bishop arrived, and on knocking, was told by Sally that her master was at home, and that she would go and see him. She soon reappeared with the message that her master was in bed with what seemed to be *scarlet fever*, but that if his lordship was not afraid of infection, his reverence would be glad to see him. Presently a pair of gaitered legs were seen trotting down the drive, and the red-coated evangelist slipped out of bed.

Several of the Dartmoor churches have most beautiful rood-screens and curiously carved pulpits. A stranger asked the sexton of the parish to show him the interior of one of these churches. After admiring the rood-screen he approached the pulpit with the intention of examining it more closely, but was pulled back by the honest sexton, who remarked that as service was only held in the church once a month he had set the turkey-hen on her eggs in the quietest spot he could think of, which was that very pulpit, and he expected the eggs to be hatched out that week.

Those who have visited the pretty moorland village of Chagford—which, I am sorry to say, can now be reached by motor-bus from Exeter, and will therefore shortly be less worth reaching than before this convenience came into being—will remember that the main street is lit up by four electric lights dependent on dynamos worked by the little brook which runs by the side of the pathway. A moorman, seeing this marvel for the first time, remarked to his mate, 'Wonderful thing, Bill, when one thinks of it, that fire should come out of water.' His mate replied, 'Ay; but we must mind that Chaggiford water be beautiful water!'

There is a well-known old clergyman in south Devon who was one of the chief cricketers of the county. He had the misfortune while in the reading-desk to knock over the Bible from which he was reading the lesson. Before it had reached the floor he retrieved it, and, moved by old associations, held it aloft, saying, 'How's that, umpire?' This story got into the local papers, and contributed not a little to the respect in which the reverend gentleman was held amongst pious cricketers.

The superstitions of the west country have often been described. The most widely prevailing of these in my younger days was that of the 'evil eye;' and the fancied victims who had been 'overlooked,' as the phrase went, used to have recourse to aged crones, who were called 'white witches,' to raise the spell. The mystic Hawker of Morwenstow declared that he did not believe that there was a peasant in the west country free from this belief; but such fancies are apt to vanish into thin air before the din of motor-buses and gramophones, and the pixies and wish-hounds have discontinued their nocturnal revels on the moor since the eye of faith has ceased to fear them. But some vestiges of the old beliefs may still be found in remote villages. Not long since I was staying in such a village when the old squire died, and as I was passing the entrance to his grounds a peasant informed me of his death, and asked me whether I had noticed a white rabbit run out of the gate. On my returning an answer in the negative he seemed surprised, and told me that it had been customary when the squire died for a white rabbit to be seen running from his gate. Similarly, when the Oxenhams die a large white bird is seen to issue from the window of the house where the death occurred.

I think that county associations might be made to do even more good than they are now doing. In the case of Devonshire, there is hardly a large town in Britain in which old Devonians do not meet for an annual gathering. At these meetings the glories of their county are duly recounted, and amongst these glories are reckoned the heroes who, as warriors, statesmen, or poets, added lustre to their country and to their county. But it would be well, even although we have Professor Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*, in six volumes, if such associations could do even more for the history of their county in the way of gathering and preserving specimens of the dialects spoken in their district. Germany possesses a dialect dictionary compiled after many years' arduous work, and supervised, I think, by no less than twenty-nine specialists.

The story of a certain Cornish jury was a favourite one of the late Lord Iddesleigh, who was fond of telling it to a circle of west-country friends. My acquaintanceship with it comes from my old friend and tutor, Mr Furneaux, the distinguished editor of Tacitus. He had been in his youth on intimate terms with Mr Hicks, the governor of the Bodmin County Asylum, and he intended to publish a collection of anecdotes relating to the west country, but he unfortunately died before fulfilling his intention. Curiously enough, I was one day the guest of a Cornish Society at Liverpool, and on my telling the tale to amuse my hosts I found that to most of them it was unknown; but one old lady confided to me that

the facts of the story were perfectly accurate, and that she had been well acquainted with the persons who figure therein. A doctor called Donnell was tried at Launceston for the murder of his mother-in-law, to whom he was accused of administering arsenic in a cup of coffee. On the death of the mother-in-law his wife would succeed to some property. Dr Cookworthy of Plymouth, at that time the leading physician in the district, gave evidence on the contents of the stomach, but was uncertain as to the arsenic. Being a man of great force of character, he got into a wrangle with counsel and judge, lost his temper, and befogged the jury. One day Mr Hicks met the foreman of the jury, a man named Lush, and when he asked him why he had changed his market town, Lush replied that he had not been to Launceston market since the trial of Vicky Donnell, when every one said to him, 'Why didn't 'e bring un in guilty?' On Mr Hicks asking him the same question, Lush answered, 'They shut us in a dark room without vire nor candle, nor nothing to ate nor drink. I couldn't zee the jury, but I knowed zome of 'em by their voices, and us zat doing nothing. Zo I thought I'd try to get a verdic' from one after anither. Zo, hearing the voice of Mr Jones, I zays to un, zays I, "Mr Jones, what is your opinion of this 'ere case?" He zays, "I be for shutting of it up. For if he hath a-met wi' a misfortune with the old woman, he was a good zwimmer, and I know of two he hath a-zaved from drowning; zo 'tis a case of two lives ag'in' one." "That 's one," zays I. Then I zays to the next—I couldn't zee un, but I heerd the voice of un—zays I, "What do you think of this case?" He zays, "These 'ere young doctors are too frolicsome with their lodadums and their doldarums. Still, her was a tedious old woman, and if he hath a-pizoned her I bain't for hanging of un." I zays to the next, "What would you do by un?" He zays, "I bain't for any of your neck a-nothing doings. Give him three months in the debtors' ward—I 've had it myzelf—and then zee if he 'll go about pizoning old women." Then I asked the next. He zaid, "Maister Cookworthy has a-zaid 'twas the rabbits and onions. No old woman ought to eat rabbits and onions before her goes to bed. If it didn't kill her, it oughter!" The next man zaid, "If us take and hang *he*, it won't bring *she* to life." "Very true," zays I. That never struck me before, zo I put he down as ag'in' hanging. The next zaid he had been sworn to falsely when a boy as having stolen sixpence out of an old cracked teapot, and had then and there registered an oath that if ever he should zee any person sworn against, he would "swear ag'in' the one who swore ag'in' 'e." After he, I asked Robinson. I always shall respect Robinson; he spoke out like a man. He zays, zays he, "Just as you please, Mr Lush. Hang un or no, 'tisn't a ha'penny odds to me." That was zeven, and the majolity carried it over the minolity, and us gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.'

A specimen, heard in Devon, may be added of the west-country use of pronouns: 'What 's her got to do with *we?* Us have nothing to do with *she*.'

A PRINCESS OF JAVASU.

By Mrs E. Maxtone Graham.

NINETY-SIX years ago, before the door of a cottage in Almondsbury, a small village in Gloucestershire, close to the river Avon, and some miles from Bristol, appeared one April evening a young woman apparently unable to speak a word of English. She made signs that she desired to sleep in the cottage. The cottagers felt disinclined to admit a foreigner of somewhat eccentric appearance, and sent for the overseer of the poor to help them in the difficulty. Not a word of her language could the overseer understand; but, being a man of resource, he recalled that at Knole Park, the great house of the neighbourhood, the residence of Samuel Worrall and his lady, there was a man-servant who spoke several foreign languages. He therefore tried to induce the stranger to go with him to Knole Park, a step to which she showed a strong aversion; though ultimately she accompanied him thither, and, after a still greater show of reluctance, was persuaded to enter the house, and was interviewed by Mr and Mrs Worrall and the cultured man-servant. Not a word of the girl's speech, however, could any of them understand. By signs alone they inquired what she had in her pocket. She exhibited some halfpence and a bad sixpence, as well as the contents of her bundle, of which only one article is specified—a piece of soap pinned up in a bit of linen. She gave them to understand that her name was Caraboo. 'Her dress consisted of a black stuff gown, with a muslin frill round the neck, a black cotton shawl on her head, and a red-and-black shawl round her shoulders (both loosely and tastefully put on, in imitation of the Asiatic costume), leather shoes, and black worsted stockings. The general impression conveyed by her person and manners was that she was attractive and prepossessing; her head was small, her eyes and hair black, forehead low, nose short, complexion a brunette, her cheeks faintly tinged with red, mouth rather wide, teeth white, lips large and full, underlip a little projecting, and her chin small and round. In height she was about five feet two inches. Her hands were clean and apparently

unaccustomed to labour. Her age appeared about twenty-five.'

Mrs Worrall felt so decided an interest in the obvious distress of this picturesque stranger that she sent her own maid and footman to escort her to the village inn, where supper and bed were provided. Her manners and customs while there excited remark. She made her hosts understand that she required tea. Before partaking of it she said grace. 'Upon a second cup being poured out, she refused to take it until the cup was thoroughly washed, and when she drank it she repeated the same form of prayer with much seeming devotion.'

Such was the stir her presence caused in Almondsbury that not only did Mrs Worrall walk down to the inn at seven o'clock next morning, bringing a change of linen, but before breakfast-time the vicar of the parish was interviewing the interesting stranger and showing her geographical books in the hope that she might recognise her own country in one of the illustrations. Mrs Worrall decided to take her back to Knole Park.

On the way thither Caraboo, who had realised that cleanliness and godliness were her two trump cards, endeavoured to enter the church, and seemed disappointed to find it closed. She arrived with Mrs Worrall at Knole during the servants' breakfast-hour. It was Good Friday. 'Observing some cross-buns on the table, she took one, and after looking earnestly at it, she cut off the cross and placed it in her bosom.'

The following day the girl was taken to the council-house at Bristol and examined before the Mayor, 'where no discovery could be made of her country or language, or whence she came, or whither she was going. She was, therefore, taken to St Peter's Hospital, the receptacle for vagrants and the poor of the city of Bristol. Here she remained till the following Monday, and it is well authenticated that during her continuance in this house she refused food of every description.' Except for this rigorous fast, her time at the hospital seems to have been agreeably filled. Her story was noised abroad in Bristol. 'Several gentlemen called upon her, bringing with them foreigners of their acquaintance in the hope of discovering who she was.' No one seems to have suspected fraud; and, by an extraordinary coincidence, a Portuguese impostor named Manuel Eynesso happened to be in Bristol, and on visiting Caraboo, announced that he could understand and translate her language. Supported by this outside evidence, the belief in Caraboo gained ground.

Partly through Eynesso, partly through the conjectures and inventions of others interested in her case, her life-story was unfolded. She was a princess, and her native place was Javasu, an island of uncertain position in unexplored seas. Her father had four wives. His name was Jessu Mandu, and she herself was called Sissu Mandu until some important conquests achieved by him gave her the right to be called Caraboo. He was a man of great importance, having an army at command. When he dined the Macratoos played to him upon musical instruments. The mother of Caraboo was a Malay; her teeth were blackened, her body painted, and a jewel adorned her nose, secured by a gold chain from the left temple. These decorations Jessu Mandu had forbidden for his daughter, but he permitted her to wear seven peacocks' feathers on the right side of her head. Thus adorned, the Princess Caraboo, while walking in the garden of the palace of Javasu, was seized by pirates, bound hand and foot, and carried off to sea. The pirates sold her to the captain of a brig named *Tappa Boo*, a black-whiskered man who wore a plait down his back, a sealskin cap, and an earring in his right ear. On board the *Tappa Boo* the captive sailed strange seas, calling at many an unknown port.

After a voyage lasting many weeks, Caraboo, finding one day that the brig was near land, which proved to be the English coast, jumped overboard and swam ashore. 'The dress she had on consisted of a gown worked with gold, and a shawl on her head of the same description, which was exchanged by an Englishwoman, the door of whose house was green.' The Englishwoman had supplied the costume in which Caraboo appeared at Almondsbury. She had then wandered for six weeks in a strange country, unable to speak or understand a word of the language.

The name of this girl was Mary Willcocks. She was born in 1791 at Witheridge, in Devonshire, and was the daughter of a poor cobbler in that village. She received no education. As a child she was employed in spinning wool or doing farm-work. There was nothing remarkable in her childhood, but it is recorded that in some accomplishments she showed a determination to excel. She swam and fished, and an interesting sidelight is thrown on a little girl's recreations in a Devonshire village a hundred years ago by the information that she played cricket. At sixteen she went into service at a neighbouring farmhouse. Her wage was tenpence a week. She struck for an extra twopence, and left, to the annoyance of her parents. She then cut herself adrift, and secured a situation at eight pounds a year, where she remained for six months. She loved clothes, and with the money she earned arrayed herself in white and returned to her father at Witheridge. He was much hurt to see her in white, and her mother insisted on her taking it off, which she would not do. She stayed there only six days, during which time she 'saw her old master and mistress; but, being dressed in white, they said that she had dishonestly procured it. Knowing her innocence, and not enduring to hear this, she again decamped.' She took to begging, and tramped the country, sleeping in haylofts and ricks. She reached

London in her wanderings, where she had brain-fever. After this she found friends who taught her to read. Among other adventures, she married a foreigner, who quickly deserted her. It must have been from this man that she picked up her knowledge of Eastern customs. She had a child, who died in the Foundling Hospital. She wandered with gipsies, consorted with thieves, and lived from hand to mouth, sometimes in service, sometimes tramping the country, but always finding friends and profiting by the easy benevolence of those who in passing were affected by her distress or her attractive personality.

This girl, born to abject poverty and sordid surroundings, turned out into the world with no education, no training, no guidance, was dowered, however, with one quality which has saved her name from total oblivion: she possessed the gift of imagination. No word she ever said in her confession can be fully accepted. She was constitutionally unable to tell the truth, because her dramatic sense urged her to relate every circumstance in such a way as to leave her own figure in the middle of the stage. This, indeed, is a fairly common mental attitude; but in Caraboo the desire to shine as a star was linked to so persuasive, charming, and ingenuous a personality that instead of ridicule and defeat she met with sympathy and credulity.

Mrs Worrall, distressed at her protégée's strange objection to take any nourishment at the hospital, decided to carry her back to Knole Park, which Caraboo doubtless found a more comfortable refuge, and where she was destined during many weeks to play her chosen rôle of princess. She played it without a flaw, with an astonishing fortitude and resolution, a wealth of resource, and a variety of fancy which will always remain wonderful and unexplained. During the whole time she spoke her own language, of which at first no word could be understood; nor did she ever for a moment lapse into her native English. She was narrowly watched by every one—by her hosts, by the servants, by the crowds of visitors whom curiosity drew to the spot; but those who came to scoff remained to wonder and admire, and those living with her most closely in the intimacies of daily life were the most firmly convinced of the truth of her story. To the Eastern customs invented by herself she rigidly adhered, although these entailed a good deal of laborious preparation, for she insisted on personally cooking her own food. Religious exercises, in particular, were carefully observed by the princess, who had the wit to see how these increased her prestige in the eyes of her gentle patroness. She constructed an arbour in the garden, sprinkled it with water, and prayed there, with a shawl over her head. Whether she always said an extra grace at meals when she received a second helping is not placed upon record; but she said prayers night and morning, and fasted on Tuesdays. On that day, also, at the risk of her life, she always climbed out upon the roof of Knole House, a perilous enterprise associated with some mysterious rite of her creed. In her habits she was scrupulously clean, a trait which the Worralls considered was carried to excess when she plunged into the horsepond, to the amazement of the stable-boys.

To her habits of cleanliness and godliness, and to a paradoxical honesty which was perfectly sincere, was joined a steadiness and fastidious propriety towards the other sex which was accepted with approval as greatly to her credit. One day, when Mrs Worrall happened to be absent, all the women-servants at Knole went to a 'wake' in the village, leaving Caraboo alone. In the evening she was not to be found. A search was made in the gardens, when the chaste and agile princess was discovered at the top of a tree, whither she had climbed 'because all the females in the house had gone to the village, and she feared contamination from the men.'

It is said that the farmers and tenants of Knole were very fond of Caraboo. The interest of these countryfolk is not a matter for surprise. She must have wonderfully enlivened the neighbourhood when her extraordinary little figure appeared in what was understood to be her war-apparel. She carried a bow and arrows on her left shoulder, a stick to do duty as a sword on the right side, a gong slung upon her back, a tambourine in her hand, and her head was adorned with flowers and feathers. In this guise she paid visits, and was doubtless made welcome at many a cottage and farmhouse.

As she was supposed to understand nothing, every one talked freely before her, and in this way she picked up a great deal of information and new ideas of Eastern habits from many learned men who came to Knole to see her. Her handwriting aroused special interest. 'Her letter has been shown to every person in Bristol and Bath versed in Oriental literature, but without success; a copy was sent to the India House, and submitted to Mr Raffles, one of the best Oriental scholars, yet he could not decipher it; the original letter was sent to Oxford, and the members of that university denied its being the character of any language.'

But far stronger evidence than that of Oxford was required to overset the growing belief in the genuineness of Caraboo. In a valuable collection of autographs made at this time by ladies in the near neighbourhood of Knole, among the names and letters of celebrated poets, statesmen, and soldiers is found preserved a slip of paper bearing a few cabbalistic signs, and labelled, 'Handwriting of Caraboo.'

As the days went on and the risk of exposure seemed lessened the princess gained in confidence, and began to exhibit a variety of gifts. Her dancing was marvellous, every movement and attitude full of vitality and peculiar grace. She could swim and row with skill, and was so skil-

ful a fencer that she could not be disarmed by experts. All her actions were most graceful, and her manners highly fascinating.

During her stay at Knole Park, Caraboo on one occasion escaped to Bristol, and went to fetch some clothes from a house there where she had once lodged. She went to the quay and endeavoured to find a ship to take her to America. Could she have found one about to sail she would doubtless have disappeared and left behind her a mystery never to be cleared up. Foiled in this purpose, as she was, there was nothing for it but to return to Mrs Worrall. She therefore, after her day's absence, reappeared at Knole Park with a bundle of clothes, and the assurance that she had dug them up from a place where she had buried them to hide them from Macratoos. This explanation was accepted in good faith. The Charity Organisation Society was still 'on the knees of the gods,' but any one less simple-minded and sweet in her humanity than Mrs Worrall would have found in these clothes a valuable clue to inquiry. She seems, however, to have been satisfied to make no such investigations. To judge by the unquestioning kindness showered upon her, the little princess might have become a permanent and unchallenged inmate of Knole House.

But Caraboo's own restless spirit, the ambition to shine beyond the narrow circle of the quiet country house, and perhaps also the unbearable strain of the long period of pretence brought her visit to an end. She disappeared again on 6th June, after a sojourn of nine weeks. On finding her gone, and realising that she had left behind even the little trinkets and presents that had been given her, and had thrown herself upon the world without one farthing in her pocket, Mrs Worrall was thoroughly alarmed, and resolved to trace her without delay.

Caraboo had gone to Bath, then a centre of gaiety and fashion. On leaving Knole she walked first to Bristol, and then, with her usual knack of picking up friends, had found a vanman who offered her a lift in his van. The penniless 'princess' was set down at the Pack Horse Inn in Bath. Here she played the same irresistible part of an interesting stranger in distress, and again met with conspicuous success. Public curiosity was excited, and she soon found herself removed from the inn to the fashionable neighbourhood of Russell Street. Hither resorted her admirers of both sexes. Offers of help poured in, and her isolation and distress so worked on the feelings of one gentleman that he offered five hundred pounds to send her home to Javasu. 'A collection was set on foot before her, and bank-notes were strewed on the table; but, with her usual nonchalance, she picked them up as so many pieces of blank paper, for what were black-letter tens and twenties, with the words Bank of England staring her in the face, to her who could neither read nor write the English language?'

Mrs Worrall reached Bath on Sunday afternoon. 'Here she found the princess at the very pinnacle of her glory in the drawing-room of a lady of *haut ton*. The drawing-room was crowded with fashionable visitants, all eager to be introduced to the interesting princess. There was one fair female kneeling before her, another begging a kiss!'

In this moment of triumphant achievement the door opened and Mrs Worrall entered. Then for the first time a natural emotion shook the balanced calm of Caraboo. She burst into a flood of tears, fearing no doubt that all was discovered, and that her social triumph was about to become a humiliating exposure. Soon, however, it was apparent that all was not lost, for Mrs Worrall was still in the dark. It was not difficult to persuade Caraboo's gentle benefactress that a desperate wish to return to her father at Javasu had prompted her sudden flight, and in the utmost harmony they returned together to Knole Park. But the journey to Bath proved Caraboo's undoing after all. Public interest was so fully aroused that the local newspapers were full of her story and of detailed descriptions of her appearance. Mrs Neale, the woman with whom the girl, as Mary Willcocks, had lodged at Bristol, recognised the description of her guest, and gave information. While this disclosure was being imparted to Mrs Worrall, corroborative evidence was brought forward by a young man from Westbury, who had known the princess as Mary Baker.

'This double disclosure flashed immediate conviction on Mrs Worrall's mind.' She maintained, however, her usual demeanour towards Caraboo, who in complete confidence went with her to Bristol, where she was firmly told that the imposture was discovered, and that she would be immediately confronted with Mrs Neale. Face to face with detection, the little 'princess' made one last despairing effort, launching a remark that had hitherto never failed in its appeal to the compassionate heart of Mrs Worrall, '*Toddy Moddy Irish*,' a combination of syllables which must be supposed to be a fair sample of the invented language that had deceived so many learned men, and which was understood to represent the words 'father and mother.' When even this hitherto irresistible observation failed of its effect, nothing remained but to capitulate. Caraboo therefore, in her native English, which she had forsworn for so many weeks, admitted her fraud, and threw herself upon the mercy of her benefactress, promising to disclose her former course of life and her whole history. But to tell the bare truth was impossible to one of her temperament. Even now she described travels she had never undertaken and claimed knowledge of foreign countries she had never seen. Her genius partially deserted her, for as she selected the nearer Continental countries, instead of 'undiscovered isles in far-off seas,' her falsehoods were easily detected. She

then forsook her first line of narrative and began another, which proved to be so well contrived a mixture of simple truth and complex lies that the recital would require much time to disentangle and much space to tell adequately.

Mrs Worrall, who had finally come to an end of her credulity, sent a man from Bristol to Witheridge to interview the parents of the fraudulent princess and obtain confirmation of her story. The cobbler Willcocks so far corroborated his daughter's statements as to her going into service. He seems to have been a simple soul. He did not consider that she was in her right mind. He also said 'she was very *learned*, and could talk French very fast; she used to talk for two or three hours in a morning to her sister in bed. He knew it was French, because the folks in the village said it was so.'

During her eight years of wandering, poor Mary had sometimes sent small sums of money to relieve the poverty of her parents, and indeed at every stage of her stormy career she showed a superiority to money considerations unusual in any circumstances and very rarely to be found in those who depend on their wits for a living. She might have decamped with large sums at Bath, or enriched herself at Knole in various ways; but she was always honest in the midst of her deception, and scrupulous while she cheated. Probably Mrs Worrall had discovered and valued the good qualities, for with patient kindness she overlooked the bad, and on the exposure of the fraud which had been practised upon her was still ready to befriend the girl. She wished to place her in 'some pious family;' but if this prospect appalled the wild disposition of Caraboo it was small wonder, for in consequence of the general interest her case excited, and in accordance with the habits of the day, she was preached at and prayed over. 'But the visits of the divines made no impression, as one of them said, on her impenetrable heart.'

It is a remarkable tribute to the personality of this little impostor that interest in her scarcely flagged when the fraud was laid bare. It was resolved to send her to America, and during the few days she spent at Bristol before finally sailing she managed to hold her little court. 'The Earl of C—k came from Bath for the sole purpose of conversing with her. She was visited by persons of all descriptions, natives and foreigners, linguists, painters, physiognomists, craniologists, and gipsies.' To these admirers she announced that she would soon return to England in a coach-and-four. She was engagingly unrepentant, although she showed to Mrs Worrall a sincere gratitude, strangely expressed in a document she left behind her.

A passage was engaged for Caraboo in the *Robert and Ann*, a ship bound for America. Mrs Worrall supplied her with money and clothes, and placed her under the decorous but safe escort of three Moravian female missionaries who were going to Philadelphia. Down the Avon from Bristol port sailed the *Robert and Ann*. Caraboo was on deck. When the woods of Knole came into view above the river, and then faded as the vessel put out to sea, she shed tears. The missionaries noticed her emotion, and wrote home an account of the incident to Mrs Worrall, to whom no doubt the news brought a little thrill of gratified feeling.

That was not the last that was seen of Caraboo. She returned to England in 1824, took apartments in New Bond Street in London, and charged visitors a shilling for the privilege of looking at her. The show did not draw, and she retired into comparatively humble life and married, taking up her residence again in Bristol, where her latter days were spent, it is said, very creditably as an importer of leeches, and in applying them, when requested, to her customers. She died at the close of 1864, leaving an only daughter. During this later period in Bristol she avoided all conversation regarding her former career, and nothing annoyed her more than to be called 'Caraboo.'

A FAMOUS OLD-TIME APACHE.

ALTHOUGH the Parisian Apache has for some time past loomed largely in the public eye, he is by no means a new figure in the annals of French criminology.

Louis Dominique Cartouche, whose exploits rival those of the legendary Jack Sheppard, was born in Paris in the year 1693. He was the son of a cooper, and might have followed in his father's honest footsteps if he had not been carried off, at the age of twelve, by a company of strolling acrobats. This was the beginning of an adventurous life which ended on the scaffold.

After spending a few years in travelling about the country with his captors, he became valet to a nobleman, whom he soon plundered. He then began to frequent gambling-saloons, from which he was expelled owing to his unnatural and extraordinary good-luck. After a few years' service in the army he returned to Paris, where he earned a scanty living by picking pockets.

Contemporary writers describe him as a very small man, barely five feet high, and extremely slight. They add, however, that he was possessed of extraordinary agility; he could, in fact, throw a somersault forwards and backwards, and dance on the tight-rope. He was also very skilful in the use of the sword, pistol, and singlestick, and could rival any actor in the art of impersonation and 'making-up.' After his return to Paris he joined a notorious thief named Galichon. This

was the beginning of that famous band of rogues which shortly after began to terrorise the capital.

Cartouche soon took the lead, and the organisation of his men was superior to that of the police. The young chief—he was only twenty-four—had six lieutenants who alone knew him. They transmitted his orders to a small army of subordinates. Besides these, a large number of 'indicators,' among whom were innkeepers, discharged soldiers, and even *gendarmes*, gave information to simplify proposed robberies, acted as receivers of stolen property, and covered up the master's retreat. There were, besides, forty women belonging to the gang.

It is hardly astonishing that this formidable band of rogues robbed and plundered with impunity all over France for several years.

It was in Paris, however, that Cartouche brought off his most triumphant *coups*. One of his subordinates, called Simon the Auvergnat, was a specialist in the trick known in the music-halls as the 'living pyramid.' When he had placed himself in position at the foot of a wall, other members of the gang climbed on to his massive shoulders, and so easily gained access to the windows on the first floor. It was at this time that Parisians began to make use of iron-barred windows, of which a number may still be seen in the older parts of Paris. In order to surmount this obstacle, the thieves used sharp grappling-irons, with which they dragged clothes and other household goods to the window. Sometimes they made a living 'catch,' whose screams mightily amused them.

The ruffian, however, was not without manners. A noble marquise was about to retire for the night, when her window suddenly opened, and a very short man, dressed in gray, jumped into the room. After imposing silence by putting a huge pistol under her nose, Cartouche explained the meaning of his intrusion.

'I am forced, madame,' he said, 'to request your hospitality for the night. Your house is surrounded by my friends, and I am sure you will not refuse. If you will kindly allow me, I will occupy the next room until morning.' Then he ordered supper, to which he did ample justice, although he criticised the quality of the champagne, and slept peacefully till morning. He then took leave of the trembling lady, who had not closed her eyes during the night.

In 1720 the whole city was in a state of panic, and the Government saw that something must be done to allay the terror of the people.

A crier was ordered to announce in every part of Paris that a reward of twenty thousand francs would be given for the body of Cartouche, alive or dead. The crier was escorted by a company of sixty archers. The first proclamation was made in front of the Palais de Justice, and then the procession made its way to a square known as the Croix Rouge. The crier had just begun, 'In the name of the king, order is given to arrest and hold Louis Dominique Cartouche,' when a voice coming from the middle of the crowd shouted, 'Cartouche! Here he is!'

A second afterwards crier, archers, and public had all fled, leaving a small man dressed in gray standing alone in the middle of the square.

In the following year the Government began to take active measures to suppress the evil, which had become intolerable. The band was inexorably hunted down, and several of its members were shot while trying to escape from the hands of their captors. Adversity changed Cartouche's character; formerly satisfied with merely robbing, he now committed murder on the slightest pretext. His subordinates were shot at sight by the *gendarmerie*, and one of his lieutenants betrayed Cartouche to save himself. First imprisoned in the Châtelet, Cartouche almost succeeded in escaping. He had made a hole in the floor of his cell, and penetrated into a neighbouring cellar, when the barking of a dog led to his detection. He was then transferred to the Conciergerie, and brought to trial with all possible despatch, lest he should make another and more successful attempt to escape. The remainder of the band, numbering three hundred and sixty-six, were captured soon afterwards.

Cartouche was hanged, after having all his bones broken, on the 26th of November 1721, before an immense crowd of citizens, who shouted for joy when the last breath had left the ruffian's body.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HALVING THE DOMESTIC COAL-BILL.

THE average grate is a hungry consumer of coal, with the further drawback that it does not radiate into the room more than a slight proportion of the heat generated. Again, a large volume of combustible material escapes up the chimney with the hot air and smoke. Various expedients have been devised for the purpose of reducing the consumption of coal and for the distribution into the room of a greater percentage of heat produced. The latest of these devices, the Houghton grate, is particularly ingenious and, what is more to the point, highly effective, inasmuch as it not only enables more heat to be thrown into the apartment, but the consumption of coal is reduced by 50 per cent. This appears to be a bold statement, but the result of exhaustive trials has more than substantiated the claim. The device fulfils the

requirements of a successful invention in that it is simple and can be attached to any grate. It virtually provides a means of bringing the fire farther into the room, so that the heat produced cannot escape into the chimney; and no expert assistance is required in attaching it to the grate. It consists of three pieces, a central section and two wings. The central part is about the width of an ordinary grate, and has a bow front, while the wings are so designed that they may be adapted to the angle of the jambs and rest flush against the sides, the whole being fixed in position by bolts and wing nuts. All that one has to do is to remove the front of the existing grate, leaving only the bottom in position. The Houghton device is then slipped upon the grate until two slots on its back come over the front openings in the bottom of the grate. The bolts are then passed through and the wing nuts screwed up tightly, binding the two together. In this manner the grate is brought forward about six inches. The wings are then set in position so that their front faces come flush with the bow front and their sides rest against the jambs of the grate, when they likewise are screwed up. The ash-guard may either be dispensed with or another adapted to the new grate. In firing, if one wishes a slow fire, the coal is not thrown promiscuously on the top of the live-coal, but the latter is pushed back from the front, and the fuel laid on the forepart of the grate, the fire eating its way from the back to the front. If quick-firing is desired, the coal may be placed at the back, where it comes into contact with the hot rear firebrick and is quickly brought into combustion. The appliance can be attached to any existing type of grate irrespective of the size of the latter. The wings are so made that they can be extended or compressed within wide limits and can be adapted to any angle. The economy arising from the utilisation of this invention is due to the fact that perfect combustion of the fuel is secured, while increased heat is derived therefrom owing to the greater radiating surface presented. By burning the coal more thoroughly the proportion of ash is reduced, while the soot and smoke problems are solved very effectively.

A NEW BOAT-DAVIT.

The method of launching boats from the deck of a vessel is still occupying the attention of shipowners. The new Lamport & Holt liner *Vestris* is fitted with a new device, the Martin davit, which is manufactured by the well-known Elswick firm, Messrs Armstrong, Whitworth, and Company. This invention certainly possesses many good features. The davit arms run on cam-shaped tracks at each end of the lifeboat, and are actuated by the turning of a crank which revolves a worm-wheel attached to a shaft connecting both arms of the davit. These enable the lifeboat to be run fully outboard and lowered into the water evenly by paying out equally the wires at each end; and the boat can be lifted from the water quite as simply and expeditiously. The new davit has the additional recommendation of enabling boats stowed inboard to be lifted out and dropped just as readily as one resting on the chocks beneath the davit, because the wire falls are not entangled after a boat has been placed in the water. It is quite possible, however, that the davit system of boat-lowering will be abandoned, as the increasing utilisation of electric cranes on board ship for a hundred and one purposes has suggested that these devices should be employed for lowering boats. The idea is quite feasible, as experiments have proved, and the system possesses many advantages over the davit system. Confidence in the davit has been shaken very appreciably by the statement of one of the best authorities that even if a big liner carries a sufficient number of boats for the whole of her population, the chances are that it would be impossible to get more than one-half of the complement of boats into the water in time of disaster.

CLEANING SILVERWARE.

Although numerous proprietary pastes, liquids, and powders have been placed on the market for the cleaning of silver, either solid or plated, without scratching or marring the surface in any way, the old-fashioned specific still reigns supreme, and indeed is still used by silversmiths. It is simple and inexpensive. All that is required is high-grade whiting, free from gritty particles, which is powdered and then mixed into a stiff paste by the addition of ammonia. The latter is itself a cleanser, but in combination with the whiting it produces the brilliant sheen peculiar to new articles. Ammonia of ·880 strength should be used, though sparingly, only sufficient being added to transform the powder from a dry into a plastic mass. The paste is applied to the article in the usual manner, and then removed by friction with a soft, dry cloth. The disadvantage, of course, is that the ammonia soon evaporates; but it is only necessary to add a few drops of the liquid whenever plate has to be cleaned. The whiting does not deteriorate by keeping even when the liquid has evaporated. The only care necessary is protection of the whiting from dust and gritty substances. Pure ammonia should be used, preferably of the strength specified. The great advantage of this cleanser is that it does not wear away the silvery surface.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE TRACKLESS TROLLEY.

An interesting development, which might be adopted profitably in many other places where hilly roads abound, has been brought into service at Altona, in Germany. This is the assisting of horse teams and their loads over a steep hill by the aid of trackless electric steeds. This hill,

which is in a busy district, is over eighteen hundred feet in length, and has a gradient of about 5½ per cent. The traffic is somewhat heavy, averaging about two hundred vehicles per day, with loads varying between five and seven tons. As may be supposed, the horses had great difficulty in climbing this hill unaided, so it was decided to keep one or two trackless tractors in readiness to assist them up the bank. Each tractor, working upon the trackless trolley-omnibus system, is able to push or pull three vehicles simultaneously. The horses do not pull at all, but keep walking until the summit is reached, when by the aid of a special device the vehicles are uncoupled without stopping, so that the horses are able to take up the load while the vehicles are in motion. By means of the trolleys the assisted vehicles can pass other traffic moving in the same direction. When the summit is gained the tractors return to the bottom of the hill for another load, the descent being made without the trolleys engaging with the overhead wire, so that current is consumed only on the upward haul. The ascending journey occupies about eight minutes, while the descent is made in seven minutes; thus four trains, representing about twelve vehicles and from sixty to eighty-four tons per hour, can be handled by each tractor. The horses have come to appreciate their mechanical assistant, and now, when they reach the bottom of the incline, wait patiently until it is attached to their load. The carting interests also appreciate the innovation, because the time saved in the ascent more than counterbalances the toll levied, owing to the horses being available for additional useful service. In the United States a similar system is practised in certain districts; but there the tractor runs over the tramway-lines to the summit of the incline, and backs on to the adjacent line for the descent. The trackless system is preferable, as it operates over the full width of the roadway without impeding other traffic, while in the case of the tramway tractor it has to work in between the passenger-carrying cars, which in a congested thoroughfare is no easy matter.

AN INGENIOUS WATER-HEATER.

In rural districts, and even in many town houses, the difficulty of procuring hot water for the bath is very great, as it is by no means uncommon for the bathroom supply not to be connected to the kitchen boiler. The deficiency is now met by means of an ingenious water-heater, comprising a central cylindrical receptacle in which is placed a kind of blow-lamp similar to that employed for burning off paint, but fitted with two burners placed back to back as it were. The heat thus generated is led through a pipe projecting from and communicating with the interior of the central cylinder; and this pipe, being disposed in three rows, and finally bent at right angles to project vertically above the water-line, permits the products of combustion to escape. The apparatus measures thirty-six inches in length over all, and has a width of twelve inches and a height of nine inches, so that there is ample heat-radiating surface. The device is lowered into the bath, which has been charged with water so that the heating surface is submerged. The fuel employed is petrol or any other spirit, and the lamp is started by placing a teaspoonful of camphor in a special recess provided for the purpose. When this is lighted it heats the burner and vaporises the spirit sufficiently to ignite the lamp. Camphor is used because thereby all danger of accident arising from the spilling of the spirit is avoided. Not only is the system exceptionally rapid, but there are no wicks to burn and no smoke or smell is created. When the heating is completed, the apparatus is lifted from the water by the handle and hung up until it is again required.

HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

A visit which Lord Guthrie paid to the Hospice of the Great St Bernard last September, afterwards chronicled in the *Scotsman*, may lead many to revise their notions of that dwelling-house eight thousand feet above sea-level, associated in most minds, from earliest years, with life-saving by dogs and monks. The old necessity of life-saving here seems almost at an end, as most travellers now go by the Mont Cenis, Simplon, and St Gothard Tunnels. Still, there may be two hundred guests on an August night, who treat the place as an hotel, and leave an equivalent for hospitality received. The Hospice consists of two buildings—an old one, containing the monks' cells, the church, and rooms for strangers; the other being a guest-house recently erected. Instead of the chill bedroom, cold beds, dim light, and tough beef of a previous visit in 1869, Lord Guthrie found in the reception-room a piano presented by our late king, bedrooms warmed by 'central heating,' and electric light everywhere; while the food, though plain, was excellent and well cooked and served. In the museum there are stuffed birds, cases of insects, and Roman coins found on this spot, where once stood a temple of Jupiter on a station occupied by Roman soldiers. Lord Guthrie mentions that on one occasion the dogs all perished through an avalanche, and the team was restored from the descendants of dogs which had been sold or given away. The present animal, with deadly jaws, broad chest, and paws as big as a bear's, seemed more like a cross between a Newfoundland and a mastiff than the old St Bernard. Pups of three months old are sold for four pounds, and those of six months for eight pounds. It is curious to contrast with this account the visit paid by Charles Dickens in 1846 while resident in Lausanne. In a letter to Forster he described the fathers as a lazy set of fellows, not overfond

of going out themselves, and employing servants to clear the road; rich, and driving a good trade in innkeeping in everything but the sign. The party supped, thirty strong, in a rambling room with a great wood-fire, a grim monk in a high, black, sugar-loaf hat carving the dishes. The bell for matins at 5 A.M., the organ, and the chanting in chapel awakened Dickens, who thought for a moment he had died in the night and passed into the unknown world. Peaks and points and plains of eternal snow bounded the view outside, with nothing of living interest beyond the dull-gray walls of the convent. In a little outhouse were the unclaimed bodies found in the snow, standing up in corners and against walls, and withering away; some erect and horribly human, with distinct expression on their faces; some sunk on their knees, dropping on one side, or tumbled down, and presenting a heap of skulls and fibrous dust.

MILITARY MOTOR-AMBULANCES.

The possibilities of the motor-propelled vehicle for Red Cross purposes upon the battlefield have been realised for some time past, but the application of the system has not been very widespread owing to certain technical difficulties. Recently, however, the idea has been revived both in Germany and France by the perfection of two useful vehicles of this description. The French car is essentially a field hospital unit in that it is complete with Röntgen ray apparatus and an operating-room, whereby severe abdominal wounds, which are common in modern warfare, may be treated on the spot, instead of the life of the sufferer being imperilled by removal to a distance. When the motor-car is stopped, tents are attached wherein the wounded may rest temporarily until their turn comes for treatment in the hospital. The German vehicle also carries a complete operating plant, is lighted by incandescent gas, and has high-pressure steam heating and gas-stove facilities, as well as a vacuum cleaner. The interior of the vehicle is divided into two compartments, one being for the conveyance of the wounded, while the other is the hospital, replete with operating-table and all surgical requisites.

A NEW DECORATIVE MATERIAL.

An American inventor has devised an inexpensive system of finishing off the walls and ceilings of a building, the object being to eliminate the use of lath and plaster. The substance is made in sheets, and is known as utility wall-board. It is composed of fibre, and is tough, durable, and of great strength. It is not affected by extremes of heat and cold, so that it stands equally well both summer and winter, will not warp or crack, and is moisture-proof. When used for ceilings it serves as an excellent sound insulator, while it is also a non-conductor of heat. It is fixed very easily, being merely cut and trimmed to shape for the place it is intended to occupy; it does not demand skilled labour for its attachment, and there is no mess or dirt made in fixing it. When it is affixed, the finishing and furnishing can be carried out at once. The material is permanent, and the surface is of such a character that it can be decorated in any style desired. Many houses in the United States have been finished off with this material, and the resultant effects are charming and artistic. There is an impression of solidity and taste about the decoration that is difficult to realise. Of course, owing to many of the country houses being built of wood, the attaching of the material to the base is facilitated; but there is no reason why the material should not be equally applicable to brick houses, and at all events it should prove serviceable for ceilings. British manufacturers might profitably take a hint from this American development, and prepare a similar article, as it is inexpensive, and would be a change from the general lath and plaster treatment of the interiors of our dwellings.

A NOVEL WASHING-GLOVE.

Many ladies, although personally desirous of washing delicate fabrics such as silks, hesitate owing to apprehension that thereby the skin of their hands may be adversely affected. To secure protection for the hands an ingenious glove has appeared on the market. It resembles a gauntlet, but the palm and the back of the fingers are fitted with corrugated india-rubber. The corrugations on the palm enable the wearer to secure a firm grip in washing or when cleaning such articles as silverware, and those on the back of the glove to do the necessary rubbing efficiently, and yet without injury to the fabric or injuring the skin. These gloves are the handiest household accessories that have been devised for some time, and certainly will remove the objections to household work, inasmuch as the most delicate skin is not injured in any way owing to the complete protection afforded.

A NOVEL GARDEN-FRAME.

Nowadays every one who possesses a small plot of ground around his house or an allotment or small holding is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and as such will appreciate a new type of garden-frame which has been devised by a practical man for practical work. In size and shape it resembles the familiar cold frame, but there the similarity ends. The glass, instead of being fixed into the sash by means of putty so as to present a flush surface, is arranged in the form of an open Venetian blind. The glass, cut in small strips representing the laths, is placed in grooves, so that free ventilation is ensured; and, while there is full protection against hailstorms, the force of the watering-can is broken, the frost is kept out, and the full effect of the sun is secured. In watering, the

ordinary frame must be opened, and the force of the falling water from the can generally causes the surface of the soil to become packed, so that it cakes under the sun and checks growth; but with the new patent frame the water falls on the glass and drops gently upon the plants. Should the season be very wet the frame may be turned round, so that the glass, instead of permitting the water to fall inside, carries it off. The inventor has subjected the frame to searching tests, and the strength of the plants raised in this frame is distinctly noticeable, there being no need to take any further notice of the frame after the seed has been sown, as opening and closing it morning and night are unnecessary. There is another advantage. Plants raised in this frame require no hardening off, as there is no forcing, although the seed should be sown a fortnight earlier than usual. Seeing that the majority of seedlings raised in frames are somewhat sickly and weak owing to the lack of adequate ventilation both day and night, there should be a great future for this useful appliance. There is no difference in the cost of this frame and that of the ordinary one, as waste glass may be used, and no putty is required.

ARTIFICIAL MILK.

The Earl of Mountmorres has pointed out in the *Daily Mail* a method of reforming our milk-supply which amounts to a revolution. He suggests, as a cure for a contaminated milk-supply, that chemists might devote some of their energies to preparing by aseptic methods and from germ-free materials the emulsion called milk. Even if the chemical synthesis of the actual constituents of milk proved too much for modern chemistry, the preparation of an efficient substitute ought not to be difficult. Margarine has gone far to displace butter in the homes of the poor. The manufacture of an emulsion of some similar fat in a serum sweetened with lactic, or, say, grape or even cane, sugar, fortified by suitable proteids and germ-free albumen in correct proportions, ought to be easy enough and cheap enough to tempt both chemists and men of commerce to make the venture. Such a commodity could, of course, be supplied direct to the consumer in sealed bottles, and might even be varied in composition to suit all tastes and constitutions.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

HOME.

I KNOW a land set in the sea
  That laves its rock-bound shore,
Where Nature smiles her sweetest smile,
  And from the bounty of her store
Casts prodigal o'er vale and hill,
O'er meadows green, by rushing rill,
Through woodland copse, in garden fair,
Her choicest gifts and charms so rare.

There spring comes early with the song
  That gladdens all the sunny way,
And scents the air with violets blue,
  That welcome back the primrose gay.
There flower-strewn fields and hedgerows white
Welcome the cuckoo in his flight,
Till glorious summer, rose in hand,
Comes wooing in that joyous land.

Far in that land are home and love,
  And mother—all on earth I prize—
Fond memories of those early days,
  Of friendships, and the thousand ties
That bind the heart, where'er I roam,
To that fair land, to that loved home,
To those green woods and meadows fair,
And to the dear ones waiting there.

There, in that land where beauty dwells,
  My longing fancy fondly strays;
Here, 'neath this sombre foreign sky,
  I live the life of bygone days—
Live, hope, and long again to see
That glorious land set in the sea,
To clasp the hands extended there,
And breathe again my native air.

RICHARD THIRSK.

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CHRISTMAS 1912.

LORD DERRINGHAM'S REVENGE.

By FRANK HIRD.

WITH his small inheritance of three thousand pounds carefully hidden in an extra supply of pocket-handkerchiefs at the bottom of his cabin trunk, John Anlaby set sail for South Africa to make his fortune.

His father was the younger son of a younger son of that notorious Earl of Derringham who lost three fortunes on the Turf, and whose countess, on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, at a ducal house in London gambled away the jewels she was wearing and the horses and carriage waiting to take her home.

When Colonel Anlaby was killed in one of the little frontier wars in India, he could only leave his wife and three children a legacy of debts, in consequence of his grandfather's and grandmother's delight in gambling. Mrs Anlaby had no means to give the children the education befitting their birth, but kindly relatives had come to her aid. In due time they received their reward in the success of the elder boy Eustace, and the 'comfortable settlement' of the daughter Amabel. Eustace passed first out of Sandhurst; Amabel married an elderly Dean with a large private income and miserly propensities. But John—'dear, old, bumble-headed John,' as Amabel called him—was a thorn to the kindly relatives and the despair of his mother.

John Anlaby was the perfect expression of that unhappy type of youth which cannot pass examinations. He could tell you all there is to be known about birds, golf, cricket, badgers, and rabbits; but despite weary days at a crammer's, with his brain throbbing under his curly brown hair, and his blue eyes dim with perplexity, logarithms, trigonometry, Euclid, and algebra remained as irrevocably closed to his understanding as the Seven Sealed Books of the Eleusinian Mysteries to the Greek worshipper of old.

Eustace said John was a duffer. The kindly relatives said he was idle and stupid. Every time he failed to pass an examination his mother cried, and said her lot was harder than she could bear. Amabel was his only comfort. She would run her fingers through his hair, murmuring, 'Poor old Bumble! Never mind, you'll come home some day, like the man in the Psalms, "bearing your sheaves" with you.'

With a bewildering suddenness three events followed each other in John's unhappy world like claps of thunder on a winter day. Amabel married the elderly Dean; his godmother died, and left him three thousand pounds; and he failed in his last possible examination. The kindly relatives closed their purse-strings as a

snail draws in its horns; his mother's tears flowed more freely than ever, and all day long she moaned that her lot was harder than she could bear. Amabel was gone to her Dean and his deanery, and there was no one who understood. So John took his passage to South Africa.

Eustace shrugged his square shoulders; the relatives doubtingly hoped that it 'would be for the best;' his mother, still weeping, moaned that her Benjamin was leaving her desolate in her old age. Amabel sent a tear-blotted note from her stately cathedral city: 'You are right to go. God bless and keep my dear old Bumble, and bring him home with sheaves and sheaves! I've "saved" this out of the housekeeping money. I couldn't get any more. Ephraim is a demon on halfpennies and farthings.' 'This' was a postal order for twenty-two shillings; and after Amabel's sprawling signature came these words: 'Don't fret. I'll look after Peggy. She is a brick of bricks, and will wait.'

Peggy formed a large part of poor John Anlaby's tragedy. With the rashness of unconsidering and glorious youth, he had fallen in love with Lady Margaret Dunster, the only daughter of the Duke of Glastonbury, and his own cousin several times removed. Equally young, equally rash, and equally glorious, Lady Margaret had given her heart to the good-looking, curly-headed 'old Bumble,' who could not pass examinations. Great things were expected of Lady Margaret by her family; and as she was a wise daughter who knew her father's little idiosyncrasies, their engagement was a secret only shared by Amabel. So, when the great steamship cast her ropes and drew up her gangways, there were only two women who knew the real reason why a comely youth—with a very woebegone face, it must be admitted—amongst the many passengers, was going forth to fight for fortune. John Anlaby was going to South Africa in search of sheaves for his Peggy.

Another passenger, Richard Vansellen, was returning to South Africa with the crown of many years' labour by his side, a wife of surpassing beauty and attraction. Vansellen made acquaintance with John Anlaby in the smoking-room. Now John had lived in a very narrow circle, and under any other circumstances would have dubbed the friendly Vansellen—with his display of diamond rings and pins, his startling waistcoats, his cockney accent, and his boisterous laughter—as a 'bounder,' and would have repelled his friendly advances. But poor John was very low in his mind; moreover, now that he was fairly embarked upon his quest for sheaves, he was assailed by doubts and misgivings. How, when he landed, should he set to work? Besides, he was lonely amongst all these happy, engrossed, and chattering people.

Into this loneliness, these doubts and misgivings, Richard Vansellen stepped, a genial ray of fellowship and kindliness. John thought him a 'good fellow, though a bit rough.' Vansellen sought him in the corners where he sat brooding over the future—and Peggy.

'I've been looking for you to have a jaw,' he would say; or, with a slap on the back from a bediamonded hand, it would be, 'Come, buck up! We shall live till we die, if the dogs don't worry us.'

John hated being slapped on the back, but it was pleasant to feel that out of all these numbers of people there was one man who wanted to talk to him, one man who thought of him. Then Vansellen introduced him to his wife. She too had a cockney accent, but she spoke slowly, her voice throbbing with rich, low tones that were the counterpart of her complexion, her chestnut hair, and her dark auburn eyebrows and eyelashes. Describing her to Peggy, John wrote: 'She looks as if she had lived on Devonshire cream all her life, and she has great, sad eyes. Have you ever seen a cow's eyes when they have taken her calf away from her? Mrs Vansellen's eyes have exactly that expression.'

It was Mrs Vansellen who told John of her husband's early struggles at Larrasburg, the newly born town of gold and diamonds, and how, after years of patient struggle, he had made his 'pile,' and had come back to England to marry her. 'Dick worked for me,' she said in her slow, calculating way, 'and I waited for Dick. And now we are married.' She touched a new wedding-ring, buried amongst diamonds upon her finger, with a reflective pride. 'Dick is a big man out there now,' she went on. 'In five years, he says, we can go home and have a good time, and I needn't think any more of a sovereign than I do now of a sixpence.'

John Anlaby was still so young that his face was the mirror of his mind. Mrs Vansellen, with a perception wholly lacking in her husband, answered the sudden frown that followed upon her words.

'I am only quoting Dick, you know,' she said. 'He's always so blunt. I tell him he has become a rough diamond out there. And he says I must polish him—the dear old boy!' An adorable smile swept slowly across the beautiful face, a little hand was laid on John's coat-sleeve, and the vibrant voice cooed, 'I'm sure there's a nice girl waiting for you at home. That's why you're so sad.'

'By Jove, how clever you are!' cried the astonished John. He did not know that, a day or two previously, Richard Vansellen, from the vantage-point of an easy-chair close to the table at which John was writing, had read the larger portion of a letter to the beloved Peggy, cleverly masking his spying with a magazine.

'When a woman's in love, and has waited as I have waited,' the cooing voice went on, 'she understands a lot, and sees things other people don't see.'

And then John told her all about Peggy and the three thousand pounds. Mrs Vansellen asked no questions, and John, in his loyalty, did not mention Lady Margaret's name. He spoke of her as Peggy. It was only in later days that he remembered that neither husband nor wife had evinced the least interest or curiosity in his family. They spoke of nothing save his money and his future.

The tragedy that followed is as old as the days when men wore skins and bartered flint arrow-heads and needles made of fish-bones for a head-dress of feathers or a stoup of corn. There were Vansellens in the Neolithic caves who robbed their neighbours of their flint arrows and axe-heads by honeyed words and guileful promises of usufruct. There have been Vansellens in every age, and every age has had its methods of dealing with them—slitting of noses, cropping of ears, branding with red-hot irons, slowly strangling at a rope's end; but in our own time and generation they flourish and wax exceeding fat under the shadow of the laws, by the breaking of which they gain their nefarious existence.

Vansellen knew his law, and, by reason of this knowledge, when the great steamer arrived at Capetown John Anlaby's three thousand pounds was no longer hidden amongst his pocket-handkerchiefs. The money reposed in Vansellen's pocket-book, and John held a receipt for its investment in the Great Blazabon Diamond Mine, an exchange that had taken place after Mrs Vansellen had confided to John as a great secret, 'Dick's interest in that mine was the stroke of luck that set him on his legs, and made it possible for us to marry. He always said, "You sha'n't marry a poor man," and the Blazabon's made him rich.'

'I hear my missis has been telling tales out of school,' Vansellen said to John, with heavy jocularity, the same evening in the smoking-room. 'But now that you know about the Blazabon, if you'd like to come in I think I could get you some shares. They're jolly difficult to get hold of, because the mine's beginning to boom; but I have a pal on the Board, and I've got a big interest in it myself.'

It was Vansellen who insisted on giving a formal receipt for the money, remarking, 'Business is business, even amongst pals.' When he had signed his name, he pointed with the pen to a large diamond in a ring upon his little finger, remarking casually, 'That was the first stone out of the mine, but it's nothing for size and water to some we've found since. You'll find this'—he tapped the pocket-book wherein lay John's money—'trebled in a year.'

The happy John that night saw himself on the highroad to satisfying the most exacting of ducal fathers.

. . . . . .

At Capetown the new friends took leave of one another, the Vansellen couple going on to Larrasburg, John remaining in Cape Colony to pay a visit to an old friend of his father. Three weeks later he was hurrying to Larrasburg with his few remaining pounds in his pocket and a sickening fear in his mind.

A conversation between a little group of men, sitting so close to him on the veranda of the Mount Nelson Hotel that he could not avoid hearing what they said, had instilled the first doubt. Plain and direct English had been used about Vansellen and the Blazabon Mine, especially about Vansellen. John made inquiries; their result sent him scurrying northwards after his precious three thousand pounds.

When he knocked at the door of the little villa on the outskirts of the town there was no answer. Repeated knocking brought the sound of down-at-heel slippers clip-clopping in the passage within; still the door was not opened. He knocked again; still no answer. Then, enraged, he hammered upon the door with both his fists. There was a muffled cry of fear, another silence, a further banging with John's fists, which was answered by the slow turning of a key, the shooting back of bolts, and the cautious opening of the door so far as to let a woman peep out.

'You! What do you want?'

The door was flung violently open, and Mrs Vansellen confronted John. But was it Mrs Vansellen? He did not know, and he stood staring at her in amazement. She wore only a blouse and a short petticoat, both dirty and stained with grease; there were holes in the legs of her stockings; the beautiful chestnut hair was unbrushed and unkempt. The lovely Mrs Vansellen of the steamboat had been replaced by a dirty slattern whose eyes were all swollen and red with weeping.

'What do you want?' she repeated defiantly, her voice hard and raucous.

'I want to see your husband,' John answered.

'Well, then, you can't. He's away.'

'When will he be back?'

'Find out for yourself.' And therewith the door was violently slammed in his face.

For a moment John hesitated, then made his way quickly into the heart of the town. He knew that Vansellen had an office in Larrasburg, and by dint of questioning he at last discovered its whereabouts in a dingy, dilapidated building in a disreputable-looking street.

Mr Vansellen had been away for a fortnight, at Vosterstrand, the only clerk told him, but he was expected back that morning. Would John care to wait? John expressed his intention of waiting all day if need be, and sat down on the soundest of the only two chairs in the office.

At the end of two hours Vansellen ran gaily up the stairs. Whatever surprise he may have felt upon seeing John Anlaby in his office, he disguised it cleverly, advancing with beaming friendliness and outstretched hands. But there was no answering friendliness from John.

'What's the row?' said Vansellen.

'I want my three thousand pounds,' answered John.

All the geniality vanished from Vansellen's face.

'Don't be a fool, Anlaby,' he said, taking the other chair. 'Your three thou. is all right. Blazabon's booming ahead. You'll get a fat dividend next month.'

'That's a lie—a d—d lie!' shouted John. 'The company has never paid any dividend, and never will. It has been a rotten concern all along.'

'Who told you that?' Vansellen asked fiercely.

John mentioned names well known in Capetown, and as he heard them Vansellen's face grew a little pale. 'And what is more,' continued John, 'they told me you were believed to have "salted" the mine yourself with the proceeds of illicit diamond-buying.'

The truth hurled suddenly at his head is apt to disconcert the most practised swindler. Vansellen tried by a contemptuous laugh to hide his dismay at the public knowledge of facts he believed to be known only to himself and his confederates. But the laugh was not convincing.

'You got my money by false pretences,' said John, 'and if you don't give it up I'll expose you as a swindler.'

'So ho, sonny! that's your little game, is it? Blackmail! You beg and ask me to put your money in the Blazabon. I give you a receipt for your money. You've only got to go along to the office and get your certificates. And you come here telling me a lot of lies about what you've "heard," just to try to bounce the money out of me! I've met your kind before. If you want your money, go and sell your shares!'

Instantly John saw the position. The Blazabon shares, he knew, were worthless. He held Vansellen's receipt for three thousand pounds to be invested in the company. At all points Vansellen could satisfy the law. He could produce the certificates for the shares; he could demand the production of his receipt, yet John's money had gone directly into his pocket.

The callousness with which he had been tricked, the deliberation with which husband and wife had played into one another's hands for his undoing, were spread out like a clear map before John's eyes; and as the knowledge dawned upon him the youth died out of his face, and there came in its stead an expression so menacing that Vansellen quickly pulled open a drawer and took out a revolver.

'No nonsense with me,' he shouted, brandishing the weapon. 'Lay a finger on me, and you get this in your brain-pan!'

'You've given yourself away,' John said quietly. 'I wouldn't dirty my hands by touching a hound like you. Your wife is as big a swindler as you.'

'You leave my wife out of this,' Vansellen blustered.

'You and your wife are thieves and swindlers,' John repeated with the same quietness, 'and you'll both be in prison before you finish.'

Vansellen laughed. 'Not while there are mugs like you left in the world, my friend.'

'We shall see,' John answered, rising from his chair. His face was white. Vansellen was no stranger to such scenes. Bullying, threats, beseeching, Vansellen could meet with the ease of long experience. But John's quietness, the set determination in his face, and, above all, the accusing horror in his eyes like that in the eyes of a child who has seen some unspeakable thing, troubled the swindler. He fumbled with the revolver, hesitated, looked furtively at John, hesitated again; and then, thrusting his hand in his trousers-pocket, put a handful of gold on the table.

'I expect you're a bit pinched for the ready,' he said. 'Take this.'

'Thank you,' John replied. He picked up the money slowly as if he were counting it, then flung it straight in Vansellen's face.

As he was going down the staircase John saw a letter lying on one of the landings. He picked it up mechanically, looked at it, then threw it down and went on his way. At the bottom of the staircase he paused; then, as if impelled by some sudden thought, he ran swiftly up to the landing where he had found the letter. It was still there. Picking it up, John looked at the signature, then read its four clearly written pages from end to end. He read it a second time. 'We shall see,' he muttered, 'we shall see,' as he placed the letter in his pocket-book.

. . . . . .

A week later John was tying up parcels in the International Stores at Larrasburg. He had taken the first job that offered itself rather than write to England for more money.

Wearing a blue apron, his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, the perspiration dripping from his forehead, a pencil stuck behind his ear, John packed and tied, day in, day out, steadily for a year. The brain that boggled at examinations had cells of inventiveness in the packing of parcels. His quickness attracted attention; he was watched, with the result that one day he was called to the manager's office and asked if he would suggest a scheme for the reorganisation of the packing department on the basis of his own methods. John drew up the scheme; it was tried for a week, and at the end of that week he was sent for by the proprietor of the stores, a

man who had fought his way to the front, and had created a large and flourishing business out of a small grocer's shop.

The interview was brief, but when John left the 'boss's' office he had a cheque for five hundred pounds in his pocket—'my recognition, Mr Anlaby, for your clever suggestions;' and he had been made head of the packing department, vested with unlimited powers and receiving a generous salary.

During this year of unceasing labour John had never seen Vansellen; his life was passed wholly at the stores and in the little bed-sitting-room which swallowed up the larger portion of his meagre wages. He had neither heart nor money to indulge in the pleasures and amusements the gold and diamond town afforded. Mrs Vansellen he had seen once, six months after he had gone to the stores. Exquisitely dressed, and carrying a sheaf of flowers, she had come to the packing-counter, followed by a shop-walker laden with a variety of articles.

'The lady wants these things made into one parcel and taken to her carriage,' he said, dropping the heterogeneous collection of Mrs Vansellen's shopping in front of John.

'Thank you so much,' Mrs Vansellen cooed in her rich, vibrant voice. 'I want to leave these things at the hospital, and it is much easier to hand in one parcel.'

The shop-walker bowed. 'We know how kind you are, madam; I wish there were more ladies like you in Larrasburg. — Hurry up!' he said roughly to John. 'Don't keep Mrs Vansellen waiting.'

With another bow, and an 'Always at your service,' the shop-walker went away. In a few seconds John's deft fingers had made Mrs Vansellen's gifts to the hospital into a neat parcel.

When the last knot was tied she said, 'Bring it to my carriage. It is at the door.'

John followed her, carrying the large parcel. She took her seat in a smart victoria.

'Put it there!' she said, pointing imperiously to the vacant place beside her. As he leant forward she whispered, her great eyes aglow with malice, 'How 's Peggy?'

The parcel dropped at Mrs Vansellen's feet with a heavy thud, and John, in his shirt-sleeves and his blue apron, stood bolt-upright upon the kerbstone. Mrs Vansellen looked up, her beautiful mouth curved in a sneer. But under John's direct gaze the malice died out of her eyes, the sneer from her lips, and a dull, ugly crimson crept slowly under the cream-white skin.

'How 's Peggy?' she asked again.

'A woman such as you, Mrs Vansellen, should not speak of her,' John said.

The contempt, utter and absolute, in his voice acted on Mrs Vansellen like a whip. 'How dare you?' she cried. 'How dare'—— Then she sank back against the cushions, her whole body trembling under a sudden and uncontrollable fear. 'Drive on!' she called out hoarsely to the coachman—'drive on!' And as she was borne swiftly through the sunlit streets Mrs Vansellen said over and over to herself, 'My God! that man knows something! He *knows* something!'

The years sped on, and in their speeding John became a partner in the International Stores, and Richard Vansellen became a millionaire. John had returned to England only once; the Vansellens spent each season in London, taking great houses and entertaining with a magnificence that was imperial. John's visit had been brief. The Duke of Glastonbury, touched by the devotion of his daughter—a devotion that remained unshaken—had expressed a wish to see its object. As a result, John returned to Larrasburg with the duke's promise that when the little fortune the young man had already made had reached a certain figure, he would give his consent to the marriage.

'You 're a fine fellow, Anlaby,' the duke had said at parting. 'I would give Peggy to you now with all my heart; but I 'm a poor man, and I must think of my girl and her children and yours.'

Shortly after John's return from England the Vansellens, now grown surpassingly rich, left Larrasburg to settle permanently in the Old Country. In due course there appeared in the local newspapers graphic descriptions of their palace in London, their great house in the country, their shooting-parties, their villa upon the Riviera, their balls; but the note sounded most insistently was their generosity to charities, and Mrs Vansellen's unceasing labours in the cause of philanthropy.

A few months passed, and then the whole world was changed for John Anlaby. By one of those curious circumstances which sometimes occur in large families, all the many male descendants of the notorious Earl of Derringham and his gambling countess had died out, with the exception of the reigning earl, a young unmarried man, and his two second cousins, Eustace and John. The young earl was an ardent sailor, as was also Eustace, for whom he had a great affection. During a race at Cowes the mainmast of Lord Derringham's cutter suddenly snapped in two, and he and Eustace and several of the crew, swept overboard by the falling sail and held down by its weighty folds, were drowned before help could reach them.

The telegram that informed John of the tragedy likewise told him that he was tenth Earl of Derringham.

Two lives of extreme carefulness and a long minority had partially restored the fortunes of the House of Derringham, devastated by John's great-grandfather. Thus, when—a seemly period after the terrible tragedy having elapsed—John married his faithful Peggy, he had ample means to support his position.

When Mrs Vansellen read of the accident, and that Mr John Anlaby, who for some years had been in South Africa, was the next heir, she asked her husband anxiously, 'Do you think that is the man in the stores at Larrasburg?'

'It's the same man. But he can't do us any harm. We're too firmly fixed for that.'

'I shall never forget the way he looked at me. It made me feel frightened; and I feel frightened now,' she said.

'What is there to be afraid of? That he'll talk about the little game on the steamer? What if he does? Nobody knows him, and my word is as good as his! He held his tongue at Larrasburg, and you'll see he'll do the same here. He won't want to give himself away as a mug.'

Riches and a place of honour in the seats of the mighty had not softened Vansellen's manner. Mrs Vansellen, on the contrary, had acquired all the outward signs of a woman of good-breeding.

'I feel frightened,' she repeated. 'I had forgotten the man's existence, but now I have exactly the same sensation as when he looked at me that day outside the stores.'

'Bosh!' retorted Vansellen, and left the room.

John did not appear in London until after the announcement of his engagement to Lady Margaret—an announcement that filled the Vansellens with consternation. The Duke and Duchess of Glastonbury had on several occasions stayed at their house in the country, and had frequently been their guests in London; indeed, it was the Vansellens' acquaintance with the ducal pair that had brought royalty within their doors and set the seal upon their social success. It was the duke who had given Mrs Vansellen the title of 'the South African Juno.'

'What shall we do?' Mrs Vansellen asked her husband in dire dismay. 'Lady Margaret knows.'

'What rot next?' he said brutally.

Mrs Vansellen rose from her chair, beating her hands together. 'Don't you see?' she cried. 'Lady Margaret is the "Peggy" he told us about!'

Vansellen whistled.

'The duke and duchess always call her Peggy,' his wife went on excitedly. 'It never entered my head that she could have anything to do with John Anlaby. But she knows, Dick; I tell you she *knows*.'

'You mean he has told her?'

'Yes. I've always wondered why she wouldn't come here or to Silverlands with her father and mother. If she is in the room when I go to see the duchess, she always gets up and walks out. Whenever I meet her I simply have to force her to shake hands with me. And she looks at me as if I were poison.'

Vansellen whistled again. 'This is deuced awkward, old girl,' he said.

'Awkward!' she cried. 'Awkward! It is ruin!'

'Come, come, don't let us jump too far,' he answered, taking hold of her arm. 'Lord Derringham, with the Glastonburys behind him, I know is a more ticklish job than John Anlaby, the lout on the steamer. But if he does talk I can make him look pretty small. He has got no proofs; I took jolly good care of that. He got his certificates for his shares, and holding his tongue all these years will put him out of court. There were only us three who knew. There's you and there's me—what they call corroborative evidence. The noble Earl of Derringham can sit on the chimney-pots and blab to all the world, but he can't *prove* anything about the Great Blazabon Mine. See?'

Mrs Vansellen shivered. 'Yes, I understand. But it is not the Great Blazabon that frightens me; it is the look in that man's eyes.'

Vansellen laughed. 'Don't be a fool!' he said with kindly roughness. 'Here we are at the top of the tree. You're the handsomest and the best-dressed woman in London. We've more money than we can spend, and you fret and shiver over the look in a man's eyes!' He kissed her. 'We've weathered some pretty bad storms together, old girl, and we've always come out on top. Don't you worry! Fifty Lord Derringhams couldn't knock us out. We're planted too deep for that. Send the girl a wedding-present—something handsome. I bet we shall hear nothing of Blazabon.'

Mrs Vansellen was comforted. She sent Lady Margaret a costly present. It was returned without any note or word of explanation.

'That's Derringham,' Vansellen said lightly; but he began to be uneasy. His uneasiness was increased when they received no invitation to the wedding, but he tried to reassure himself and Mrs Vansellen by saying that owing to the tragedy of the yacht only immediate relatives were present.

But again Mrs Vansellen said, 'I am so frightened, Dick! I am so frightened!'

Again he laughed at her.

After the return of John and his beloved Peggy from their honeymoon, the Vansellens had further cause for alarm. The Duke and Duchess of Glastonbury refused an invitation to dinner. A party was given at Glastonbury House in honour of the bridal couple. The Vansellens received no invitation.

On the following evening Mrs Vansellen saw the duchess at a ball at the Russian Embassy. 'Dear duchess,' she cooed, 'it is so long since I have seen you.'

Ignoring the proffered hand, the duchess looked her full in the face. 'You have made a mistake,' she said in her high, staccato voice. 'I do not know you.' Then she deliberately turned her back.

At such moments women have more courage than men. Vansellen would have blustered and protested; but Mrs Vansellen, with a graceful movement, turned and looked round the room. Then she walked slowly towards the door, stopping now and again to speak to acquaintances, the diamonds flashing in her hair and about her neck, her dress of softly clinging satin showing the outlines of her perfect figure.

'What a superb woman!' a man said to a friend.

'That's Mrs Vansellen,' was the answer. 'They call her "the South African Juno." Her husband's a lucky devil. He's got her, and five or six millions besides.'

'Some men have all the luck.'

'Yes; and Vansellen is an awful bounder. If it weren't for his wife I don't think people would swallow him in spite of all his money. Hallo! What's up?'

Mrs Vansellen had reached the doorway, when she came face to face with Lord and Lady Derringham. They passed her without a sign of recognition, and in John's face she saw something which set her heart beating with a fear so sickening that she fainted.

The social decline of the Vansellens dated from the night of this ball. Throughout the season they grew more and more conscious of an increasing hostility. Women whom Mrs Vansellen had known intimately passed her by; the invitations they sent out were more and more frequently refused; those they received grew fewer and fewer. Then came the supreme blow. An application for cards to attend a Court and for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot was refused by the Lord Chamberlain. Much space had always been given in the Larrasburg papers to descriptions of Mrs Vansellen's Court and Ascot gowns.

'What can it all mean?' Vansellen shouted when Mrs Vansellen handed him the fatal letter. 'We're being frozen out! Why, men who used to dine here whenever they were asked scarcely speak to me! And now this! What does it mean? Have you heard anything?'

'Not a word. I've given up going into the Park. Nearly everybody I know cuts me dead.'

'Whatever it is, Lord Derringham is at the bottom of it. But they can't all be making a dead set at us because of his beastly three thousand pounds. Besides'——

He stopped abruptly as a footman entered the room, carrying a note upon a salver.

'There is no answer, sir,' the man said.

Vansellen read the note. 'That's funny,' he said. 'I suppose I had better go.' He handed her the note, which presented the Earl of Derringham's compliments to Mr Vansellen, and asked him to call the following morning. 'I may hear something that will help us to fight. This being dropped in silence is getting awful.'

. . . . . .

On the following morning Vansellen duly waited upon his former victim. He entered the room with badly assumed joviality. 'Very kind of you, Lord Derringham, to ask me to call. 'Pon my word, it's very kind. My wife and I thought you had forgotten an old friend.'

'No, I had not forgotten you, Mr Vansellen,' John answered, ignoring the outstretched hand. 'Won't you sit down?' He pointed to a chair on the opposite side of his writing-table.

As he took it, Vansellen realised it was a repetition of the scene in his dingy old office at Larrasburg, with the positions changed. John was then his victim; now the millionaire saw in Lord Derringham his judge.

'You doubtless recollect, Mr Vansellen, an interview that took place between yourself and me in your office at Larrasburg?'

'I have some remembrance of it,' Vansellen answered guardedly; 'and if I recollect rightly, your lordship was rather put out about something or other.'

'You had robbed me of every penny I possessed,' John said sternly.

'I protest against that statement. You have no grounds for making it, and you can't prove it,' Vansellen shouted, the bully in him breaking out. 'If you dare to say such a thing of me I'll have you up for libel!'

'It was not to waste your time or mine, Mr Vansellen, over a discussion about my money that I wished to see you. Since that interview a letter of yours has been in my possession. I now have no further use for it, and therefore hand it to you.'

Taking a letter from his pocket-book, John gave it to Vansellen, whose face turned a sickly white as he glanced at it.

'My God!' he muttered. 'How did you get hold of this?'

'I found it lying upon the staircase as I left your office,' John answered quietly.

'It's a d—d scoundrelly thing to read and keep other people's letters,' Vansellen blustered. But there were little beads of perspiration on his forehead.

'Not when other people deliberately rob you of all you have, and build up a great fortune on the robbery of yourself and others. Your fraud upon me was a particularly cruel one. But for you I should have been married long ago. You stole my three thousand pounds, Mr Vansellen; and when I found this letter from the woman who passes as your wife, imploring you to marry her although it would mean bigamy, I determined I would use this letter to punish you and her. She was your confederate in the dastardly game.'

The perspiration ran down Vansellen's face. 'She is my wife,' he protested.

'You may have gone through a ceremony of marriage with her,' John replied in the same cold, even tone; 'but if this is the case you are a bigamist. Your wife keeps a tobacconist's shop in Manchester. Her name is Dobson, which was the name in which you were born, and used until you changed it for Vansellen and deserted her.'

Vansellen sank back in his chair. His mouth fell open; he stared at John in speechless terror.

John had himself well in hand; but something of the years of impotent rage against this man, some memory of all the misery he had passed through, some knowledge of the misery inflicted on others by the same hand, crept into his voice.

'I could have exposed you and that woman long ago had I chosen,' he went on. 'But when you attacked London with your ill-gotten money I waited. You and she are snobs. You've bought everything you wanted; you went everywhere; you knew everybody. I let you climb and climb until you reached the top. I let all the world believe the lie that this woman was your wife. Now the world knows the truth, and by her own handwriting! The letter which she wrote to you at Vosterstrand begging you to marry her, and which you dropped on your office staircase, has shut the door of every decent person against you.'

'Then this accounts for the way we've been treated?' Vansellen gasped.

'I gave it to the Duchess of Glastonbury to make what use of it she pleased. She sent it to the Lord Chamberlain, and has shown it to all her relatives and friends.'

'Then this is the finish?' The perspiration was dripping unheeded down Vansellen's face.

'Yes, the absolute finish,' John answered quietly. 'Good-morning, Mr Dobson.'

WITH HORACE AT THE FARM.

Rure meo possum quidvis perferre patique.—*Epist.* I., xv. 17.

FAR from the Forum and the street,
The din of Rome, the dust, the heat,
I pass with Horace to his hill-retreat.

I pace the grassy paths with him—
Clean-shaved, loose-robed, in easy trim;
Not young, yet blithe of heart and lithe of limb.

Around us, one encircling wall,
Are the great hills, and, proud and tall,
Lucretilis, the guardian of them all.

No clamorous knock, no callers here!
On the far ridge, outstanding clear,
Goats and a goatherd lingering disappear.

But the sweet vale beneath the hills
Invites us to forget our ills
And meditate and muse beside the rills.

No thought lives here to make you sad;
With verdure gay the vale is clad,
And with the voice of quiet waters glad.

A laden bee goes grumbling by;
Or in the hollow of the sky,
Thrice heard, resounds the cuckoo's ghostly cry.

Here clear Digentia's windings flow,
In a calm current, cooled with snow,
To Anio, calling from the woods below.

And here's Vacuna's mouldering shrine;
And there *his* villa, where we dine
On simple Sabine fare and country wine.

Yonder's the little market-town,
To which the dairymaids come down
To barter eggs and cream for gaud or gown.

Homeward they go with joke and play,
Their little purchases display,
And flip Bandusia babbling by the way.

Slow ends the golden day; anon
Moonlight will silver slope and lawn,
And soon again come bluely up the dawn.

It is a land of peace and rest:
Here will we end our earthly quest
For Paradise, in green Ustica blest.

At least 'tis an Elysian dream,
Where Horace and his shadow seem
For ever loitering by Digentia's stream.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

YVONNE:

A ROMANCE OF OLD ST ANDREWS.

By H. J. CLEUGH.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was setting as the long procession wound slowly out of the great gate of the Cathedral, and down the narrow, cobbled street of the little town. The gorgeous vestments of the priests, their pale, ascetic faces and calm, dignified air, contrasted sharply with the rough clothes and fierce, stubborn features of the silent, watchful crowd that lined the route and jostled one another under the gray stone eaves. Here were grim, sullen faces, hard with exposure to wind and wave, stern, implacable, and relentless; few women, and only here and there a child. The children of the people did not live long in those evil days in St Andrews. What little sustenance the toiling fishermen and labourers managed to wrest from the cruel seas and stubborn soil went to strengthen those whose bodies were of sufficient hardiness to bear the yoke of war and serve beneath the banner of their king. There was no laughter in the crowd; and if a man here and there spoke in a low tone to his neighbour, it was in an angry mutter that sounded like a curse, and might have been the growl of a wild beast, so unlike was it to any speech of human voice. Here and there a rude torch smoked and spluttered in the ranks of the onlookers, and its red gleam would shine dimly on a polished steel headpiece and illumine the stern features beneath it with a sinister light.

At the head of the procession, and at an interval of some few paces to mark his isolation from his inferiors, walked the boy-archbishop. The thin, pale face was absolutely expressionless, the dark eyes fixed on vacancy; the slight, well-knit figure, in its long, splendid robe, scarcely moved. Men gazed, and marvelled that the well-known fiery and intemperate spirit of this boy could conceal itself behind so complete and cold a mask. Yet it was so; something of his royal father's reckless valour and impetuous passions was rooted deep within him, and was perhaps somewhat more essentially of his nature than was the cold beauty and imperious calm which overlay it, perhaps a heritage from his unknown mother. In spite of the teachings of his former tutor, Erasmus, the great Dutchman, he cared little for religion, and still less for the pomp and outward show which in those days was its inseparable accompaniment. But, since the high office to which His Majesty King James the Fourth of Scotland had seen fit to appoint him gave the youth that undisputed sway over his fellow-creatures that had ever seemed to him to be his right, he acquiesced without protest in all the duties required of him, and imparted a dignity peculiarly his own, and far beyond his years, to the gorgeous ritual of the times.

At last the archbishop paced slowly up to the portals of his house, and the procession halted. The sun had long since set, and the flickering torches at intervals in the crowd cast a weird and uncertain light upon the scene. The boy ascended half-way up the old stone steps, and turning, faced the throng of priests and townspeople, all his servants and vassals. A thrill passed through him as he gazed, and for a moment the dark eyes flashed, the tall form straightened, and all the warrior looked forth from his face. A low, savage murmur rumbled through the crowd below him, and far away to the rear a woman's voice shrilled something incomprehensible. Only the priests kept the still outline of their calm, pale features unchanged, and their blank eyes fixed upon the ground. Then the archbishop lifted up his face, grown calm again, to the dark sky, and raised his hand. Every head bent. He gave the blessing in a deep, strong voice, then turned and walked up the steps into the house. The massive gates clashed, and those without dispersed.

The archbishop, giving orders that he was not to be disturbed, entered his private apartment, and shut the door. He flung off his gorgeous robes with a deep sigh of relief, and drew a tall chair of dark, carved oak up to the casement. It was a perfect midsummer night. Not the faintest breath of wind stirred in the luxuriant ivy that clung to the window-ledge and twined into the room. It was very still. The casement creaked loudly as the archbishop flung it wider, and gazed out into the night, his cheek resting upon his hand. The huge bulk of the Cathedral, with its five tapering spires, loomed on his right. To his left the wide sea sparkled under a full moon, and he could hear the waves lapping peacefully against the walls of the Castle. Far away in front of him he could see the dim, scattered lights of the fishermen's quarters, squalid hovels enough by day, that sloped down the hill to the rough docks and rugged causeway, at the end of which twinkled a tiny point of light. They had been praying that afternoon in the Cathedral for the souls of those slain in the English war, and beseeching God for the success

of the army of the Scottish king, torn as it was, alas! by sore dissensions. And even now, as the boy-archbishop leaned farther into the night, inhaling the sweet salt air, the long, sonorous chant swelled out with a stern insistence from the dim Cathedral, rising loud and melodious upon the still air, only to fall sadly and lingeringly again into a low murmur just audible above the plashing of the waves.

The sound was attuned to the archbishop's mood, and its repeated air lulled him at length into a sort of drowsy trance; his half-closed eyes seemed to be trying dreamily to pierce the dim, blue haze that was beginning to gather about the lofty spires and buttresses of the Cathedral, and trail its thin mists across the scarred battlements of St Leonard's Tower; but the archbishop saw none of these things. He saw instead the fair, rounded cheek, pale in the dusk, the dark eyes and deep, cloudy hair, of a young girl. The vision hovered tantalisingly before his dreaming eyes, just as he had seen it that very morning when her dark hood fell back and showed him the dancing black eyes and wind-tossed hair for just a fleeting moment as she galloped past him over the drifting sands. He had been riding, as was his wont, accompanied by many attendants, across the waste lands and gray sandhills that lay to westward of the city, when the girl had been carried past him on a great black horse that he had remarked upon as it stood riderless and held by a groom in the market-place the day before. She had not looked at him, but had flashed a dazzling smile at one among his retinue that had made the swift blood surge into the archbishop's pale face and his hand tighten upon the rein till his horse reared and almost threw him. He had regained his ecclesiastical composure in a moment, but had darted a glance at the esquire, one Malcolm Campbell, that boded him little good.

Now, with the tantalising image of the girl's bright face before him, he was torturing himself to find means to meet her once more, and get speech with her. The thing must be done secretly or not at all. He, the Archbishop of St Andrews, the spiritual father of his people, the second highest personage in all broad Scotland, subordinate only in rank to the king himself, and the greatest Churchman in the realm to boot, must never be detected in common intrigue with what might prove to be but one of the latest acquisitions to the miniature Court that they held every day up at the Castle yonder. But even as these thoughts crossed his mind the boy's heart smote him. The face, the eyes, that he had seen that morning, that if need were he would follow to the end of the world, could belong to none that was not as pure in heart as noble in birth. There was no doubt of that in his mind. Nay, no intrigue should it be, but a romance, a true romance of youth, such as he had dreamed of in the old days before his royal father's command and the fates of a disordered age had placed him in the high seat that now, in spite of all its power, made him cry out aloud against destiny and spurn the chair away from him across the room.

Romance! He was standing now with parted lips and kindling eyes beside the fallen chair, and the thin face flushed and burned as the old dreams came surging in upon him. Romance! Secret messages from eye to eye in thronged alcove or crowded street, swift, meaning clasps of the hand, and the slip of paper craftily pressed into willing fingers at leave-taking. Then the ivied casement in the moonlight, the low, whispered signal, the fair face at the window, and the rope-ladder. Then to horse and away with all the riches of the world across your saddle-bow, and the good steel flashing as all who opposed went down beneath that deadly sword, and the lover made a glorious and gallant exit 'mid the thunderous clash of arms. 'Twas a brave picture indeed, thought the young archbishop, and he pondered long upon it. But how, how to compass it? The boy paced his chamber, brows knit and eyes upon the floor.

Presently he roused himself, and going to a small table near the door, picked up a silver hand-bell and rang it.

The door opened, and a servant appeared.

'Send Malcolm Campbell to me.'

The archbishop seated himself once more in the high oak chair, drew some papers towards him, and appeared to be deeply engaged in study when the esquire appeared at the door in answer to his summons. He was a tall, handsome fellow of about thirty, with a somewhat sneering countenance and an air of devilment and bravado which accorded ill with the weak mouth and shifty eyes that betrayed the man of schemes rather than of action. He stood now in an easy attitude of half-contemptuous deference, which changed perceptibly as the archbishop pushed back his chair and turned towards him with bent brows.

'Malcolm Campbell, I have sent for you to explain to me your loose and evil conduct of this morning. It ill becomes the member of the suite of an archbishop that he is a mark for all the light glances of every passing wench that rides along the West Sands of a morning. Come, sirrah, what have you to say? Know you the maid?'

The esquire answered, in a low voice and with bent head, that the girl had been graciously pleased to exchange greeting with him the night before at a banquet given at the Castle to her father, the French count who was on a political visit to St Andrews, and who would wait upon the archbishop on the morrow.

The young prelate, having gained the information he desired, and affecting to be somewhat mollified, gave the esquire his hand to kiss, and dismissed him with a slight reprimand. He then called his servant once more, and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed until morning.

[*Christmas Number.*

Left alone, the archbishop rose from his chair and passed into an adjoining room.

Some twenty minutes later a slim, well-knit figure, in a black silk mask and the dress of a Mephistopheles, was descending a rope-ladder, one end of which was made fast to the open casement of the archbishop's private study.

CHAPTER II.

MISTRESS YVONNE DE SERAILLES, flushed and laughing in purple and silver, came out upon the broad terrace on the arm of a tall man dressed as a Bedouin. Both were masked. Through the open door came the sound of violins, and one caught a glimpse of brilliant moving figures in many-coloured raiment, and flashing mirrors set in twisted gold frames upon the walls. The murmur of many voices and now and then a burst of clear laughter floated out upon the terrace, and seemed to emphasise its comparative quiet and seclusion. The night was warm and starry, and a cool breeze rustled gently among the bushes in the garden below. A dim, white statue was just discernible in the darkness at some considerable distance from the terrace, and from it came the faint plashing of a fountain.

Malcolm Campbell, still hot from the dance, controlled his voice with difficulty as he bent down towards his partner.

'Will it please you to walk in the garden, mademoiselle?'

He sought her eyes. They sparkled up at him from behind the black silk mask with a reckless gaiety and a charming native coquetry—no more. She dropped his arm to sweep a mocking curtsey.

'Sir, I am honoured. As far as the White Faun.'

Malcolm Campbell compressed his lips, and again offered her his arm, with a low bow.

They descended the broad steps together with a mincing gait, imposed by his mischievous partner, which sat oddly upon the tall form of the Bedouin. He seemed ill at ease, and by no means in the humour for the jests which followed one another upon the lips of his fair companion like flashes of summer lightning.

As they turned the corner of the stair the archbishop slipped from behind his pillar and strained his eyes into the darkness. In a moment or two he caught sight of the white robe of the Bedouin fluttering below him in the shadows, and stole silently down the marble steps. The boy's lips were parted; his eyes shone. Like a man in a dream, he felt himself drawn along by an impulse that he was unable to resist to follow the pair. He had only arrived at the ball a few moments before, and had not as yet gained speech with his lady, though she had flung a saucy jest at his sombre figure and bearing as she passed through the doorway but now with her Bedouin. He had sworn, after his impetuous fashion, to make that careless gibe a passionate whisper of love before the evening was over. And now he followed, almost invisible in the gloom, some forty or fifty paces behind the gleam of silver that was Yvonne and the dim whiteness that was Malcolm Campbell.

The esquire was talking in low, earnest tones—almost fiercely, as it seemed—to his companion, bending down from his height above her, and seeking desperately to hold her attention to his passionate pleading. The French girl was perfectly at her ease, and enjoying the flirtation—for it was obviously no more to her—with the greatest delight in her own coquetry and the man's discomfiture. Her gay laughter and light, mocking replies came clearly back through the dark to the silent figure behind.

Suddenly—they were in deep shadow—the Bedouin, as if goaded to madness, with a swift movement tore off his partner's mask, and in a moment his arms were round her and his lips hot upon her cheek. The girl, with a gasp, head down, fought desperately for her dagger; but the esquire's strong arms pinioned her, and she could not reach it.

The archbishop had seen, and was running silently down the path. Neither of the struggling pair was aware of him until the moon came suddenly from behind a cloud, and Malcolm Campbell caught sight of the gleam of naked steel almost at his throat. With a curse, he dropped the girl and sprang backwards, tugging at his sword. The archbishop stood rigid, waiting for him, his breath coming in great gasps, his rapier shortened in his hand. The girl laid a hand on his sleeve; but he shook her off roughly, and kept his eyes fixed on his adversary.

The esquire got his sword free from his robe at last, and came at his antagonist without a sound. The swords clashed and rang in the still air, and the girl looked fearfully up at the lighted windows of the ballroom. There was no sign of alarm, and she turned her eyes back to the combatants. There was little display of swordsmanship. Both men were in a white-heat of rage, but the archbishop's long Court training stood him in good stead, and he pressed the other hard. The sight of the esquire's wild eyes and working mouth, flecked with foam at the corners, had a calming effect upon the archbishop, and he relaxed his former furious efforts and began to fight warily. Seeing this, and thinking his victory now certain, the esquire threw all caution to the winds, and, with a wild yell and his mad face terribly distorted, he forced the archbishop back a dozen paces, and swept up his blade to cut him down. But in a flash the other was on his knee, his blade rigid, and it was over. As he went down beneath the superior weight of his antagonist the boy felt the hilt of his

sword smash home against Campbell's ribs, and knew that the fight was at an end. He rose unsteadily, and wrenched at the sword, but it held fast, and was torn from his grip as his opponent's body collapsed heavily on the grass. The boy staggered back against the statue, and glared wildly at his fallen enemy. He had completely forgotten the girl in the madness of the combat, and his simmering blood made thought impossible. Yvonne stood quite still, her dagger shining bright in her hand, and her deep eyes fixed, not upon the white, crumpled shape on the turf, but with a strange intensity upon the masked black figure against the statue.

So they stood perhaps while one might count a score. The voice of a girl singing came floating faintly down to them from the ballroom, and a moment later the distant ripple of applause. Then the dress of the girl beside him rustled, and the boy started and turned towards her. He dropped upon one knee, and spoke in a low, strange voice that seemed to thrill her to the very soul.

'Lady, for this night's work I must crave your pardon. There was that in me to-night which would out, and that in only one way. It is my great and irresistible love for you that has led me to this deed.'

The words were strange, but the voice was stranger still. It carried a conviction of truth that could not be denied. Yvonne de Serailles gazed uncomprehendingly for a long moment at the kneeling figure and bowed head of the boy at her feet. Then she smiled proudly, bending towards him. As if some unspoken message had passed between them, the dark, passion-filled eyes of the boy looked up at her as she smiled, and, with an inarticulate cry, he sprang to her swiftly and caught her to his heart. For a long moment she lay in his arms, then whispered low of danger from the ballroom. Her protracted absence would be remarked upon, even if the noise of the duel had not already aroused suspicion.

He released her, and they walked to the terrace without another word, save that at the door of the long dancing-room he asked, 'Where shall I see you again?'

And she answered, 'By the Pends Gate, to-morrow, at sunset.'

He bowed low, and left her.

As, some ten minutes later, he dropped softly from a wall into his private garden he heard a distant outcry in a woman's voice, followed by a sudden clamour of many voices.

The body had been discovered.

CHAPTER III.

THE Archbishop of St Andrews, in his robes of state, and surrounded by all his Court in full pomp and splendour, awaited in his magnificent reception-room the arrival of the Comte de Serailles. His cold, handsome face was even paler than usual, and his black eyes burned. The whisper went round the room that the archbishop was in a fever, and many were the eyes that watched him as he sat there in his lonely splendour, a boy of twenty in a chair more fitted for the bent form and white hairs of a patriarch.

There was a flourish of trumpets in the yard below, and a few moments later the count was announced, and entered the room leaning upon the shoulder of a page. He greeted the archbishop with a grave and courtly deference, and intimated his desire for a private interview.

The archbishop seemed displeased; he frowned heavily, but signed to his attendants to leave the room, and then relapsed into his favourite attitude, his elbow on the arm of his chair and his cheek resting in his hand. When they were alone the French count seated himself at a table and fixed the archbishop with his eyes. He was short, dark, and sturdy, plainly but richly dressed, with a heavily curled beard and mustachios dyed jet-black.

The prelate, after glancing once coldly and haughtily at his visitor, kept his eyes fixed upon a corner of the room; nor did his countenance alter when the count began to speak. The Frenchman talked in level, measured tones, with a distinct pause between each sentence, as if to mark its effect upon his hearer, for he never once took his eyes from the silent, gorgeously robed figure in the high, dark chair. He told the story of the finding of the body of Malcolm Campbell in the gardens at midnight, dead, with a sword-thrust in the side; and of the discovery later of a blood-stained rapier in the bushes under the wall. The listener could hardly repress a start at this. He remembered that the weapon had been fast in the dead man's heart when he left the gardens. How, then—— A sudden thought struck him that made his eyes sparkle with a great and tender joy, and his hand gripped the arm of his chair convulsively.

The other, watching him always, spoke on coolly. His daughter—with whom the dead man had last been seen—had been able to give him no information beyond the fact that the esquire, being rebuked by her for some familiarity, had broken from her in a gust of rage, and disappeared. She had thereupon returned to the terrace, and sought the protection of the first man she met there, who had attended her to the ballroom. This man could not now be found, and the count was bound to say that he had very grave suspicions of his being implicated in the murder, as he was pleased to call it, of Malcolm Campbell.

At this point the archbishop, who had been listening with secret delight to this fresh proof of the devotion of his lady, feigned suddenly to fall into one of his periodic fits of anger, and

brought down his fist upon the table with a violent oath.

'What, in God's name, has this to do with me, sir?' he cried, leaning across the table with blazing eyes.

The count shrank back, terrified.

'Am I here to give judgment upon every petty brawl that your French masques occasion in this city? Get you to the provost, sirrah! I will hear no more of it, upon my soul!'

The archbishop sat back in his chair, and glared at the Frenchman with his piercing eyes aflame in his white face. The other had regained his composure, and leaning forward, he met the archbishop's angry gaze calmly and without heat.

'Monseigneur,' said he, and his voice was so compelling that the archbishop shuddered in spite of himself—'monseigneur, the sword that was found in the gardens bore upon its hilt the private motto of the Archbishops of St Andrews.' He drew back, watching the other's face for the effect of his master-stroke. There was none.

The boy-prelate returned his gaze unmoved. He said, 'I will make inquiry among my household. All my bodyguard bear that motto upon their rapiers. If found, the fellow shall be delivered over to the city authorities.'

He was master of himself now, and could hardly suppress a grim smile at his triumph, as he extended his hand to denote that the interview was at an end. The Frenchman realised that for the moment he was checked, and bowed to fate. He must work in the dark. He bent low over the slim, white hand, and left the room with a quiet smile of satisfaction. His lips had touched ice.

When the door closed behind the count the archbishop rang for his secretary, and dictated a letter to the Court at Edinburgh, in which, among other matters of weight, he inquired how long the Comte de Serailles was to be suffered to remain in the city of St Andrews, and urged that political necessities would be best served if he were requested to withdraw as early as possible. As to his family, there was no objection to them, and it would perhaps look well, wrote the archbishop, if they were encouraged to remain in the city during the prolonged absence of their head.

Having concluded his letter and dismissed his secretary, the archbishop gave himself up to meditation of a strictly secular description. He reflected long, with closed eyes. This Frenchman was already dangerous, suspected something—how much the archbishop did not care to guess; and would become doubly dangerous if he should suspect his daughter. These foreigners had little of the Scottish belief in the sanctity of the representatives of Holy Church. Danger was in the air, and the boy laughed out exultantly as he sprang from his chair, no longer a prelate, but a lover and a soldier. He struck a dramatic attitude, and swore—not by the saints—that the course of his self-imposed romance should run smoothly to its end in spite of fifty French counts and suspicious fathers.

A loud knock upon the door sent him back into his chair with his chin upon his hand, in the distant pose that he affected to the world.

There was a loud turmoil without, and the door burst open. The room was filled in a moment by a throng of excited courtiers and men-at-arms, who cried out, 'My lord! my lord!' and 'News! Great news!' A few priests struggled in the midst of the room to hold them back from him.

The archbishop rose from his chair to his full height, and his eyes were terrible. His voice rang in an authoritative tone across the tumult, 'What means this unseemly irruption upon our privacy?'

The room was quiet in a moment, and the foremost ranks of the intruders parted to admit a short, squarely built man with light sandy hair, in a dusty riding-suit, who fell upon his knee in the open space before the archbishop, and held out a sealed paper.

The archbishop received it, broke the seal, and moved to the window, unrolling it. The light fell through the stained glass in dusty patches of bright colour upon him as he stood, his pale features growing sharp and his mouth hardening as he read.

There was no sound but the stiff crackling of the parchment and the hard, restrained breathing of the messenger. A sword clattered on the parquetry, and at the sound the archbishop turned. His face was ghastly, the whole man seemed to droop from the shoulders, and his dark eyes were dull and filled with pain.

He crumpled the paper in his hand. 'It is well,' he said heavily. 'Leave us.' He moved wearily to his chair.

There was a gasp of astonishment all round the room. It was not thus that the Archbishop of St Andrews was wont to take a summons to the field. The crowd filed out in dead silence, each man as he reached the door turning to stare incredulously at the huddled figure in the great oaken chair.

When the time arrived for him to go to the Cathedral the archbishop was his old imperturbable self again; but his eyes were weary, and his thoughts seemed far away.

CHAPTER IV.

AT sunset Yvonne let herself out of the great iron gate that led to the orchard behind her father's lodging. It closed behind her with a little click, and she leaned back against it, nervously scanning the thick shadows beneath the Pends archway. A spurred heel rang suddenly on the cobbles, and the girl ran forward

with a low cry, and threw herself into the arms of a dark figure, heavily cloaked and masked, that strode to meet her. He caught her to his breast and kissed her lips passionately. When he spoke his voice was strained and unnatural.

'Sweetheart, I have come to tell you that this, our first, meeting may be our last. I am summoned to the wars.'

With a little, incredulous sound, she thrust him from her and stared up at him. Her eyes, black wells of ink in the fading light, afflicted him with an intolerable anguish. He ground his teeth to keep back the wild sobs that kept rising to his lips and shaking his whole body. He held her by the shoulders a little away from him, and gazed miserably into her eyes.

''Tis true, love.'

With a low moan she dropped forward into his arms, and lay there sobbing. There was a long pause. The archbishop's white, set face looked out above her head into the gathering night. All the vast, accumulated sorrows of lovers since the world began seemed to weigh upon him in those few minutes, the bitterest of his life.

At last Yvonne raised her head. 'Is it—is it with the archbishop? I have heard he is going.'

And he answered, 'Ay, 'tis with the archbishop.'

She moaned again, and he held her closer to him.

'Would you were with any but him!' she sobbed. 'I have heard so much of his wildness, his desperate, reckless moods. Ah! do not go—do not go!' She burst into a fresh passion of tears.

Above her the boy shivered, and his frown darkened.

Suddenly she stood away from him, and tossed her hair back, as he had seen her do the morning before on the sands. She looked up into his face with a piteous attempt at self-control.

'Sweetheart'—her voice broke again upon the word—'I know not your name or station, and your face I have never seen. But I care not. I wish to know none of these things, for I know that I love you, and that you love me, and that is enough. And now I am going to give you something, so that when we meet again—if ever we do meet'—again she broke down and sobbed against his breast—'when we meet again, you shall know me, and I you.' She untied a blue ribbon from her hair and gave it to him.

As the archbishop put out his hand to take it his ring of office sparkled for a moment in the pale moonlight, and he started violently, making an ineffectual attempt to slip it under his cloak.

But she had seen. 'Ah, the ring! the ring!' she cried. 'Let me see the ring.'

Silently the boy drew away from her, and held out his left hand so that she could see it. A long moonbeam fell between them as they stood beneath the dark archway, and the jewel shone clearly in the pale light.

A moment she gazed breathless, then seized his hand and looked closer. There could be no doubt. Only one man in all Scotland was entitled to wear that ring. Still holding his fingers, she raised her questioning eyes to his face.

He had taken off his mask, and was standing very tall and straight in the moonlight, like a statue, his cloak fallen back from his shoulders, and his eyes fixed, grave and distant, upon the far-off, tumbling seas behind her. How many times was she destined to see that cold, white face again in dreams!

There was a long, long silence. The two figures might have been carved in stone. Then, very slowly and reverently, she sank upon one knee before him and just touched his fingers with her lips.

At that he gave a hoarse, passionate cry, and bending down, caught her once more into his arms and covered her face with kisses. She broke down utterly, and clung wildly to him in a tempest of love and despair. They had their hour.

She never knew when he left her.

When the mad blindness of passion and grief that shrouded all her senses dropped from her, and left her weak and cowering, half-dead with love and weeping, a piteous, drooping figure in the black night, she found herself lying in the orchard behind the iron gateway, one hand still grasping desperately the cruel bars that shut her in. But in the other was the hereditary ring of the Archbishops of St Andrews.

EPILOGUE.

It was a fortnight later that the first slow cavalcade of the melancholy procession passed under the deep shadow of the West Port. An afternoon of mid-September, an eternity of close and heavy heat, had slowly and drearily worn itself away, and the blood-red banks of cloud about the dying sun tinged the battered armour of the horsemen with an ominous light, and sent their long black shadows slipping grotesquely before them. The set, white features and weary, hopeless eyes of the escort told once more the tale of Flodden Field to the silent watchers at the windows and in the dreary street, and far more eloquently than any speech could convey. The slow hoof-beats seemed to echo the sad refrain, 'All dead—all dead—all dead;' and when a horse's foot slipped on the smooth cobbles, the sound seemed like a shud-

dering groan of pain or the death-rattle in the throat of Scotland's king.

Up in a casement in South Street, the sunset shedding an unearthly radiance around her pale face and sunken eyes, Yvonne de Serailles awaited the arrival of her lord. They had told her how the archbishop, in one last desperate charge into the press of English knights about them, had given his father five more minutes of precarious life, a short breathing-space from the clanging blows, and then had fallen himself in the thick of the English with his mailed gauntlet at Surrey's throat. King James had seen his boy fall, and had dropped his axe to the ground in despair, neither moving nor uttering a sound until the English closed round him for the last time, and hewed him down.

All this she had heard, but had not the heart to believe. All her love cried out passionately against this intolerable blow, so crushing was it when it fell, though she had been cowering beneath its threatening shadow ever since the night that he had left her in the orchard. It was impossible that he could be dead. And now she waited, pale and half-delirious under her delusion, sick with days of weeping and the intolerable suspense of war-time, listening with an ever-growing dread to the slow hoof-beats of the cavalcade as it drew nearer and ever nearer.

Now the first war-worn squadron passed beneath the window, and a nameless dread rose round her and enveloped all her senses save one. With an effort she forced herself to look down into the street. First the four coal-black horses appeared pacing slowly below her. As in a dream she heard the Cathedral bell tolling out for the dead; and then her eyes looked upon the last sad sight that ever they were destined to see in this world. There was the cold, white face and marble brow unscarred; but the blank, arid eyes stared up at her, dead and unrecognising. The hacked and mangled body had been covered with a banner, but they had left the white grandeur of his face, yet more ennobled in the hue of death, for her to view. Some torn rags of blue ribbon fluttered from his shattered head-piece in the evening breeze.

The procession passed on, but Yvonne's head had fallen forward upon the ledge of the casement, and her white arms, flung out before her as the darkness came down upon her eyelids, shone mistily in the cloudy masses of her hair. Those blank, dead eyes had sent their message to her own, and she had welcomed it.

When they found her, late that night, she had slipped to the floor, and lay face upwards, one hand in her still, cold breast. It clasped the ring of the Archbishop of St Andrews.

ISOLATION.

THERE is sympathy for blindness,
And for weakness tender care,
There are many acts of kindness
Which the old and poor may share;
But there 's little grace conceded
To the plea, 'We cannot hear,'
And the deaf oft live unheeded
By the friends who hold them dear.

There is love and patience blended
For the suffering and the sad,
There is ready help extended
To the vicious and the bad;
But to those whose ears are heavy
There is scant attention shown,
For the frown is ever ready,
And the harsh, impatient tone.

Yet they miss the lark's sweet anthem,
And they hear no cuckoo call;
For the silence closes round them
Like some high dividing-wall,
Shutting out the bird's clear singing,
And the sound of childish glee,
And for them no echo bringing
Of the murmur of the sea.

And when death's dark shade is falling
Over some beloved face,
They hear not the faint voice calling,
And another takes their place;
While the heart is well-nigh broken,
And the eyes are blind with tears,
When the last low words are spoken
That can never reach deaf ears.

We are quick to note a danger
For the lame and faltering feet;
We will guide the poor blind stranger
In the thronged and busy street;
But for those whose ears are heavy,
Whom a few brief words rejoice,
We are not so quick and ready,
We will scarcely raise our voice.

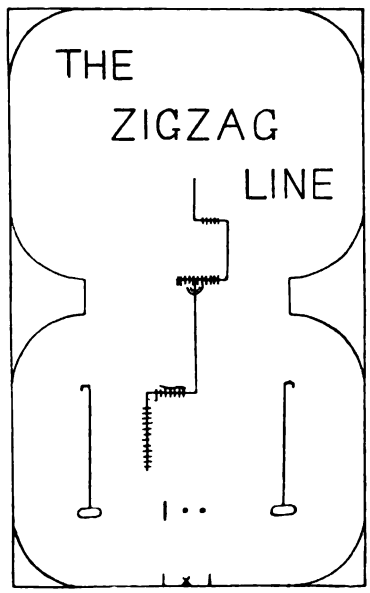
Yet their trial is unceasing
Through each hour of the day,
With the weight of years increasing
As they tread their lonely way;
Whether toiling or at leisure,
Silence holds them 'neath its spell,
And to many a cherished pleasure
They have bidden sad farewell.

And when life is almost ended,
When they know that death is nigh,
Though with love and pity tended,
They can hear no last 'Good-bye.'
Though the 'Farewell' be unspoken,
Yet may God be very near,
And the long, long silence broken
When their Saviour's voice they hear.

FRANCES A. MANKS.

THE ZIGZAG LINE.

By Major C. H. BUCK.



THERE have been great changes in India since I was there, and I sometimes wonder whether we were not happier in the olden days, with our buggies, *dak gharis*, *punkahs*, straw-cooled brandy *pauni*, cheap steeds, and thatched bungalows, than in these up-to-date times with motor-cars, express trains, electric fans, iced whisky-and-sodas, hundred-guinea polo-ponies, and masonry residences.

I certainly enjoyed my sojourn in that quaint little place Moodipur, where I was collector, with Berkely as district superintendent of police, or *captān sāhib*, as the natives call the officer holding that position.

He and I chanced to be there together for five years, and for about three years in another station, so we were much thrown into each other's company and became great friends. After fifteen years in the police, having made a little money by successful speculation, he retired and started business in the timber trade, and I only met him occasionally after he left Government service.

Berkely was a first-rate police officer, and there were few more clever than he in ferreting out mysteries and tracking down offenders. He had a fondness for hobbies, and it is a great thing for a district officer in India to have a few of these; one has to spend much time alone, and they almost take the place of companions. He could put his hand to almost anything; but he chiefly interested himself in collecting curiosities—rubbish, some people called them—and as a matter of fact he obtained many articles of considerable value during his peregrinations in the bazaars. His greatest delight was to visit the shops of the *kabāris* (second-hand dealers) in the larger towns and cities. One has to be a keen collector to go poking about in these places; the old-clothes shops in Britain are nothing compared with them.

A *kabāri's* shop generally consists of a low-roofed room about nine feet square, with a platform in front and an oblong room at the back; the interior is lighted and ventilated merely by the front-door, permitting very little fresh air to find its way through the articles of every description which are piled up inside.

I once went with Berkely on one of his curio-hunting expeditions—but never again! I am not surprised that he is an inveterate smoker—in fact, he is never seen without a cigar in his mouth—for one requires some sort of disinfectant when rummaging in a bazaar.

The shop I visited had the choicest goods for sale arranged in some sort of order on the platform. Thus in the front row were placed a number of odd spoons, forks, knives, ash-trays, ink and medicine bottles, tea-cups, and saucers. On one of the cups was inscribed, 'A Present from Margate,' and another instructed one to 'Love the Giver.' The second row consisted chiefly of empty tins, among which those of various biscuit and tooth-powder firms predominated. An old bowler hat, several worn-out *dekchies* (cooking-pots), a broken carriage-lamp, three or four unserviceable lanterns, a pair of iron tongs, one top-boot, and some tawdry china formed the third line. In the background were a worm-eaten saddle-stand, on which were hanging some very ragged garments, a number of pieces of leather *punkah* thongs, and a well-worn horse-blanket; and leaning against these were three cracked polo-sticks, a bent iron tea-tray, a gilt frame containing a gaudy picture of a pink-faced lady in a be-spangled evening-dress, and an old portmanteau covered with dirty labels.

As far as I could see, the interior was mostly stocked with old furniture, crockery, and filthy clothes, including a soldier's helmet.

Berkely spent about half-an-hour exploring the recesses of that one shop; and on seeing his selection, which consisted of one of the tooth-powder tins, the 'Present from Margate' cup, two filthy black spoons, and an old iron bazaar weight covered with grease, I thought that he was crazy. 'You don't mean to say you are going to take these?' I said. 'Yes, I am, if I can get them at a decent price,' replied Berkely.

[*Christmas Number.*

'Why, my good chap, they are absolute rubbish, and you can get them anywhere. For goodness' sake, leave them behind and come away!' It was no use, however, for Berkely stopped and bargained until he got them all, except the cup, for three annas. When we were leaving he said, 'By Jove, I've got some real treasures this time!' and pulling the black spoons out of his pocket, he showed me some marks on them, which he said were a crowned leopard's head, an S of a peculiar pattern, and a lion; these he declared meant that the spoons were hall-marked in 1675, and that they were most valuable. When we got back to his bungalow he threw away the tin and the bazaar weight, and, putting the spoons carefully into a cabinet, showed me some of his treasures, which certainly led me to believe that he was not such a fool as I might have supposed.

I did not see Berkely again for many years; but after my retirement I knocked up against him in Piccadilly, and took him to lunch at my club; after which he invited me to his place in the country, where I made the acquaintance of his charming wife.

Since then I have often stayed there, and during one of my visits, when Mrs Berkely happened to be away, he gave me a full account of certain adventures during his last year in India. These struck me as so remarkable that I afterwards recorded them as far as possible in the words he used, and now, with Berkely's permission, make the story public, fictitious names of persons and places being substituted in every case, and many years having passed away.

. . . . . .

'You know,' said Berkely, 'I left the police force in 18—. Well, I settled down in Mirpur, and got some work there in connection with a timber business. It wasn't much of a job, but it took me up to the Hills during the hot weather, and in the cold weather I knocked about the banks of the Jhalna, and got a fair amount of shooting and fishing; so, on the whole, it wasn't at all bad. I was also able to visit all the principal towns and cities in that part of India, and picked up any number of curios in those *kabāri* shops you had such a rooted objection to.

'One day I was at Kaprāna, and made a regular good haul. There used to be a cantonment there in the old days, much the same as at Moodipur, and it is generally in the old military bazaars that one finds the best English curiosities.

'The troops left the place on account of the unhealthy climate, due, it is said, to the proximity of the canal to the station; but a certain number of the residents of the bazaar had stayed on, and, after a short search, I found a family of *kabāris* who were still doing business in their own peculiar line. I think they must have bought up most of the goods of the other dealers when the latter left, for they had two shops fairly crowded with things, and there was a large field for me to explore.

'I managed to get several pieces of old plate and a quaint pewter measure of the Scots pint which proved to be of considerable value; also, some early English coins, a piece of old Worcester china, and a fine specimen of Crown Derby. What interested me most, however, was the first volume of a *History of the —— War*, by Lord L——, a second edition, which had been published in 1829. I have it with me now.'

My friend thereupon took the book from a shelf and handed it to me. It bore the coat of arms of Lord L—— on the inside of the cover, and on the flyleaf was a note worded:

'To one of my best and kindest friends this edition is presented by the author.

'V—— L——.

'18*th June* 1829.'

Berkely then continued: 'Some months afterwards Thomson of the Two Hundred and Tenth, who is very keen on old books, was looking at this volume, when he suddenly asked me if I understood the writing at the end of it. I then for the first time noticed this inscription. Look here.'

Berkely pointed to the inside of the last leaf, where I saw a curious design consisting of a zigzag line, which to me was quite meaningless. Below this were written the vernacular figures for one hundred. On the other side of the leaf there was some neat writing in what I rightly guessed by the form of the letters to be Gurmukhi; but never having studied this alphabet, I could not decipher a word of it. My friend then showed me a translation, which read as follows:

'To R. C., greeting.—As known to you, I was compelled to leave my home in great haste, taking only necessaries with me owing to the approach of the British, about which Dittu and the others deceived me. I now send these instructions to you under sealed cover, trusting you, as my near relation, to recover what I have been unable to remove. I have taken refuge in the place I once mentioned to you. You will find what I refer to by following the direction of the line from the little office with the eastern windows. The arch is filled up. Make all efforts to obtain possession of the fort, which I hear is to be sold shortly by public auction.

'M. R.

'15*th June* 1858.'

Berkely then went on: 'When I spotted what was written it suddenly occurred to me that there might be something of value in this communication, and I promptly decided to put Thomson off the scent; so I told him it was merely a memorandum about some transaction written by a *bunia* (grain merchant), and of no particular interest; after which I drew his atten-

tion to a first edition of *Bleak House* which I had recently procured.

'When he had gone I studied the memorandum carefully, and then set to work to solve its meaning, for I felt convinced that it contained a secret which might prove worth investigation. The problem seemed to be no easy one, for the only facts I had to start with were: first, that after the Mutiny a man, whose initials were M. R., owning a fort (every one of any consequence in Northern India owns what he calls his "fort"), had been wanted by the British, and his fort, having been confiscated by Government, had been sold by auction; secondly, that he had a relative whose initials were R. C., and a person named Dittu was probably one of his retainers; thirdly, that in his fort there was a small office with eastern windows, from which one could move in the directions shown by the zigzag line; fourthly, that he had left something behind in that fort which he had been unable to remove in the hurry of his departure, and which was apparently of considerable value.

'The figures "100" completely stumped me, but I thought that perhaps they referred to the number of steps one had to descend.

'I soon came to the conclusion that M. R. and R. C. stood for Hindu names, for I could think of no Mohammedan ones with these initials; most of the latter end in Khan, Ali, Shah, Mohammed, or Baksh. Then, again, they could not belong to Sikhs, for the initial "S" for "Singh" would in such case have appeared. The language and alphabet employed showed that the message was written by a native of Northern India.

'I prepared a list of all the Hindu names I could think of with these initials, and found that it was not a very lengthy one; most of the names ended in Ram, Chand, or Chandar. I then called on the collector of Mirpur, and obtained permission to borrow some history books and district gazetteers from his office, and spent several days wading through the accounts of the Mutiny so far as they applied to districts in Northern India. In this way I finally discovered that two petty *rājas*, named Molak Rām and Manohar Rām, of the districts of Rattanpur and Matiāna respectively, had rebelled at the time of the Mutiny, and that their property had been confiscated.

'I now became fully convinced that I was on the track of a fortune, and indulged in all sorts of dreams about what I was going to discover, and what I would do when I became a millionaire. At the same time I decided to keep jolly *chup* (quiet) about it all, and to carry out my scheme in strict secrecy. You see, the Act about treasure trove which had recently been passed required one to deposit in the nearest Government treasury any treasure one might find. Notice has to be given to the collector of any discovery, and an inquiry is then held as to the lawful owner. The memorandum in the book clearly showed that the gentleman's property had been confiscated, and I wasn't such an idiot as to go and hand over my information, for I knew perfectly well that if any treasure was found Government would collar the whole lot; so, as I said before, I kept *chup*.

'You may be sure it wasn't long before I visited Rattanpur. I just packed up a few things, including my camera, some papers about timber, a history, and the local gazetteer, and went off by the next train to Barinda, whence I jolted along in an old *dak ghari* (staging-carriage) to my destination, where I put up in the *dak* bungalow.

'The *khansāmah* (caretaker and cook) was one of the old-fashioned kind, and looked as ancient as his crockery and the place itself. As is frequently the way with these old chaps, he was a great gossip and a mine of information about the neighbourhood. He saved me a lot of inquiry which I should otherwise have had to make in the offices and among the people.

'I began by telling him that I was in the timber trade, and wanted to know if there were any *rakhs* (tree or grass reserves) or Government waste land where I could obtain trees, and then asked about the native gentry of the district. He gave me information about several of the principal landholders; and on my remarking that they were much better off now than before the Mutiny, he started bucking about what happened then; and, sure enough, he soon mentioned the name of the man I was interested in.

'Natives are much more ready to impart information to private individuals than to Government officers, and after I had left the service I frequently had occasion to notice how freely they talked to me about various matters concerning district administration. When I was the *captān sāhib* they always seemed to speak with what might be called studied reserve, and apparently thought that there was a hidden meaning in all that I said. You must have noticed what I mean.

'The old *khansāmah* knew that I was not there to inspect his pots and pans or to draw him into conversation about any of his less respectable relatives, and he thoroughly enjoyed meeting a *sāhib* who was ready to listen to his tales and his grievances.

'It appeared that Molak Rām had been the *rāja* of a small state which had its headquarters at Mokala, and that he was an awful old blackguard who was in the habit of looting his less powerful neighbours in the surrounding country, and always giving trouble of every description. He would have been kicked out long before the Mutiny if only people had had the courage to come forward and complain about him, for he kept a regular gang of thieves in his *kila* (fort), and his retainers and tenants had been the terror of the countryside.

'The *khansāmah* said that during the Mutiny the *rāja* had refused to pay the tribute due from his state, had sent out parties to loot, and had taken no notice whatever of the orders of the district authorities. A number of travellers had been murdered by his retainers, and there was ample evidence to show that he had been guilty, if not of personal violence, certainly of culpable complicity in these crimes. Accordingly, when affairs had quieted down a bit a small armed force was despatched to arrest him and to take possession of the state.

'The party was directed by a servant of the state who had turned informer against his master owing to ill-treatment, and with this man's assistance they very nearly captured the *rāja*. The old scoundrel managed, however, to get away in an *ekka*, and, fording the Jhalna, made good his escape by riding the *ekka* pony through the dense jungle on the other side. Since then he had never been heard of, although for some years rumours as to his whereabouts were occasionally spread, and searches were sometimes made.

'This information I gained during the first two days after my arrival; and, in returning to the subject some days later, I asked the *khansāmah* whether any of the *rāja's* relatives were still in the district. He replied that as far as he knew there was none left, and that the fort, which had been confiscated, had been taken over by Government, and was being used as a *tahsīl* (headquarters offices of a portion of the district).

'I was rather annoyed on hearing this; for, if the place should prove to be the one I was in search of, I did not see how it would be possible for me to get a footing in it, not to speak of exploring it for treasure trove. However, it was satisfactory to learn that it was not owned by any relative of the *rāja*, and apparently had not left the possession of Government since it was taken over after his flight.

'I pondered over this information for some time, and finally decided to see Stubbins, the collector. I dare say you have met the man?'

On my stating that I had not, but had heard of him, Berkely proceeded: 'Well, I found him a regular Tartar, most inquisitive and obstructive. When I told him I was studying history, and going to write a book, he had the impertinence to say he would like to see my notes; and on my mentioning about the timber business, he seemed to think I was going to cut down all the Government trees in the district, or set fire to them, or something. As a matter of fact, he was a bit cracked, and was suspicious about every one. I learnt afterwards that he had actually written to the collector of Mirpur to find out if I was the person I purported to be.

'My object in visiting Stubbins was to gain his consent to my looking through some of the Mutiny files in the English office, and I told him I wanted to take notes from them for the purpose of an historical novel I was then writing. He put me off by declaring that it was not in his power to sanction this; but after a great deal of argument, he at length agreed to refer my request to higher authorities. I considered it advisable to forestall him in that quarter, and wrote to the commissioner stating what I required, and explaining that the matter was being referred to him.

'As I knew the reply would not come for a week or so, I decided to trot out to Mokala and try to ascertain whether I was on the right track, and what facilities there were for gaining access to the old *kīla*.

'It's a difficult journey to that place, particularly when you haven't got official assistance in laying out a *dak* and getting supplies. I never asked Stubbins for help, as I knew he was just the sort of man to do exactly the opposite. Forty-five miles along a bad *kacha* (unmetalled) road is no joke in an *ekka*. My Mohammedan bearer was a fairly good cook, and with the pots and pans and tinned food which he brought along in the second *ekka* he was able to manage for me all right in the grub line, and we reached Mokala on the afternoon of the second day. Here I was relieved to find a very decent chap called Digby in charge of the subdivision. He kindly put me up for the few days I was there, and showed me round. He was quite keen when I told him that I was making historical notes, and promised to collect and send me some about his part of the district.

'The fort proved to be considerably larger than I had imagined, but much of it was in ruins, and had evidently been in that condition for a long period, certainly for more than thirty years, so I supposed that the *rāja* had only occupied the northern end. Digby took me over it the morning after my arrival, and said I might take photographs whenever I liked; so that afternoon I strolled casually about the place and searched for the room described as the "little office with the eastern windows." I had a copy of the zigzag line with me, and made several attempts to apply it to the various rooms having an eastern aspect, but it didn't seem to apply to any of them.

'The *rāja's* memorandum seemed to indicate that one must start from one end of the line when standing in the room, and then proceed in the direction shown by it, and the small cross lines appeared to represent stairs; but search as I would I could find no sign of any staircase near the eastern rooms; and after staying for an hour or so, I thought it advisable to return to Digby's quarters, in case of rousing suspicion.

'The next morning I spent in the town making inquiries about timber and wood supplies, and heard that there was much uncultivated land in the vicinity which was covered with small *dhāk*, *jand*, and *kikar* trees, which were obtainable for a mere song. The following day I went out to a village some five miles away,

and was so fortunate as to obtain the right to cut and remove the trees from a strip of fairly dense jungle, about five hundred acres in extent, for the trivial sum of fifty rupees, provided I left a certain number of *kikar* trees (which the owners were to mark), and dug out the roots to a depth of at least two feet. The villagers wanted the land cleared for cultivation; and, not having sufficient capital to arrange for the cutting of the trees themselves, they were quite pleased to get this done for them, and would, I believe, have been ready to let me have them for nothing.

'We got hold of the local *patwāri* (the Government official who has charge of the village records), and he was most willing to give me all the information I required on learning that I was staying with the *stant sāhib* (assistant sahib). An agreement was drawn up in legal form and the money paid before witnesses, and I had a *raison d'être* in Mokala.

'I told Digby of the business I had arranged, and asked if there was any place I could secure as a temporary residence, knowing full well that there was no other bungalow in Mokala besides his. He said he could arrange for me to occupy a room in the portion which was used as a rest-house, but that I should have to turn out whenever any officer came there on tour, and this would be inconvenient. I then suggested that perhaps one or two rooms in the fort could be rented to me, as there seemed to be a number lying vacant. Digby replied that this could probably be arranged, and that in the meantime I could, if I wished, mess with him and share expenses. This suited me to a "T," and, thanking him profusely, I accepted his kind offer. As a matter of fact, he seemed very pleased to have a companion, for it was disagreeable for him being there all alone and almost fifty miles away from the nearest station with Europeans.

'I spent that afternoon again exploring the eastern rooms of the fort, and made a discovery of great importance. Some of these rooms had a small passage leading to them from the *tahsil* portion; and in this passage, just outside the door of one of the rooms, I happened to notice that a space like that of a doorway had been filled in with large bricks and mud, also that it was different from the rest of the wall, which was built of small bricks. "*Yih kya hai?*" ("What is this?") I said to the old *chuprassi* who accompanied me. "Oh, there is a staircase down there, and this wall was made because there is a great black snake which lives below. Every one used to complain about it, so Jan Mohammed, *tahsildar sāhib*, had this wall built. No one, however, has ever used these rooms, for, God knows, perhaps the black snake can get into them even now. The outer door, *sāhib*, is always kept locked, and people are afraid to enter." "But you don't seem afraid," said I. "Sahib, how should I be afraid when your presence is here?" replied the old man. This made me believe that my interpretation of the instructions was probably correct, and I became all the more certain when I had referred to the zigzag line, and found that it might apply to this spot if there were a staircase in the position mentioned by the *chuprassi*.

'I had a plan of the passage and rooms prepared, and sent in an application to be allowed to rent them at ten rupees a month. Digby forwarded it with a strong recommendation. Of course Stubbins returned it with a string of objections and questions; but, to make a long story short, after I had had a personal interview with the commissioner, and waited for over two months, my request was finally sanctioned, and I entered into possession of my new quarters.

'I had taken advantage of the interval to look through some of the Mutiny files, which Digby had procured for me from headquarters; and after much research I came across an account of the confiscation of the old fort and the establishment of the *tahsil* there. What was of most interest was the fact that the fort had actually been put up to auction in 1858; but the sale had not been sanctioned by Government, for at the last moment a proposal had been made to utilise it as a *tahsil*. The list of the bidders, which was still on the file, certainly did not contain the name of any one with the initials R. C.; but it was probable that if a relative of the *rāja* had bidden, he would have given a false name. The highest bidder was a person described as Ram Dās, son of Moti Ram, merchant of Mirpur; but although I made inquiries there, no one had ever heard of such an individual.

'Well, it took me a long time to settle down in my new residence. I had to get some of my furniture and belongings from Mirpur, for I always believe in making myself as comfortable as possible, and I foresaw that my stay in Mokala would probably be a fairly long one. Among other things, I brought two large iron boxes which were constructed like country safes. In these I packed a short but stout crowbar, some small iron pegs and mallets, a couple of mason's trowels, a number of bricks, a small sack of cement, a bull's-eye lantern, and a frame with a small door fixed in it. I was very pleased with the latter, and spent several days at Mirpur making it. The door was about two feet square, and was covered with stout canvas, which I painted in oils, imitating as far as possible that portion of the wall I intended removing.

'There was little chance of its being discovered, for I had not at first even noticed the bricked-up entrance to the staircase, as the passage was badly lighted.

'The *chuprassi's* "black snake" proved to be of the greatest advantage to me. Even my own servants were afraid to stay in my quarters after dark, and the natives who came to see me on business much preferred meeting me at my woodyard to paying me a visit at my rooms. Consequently

I enjoyed a considerable amount of privacy, which is rare in India.

'By the way, I must tell you that I bought up a lot more jungle in the neighbourhood, and got up some of my men from Mirpur to start the wood business, so that no one had the slightest suspicion of what I was really up to. The wood had to be carted about twenty miles to the river, and then went down on large country boats to my depôts, whence I supplied the Great Northern Railway and several cantonments.

'One evening, when everything was ready, I locked the outer door of the passage and covered it with a mattress to subdue sound and keep out the light, and then set to work on the wall. It was not at all difficult, for the *tahsildar* had not gone to much expense over the job, and I was able to get out a sufficient number of bricks and to fit the canvas doorway into its place in about three hours. I had previously nailed the frame securely to two small posts, and these I wedged into position at the back of the wall by means of bricks and pieces of wood.

'I used a basin for making up the mud mortar, and with the aid of a trowel finished off the edges of the doorway in such a way that it was really quite imperceptible at a little distance, even when the light was turned on.

'On first going through the opening I found there was a dreadful stench in the passage on the far side, and was rather startled by a colony of bats which, attracted by the light, flapped against my face and hands. I withdrew considerably quicker than I went in, and must admit that my first thoughts were of the big snake. On recognising what the creatures were, I came to the conclusion that there must be some connection between the staircase and the open air, so I went warily down the steps in search of it, and soon discovered a little window, which was incompletely bricked up, through which these creatures had evidently obtained ingress.

'The place was a seething mass of them, and, the air being very foul, I had to postpone any exploration until I had cleared them out. You will hardly believe me, but it took a whole week to dispose of the brutes; and a nasty job it was, too. I knocked them down with a tennis-racquet in the midst of clouds of dust, with which the floors of the passage and staircases were thickly covered, and I could not stay there a few minutes at a time without getting a coughing fit and being nearly suffocated. The bodies, too, had to be collected and carefully cremated in the fireplace in my bedroom; after which the remains were thrown from the northern end of the veranda into the lake, which at that point was close to the wall.

'When the place was finally cleared I opened out the windows, and was able to ventilate it; after which I partially filled them in again.

'The rooms below, to which the second staircase led, were in great disorder, and rather reminded me of a London street when it is what is called "up." Perhaps Jan Mohammed, the former *tahsildar* mentioned by the old *chuprassi*, had done a little exploring on his own account; and then, in order to conceal the mess, had closed in the top of the upper staircase, and accounted for so doing by starting the story of the snake.

'The passages, I discovered, followed the direction of the zigzag line, but I found that my work was not nearly at an end. Those curious curved lines half-way down the second flight represent an archway, which had evidently been carefully filled in during the *rāja's* time, as noted by him in his instructions to R. C. It took me about two weeks, working at odd intervals, before I had bored through to the other side. The inserted masonry proved to be slightly over three feet in thickness, and consisted of small country bricks so firmly cemented together that it was almost like rock. I had to proceed very carefully, too, for fear of being overheard.

'It was rather clever of the old *rāja* to select that spot for closing up, as the staircase goes straight past it, and no one would think of looking for a branch passage there. Perhaps the poor devil who acted as mason on that occasion was put out of the way directly afterwards as a sure method of preserving the secret.

'I learnt from the Government files that the party who took possession of the fort turned the whole place upside-down in their search for the treasure which rumour declared was stored there; but with the exception of some ornaments and wearing apparel in the *zenāna*, and a few bags of rupees in the treasury vault, nothing of any value was discovered. Perhaps it was they who had dug up the floors of the chambers at the foot of the second staircase, and I maligned Jan Mohammed in casting suspicion on him.

'Towards the end of November, Digby had surprised me by announcing that his sister was coming out from home to stay with him, and would arrive during the first week of December. I well remember when I first saw her; it was on the afternoon of the day when I had succeeded in piercing the wall under the archway. Digby had gone to meet her at Barinda, and they had spent four days on the uncomfortable journey to Mokala, which they reached on the 3rd of December. I expected to see a worn-out object, looking dusty and bedraggled, and perhaps cross with things in general and India in particular; but, to my astonishment, from the folds of an enormous blue veil there emerged a vision perfectly fresh and bright, with no apparent signs of fatigue.

'How is it that women sometimes manage to look charming under conditions which bring out all the bad points of the sterner sex? I have done that journey often enough, but am quite sure that I never felt or looked pleasant after it;

and if Digby had been asked for his opinion, and given it truly, he would have said I was a disagreeable cuss on those occasions.

'In the pleasure of the next few days I really believe I forgot my original object in going to Mokala. Anyhow, I had no time to proceed with my masonry operations, and somehow or other I did not feel much regret in deferring them.

'Digby was very busy most of the day, and the duty of introducing his sister to Mokala devolved upon me. She took a great interest in old ruins, and was quite keen about curiosities and antiquities; so, as you may imagine, we got on very well together, and did a lot of exploring.

'Some ten days had quickly passed in this way, when, as we were starting on an expedition one morning, she reminded me that I had not taken her to see the *tahsil*, and said she would like to go there. Some days before we had been paddling about on the large tank or lake below the walls of the fort in an old boat, and on her expressing a desire to see that portion which was occupied by the Government officers, I had promised to take her there.

'We passed into the *tahsil*, where the usual groups of natives were clustering round the officials with their petitions, and some time was spent in explaining what was going on and what the various offices were for.

'I was about to take her out again, when she remarked, "But can't we get a view of the lake from here? I should so like to look out of some of those little windows which we saw from the boat." I explained that those were the windows of my rooms, and she said, "You don't mean to say you are living here? Why, I always thought you had a bungalow like Fred. Oh, let's go and see where you live," she went on, "it would be fun!" I said I didn't think we ought to go; but she said, "Why not?" and finally just insisted, so in we went.

'"It's exactly like a room in the *Arabian Nights*," said she when we entered my sitting-room. "What a lovely place to live in!" I told her it was all right for the cold weather, but she wouldn't think it so charming when the temperature went over a hundred. Her next remarks were, "This is a curious old place. I wonder if there are any secret passages and dungeons? A castle always has dungeons, hasn't it? Have you ever found any?" I replied, somewhat untruthfully perhaps, that I had never searched for such things. "Well, we'll just begin now," said Miss Digby, and with that she began tapping round the walls with her parasol, and then, to my alarm, walked into the passage and began quite a systematic examination of the walls there. I said, "Let's go and search somewhere else. They say there is a snake there." But the more I said the more determined became her tap-tapping; and, finally, what I feared would happen did happen. The handle of her parasol went full against the canvas door, and made a noise like the beat on a muffled drum. "Oh, whatever's that?" asked the inquisitive Miss Digby, as she stooped down to examine it. I was in an awful fright lest one of my servants should come in and discover us there, so I said, "For goodness' sake leave it alone, and I will tell you all about it; only you must not breathe a word to a soul." "Oh dear, what have I done? Is it anything very dreadful?" asked Miss Digby in an apologetic tone. I then suggested that we should go for a walk and I would tell her about it, and I just did. You may think me rather a donkey; but I was in a dilemma, and if I had not told her she might have mentioned it to her brother, and the fat would have been in the fire. She promised to keep the whole thing an absolute secret, and said she was very sorry for having pried into my affairs; in fact, she seemed very upset about it, so I naturally comforted her.

'The day after this occurrence, Digby and his sister went off on a tour which was to last until the Christmas holidays, which they were spending with friends in the native state of Rajnagar, so for the next fortnight I was left to myself, and precious lonely I felt. Violet—for that was her name—was the first girl for whom I had ever felt a strong attachment, and when she had departed all the brightness of life seemed to have been suddenly blotted out. For two days I just hung about and could think of nothing but her cheery ways and her dear face. On the afternoon of the second day, however, I received a letter from her which brightened me up considerably. She gave me an account of her experiences in camp, and thanked me very nicely for having acted as guide at Mokala.

'It was not until the third day after her departure that I again took up the treasure-hunt, and I then renewed my efforts with increased energy to follow the zigzag line. After getting through the archway I found a long passage which terminated at a staircase leading into a low, vaulted chamber over forty feet long and some fifteen feet wide, divided into two parts, each with a dome. It was entirely empty except for a heap of bricks and broken earthenware in one corner, and a couple of iron hooks of peculiar shape which hung from iron pegs fixed in the wall. I felt a pang of disappointment on looking round, for I had fully expected to find the treasure here, if there was any to be found at all. It was evidently here that the zigzag line ended, and I could discover no other meaning in the directions written by the *rāja*.

'The floor of this chamber was paved with large slabs of stone except round the edges, which were finished off with small country bricks placed on edge and firmly cemented together, and similar to those in the walls and domes.

'I examined every portion most carefully, but

could find no sign of any opening other than the archway of the staircase through which I had entered. The last flight of stairs leading to this chamber was paved with large stones, and the stairs above were made of small bricks on edge. Nowhere could I find any crevice between the slabs of the floor into which a lever could possibly be inserted, but so far as I could make out the stones were not cemented together. I tried Violet's plan of tapping, but no hollow sound or difference in the sounds made was distinguishable.

'During the whole of the next week and throughout the Christmas holidays I worked like a slave, and managed to pull up the whole floor of the farthest chamber so as to examine the foundations. After working through the small brick edging in one place I had contrived to insert my crowbar below one of the slabs, which was about six inches thick, and then to wedge it up; after that the remainder were fairly easy to move. The foundations, however, were made of a layer of concrete about nine inches deep, and it took me several hours to pierce through. I made excavations at numerous points, but without coming across anything but red-coloured earth.

'By the beginning of the New Year I had discovered absolutely nothing, and really believe I would have given up my search and left the place if it had not been for Violet, whom I expected to come back that day. She returned looking very fit after her trip, and I again became full of life and energy.

'We arranged to meet the next morning, and I then told her of my disappointment, and showed her the book containing the directions. We studied them together, but could find nothing to give us a further clue.

'While looking at it she asked if I had thoroughly searched through the whole book to see if there were not any other instructions. It was curious that this idea had never suggested itself to me. We sat down then and there and began turning over and examining each leaf, but it was not until we got to the hundredth page that we noticed anything in particular. On seeing that page, however, we both ejaculated, for it had some curious curves marked on the sides.

'Then it suddenly struck me that the edges of the page, with the curved lines, formed a fairly exact plan of the domed chamber which I had been working in. The two small lines at the bottom of the page evidently represented the entrance at the foot of the staircase. There was a little cross between these lines, which perhaps meant that here was to be found the solution of the problem. In this Violet agreed with me, and she suggested that I should at once go and see if there were any signs of a secret passage or vault at that spot. Just then I remembered the number "100" which had puzzled me all along, and I perceived—what I might have thought of long before—that it referred to the page of the book. What a lot of trouble I might have saved myself if I had only had the sense to perceive this sooner!

'I was not anxious to take Violet's advice to go off at once, for I felt very happy in her company on that first day after her return. Besides, I had already decided that she was the one woman in the world for me, and that I should be entirely happy if I could win her for my wife.

'I felt that if I intended to speak, it would be best to do so before I had discovered the treasure—if there was any to be discovered—instead of waiting till later on. Being accustomed, as you know, to act on sudden impulse, I decided to ask her straight away to be my wife. She is such a good sort that she said "Yes" at once; and when I told her that she did not know anything of my affairs, and must take time to consider the question, she replied that she knew me, which was quite enough.

'We thought it best to keep the engagement secret, even from her brother, until I had discovered and removed the treasure, or until we gave up the search for it.

'That night, on returning to my quarters, I knew that it would be quite useless to think of going to sleep. In the first place, I was too happy; and, secondly, there was the wish, all the stronger now, to solve the mystery.

'After locking my outer door I rapidly changed into my working-suit, and went down to the chamber below, where with a bright lamp I commenced a minute examination of the bottom of the staircase. The lowest step consisted of two large stones of the same dimensions as those on the landing above. For the first time it struck me as being curious that the flight was not continuous to the room below, and that the floor at this point was not flush with that of the chamber. I took hold of the edge of the outer flagstone, which slightly overlapped, and was about to try to shift it, when I felt a notch underneath. Running my fingers along the stone to the left, I then found another similar notch about a foot and a half from the first, each being some nine inches from the wall on both sides. Each of these hollows was large enough for the insertion of one finger only, and although I was able slightly to raise the slab by pulling hard upwards with both hands, I could not detach it from its neighbour. While I was wondering what I could use to pull out the stone, the iron hooks on the wall occurred to my mind; and, taking them down, I placed one in each notch, and found that they went in quite easily. By jerking the slab up and down, and at the same time lugging for all I was worth, I was able gradually to drag it out, and, to my delight, perceived a dark hole below. I then pulled off the second slab, which extended below the first step.

'When the opening was thus cleared I found yet another staircase connecting with a farther passage, which turned to the right, and gave

access, at a distance of some twelve paces, to a chamber similar in every respect to the one above. A glance was sufficient to show me that the goal was at length reached, for the place was filled with small boxes, some of wood and others of metal; while I also noticed a variety of articles placed in odd corners and hanging on the walls. These, on closer inspection, proved to be armour, harness, tent-poles, guns, swords, and other articles. Under each dome in the floor I also noticed fairly large vaults closed with iron-barred doors.

'This was most conclusively the spot to which the *rāja* had intended to guide his relative by means of the zigzag line and the plan on the hundredth page of the book.

'My first impulse was to perform a sort of war-dance and give vent in some way to the excitement which I felt. Whether I would have done so or not I cannot say, for at that moment I began to experience a dizziness, evidently resulting from the close atmosphere. Putting out the lamp, I retraced my steps upstairs as quickly as possible by the light of a hand-lantern. On finally regaining my quarters I collapsed on my bed, feeling extremely weak, and very nearly fainted; so I resolved to postpone further operations until the following day.

'Violet was much pleased to hear of my success, but she gave me a scolding for working so far into the night, and endangering my life, as she called it, by venturing into the treasure-chamber before the foul air had escaped. She would have liked to go and see the place for herself, but we decided that this would not be safe.

'Directly Digby had gone off to *kutchery* we went down to the boathouse, as we had named the old archway under which the boat was kept, and paddled across the lake to a shady nook under the trees. There we talked over our love affairs and our future.

'I had an early lunch, and then went below and started work on the boxes. The opening of them proved to be a tough job; the greater number were furnished with hasps and rings or thick chains, and secured by large padlocks, most of which required an immense amount of filing before they could be removed. It took me many days before I had opened all the receptacles, for I usually spent the mornings with Violet, and only devoted the afternoons and evenings to my work.

'The things which I found were numerous and very quaint. First, there was an enormous quantity of rupees and silver coins of all sorts, several thousand gold mohurs, and a great quantity of gold and silver ornaments of the usual designs worn by natives. That thing on the bracket over there'—Berkley pointed across the drawing-room—'was one of the most curious among them.' We got up to inspect a handsome oriental brass lamp of most intricate design; on the top was a bowl with little notches all round, and on the sides were other smaller bowls. Apparently, when the lamp was required for use, oil was poured into these, and pieces of wick were then placed so as to rest in the notches, somewhat after the fashion of the small lamp called *chiragh* used by natives at the present time.

'The armour and other articles, which I mentioned before, all proved to be of value. Most of the armour was either inlaid with silver or gold, or else, like the tent-poles, covered with silver.

'In one box I found a number of precious stones—many diamonds, some good emeralds, and a quantity of rubies—and in other boxes a very large amount of broken-up jewellery. From the variety of the latter, I should imagine that much, if not all, was the result of the looting expeditions which it was well known the *rāja* had indulged in.

'I now had to think out a plan for removing all this treasure without attracting attention or exciting suspicion, and this was not at all easy, as you may imagine. I saw at once that the removal of the large armour and other heavy things was out of the question; indeed, many of them could not have been passed through my canvas door; so I decided only to select the choicest specimens. First of all I emptied out the two iron boxes in my quarters, and carried the bricks and cement to one of the landings on the staircase. I then placed in the *almirahs* (wardrobes), which I had procured locally, the contents of all my other boxes and trunks, and repacked them with a selection of the most valuable articles. The precious stones I handed over to Violet for safe keeping.

'One month after the eventful day of my entry into the lowest chamber I left Mokala with the first instalment of treasure. I had arranged for a large consignment of wood to be taken in bullock-carts to a depôt on the river, and had sent off my old orderly, Karm Khan, to collect country boats and rafts to convey it to Mirpur. With the caravan went a couple of camel-carts, in which were packed my valuable consignments, and I kept them company in an *ekka*. On our arrival at the river a tent was rigged up on one of the large boats, and, taking all my trunks with me, I floated comfortably down to Mirpur; and, mooring the boat against the bank close behind my bungalow, I managed to store everything there safely.

'Making a stay of a few days, I refilled the empty trunks and boxes with wood and bricks, and took them all back to Mokala by rail and bullock-cart.

'About a fortnight later a similar trip was made, and in this manner I contrived to remove all the ornaments and a considerable number of rupees; after which I thought it advisable to keep quiet for a whole month.

'Violet had been invited to spend the hot weather season at Simla with an uncle and aunt,

who were to arrive there on the 20th April, and she left a few days earlier to join them at Kalka. I promised to run up as soon as I had carted away all the movable treasure, and we resolved to confine our correspondence in the meantime to one letter a fortnight.

'When she had gone I repacked my cases with as many rupees and silver coins as I possibly could without making them suspiciously heavy, and made another successful trip to Mirpur. It was getting uncomfortably hot, and the river-journey was particularly unpleasant, as the water and the flat, sandy banks reflected the heat and gave a frightful glare; but I rigged up a small thatched shed on the barge, and during the hottest part of the day got the boatman to sprinkle the grass screens at the sides with water, so that I did not feel the heat very much when inside it.

'By the end of May I was able to remove my last instalment. Before doing so I replaced the stone flags at the foot of the staircase, and made them more secure by adding some cement. I then very carefully closed up the hole in the wall beneath the archway by the landing, and finally removed the little canvas doorway which had served me so well, and rebuilt the wall in such a way that the closest inspection would not have disclosed the opening which I had made.

'The two iron hooks are now hanging on each side of the cupboard in the study, and its front portion is the original canvas doorway. I have often been questioned about them, but you are the first person I have let into the secret.

'After giving the mud in the wall about a week in which to dry, I handed over my quarters to the still unsuspecting *tahsildar*, and, leaving my wood business in the hands of a native agent, said good-bye to Mokala.

'I proceeded to Mirpur, and having made everything snug and sound in my bungalow, tripped off to Simla, and spent a very happy fortnight there. Much as I desired to make a longer stay, I thought it best to return to Mirpur and make preparations for disposing of some of the treasure.

'The armour and all the other articles which were worth keeping as curiosities, together with my former collections, I packed in large, tin-lined boxes and crates. It took me several weeks to sort out the gold and silver coins, and I made up a fine collection of the rarer specimens, placing them in a specially strong case. The remaining uncurrent coins and those ornaments which I did not intend to keep I melted down and moulded into bars of silver and gold.

'By the time everything was packed the rains were near at hand, and I paid another visit to the Hills. When the monsoon had burst in the plains I went down again; and, loading all my belongings except the boxes containing current coin in a couple of goods-wagons, I booked them to Bombay, where I proceeded, and myself saw to their safe storage.

'The current coin was a difficulty, for it amounted to about two lakhs of rupees (two hundred thousand rupees, or thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds), and the dates were all prior to 1857, a fact which I thought might raise suspicion. I therefore divided them into ten lots, and sent remittances to ten different banks in various parts of India, carefully avoiding that which had a local branch at Mirpur.

'Whether any persons did wonder how I had come into possession of all those rupees of that particular period I have never troubled to ascertain; but if they did, they were kind enough not to trouble me with inquiries. Afterwards I found it easy to transfer my various accounts to my bank in England.

'The gold and silver bars I was able to dispose of in Bombay; and by the time my Indian affairs were settled and my wood business disposed of I was master of a very comfortable fortune amounting to over forty-two thousand pounds, in addition to the collection of curiosities and valuables.

'When all these matters had been successfully arranged, and my belongings were safely on the high seas *en route* for England, I hied me back to Simla, arriving there towards the end of September. A month later our engagement was announced, and we spent the last month of the season exploring the heights of Jakho and other secluded spots in the shade of the deodars.

'Colonel and Mrs Webster, Violet's uncle and aunt, kindly invited me to Calcutta until the wedding, which was fixed to take place there on the 15th January, and thus gave time for Violet to obtain her parents' consent and arrange her trousseau.

'We spent our honeymoon touring round India; then in March we left for the Continent; and after visiting many places of interest, finally returned to England and purchased this old mansion, which, with its park, makes, as you know, such a delightful home.'

NICKERSON THE SPY.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE time was a month after the battle of Culloden.

In the growing dusk of the May evening Lady Malyon had moved with her embroidery to the wide, cushioned window-seat of her boudoir. But now that she could no longer be sure of her stitches, she sat gazing through the lozenge-paned window with introspective eyes which saw nothing of the scene before her. Memory was conjuring up pictures of the past, most of them tinged with sadness and unavailing regret.

Lady Malyon was a very beautiful woman, and for two seasons there had been no more popular 'toast' in London than Laura Westaway what time the bottle went round the mahogany and men's spirits were attuned to the right pitch. Then she had wedded Sir Denis Malyon, who was more than a score years her senior, from which time her home had been at Wilderslee Chase, a rambling old mansion in far-off Westmorland, which dated from the days of Elizabeth, and of which her husband had acquired a long lease from its impoverished owner.

Although she was now only twenty-seven years old, she had been three years a widow, her husband having broken his neck while steeple-chasing in the Midlands. Her married life had not been a happy one, and she was not insincere enough to pretend to mourn the loss of a man who within six months had alienated whatever affection she might have felt for him when he led her to the altar.

Since her husband's death Wilderslee had been like a white elephant to Lady Malyon. She was not a rich woman, and she had neither the means nor the inclination to keep it up as it had been during Sir Denis's lifetime. She had endeavoured to sublet it, but so far without avail; and she had cut down her establishment to the fewest possible number of domestics, who this evening were all gone to a coming-of-age dance given to the domestics of Millom Grange, and would not be back this side of midnight—all save old Betty, in years gone by Lady Malyon's nurse, and now her housekeeper and humble friend.

As Lady Malyon sat there, immersed in her own sad fancies, she was suddenly recalled to mundane matters by seeing a shabbily dressed man flit furtively past an opening in the high, clipped hedge facing her window, which shut in one side of what was known as the rose-garden. Whoever he was, he was evidently aiming for the house, but that was not the way any one other than a stranger would approach it. He was probably either a tramp or a disbanded soldier, and of the latter they had many in those uneasy times who came begging for alms or food at the Chase. In any case, Betty would know how to deal with him. Lady Malyon was not in the least alarmed.

Three minutes later she had occasion to go downstairs—her boudoir was on the first floor—when, happening to glance over the balusters as she crossed the landing, she beheld, slinking across the entrance-hall, the same shabbily dressed man she had seen a few minutes before, and then, to her utter amazement, saw him, after glancing around as if to make sure he was not observed, open the drawing-room door, vanish within, and shut it behind him. So astounded was her ladyship that for a little while she stood rooted to the spot. Then she asked herself whether she was not the victim of some strange hallucination, and whether the figure she had seen was a being of flesh and blood, or anything more than a phase of her own disordered imagination. She had read of such cases. The long winter had been spent by her alone in the dreary old mansion, and she had been conscious for some time that her nerves were more or less out of order. She started if a door clashed suddenly; twice within the last week she had awoke shuddering from frightful dreams. What she needed was a thorough change—a change of scene and society; and she now told herself that as soon as the season was a little farther advanced she would journey up to London and spend a month there, with her brother to take her about.

She was naturally a resolute woman, and so, after two or three minutes—though it seemed to her a much longer time—she went slowly down the stairs; and without summoning Betty, but not without a fluttering of her nerves and a loud pulsing of her heart, she crossed the hall, opened wide the drawing-room door, and halted on the threshold. There was light enough for her to discern that the room was empty, and in one sense it was a relief to her to find that such was the case. There was a big difference between a real intruder on her loneliness—and such an intruder!—and a figment, the outcome of an abnormal state of her nerves.

So, with a heart that pulsed more steadily, she advanced into the room, and proceeded to satisfy herself that no one was hidden behind either of the two big Chinese screens or the other articles of furniture; although she had been confident

beforehand what the result would be. Then she went out, shutting the door after her; and, feeling an unwonted need of companionship, she passed on to the kitchen, where she found Betty busy baking tea-cakes and crooning a hymn the while. She said nothing about her recent peculiar experience—which would only have disturbed the old dame—but seated herself by the hearth, for the warmth was grateful to her. She was in a silent mood, and Betty respected her humour.

Ten or a dozen minutes had passed thus, when there came an imperative knocking at the front-door. The two women looked questioningly at each other, and Lady Malyon rose to her feet.

'You bide where you are, mistress, while I go,' said Betty; and away she went, after slipping off her coarse apron.

Lady Malyon stood without moving, awaiting her return. She was soon back.

'There 's an officer at the door, with a lot of sogers, and he wants to see your ladyship,' said Betty.

Lady Malyon shrugged her shoulders. 'What now? Surely the Government is not foolish enough to suspect me either of harbouring rebel refugees or of concealing a store of illicit arms! How very annoying! You had better come with me, Betty, and light the hall lamp.'

So Betty followed her mistress, carrying a lighted candle.

Just inside the open door stood an officer, his uniform hidden by a long cloak. He carried his hand to the salute as Lady Malyon drew near. He was a middle-aged, stoutly built man of a decidedly truculent aspect. In the background a number of troopers were dimly visible.

'I am Captain Gaylor, of the Ninety-Fifth Dragoons,' began the officer, 'at present stationed, with a company of my men, at Ipperdene, a couple of miles away. From information on which I can rely, I have every reason for believing that a certain person, on whom I am specially desirous of laying hands, is hiding in or about these premises. I must therefore claim your ladyship's permission to search the house and grounds.' He spoke in a slightly aggressive tone, as if he were conferring a favour grudgingly rather than asking one. But, indeed, Lady Malyon knew better than to refuse his request. Such perquisitions were by no means uncommon in the Border counties for some time after the Jacobite rising of 1745.

'Your coming is well timed, Captain Gaylor,' replied her ladyship in her most gracious tones. 'Unless I am much mistaken, I caught a glimpse of the man you are looking for about half-an-hour ago. I took him for a tramp, of whom we have many about in these times, on his way to the kitchen to beg for some broken victuals.' She was about to add that a few minutes later she saw him cross the hall and enter the drawing-room.

But Gaylor broke in brusquely, 'The man I want is no common tramp, madam, however poor or even ragged his attire may be, but a notorious Jacobite—a man who fought at Culloden, and who is among those proscribed by the Government.'

Lady Malyon was glad that she had left unsaid what she had been about to say.

'You are quite welcome to search the house and grounds, Captain Gaylor. All my domestics are away for the evening except my housekeeper, who will conduct you over the premises.—Betty, fetch the hand-lamp, and then wait on Captain Gaylor.' With a bow to the captain, she went slowly back upstairs, and so to her boudoir, where, after lighting a couple of candles, she sat down to await the result of the search.

Although both her father and her husband had been staunch Hanoverians, she, being romantically inclined, had, like many thousands of women, kept a warm corner in her heart for the Stuart cause, and she sincerely hoped that Gaylor's perquisition would prove of no avail.

But what had become of the fugitive? That he was a reality, and not the simulacrum she had half-persuaded herself he must be, she could no longer doubt. She had distinctly seen him enter the drawing-room; yet when she followed him three minutes later the room was empty. There was no other door, and neither of the windows was unclasped. There was something about the affair decidedly uncanny, and she was still puzzling over it when Betty came to inform her that Gaylor and his troopers had gone.

'And fine and grumpy the captain was, sure-ly, with a face as black as a thundercloud,' said the old woman with a chuckle. 'He found nowt, because there was nowt for him to find.'

Left alone once more, Lady Malyon took up the embroidery she had discarded an hour before, only to put it down again five minutes later. Then she took up a volume of French romances in which she had been deeply interested earlier in the day; but that too had lost its charm, and presently it dropped unheeded to the floor. She could not settle her mind to anything. She wished the evening were well over and her people back at home. Some subtle sense seemed to intimate to her that the mysterious stranger was still in the house; but where? Suddenly she felt that she could bear her loneliness no longer. The solitude of the big house weighed upon her spirits. She would go down to the kitchen again and keep Betty company for an hour. It was a thing she would not have thought of doing had any other of the domestics been at home.

She had reached the foot of the stairs, and was crossing the hall, when the drawing-room door suddenly opened, and there, on the threshold, stood the sinister figure of the fugitive. A low cry broke from Lady Malyon's lips as she came to an abrupt stand, and the man appeared hardly less startled than she; but in a few seconds he was himself again, or seemed to be.

Removing his slouch-hat and sweeping her a low bow, he said, 'There is not the slightest cause for alarm, Lady Malyon. You see before you neither a tramp nor a thief, but simply a poor gentleman who, having espoused a losing cause, has had the compliment paid him of being proscribed as a rebel, and who, finding himself in a hot corner and in imminent risk of capture, was induced to take refuge for a few hours under the roof where he was born and spent his early years.'

'Under the roof where you were born!' gasped her ladyship, staring in amazement out of wide-opened eyes.

'I perceive that you fail to recognise me; and no wonder. You I have not forgotten; neither is it likely that I ever shall. My troubled life is not lighted up with many sunny memories; but above all others I cherish the recollection of that night, years ago, at the Lancaster assize ball, when you honoured me with three dances, and your mother permitted me to escort you and her to the supper-room, and afterwards to put you both into your sedans. Since then we have never met, but I have not forgotten.'

'Then you must be Sir Ewan Dalnay!' Her wonder was growing apace. The hot colour had mounted swiftly to her cheeks as he finished speaking. She was glad that the hall lamp afforded such a meagre light.

'Yes, I am Ewan Dalnay. But as a fugitive I have been under the necessity of disguising myself.'

Lady Malyon was still eying him in puzzled doubt, and it was not surprising that her memory failed to recall any likeness to her handsome young partner of the assize ball, nine years before, whom she had by no means forgotten. Before her she saw a tall, lean man, with a long, thin face, a determined mouth, and cheeks too hollow for his years, as betokening one who had lately undergone many privations. His complexion was as sallow as that of a Spaniard, and he had a profusion of coarse black hair. His garb might have been that of a cattle-drover or small yeoman. His belted coat of faded green drugget reached below his knees, and was supplemented by corduroy breeches and stout riding-boots.

Sir Ewan read the doubt in her face, and, with a slightly cynical smile, he plucked off his black wig, thereby revealing his native crop of dark chestnut hair, which, conjoined with his blue-gray eyes—although his eyebrows were still darkened—caused recognition to dawn upon her ladyship.

'Yes, I know you now,' she said, with a little catch in her breath.

'Believe me, I had no intention of startling you, as I seem to have done,' said Sir Ewan earnestly. 'As I found that my pursuers had gone, and that the coast was clear, my purpose was to quit the Chase by the way I had entered it, unknown to any of its inmates. When I was hounded into taking refuge here I was endeavouring to make my way to the house of a good friend of mine a dozen miles from the Chase, there to lie snug till affairs shall have quieted down and a passage can be arranged for me either to France or Holland. So now, thanking you for the shelter you have unwittingly afforded me, I will take my leave of your ladyship, and'——

'One moment, Sir Ewan. You are mistaken in thinking your presence at the Chase was unknown to any one. I saw you enter the drawing-room; but when I presently followed you in you had disappeared, and I've been wondering ever since what became of you.'

Sir Ewan laughed softly. 'When your late husband became the tenant of Wilderslee Chase he took it as it stood, with all its furniture and other gear; but of one particular he was left in ignorance—that, as in the case of so many old mansions, the Chase has a hiding-place, the secret of which is known only to each successive head of the family and his heir. It is, of course, known to me; and when, three hours ago, I learned that my old enemy, Tony Nickerson the spy, had put the officer in charge of the troopers at Ipperdene on my track, I decided to seek shelter in the Priest's Hole till the danger was over rather than run the risk of capture when making my way across country to my friend's house. The secret entrance to the Hole is in the drawing-room, and is not unconnected with the massive and elaborately carved chimneypiece. And now, with your ladyship's permission, I will continue my journey; but not till I have craved forgiveness for the annoyance and inconvenience to which my uninvited presence has subjected you.'

'Make no further mention of that, Sir Ewan. I am only too overjoyed that you have succeeded in circumventing your pursuers. But you must not go—I insist upon it—till you have supped with me and thoroughly refreshed yourself; after which my mare will be at your service for the rest of your journey. The night is still young, and the troopers will all be abed before you start.'

It was an invitation which appealed powerfully to Sir Ewan. For one thing, he was voraciously hungry; for another, he was unwilling to part from Lady Malyon in so abrupt a fashion, not knowing when an opportunity might be afforded him of seeing her again. How splendidly beautiful she was! His memory had clung fondly to the sweet image of Laura Westaway; but he had never imagined that the girl with whom he had danced at the assize ball would develop into the gracious and stately being who was now pressing her hospitality upon him. But there are some faces, however beautiful already, to which trouble and heart-ache impart an air of delicate refinement, and even, it may be, of spiritual charm, which they

lacked before. And so it was with Lady Malyon.

'Your ladyship is exceedingly kind, but I could not think of sitting down to sup with you or any other lady in these frowzy habiliments,' said Sir Ewan, with a whimsical smile, as he replaced his wig.

'If that is your only objection, it is one easily remedied. My brother James, who is a law-student, is down on a visit; but to-day he 's at Kendal looking up some old friends. You and he are of about a height. My housekeeper will show you to his room. He has an ample wardrobe, and I trust you will make use of it.'

Without further parley she left him.

Three minutes later Betty appeared, carrying a couple of lighted candles. 'Will you be pleased to follow me, sir?' she said, and proceeded to lead the way upstairs.

With a light heart Sir Ewan followed.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as Betty returned from conducting Sir Ewan to young Westaway's room, her mistress bade her light the candles in the small drawing-room and lay the table for supper. Then, while she was awaiting her unexpected but not unwelcome guest, Lady Malyon's thoughts reverted again to her first meeting with Sir Ewan. At that time he had not succeeded to the title, which was little more than a barren honour, his sole income after his father's death being three hundred and fifty pounds a year, inherited from his mother, and the rent of Wilderslee Chase, the old mansion having happily found a tenant by that time in the person of Sir Denis Malyon.

From the first the Dalnays had been ardent supporters of the Stuart cause, and in his more prosperous days the late Sir John had contributed munificently to the funds of the royal exile. Unfortunately the card-table had for him a fascination he was powerless to withstand. It was an era of high play, and fortune went steadily against him; by degrees he gambled away the whole of his property that was unentailed, and when he died he was virtually a pauper. Only a part of this was known to Lady Malyon, but enough to set her wondering at the singular chain of circumstances which had brought her handsome partner of the assize ball as a refugee to the home of his fathers, and had ordained that she should be there as mistress of the old mansion to receive him.

She was still deep in thought when Sir Ewan entered. She sprang to her feet, failing for the moment to recognise him; and no wonder, so marvellous was the transformation. The dye was gone off his face, neck, and hands; gone, too, was the coarse black wig, leaving visible his own hair, slightly sprinkled with powder and tied in a small queue with black ribbon. His frayed and travel-stained clothes of common material had been discarded for a sober, plum-coloured suit of the finest cloth, with steel buttons (such as became a law-student of serious habits), terminating in black silk stockings and buckled shoes. There were ruffles at his wrists, and his neck was swathed in a cravat of fine muslin with lace ends. Under one arm he carried a tricorn hat.

He stood for a few seconds smiling at Lady Malyon, his strongly marked, mobile eyebrows slightly elevated. Then he advanced and made her an elaborate bow.

A lovely colour flushed her ladyship's cheeks. For half-a-minute the intervening years since a never-to-be-forgotten night were as though they had not been. The man of her dreams stood once more before her. To cloak her confusion she rose and rang the bell for supper to be served.

Sir Ewan's eyes swept the room. 'Nothing is changed,' he said, 'since I used to come here and be taught my letters at my mother's knee. It was her favourite room.' There was a softened note in his voice, and a half-smothered sigh escaped him as he took the chair indicated by her ladyship no great distance from her own.

'A little while ago,' she said, 'you spoke of some one by the name of Tony Nickerson as your "old enemy." Singularly enough, my kitchen-maid is called Grace Nickerson, and yet the name is not a common one.'

'Very likely she is one of the breed. There used to be a lot of them. For years Tony has haunted my life like an evil spirit, turning up at intervals to work me harm, and it is certainly not his fault that I do not sleep to-night in Ipperdene lock-up.'

'Tell me about him, and why he is so bitter against you.' She wanted to hear him talk about himself. It was impossible not to feel flattered by her request.

'Luke Nickerson, Tony's father,' began Sir Ewan, 'rented one of my father's cottages down there in the valley a mile away. He was a most undesirable tenant, and several times got notice to quit, but persistently refused to budge. At length the climax came. Luke was sentenced by my father, who was a Justice of the Peace, to six months' imprisonment for being concerned in a poaching affray in which a keeper was seriously wounded. As my father rode home that evening he was intercepted by Luke's wife, who called down curses on him, and ended by flinging a clod of peat, which struck him in the eye and blinded him for a week. Next day the bailiff and his assistant ejected Mrs Nickerson and her brood, of whom Tony, the eldest, was a lad of thirteen, and stripped the cottage of their few miserable belongings. That night the cottage was burned to the ground. No one could prove who set fire to it, but it has always been my settled conviction that it was

the handiwork of Master Tony. In any case, all of them had disappeared before morning, and were seen no more in that part of the country.

'A couple of months before this Tony and I had fought a pitched battle—we were both of an age—in which I came off victor. I had caught him aiming stones at a magpie tethered by its leg to a tree-stump, and had set the bird at liberty; whereupon he had flown at me like a young catamount, and, like one, had fought with teeth and nails, and with savage kicks that lamed me for a month.

'Several years went by. I had hardly come of age before I lost my father. A little later I decided to make my home in London, and took lodgings in Soho. As was the case with my father and grandfather, my heart was with the "cause," and before long I became involved in a network of Jacobite plots and intrigues. One day, in the Strand, Nickerson and I came face to face. The recognition was mutual. A moment we stopped and stared. He scowled darkly at me; and then, as he passed on his way, he said, "Curse you! Curse you! I've not forgotten." The words seemed ground out between his teeth. A malignant devil glared at me out of his eyes.

'About a month later I was warned by a friend not to return to my lodgings under peril of immediate arrest, but to go into hiding till I should hear further from him. As my father's son I was already a suspected person. While I was in hiding my rooms were ransacked, with the result that next day a warrant for my apprehension was issued. Helped by my friend, I crossed secretly to France.

'Not till later did I learn that my flight from England had been brought about by the undying hate of Tony Nickerson. He was then, and is yet, in the Government pay as one of its secret agents, and after our casual meeting he had made it his business to spy upon my comings and goings, to dog my footsteps, and to find out who were my chief associates. It was his report to his superiors that necessitated my flight.

'I returned from France in the suite of Prince Charles Edward, whose varying fortunes I followed till they culminated on the fatal field of Culloden. I could do nothing more in the way of serving the Prince, who now put himself in the hands of his Highland friends; so I took leave of him and made my way southward, the bearer of a message from his dead brother to the friend whose house I am now bound for.'

At this juncture Betty entered with the supper-tray. Sir Ewan looked inquiringly at Lady Malyon.

'You may speak without fear before her; she is as secret as the grave,' said the latter in a low tone; then, in a louder, 'We are only at Culloden yet, Sir Ewan. I want to hear something more about that wretch Nickerson. Supper will not harm by waiting a few minutes. Unfortunately, I have only cold viands to set before you.'

That this beautiful woman should be so evidently interested in the story of his fortunes sent the warm blood coursing more swiftly through his veins.

'I caught a glimpse of Nickerson the day before Culloden,' he resumed; 'but if he saw me, he took no apparent notice. His presence in our lines was a profound surprise to me. On inquiry I found that he was passing as a secret agent in the Prince's pay; but to-day's events have proved that he was playing a double game, and that in reality he was still in the Hanoverian service. Oh, he's a consummate scoundrel!

'After more than one narrow escape, and travelling mostly by night, I this morning reached the little hamlet of Shap, situated among the fells a few miles from here. I halted at the village inn in order to obtain some refreshment for myself and to stable my horse, which could not have gone another mile without breaking down. As I was on the point of sitting down to my meal, who but Nickerson should pass the window! Had he followed and tracked me all the way from Culloden? I could scarcely doubt it. He had sworn to be revenged, and this was his way of carrying out his oath. At the next town or village where a troop of soldiers was billeted I should be run to earth and arrested. Doubtless he would be handsomely rewarded for his zeal.

'I may as well confess that for the next few minutes I felt anything but comfortable. Then it was, finding myself in a quandary, that I determined, should the coast be clear, to take refuge for a few hours in the Priest's Hole. So, leaving my meal untasted, I stole out of the inn by the back way, and plunged into a narrow, tortuous lane. Across country the distance to Wilderslee from the inn at Shap is only about six miles, while by the highroad it is nearly double that distance; as a boy I had been familiar with every yard of the ground.

'Day was closing in as I drew near the Chase. As I was passing a lonely cottage on the outskirts of Ipperdene, a woman standing at the door beckoned to me. "I don't know whether you're the man the dragoons will be hunting for a few minutes from now," she said. "A spy and Captain Gaylor have been putting their heads together, and the troopers are being mustered. So now, if you are the wanted man, you're warned. How I happen to know this matters nothing to you." Then, in a low voice and with a meaning look, she added, "*Vive la cocarde blanche!*"

'Of course the spy was none other than Nickerson, who, on discovering my flight from the inn, must have followed me on horseback by road, probably under the assumption that I might seek shelter at the Chase, or, if not, that it would be impossible for me to evade capture by the dragoons, who would be set to scour the country in every direction. So now your ladyship knows

to what strange sequence of events it is owing that you and I happen to be sitting here at this moment.'

Lady Malyon laughed gaily, which was a rare thing for her to do in those days. 'You have indeed been indulgent to my curiosity,' she said. 'What a veritable son of darkness that Tony Nickerson must be! I feel as if I could stab him to the heart with my bodkin. But now come to the table, for you have a famished look; and no wonder!'

But hardly had they changed their seats before, for the second time, an imperative knocking at the front-door resounded through the house. They turned startled eyes on each other.

'Surely it cannot be Captain Gaylor come back!' exclaimed Lady Malyon, her face as colourless as that of the marble Aphrodite on the pedestal behind her. 'You have time to hide where you did before; but you must hurry. There's not a second to lose.'

'I shall not stir from where I am,' replied Sir Ewan, his frame stiffening visibly. 'Come who may, here I stick!'

'Oh, how foolish! how headstrong!' exclaimed her ladyship as she crossed towards the door.

But at that instant Betty entered, carrying a card. Her mistress took it, and read aloud the name, 'Colonel Damant.'

'I seem to have heard the name before,' she said; 'but where or when I cannot for the moment call to mind.' Then, turning to Betty, she asked, 'Did he state his reason for calling at this untimely hour?'

'All he said was that your ladyship would m'appen remember his name, and that he would not keep you longer than five minutes.'

'I will go to him.' Then, as she preceded Betty out of the room, she glanced over her shoulder and said in a tone of tragic entreaty, 'Oh, hide! hide!'

Sir Ewan smiled, but did not stir.

CHAPTER III.

LADY MALYON found Colonel Damant standing bareheaded in the hall. He bowed ceremoniously as she drew near. Her expression was one of mingled alarm and perplexity.

'Your ladyship may or may not have heard my name before,' he began; 'but in years gone by Sir Denis Malyon and I were bosom friends. We were subalterns in the same regiment, and no brothers could have been more attached to each other than we were. Later I was ordered abroad, and it was in India—from which I only returned last autumn—that the tidings of poor Den's death reached me. Madam, pray believe me when I aver that the sad news cut me to the heart.' He bowed his head, and his voice quavered for a moment.

'I am now going south with my regiment, as our services are no longer required over the Border. My men are billeted for the night among the neighbouring villages. Finding myself so close to the house of my dear old friend, I could not refrain, unorthodox as is the hour, from riding over to pay my respects to his widow, whom I have never had the felicity of meeting before, and to whose goodness of heart I must trust to pardon my intrusion.' He ended with a smile, and bent on her ladyship a look which contrasted curiously with his emotion of a minute before. His unspoken thought was, 'Egad, what a superb creature!'

He was a tall, good-looking man, verging on his fiftieth year, slightly bald, with a protruding underlip, and a figure which, to his supreme annoyance, had latterly betrayed a tendency towards corpulence. His real reason for visiting the Chase had nothing to do with his dead friend, how much soever he might regret him. He had gathered from more than one source that Lady Malyon was both wealthy and beautiful. Why not try to win her? He was tired of soldiering and of knocking about the world, and he longed to settle down in a home of his own. He would take the opportunity of being in the neighbourhood to pay his respects to the charming widow, and, as far as it was possible for him to do so, to ascertain how the land lay. He had been noted for his conquests in years gone by, and he flattered himself that his powers of attraction were in no wise lessened with the passage of time.

All women can dissemble, and it was an easy matter for Lady Malyon to mask her annoyance under an assumption of extreme graciousness. 'I remember my husband speaking about you on several occasions,' she said, 'and he regretted extremely that your duties should have taken you so far away. It is very good of you to call upon me, and I assure you that the honour is fully appreciated. I was on the point of sitting down to supper when you arrived. Will you not join me at table?'

'A thousand thanks, my dear madam; but it's hardly an hour since I dined, and dined well. But the weather is close, and if your ladyship can oblige me with a tumbler of claret I shall be grateful.'

'Will you come this way?'

She led him to the small drawing-room, no other room being available. Would Sir Ewan have disappeared, or was he reckless enough to do as he had threatened? She could have counted her heart-beats.

He was there, sitting as she had left him; but he rose as she entered with the colonel. Turning to the latter, her ladyship said with ready mendacity, 'Permit me to introduce my brother, Mr Robert Westaway, over on a visit from his plantation in Virginia.—Robert, this is Colonel Damant, a very dear friend of Denis.' The

two men bowed without speaking, and eyed each other with no especial favour.

Lady Malyon was trembling inwardly. 'Pray be seated, colonel,' she said, indicating a chair.—'Robert, will you help Colonel Damant to a tumbler of claret?'

Sir Ewan accepted the rôle assigned him without the quiver of an eyelid.

'I am exceedingly sorry, colonel, that you cannot join my brother and me at supper,' remarked her ladyship a little plaintively, not knowing what else to say.

'The loss is mine, madam,' replied the colonel, with an air of gallantry, as he took the tumbler of claret. Then he rose to his feet, and after regarding the glass solemnly for a moment or two, he said in grave tones, 'I drink to the memory of my very dear friend, Denis Malyon.'

Not a word was spoken till he had emptied the tumbler and resumed his seat.

'I did not reach Ipperdene with my regiment till a couple of hours ago,' resumed the colonel. 'Reveille will sound at five o'clock in the morning, and we shall be on the road by six, so that had I not seized the opportunity of calling upon your ladyship I should never have forgiven myself.'

'It was very kind of you to think of me,' replied her ladyship, with one of her winning smiles. 'Your call, short as it necessarily is, has afforded me extreme gratification.'

'I was vexed to hear from Captain Gaylor under what unpleasant circumstances he felt it his duty to intrude upon your ladyship; but I trust that he put you to as little annoyance as possible. Of course it was rather absurd of him to imagine that the fellow he was after had taken shelter here; but he relied upon information furnished him by a Government spy. For all that, I hope he will succeed in capturing the pestilent Jacobite he's after, for there seems no doubt that the man's somewhere close by. He's a notorious rebel—a baronet of good family, nothing less; but if Gaylor succeeds in laying hands on him, he will assuredly swing either at Lancaster or Carlisle.'

Lady Malyon shuddered visibly.

'I presume, sir, that there is still a considerable amount of disaffection in this part of the country?' remarked Sir Ewan. It was the first time he had addressed the colonel.

'That is so, sir, I'm sorry to say. These northern counties swarm with adherents of the Pretender, avowed and unavowed. But we are keeping them under with an iron heel. It is for that purpose that Gaylor, with his squad, is stationed here; and there are other like detachments billeted up and down the country.'

'Has anything been heard lately of the movements of the Young Pretender?' queried Sir Ewan with a fine air of indifference.

'Canards by the score are flying about, but no reliable tidings are yet to hand. It's a terrible country he has taken refuge in; but the duke is slowly hemming him in, and it will be a miracle if he evades capture.'

'After all, one can't help feeling sorry for the poor Prince; at any rate I can't,' said Lady Malyon. 'He's only fighting for what, from his point of view, is his lawful heritage.'

The colonel coughed dubiously and turned to Sir Ewan. 'I suppose, sir, that in Virginia the chief article you cultivate is tobacco?'

'That is so, colonel; and prime tobacco it is.'

'Oh, I've smoked it, and don't dislike the flavour. Of course you are dependent on slave labour?'

'Almost entirely, and necessarily so on account of the climate. The clerks and overseers are whites, and'——

But at this juncture the clock on the chimney-piece began to strike eleven, and the colonel started to his feet. 'Jiminy! can it be so late?' he exclaimed. 'Your ladyship must pardon me if I make my adieux. I trust we shall meet again in town before the season is quite defunct.'

A few minutes later, as he halted under the portico after Betty had shut the door upon him, he said sourly to himself, 'The presence of that confounded brother from Virginia balked my chance of making an impression, and where a woman's in question so much depends on a first impression! Well, well! I must improve the occasion when I meet her in town, as I shall make it my business to do. Superb! Oh, nothing less than superb!'

He had ridden over from Ipperdene attended by one trooper, whom he had left in charge of his horse at the lodge gates; for, although he might have found the house in darkness, he had chosen to walk up the avenue rather than risk disturbing any of the inmates. On his way back to the lodge, as he was passing a clump of evergreens, a man started up from behind it and confronted him. Such a surprise was enough to startle any one, and it startled the colonel.

'Who the devil are you, sir?' he spluttered, recoiling quickly. 'And what's your business with me?'

'I humbly crave your pardon, Colonel Damant, for my abrupt appearance; but I have a communication of much importance to make to you.'

'Who and what are you?' demanded the colonel sternly. He could not readily forgive the sudden shock to his nerves.

'I am an agent of the Government and a loyal servant of His Majesty.'

'A spy!' exclaimed the colonel with unconcealed contempt, and he spat on the ground.

Nickerson was no stranger to such rebuffs, but whatever he might have felt inwardly, he remained outwardly impassive. All that the colonel saw before him, dimly outlined by the starlight, was a sombre figure dominated by a wide-brimmed slouch-hat, which completely obscured his features.

'Sir, I am presumptuous enough to imagine,' said Tony in cold, even tones, 'that you are wholly unaware of the identity of the gentleman —if I may term him such—whose company you have just left, seeing that he is none other than Sir Ewan Dalnay, a proscribed rebel, and the man in quest of whom Captain Gaylor, a couple of hours since, ransacked Wilderslee Chase.'

So taken aback was the colonel that for some seconds he seemed bereft of speech.

'Fellow, you are either a fool or a liar, possibly both,' he presently said. 'The gentleman whose company I have just left is a brother of Lady Malyon, over from the Colonies on a visit.'

'Sir, forgive me for saying so, but you have been hoodwinked. The man in there,' said Tony, pointing towards the house, 'is Sir Ewan Dalnay, and none other.'

'What grounds have you for being so positive? How is it possible for you to swear to him?'

'Sir, this house was his home. Here he was born and brought up. My father was one of his father's tenants, and my youth was spent within a mile of this spot. As boys he and I played together and fought together, and he is as well known to me by sight as if he were my brother. I tracked him all the way from Scotland, and landed him here three hours ago in a disguise which only my eyes could have penetrated. He has now thrown off his disguise, which would seem to imply that for the present he is going no farther.'

The colonel was raging inwardly, and it was all he could do to keep some measure of calmness. As the fellow remarked, he had been hoodwinked, and at that moment Lady Malyon and her pseudo-brother were doubtless chuckling over the trick they had played him. What a nincompoop they must set him down as being! After a pause he said, 'From the way you speak of him, it would almost seem as if you have some grudge other than the mere fact of his being a Jacobite against the man you assert to be Sir Ewan Dalnay.'

'And so I have, sir, and with bitter reason. But it's more than a grudge. I hate him as I never hated another man, living or dead; and if only I can have a hand in bringing him to the gallows, when my time comes it will be the one thing in my life to which I shall look back with the most satisfaction.' Tony spoke, without raising his voice, with a concentrated malignity which proved that he was indeed in deadly earnest.

A thought struck the colonel, and he told himself how foolish he was not to have conceived it before. 'Who informed you that I was in the company of Lady Malyon and—of that other person? You were not there to see.'

'It is true, sir, that I was not present, and yet I saw Sir Ewan hand you a glass of wine. Will you come this way for a moment?' Tony led the way back to the window of the small drawing-room, which was in a gable of the mansion. Then in a whisper he said, 'You will observe, sir, that, doubtless through an oversight, the velvet curtains have not been quite closely drawn, thereby leaving the interior of the room visible to any one standing outside. Perhaps you will look for yourself?'

So the colonel looked. What he saw was her ladyship and Sir Ewan engaged over their supper, and looking as if neither of them had a care in the world. He turned away with a muttered curse. He had been tricked, and he resented the fact bitterly, as who in like case would not have done?

The question now was, what ought his next step to be? There, within reach of his hand, so to speak, was a proscribed rebel, to succeed in capturing whom would indeed be a feather in his cap. But how was it to be effected? He left the window, accompanied by Nickerson, and walked slowly down the avenue. He was in undress uniform, and both he and the trooper he had brought with him were unarmed. Turning to the spy, 'What weapons have you?' he asked.

'One pistol, loaded. I lost its fellow somewhere on the road.'

Clearly there was nothing for it but to ride back to Ipperdene with all speed, return with a squad of troopers, and surround the house. As Nickerson had said, it seemed evident that Sir Ewan was fixed where he was for the night, if not for longer. That there was a secret understanding between him and Lady Malyon seemed hardly open to doubt, else why was she sheltering him? But what will not a woman do in the way of scorning the conventions of society if she has reason to apprehend that her lover's life is in danger?

At the lodge gates the colonel explained to Nickerson what he purposed doing.

'And I,' said the spy, 'will remain here. Should Sir Ewan break cover before you return, sir, I shall be on the spot to inform you of the fact, and to point out the road taken by him.'

With this understanding they separated.

The colonel mounted his horse and rode off at a good pace, followed by the trooper. Nickerson stood listening till the hoof-beats were no longer audible, and then plunged into the shrubbery, the cover of which was more congenial to him than the open avenue.

CHAPTER IV.

'NOW for our belated supper!' said Lady Malyon gaily, as the front-door clanged behind Colonel Damant. 'I'm very glad he did not stay and join us over it. But, oh, how foolish of you to run such a needless risk!'

'Possibly the risk was not so great as you imagine,' replied Dalnay in a tone as light as her own. 'In any case, your ladyship's ready wit saved the situation.'

'By telling a lie! It was the inspiration, if I may term it such, of an instant. They say that a certain personage is the Father of Lies, and it may well be so, seeing how readily, the moment it becomes undesirable that we should speak the truth, they spring to one's lips as if without any invention of one's own.'

'After all, the poor colonel was easily hoodwinked. But no wonder, when his sole intent was to make a favourable impression on your ladyship.'

'Sir Ewan!'

'Tis true. I watched him narrowly. Even when addressing me he could not keep his eyes off you.'

'He's a detestable man, and I hate him; but for your sake I had to speak him fair. It was he who made a gambler of my husband. Denis was easily led.'

By now they were seated at supper. Sir Ewan carved the capon and served her ladyship and himself. For both the situation was pregnant with romance, and it tingled in the veins of both. The years that had passed over them since they parted last were as though they had never been. For a little while they were their youthful selves again as when they first met, lost to the world and to all things outside themselves. They talked lightly and gaily, and if there was an understratum of sentiment of which both were conscious, it was not allowed to obtrude itself; for all that, it was there, like a vein of fine gold, and none the less precious because it was below the surface.

Both of them were oblivious of the flight of time; and when Betty came to inform her mistress that the other domestics had returned, they were surprised to find that it was past midnight.

'You had better lock up and get off to bed, all of you, as soon as possible,' said her ladyship to the old dame. 'I will let Sir Ewan out.'

As the door closed upon Betty, Dalnay stood up and pushed back his chair. 'It's high time for me to take my departure,' he said.

'You must not go yet. Leave the servants time to get to bed. I would not have them so much as suspect your presence. You smoke, of course. Try one of my brother's cigars.' She crossed to a corner cupboard, and from it brought a box of cigars. Then she refilled her guest's glass with Madeira. It was as though she would fain delay Dalnay's departure till the last possible moment, and assuredly he was in no hurry to take his leave. Her presence was very sweet to him. Would such golden moments ever be his again? They sped all too swiftly; but when the timepiece struck one he rose resolutely to his feet; there must be no further delay. The moment for parting had come.

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Nickerson had long ago schooled himself to patience when he had any object in view which necessitated its exercise, and to-night he waited very patiently. He had stationed himself near an angle of the house whence he could see both the front-door and the side-door in the gable which opened directly into the garden. He stood with his back to a tree and close to a corner of the shrubbery, where he could shelter from observation should the need arise. He was debarred from smoking, but now and again he cut himself a fresh plug of tobacco and discarded the old one. Three separate times he stole up to the drawing-room window and peeped in, and each time he returned to his post, chuckling and rubbing his palms with malignant glee. He had quite made up his mind that it was Sir Ewan's intention to remain overnight at the Chase. The troopers would be here within an hour, and he would be caught like a rat in a trap. He (Tony) would most likely have to give evidence at the trial, and when the fatal morning arrived he would most assuredly be there to see!

Shortly after midnight the servants reached home from the dance at Millom Grange. They were driven by Dobson, her ladyship's man-of-all-work, in a light spring-cart. The girls went giggling indoors, while he took the horse out of the shafts and stabled it.

Then followed another spell of waiting for Tony.

When, in the dusk of evening, and following immediately on the arrival of Captain Gaylor and his men, he slunk into the grounds, there to await the hoped-for arrest of Sir Ewan, he was laden with a flat bottle containing a pint of brandy intended for his private consumption at his lodging in the village when the evening's business was over. It was a bulky object to carry in his pocket, so, knowing the servants were away and nobody about, he hid it for the time being under a couple of horsecloths in the harness-room. By nature one of the least sociable of men, he was addicted to secret tippling.

His long watch that night had made him chilly, and when he bethought himself of his bottle of brandy he felt still more chilly, and in more need than ever of a 'reviver.' At length the craving became more than he could resist. Five minutes would suffice to see him back at his post. But what if Dobson had locked the door of the harness-room and taken the key with him? That would be a misfortune indeed.

The stable and harness-room were in the rear of the mansion and under one roof, with a door of communication between. It was remiss of Dobson to leave the doors of both unlocked, but something might be forgiven him on the score of the merry evening he had spent, and of

the potent stirrup-cup of which he had partaken at the last moment.

As Tony was feeling his way in the dark towards the corner where he had hidden his bottle, he stumbled over a trestle and barked one of his shins. He was not sparing of curses, and for a few minutes the pain was so extreme that he was unable to move. When at length he found the bottle he took a long, ecstatic draught of the fiery compound, which seemed to put new life into him even in the act of drinking. Then, after rubbing his sleeve across his mouth, he recorked the depleted bottle and replaced it under the horsecloths; after which he turned and made his way cautiously to the door.

What, then, was his amazement on emerging into the open air to perceive, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, a man who seemed heading straight for him, and who was swinging a lighted lantern as he came! It was a moonless night, but there was a plenitude of stars in a clear sky. Next moment Tony perceived that the man was none other than Sir Ewan Dalnay. A curse rumbled in his throat, and he retreated within the doorway. He had been mistaken, he told himself, in assuming that Sir Ewan purposed staying overnight at the Chase. The latter was now on his way to the stable, his intention evidently being to resume his flight on one of Lady Malyon's horses. But why—why were those confounded troopers so long in coming?

Tony withdrew still farther, and shut the door softly upon himself. He assumed that Sir Ewan would go direct to the stable without entering the harness-room, forgetting for the moment that he would hardly ride without a saddle. Tony stood listening, with an ugly scowl, as the man he hated above all others approached; but when, instead of passing on to the other door which opened directly into the stable, Sir Ewan opened that of the harness-room and strode inside, a cry broke involuntarily from Tony which sounded not unlike that of some wild creature brought to bay.

Sir Ewan, too, was startled, as well he might be; and, lifting his lantern, he turned it full on the spy's face. Then a low whistle escaped him. So Nickerson was still on his trail! Next moment a hot wave of savage jubilation swept over him. He and his enemy were at length face to face, and alone! With his avid, foxy features, his abnormally bushy eyebrows, and his mop of coarse red hair, there was no mistaking the spy for any one else.

'Ho, ho, Signor Antonio! is it really you? This is indeed a fortunate meeting, and one long desired by me. *Comment vous trouvez-vous?* Like myself, you were in luck's way to escape from Culloden without a scratch.'

Tony's only reply was a snarl which bared his big yellow teeth. Then his hand stole inside the breast of his coat, and with a quick movement drew forth the pistol of which he had spoken to Colonel Damant. But the next moment it was knocked out of his hand and he himself sent sprawling to the floor with a terrific blow aimed full between the eyes.

Dalnay stood gazing down on him for some seconds as he lay motionless. 'You treacherous hound!' he muttered. 'It would only have been your due if I had killed you outright; but your dirty life is still your own.'

Sir Ewan hung his lantern on a nail and looked about him. On another nail he spied a coil of thin rope, at which he nodded as though the sight of it had furnished him with an idea; then he took it down and uncoiled it. Nickerson was sitting up by now, his face all bruised and bleeding, and staring about him like the dazed being he felt. Gripping him by the collar, Dalnay hoisted him to his feet, on which he balanced himself unsteadily. In the centre of the room was an iron column which supported a cross-beam of the roof. To this column Sir Ewan now bound Tony with the rope, so that when he had finished his victim was powerless to move any part of his body save his head, and that only to a very limited extent. While being tied up he made no protest of any kind; indeed, he seemed only partially conscious of what was being done to him. He had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the baronet's stunning blow.

In view of what followed, it must be borne in mind that a gentleman of that era would think it quite natural to do many things which his descendant of to-day would shrink from and regard with abhorrence. Whatever of the savage, of the primitive man, had lain dormant in Sir Ewan had suddenly blazed into activity. It was not merely that he had a long score to settle with Nickerson; it was rather the base attempt on his life a few minutes before that had roused him to a dumb, white-lipped fury.

Across a couple of nails on the wall lay a long, flexible cane used for carpet-beating purposes. This Dalnay now seized upon as if it had been put there purposely for his use, and after swinging it twice above his head, he brought, it down with a swish on Nickerson's back. An involuntary yell shattered the midnight silence. It was as much a yell of surprise as of pain, for he had not seen what was coming; but thereafter he remained grimly silent, biting his underlip till the blood came. A dozen times the cane descended with calculated deliberation, each blow, although delivered over coat and vest, causing its own sting of agony. After the twelfth blow Dalnay tossed away the cane. His next step was already decided upon. Off the nail on which they hung he took a pair of horse-scissors; then crossing to Nickerson and grasping him roughly by the head, he proceeded to cut off the spy's thick, sandy eyebrows, which had heretofore been one of his most marked features,

and a very ludicrous object he looked deprived of them. He merely shut his eyes and breathed a little harder than usual while the sacrifice was being consummated.

Then Sir Ewan took up the lantern, and after satisfying himself that Tony's bonds were still intact, with a jeering '*Bonne nuit, mon ami*,' he passed through the door of communication into the stable, carrying a saddle over his left arm. Five minutes later, mounted on Lady Malyon's mare, he cantered down the avenue.

By this time a dim, ghostly light in the eastern sky heralded the coming day, and the stars were going out one by one. Sleep seemed still to brood over the landscape; but Sir Ewan's heart was light as he rode along. He had dismissed Nickerson from his mind; it was an unpleasant incident over and done with; all his thoughts were given to Lady Malyon. He was not romantically inclined or given to building castles in the air, but he was conscious that the happenings of the last few hours had influenced his life in a way which at present he was hardly clear about, save that it was a very delightful way, and that the future, which yesterday had seemed to him so empty and purposeless, was now made beautiful by a hope which as yet he dared hardly shape into words.

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Nickerson waited without stirring till the sound of the mare's hoof-beats was no longer audible, and then he set himself resolutely to regain his liberty. In less than ten minutes he was a free man, for Tony was an adept at wriggling out of all sorts of predicaments, whereas Dalnay was not an adept at the tying of knots.

His first act after regaining his liberty was to fetch the lantern from the stable, for Dalnay had never thought to blow out the candle. The next thing he did was to pick up his pistol, which lay where it had been knocked out of his hand. He almost hugged it as he replaced it in the breast-pocket of his coat. 'Oh you thundering fool to leave this behind you!' he exclaimed aloud.

Then he cast his eyes around in quest of a saddle, but there was only the one used by Lady Malyon. Dobson's saddle had been taken by Sir Ewan. Well, it did not matter greatly, for Tony could ride bareback almost as well as with a saddle. There was one other thing to do before leaving, and that was to drink perdition to Sir Ewan, which he did in a long draught of undiluted brandy, which merely added fuel to the flame of satanic passion that was already consuming him. He no longer cared about waiting for the troopers and putting them on Dalnay's track. His one insistent longing, which for the time dwarfed everything else, was for personal revenge. He would follow Dalnay hot-foot, and if he could succeed in overtaking him he would shoot him like a dog; or, if that failed, he would track him to his next hiding-place, and there devise such means for his capture as the occasion might warrant. It was due to Tony's idiosyncrasy that he should think far less of his bruised and bleeding face, and less of the humiliation of being flogged, than he did of the mutilation of his eyebrows. It was this last gross indignity that rankled most bitterly. He would be a laughing-stock to everybody for months to come. Murder anticipant was in his heart as he bridled Dobson's horse and led it to the mounting-block.

When he had ridden as far as the finger-post he had no hesitation about which road to take, seeing that one of them led back to Ipperdene, where the troopers were billeted, whereas the other led across a little-frequented stretch of country, and brought one after a time to the estuary of the river Wandle where it debouched into Mountcross Bay. It was a part of the country with which Nickerson had no acquaintance, but that did not matter so long as the man he was in pursuit of kept to the highroad.

He rode hard and fast, and did not spare his horse, which was in prime condition. Even as he rode his bloodshot eyes, in which burned the cold flame of undying hate, scanned the road ahead of him for the first glimpse of Dalnay. Minute by minute the dawn was broadening, but the clouds hung low and heavy, and foreboded rain.

Nickerson had ridden about half-a-dozen miles, when his keen glance discerned a black object in the distance, which presently resolved itself into the forms of Dalnay and the mare. He had been galloping hard, but he now urged his horse with hand and heel to make a further effort, and he smiled grimly as he saw the distance between himself and his quarry gradually lessen. As so many country roads are, this one was bordered with turf, which Nickerson now utilised to muffle the sound of his approach; but when a space of only thirty yards or thereabouts divided them, the spy's horse, as if recognising its stable companion, gave vent to a loud neigh. On the instant Dalnay glanced over his shoulder, and as he did so he dug his heels into the mare. He was unarmed, and called to mind that he had omitted to secure Nickerson's pistol. Having no desire to be shot in cold blood, he could only urge the mare to do her best and trust to the chapter of accidents. Half-a-minute later a bullet whistled past his right ear, for Nickerson, fearing that the distance between them would now be increased, had fired. His soul was black within him at the failure of his shot.

Thereafter, for the next four miles, it became a desperate race between the two, for Sir Ewan was under the impression that most probably his pursuer had a second pistol, otherwise he would assuredly have drawn rein and faced him; and so after a time they came in sight of the

spacious expanse of Mountcross Bay and the estuary of the Wandle, where was a ford Dalnay would have to cross, three miles beyond which lay the house for which he was bound. The ford in question was a most dangerous one for any stranger to attempt, and had been the scene of many fatalities. It was only just wide enough for a wagon or cart to traverse in safety, and was bounded on each side by a quicksand. Except when the Wandle was in flood, or when a higher tide than usual brimmed the bay, the water running over it rarely reached higher than a horse's girth. Sir Ewan had several times traversed the ford in his youthful days, and knew that any one crossing must, as a guide to safety, keep a certain white post on the opposite bank directly in his line of vision.

So it was that, with his eyes fixed on the post, he urged his mare into the water. By this time he was half a mile ahead of Nickerson. A backward glance showed him the spy racing down the road like a madman, but by now his horse was nearly blown. Would he draw rein at the brink of the ford, or would he attempt to cross? But his own safety necessitated all his attention, and he did not turn his head again till the farther side was reached. Then he looked back.

Nickerson had reached the ford, and was urging his horse to enter the water, apparently at the same spot where Dalnay had entered it. Probably Tony knew all about the white post, and that he must make for it in a bee-line. With this thought, Dalnay turned his mare's head and urged her into a gallop. He was most anxious to throw Nickerson off his trail, which he trusted to succeed in doing before the spy had crossed the ford by turning down a byroad, the existence of which he had just called to mind.

A quarter of a mile from the ford there was a steep ascent, on reaching the crown of which he halted and turned to look. There was nothing to balk his view. He could see not only the ford but every foot of the ground he had traversed since leaving it. Nowhere were Nickerson and the horse to be seen. Again and again his gaze roved in search of them, but without avail. Then the dread certainty of what had happened gripped his heart like an icy hand. Horse and rider had missed the ford and had been swallowed up by the treacherous quicksand. Very soberly Sir Ewan went on his way.

After a fortnight in hiding Dalnay escaped to the Continent, and two years later he and Lady Malyon were married at the Hague. Later still, when his name was included in a list of those to whom the Government extended its pardon, he made his home at Wilderslee Chase, and concerned himself with politics no more.

THE OAKEN STAIRWAY.

HUSH! Creep up the oaken stairway
  Softly, lest the shadows flee,
Lest the tender gloaming shadows
  Fade away at hearing thee;
And the broad, bright beams of daylight
  Gain domain where twilight lay,
Change this old-world mystic kingdom
  Into ours of 'everyday.'

While the soft shades of our fathers—
  Powdered, perfumed—fill the air,
Let not thy bright, happy rushing
  Chase them from the oaken stair.

Only let the dusk discover
  That faint fragrance of the past;
Cradled thus in softest silence
  Will the airy vision last.

Hush! forgotten voices murmur,
  Silver music came and went;
What was that so swiftly vanished,
  Its soft rustle breathing scent?
Is it but the rose's sighing
  In the wind with perfumed breath,
And against the casement twining,
  With dead leaves, a fragrant wreath?

J. G. GORDON.

BEIRA, EAST AFRICA.

THE WESTERN ROAD.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the moonlight the pale waters of the stream appeared as a white ribbon, which wound away into the distance, where it joined the Lachlan. Now on the same spot there stands a town. In few places upon the earth is the march of civilisation so rapid as in Australia. Then there were only a few wood huts clustered round a diminutive wooden church and a large saloon. The one was always empty, the other filled with a regularity which spoke volumes.

Mooligan was a small township, barely worthy of the name, in the vicinity of a goldfield which was as fickle as any woman. Now it smiled upon those who spent their days toiling for the precious metal, now it frowned.

Mooligan possessed a bad name in more directions than one. It had taken its toll, a greedy one, of the miners, and it was midway between some larger towns where men were rich and money plentiful. It was said that there were only two men who made money at Mooligan: Harvey, who kept the Mooligan saloon, and Captain X.

Captain X.—so called for want of a better name, for no one knew him or had seen his face—was a bushranger somewhere in the woods which skirted Mooligan on all sides. He had a hiding-place, one from which he only emerged when there was plunder, upon which he would swoop with unfailing regularity and success.

Men said he was tall and slight, that he spoke well, and rode a coal-black horse. But it was all rumour, notwithstanding that his depredations had caused the men of Mooligan, from very pride, to form a vigilance committee to hunt him down.

For a year they had assiduously used every endeavour in their power to trap him. They had even sent out a decoy, after spreading abroad the news of the gold he carried, and sedulously followed him all the way. That night Captain X. had kept hidden.

Romance had woven a halo around him, one which disgusted the 'boys.'

'I tell you what it is,' said the leader of the vigilance committee, 'he's got a confederate here.'

He spoke in Harvey's saloon to a group of men gathered around him. Captain X. had just perpetrated another daring robbery.

Harvey looked up with a smile. 'Then I guess the first thing we've got to do is to find the confederate,' he said.

'It's easier said than done,' said the first speaker. He was a tall, raw-boned Scotsman. 'I don't like to mistrust any of my fellow-creatures, boys I've drunk with, and that; but I will say, meaning no one, that, if he's here at this moment, if he takes my advice he'll chuck it. It'll mean a pound or two of shot before he's done with the game.'

He finished his glass of whisky with an air of finality when he had spoken. Macpherson was used to having the last word in Mooligan.

CHAPTER II.

ON the banks of the river, where a cluster of bushes hid them from view, stood a young man and a girl. At their feet grew a wild cactus, the leaves of which bent down and kissed the water's edge. Behind them towered the dark trees, and a few yards away was the road which wound its way westward towards the setting sun.

The man had taken the girl's hand in his. 'Mary,' he said, 'you've guessed my secret, little girl. I've not got much to offer you yet. I'm just an Englishman who has drifted out like the rest. I've got my claim, and God alone knows what it holds.'

She turned towards him, and her eyes met his. The next moment she was in his arms, and he was raining kisses upon her cheeks.

'I'll wait for you, dear,' she said, 'because you're the one man. I felt it the day you first entered the saloon—two years ago, do you remember?'

'Yes, two years ago—two years in which I've done nothing.'

'Hush, dear!' she said; 'you've done your best. No one can do more. And I'd share a hut in the clearing with you, and ask for nothing more.'

And so love came to them. It was an hour later; they were seated on the ground, on a bed of cactus, her head on his shoulder. Suddenly she lifted it a little and pointed to the road—the Western Road. 'See, dear, how clear and distinct it is to-night—the road they say he travels!'

In the happiness of his new love, Tremayne forgot all else. 'Whom do you mean?' he asked.

'Why, Captain X.,' replied the girl.

He laughed. 'Poor devil, I'll be sorry for him

when his day comes.' He bent down and kissed her chestnut hair. 'That is the road I want you to tread with me, dear—the Western Road, the one which leads to the setting sun of life.'

They were still seated there when along the road, riding from the west, there came a horseman. At first he appeared as a speck upon the horizon, and together they watched him galloping nearer and nearer. 'He is riding like the wind,' said Tremayne. Instinctively he rose, and drawing his revolver, stood over the girl. The next second she stood by his side. Then the sharp *ting-ting* of the horse's hoofs came to them.

'Perhaps it is Captain X. himself,' she said.

Tremayne laughed softly. 'Then this will be his last ride,' he replied.

A few hundred yards nearer, and Tremayne dropped his revolver. 'It's Montague—Larry Montague!'

The rider stopped before them, and bent down. His horse's flanks were glistening with sweat, and it stood with distended nostrils.

'The captain's been at it again to-night. Ten miles back I saw old M'Guire's body lying a few yards from the road. You know he was riding into Booligal with some money to-day. He must have made a good fight for it. He was shot in five places. I'm off to call the boys.'

'Then I'll follow, and ride out with them to-night.'

Tremayne offered the girl his arm, and they hurried across the open scrub to where the lamps of her father's saloon shone in the semi-light.

As they stood before it he stooped down and kissed her. The bell which summoned the vigilance committee was still ringing. They could hear the voices of the boys, whilst against the gate-posts half-a-dozen horses were tethered.

'You'll take care, Dick?' she said. 'Remember you're mine now.' A sudden gust of wind whistled against them. She shivered. 'How I hate that bell!' she said. It rang out like the resonant notes of a chapel-bell being rung in a hurry; there was something weird about its sound. To another it struck fear.

Ted Harvey, proprietor of the Mooligan saloon, was seated in a room above the saloon itself. Facing him sat a tall, dark man. He was good-looking, with that handsomeness which appeals to women and raises distrust in his fellow-men. There was a devil-may-care look about the man as he sat, his legs stretched before him. At the first notes of the bell he leapt to his feet, and instinctively his hand sought his hip. 'What the devil's that?' he said.

'That's the bell calling out the vigilance committee. Some one's found old M'Guire's body, and they'll be out all the night looking for the man who killed him.'

His companion looked at Harvey. 'You've not split?' he said. His eyes searched the other's face. 'By God, if I thought you had I'd kill you where you sit!'

'Don't be a fool,' said Harvey shortly; 'when you fall I fall as well, and it'll be a heavy one. The gallows for you. Maybe, if I'm lucky, I'll escape that.'

The other drew a handful of gold and notes from his pocket. 'We'll share out—20 per cent. you take. The beggar had only two hundred pounds on him. That's forty pounds for you. It's marvellous to me how you get all the information. Are you a sort of father confessor?' The man laughed at his own grim joke.

'Mooligan's a small place,' replied Harvey—'so small that I am wondering how I'll hide you, and, still more, how I shall get you away again. You were a fool to come here.'

'It was my only chance. I had half-a-dozen of them after me. I only escaped by sending the mare home riderless and getting away on foot. Do you know, once I was only ten yards from them. The moon fell on them. If it had shone on my face they must have seen me.'

Harvey nodded. His sharp ear caught the sound of an approaching footstep. 'Quick,' he said; 'put that money away. There's some one coming.'

His companion shovelled it back into his pocket. The door opened, and Mary Harvey entered. The flush which the quick walk home had brought to her cheeks still lingered there. Seeing a stranger, she hesitated.

'Come in, my dear,' said Harvey.—'Captain Vivian, allow me to introduce my daughter to you.'

Captain Vivian rose and bowed. He was a good judge of a pretty face; once it had nearly proved his undoing. He looked at the girl before him with an admiration which brought the colour to her cheeks.

'I am pleased to meet you, Miss Harvey,' he said.

'Thank you,' she answered. For some reason she felt she had taken an instinctive dislike to this tall, polished gentleman with the musical voice. Had she stopped to analyse it she would have known it was that feminine instinct which all women possess in a greater or less degree, and which they all persistently ignore when it would be of most service to them.

She turned to her father. 'You've heard Mr M'Guire has been found shot. The boys are starting out now.'

As if in confirmation there arose a sharp command, followed by the clatter of hoofs.

The three went to the window to watch the party ride into the distance. The eyes of the girl were fixed upon one figure who rode a little apart from the others. He rode differently, too, with the graceful ease of an Englishman who has spent all his life in the saddle.

'I hope they will catch the man,' said Harvey.

'I 'm sure they deserve to; they 've tried times enough.'

His eyes sought Captain Vivian's. 'Amen to that,' responded the captain piously.

Early next morning the vigilance committee rode back. They had done nothing except bring home the body of the murdered man. All traces of Captain X. had vanished. He had disappeared as completely as he had done a score of times before.

Captain Vivian watched the arrival of the vigilance committee from behind the curtains of the room upon the first floor. There was a ruminative smile upon his face, one which deepened as he heard the voices of the men beneath and the tale of failure they had to tell.

'He is a clever man, this Captain X.,' he said to Mary Harvey at dinner that day.

'Yes,' she answered; 'but he is a scoundrel.'

Captain Vivian shrugged his shoulders.

Each moment the girl felt her dislike towards the man increasing; she also felt with it an instinctive fear as she saw his eyes fixed upon her in too evident admiration.

It was late that same evening. Captain Vivian was seated, smoking, when Harvey entered the room. 'It is time you left now,' he said. 'It is the best chance you may have for days. Those of the boys who are not in the saloon are out upon the mine. You can go out by the back entrance, across the paddock. If you skirt that clump of bushes over there you will reach the road.'

Captain Vivian rose leisurely. 'I suppose it is wiser,' he said. 'Harvey, I envy you, with such a home, and such a daughter; while for me there is the bush, and at the end'—he shrugged his shoulders—'a coil of rope or a bullet. It only depends on how it comes.'

He crept softly downstairs, out of the back entrance, and across the paddock, as Harvey had directed. There for a moment he paused and looked around; then stepping briskly forward, struck across the scrub, which led to the road.

A few minutes later Mary Harvey and Tremayne, standing where they had stood the night before, saw a figure walk quickly along the Western Road, then leave the main track and plunge into the bushes.

'I wonder who that is,' said Tremayne.

'He is a friend of father's, a Captain Vivian,' replied the girl. She clung to her lover. 'I cannot tell you how I hate him, and how I fear him.'

His arm was about her, and he patted her shoulder soothingly. 'There is nothing to fear, little girl,' he said. 'Does he often come?'

'Last night was the first time I have ever seen him.'

'And you have learned to fear him in twenty-four hours!'

She nodded and looked up into her lover's face. 'Just as I learned to love you in twenty-four hours—long, long before I should have done,' she replied.

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR had passed—a year in which many things had happened. Captain X. still rode along the Western Road, uncaught and as fearless as before. The township of Mooligan had grown; there was some talk that a railway would soon connect it to the greater towns east and west.

The year had been a happy one for Tremayne; gold had been found in Mooligan, and it had been found upon his claim. Men spoke of him as 'the millionaire,' little guessing how often, like the arrow, a stray joke hits the mark. A dozen times he had ridden to the bank at Booligal, and come back scathless. Once he had been fired at, and the bullet had passed through his hat; and once he had thought he heard a man riding level with him in the forest; but a couple of shots from his revolver, and the echo had died away.

It was upon his return from the twelfth journey to Booligal. Mary Harvey met him as he rode into Mooligan.

He leapt from his horse and linked his arm in hers. 'To-night I am going to see your father,' he said. 'There are fifteen thousand pounds stored to my account in the bank now, and I can meet him man to man.'

An hour later he carried out his promise. Old Harvey listened to his tale in silence. When Tremayne had finished he rose. 'I am sorry, Mr Tremayne,' he said; 'but I have other ideas for my daughter. You 're a good boy, and a rich one, if all I 've heard is correct. But that will make no difference. Money isn't everything, and I have enough myself to make it unnecessary for my daughter to marry except where I wish her to.' He walked to the door, as if to close the interview.

A flush of anger overspread Tremayne's face. 'If you know anything against me'——

'I know nothing against you; everywhere I hear the best reports. But that makes no difference. I do not wish my daughter to marry you. That is all I have to say.' There was a politeness about the way he spoke which amounted almost to insolence.

Tremayne took a quick step forward. His fists were clenched. There was a nasty look in his eyes. 'Then all I have to say,' he responded hotly, 'is that Mary and I love one another, and we 'll marry one another despite whatever you may say.'

The next second he was looking down the barrel of a revolver.

'After that,' said Harvey, 'the sooner you clear out the better it will be.'

[*Christmas Number.*

For a moment Tremayne hesitated. His own gun was at his hip, but he would have been a dead man before he could reach it. Besides, the old man was Mary's father. With a shrug of the shoulders he passed out of the room, through the saloon, where a dozen voices greeted him, and into the cobbled yard in front. A few minutes' quick walk brought him to the river's bank overlooking the Western Road. There a solitary figure stood awaiting him. She hurried forward to greet him. 'Well, Dick?' she said.

'He has refused his consent, and turned me out of the house with a revolver pointing at my head.'

The girl turned white. 'What?' she said. Then she smiled. 'It will make no difference; I 'm yours whenever you 're ready for me.'

Tremayne bent down and kissed her. 'It will only be a few weeks now. I 've got another little lot to take to the bank in about ten days' time—a nice little thousand pounds. As soon as that 's safely deposited we 'll ride to Booligal together and get married.'

At that moment Mark Harvey climbed laboriously up the stairs which led to the room over the saloon. There a figure rose to greet him.

There was a smile upon Captain Vivian's face as he surveyed his host. He was a man of many parts, any of which, no matter how nefarious, came equally well to him; and he knew that he held this man in the hollow of his hand. 'That was Tremayne I saw leave a few minutes ago?' he said.

'Yes,' responded Harvey. 'He asked for my consent to his engagement to Mary.'

'And you refused it?'

'Yes.'

'Good. I am glad you did. One day I shall come to you with the same question. I hope your answer will be different then.'

Harvey recoiled as if he had been struck. 'You!'

'Why not? I am far richer than the man you have sent away, thanks to you. And how could I show my gratitude better than by spending my money upon your child?'

'She shall never be the wife of a bushranger.' Harvey's face went white with passion. It was the *dénouement* he had feared; and now that it had come he did not know how to face it.

Captain Vivian shrugged his shoulders. His action went deeper than any threat. It implied so much or so little. 'She has a bushranger for a father; why not one for a husband?' he replied easily.

Six days later Tremayne started upon his ride to Booligal. He kept the object of his mission to himself with a secrecy that was known to only two—Mary Harvey and her father. The latter he had told the night he asked him for his daughter's hand.

It was a close, sultry evening, one which promised a late, rainy season. The grass was dry and yellow. The stream which ran out to the Lachlan was almost dry, an omen which those who knew feared.

The girl had been to bid her lover good-bye. The gold he carried was hidden around his person in small bags with a care which rendered even a suspicion of the wealth with which he rode an impossibility.

The girl clung to him as she said good-bye. There was a fear in her heart, a deep, gnawing fear which she could not have explained.

Tremayne laughed when she told him. 'Don't worry, dear,' he said. 'Twenty-four hours, and I 'll be back again. Captain X. hasn't been on the road for nearly three months now, and no one will suspect what I carry on me.'

'You have told no one?'

'No one except you, dear.' For the moment he forgot the one other man who shared the secret—her father.

She clung to him until he gently disengaged her arms. 'A few hours now and we shall ride along the Western Road—together, sweetheart,' he said.

She watched him gallop across the scrub and along the road; then she went slowly indoors, through the saloon, and up the stairs to the room upon the first floor, where she knew her father was. The deep fear was still gnawing at her heart.

Outside the door she paused for a second, as the sound of voices came out to her. Her father was speaking to some one. Instantly she recognised the voice. It was Captain Vivian!

'And Tremayne is going to-night with one thousand pounds! I must make sure that he does not escape me. There 's something nice out of that for you, partner. We shall have you retiring. It is better than keeping a saloon, eh?'

The girl turned white, and clutched at the door for support. In a second she realised everything—realised who Captain Vivian was, and the part her father had played for over two years. She realised, moreover, that her lover was in grave danger.

Then she heard Captain Vivian's voice again, and strained her ears to listen. 'He started twenty minutes ago. Well, I can give him ten miles in the thirty to Booligal, and overtake him, I who know the road so well. But I must take no chances. I think I 'll start now.' The girl heard approaching footsteps. Like a fawn she darted down the stairs and into the grounds. Hiding behind some bushes, she waited for whoever might appear. They came together—two figures, her father and Captain Vivian. A feeling of sickness seized her as she understood the part her father had played. Not even one shred of the romance which surrounded Captain Vivian's deeds could fasten itself to him.

Mary Harvey was a girl of resource. She had been brought up in a hard school. By the time Captain Vivian had saddled his horse she had formed her plan of action. Bending down behind the bush, she saw that her revolver was fully loaded.

The captain made a graceful figure as he galloped away. He rode with the ease of a man who had spent his life in the saddle.

She watched her father go indoors, then hurried into the stable. In a few moments she had saddled the gray mare, which was known throughout Mooligan as her especial property. She led her out of the paddock-gate on to the scrub. There for a moment she hesitated. A few hundred yards away the stream by which she and Tremayne had so often stood gleamed in the moonlight. A wind had arisen, and flirted with the ripples on its surface. The water gliding over the stones made a soft music, restful to the heart, like a mother's lullaby to her baby. There were tears in her eyes as she stood there, and old memories came flocking back.

Then she leapt lightly into the saddle. A couple of minutes later, old Harvey, looking out of the window, saw a second figure galloping along the Western Road.

Mary Harvey was a good rider, as good every whit as the two men she followed. It was a couple of hours later when she first saw the figure of her lover in the far distance. He was riding leisurely. To have galloped would have aroused suspicion.

She urged her horse forward. Suddenly her ears, trained to catch the slightest sound, became aware of the light *thud, thud* of a horse's hoofs upon the grass. It came from the direction of the bush to her right, and perhaps a couple of hundred yards in front of her.

Her nerves tingled; all sense of fear was gone. For another hundred yards those three rode on. Tremayne was now only three hundred yards away.

Then, almost level with her, there came a sharp crack and a flash of flame, and Tremayne's horse fell and rolled over on the ground. In a second he had disengaged himself and drawn his revolver.

The girl reined in. To have proceeded would have been to court death from her lover.

Then there came another report, another flash of flame, and a man galloped out on to the road, firing rapidly as he went.

The girl recognised him as he drew the trigger. It was Captain Vivian! He was only a few feet from her when she fired. He turned, and a look of horror froze on his face. He fell back, and his horse galloped on riderless, while he lay on the ground. He moved once or twice, and a groan broke from his lips. Then there was silence.

Tremayne had been watching the incident. Slowly he came towards the two figures, the one lying motionless on the ground, the other sitting on horseback, like some sentinel. He held his revolver in his left hand; the other hung limp by his side. One of the shots had found a random mark.

As he drew near he recognised the figure on horseback.

'You, Mary!' he said.

She slipped from her horse and nestled against his shoulder. Now that the ordeal was over, the strength which had enabled her to play her part was failing.

'Yes,' she said. 'I heard that Captain Vivian was going to rob you to-night, so I rode after him to warn you—to—save—you.' She reeled.

Tremayne looked down at her, and taking a flask of brandy from his pocket, put it to her lips.

The spirit revived the girl. Gently he led her to the grass which bordered the road, and they sat down together.

'What I don't understand,' he said, 'is how that man knew I was carrying gold into Booligal.'

The girl's lips suddenly became dry, and her face blanched. 'Did you tell no one except me?'

Then recollection came to Tremayne. 'I told'—— he said, and then stopped.

'You told my father,' said the girl. 'Don't you understand? He has been in league with that man from the beginning.' She pointed to the figure lying face upwards on the road. 'He has even stayed in our house when the vigilance committee have been out looking for him.'

'And you came to save me? You choose me against your father!' He bent down and kissed her passionately.

The girl smiled. 'You would not have had me do otherwise? You are my man,' she said.

'And you came along the Western Road—sweetheart. Twelve miles farther on lies Booligal. Let us go there together. We can be married in the morning. See, dawn is with us already.'

The girl looked up into his face. Love, happiness, and comfort shone on her own. There was a strange light in her eyes, the light which a man sees in only one woman's, a wistfulness which speaks of the glory of a woman's soul. 'Yes,' she said softly, 'let us ride along the Western Road—together.'

THE GREENHORN.

By MARIAN BOWER.

THE remnants of the French army of occupation, which a few months later were to join the forces that General Napoleon Bonaparte brought with him on his memorable passage over the Alps, and which were to help to win the victory of Marengo, the first stepping-stone of the future Emperor towards the crown of France, were in want of every necessary.

The Directory—the Government that had emerged out of the crime and the chaos of the French Revolution—was tottering to its fall, and the men composing it, who were none too sure about their own heads—the guillotine as an institution not yet having gone completely out of fashion—had no time to think of hungry soldiers miles away on the southern borders.

Meantime, since a man must eat to live, and be clothed lest he perish of cold, the invading regiments around Genoa—the memorable siege of this town was a horror yet to come—generally foraged for themselves, and many were their small encounters with the Austrians, for Lombardy was then an Austrian province.

One day it came to the turn of the Third Chasseurs to see what provisions they could find in the denuded country, ground between the under wheel of the Austrians and the upper wheel of the French; and a detachment, under the command of a noted fire-eater, the Captain Pierretôt, set out, not exactly by official command, and yet permitted to go, since the authorities could not feed the men.

Captain Pierretôt, brave, insolent, and gloriously ignorant of all that did not pertain to fighting, was considerably disgusted that the officer with him was the Lieutenant Degremont—a newly 'scratched out,' as was the official term for a man of good birth who was permitted to return and serve his country. Pierretôt had long ago labelled Degremont—this tall, silent man, who wrote his name all in one word for the moment, the particle being too aristocratic for Republican usages, who seemed to have no perception of the glory of fighting just to break a head, and who went on a foraging expedition with as glum an air as if he had to pay for all that was brought in—a *blanc-bec* ('greenhorn'), and he would have left him behind if he could.

As it was, they rode out of the town in silence. With the same speechlessness they mounted the semicircle of hills which rise behind Genoa; but Pierretôt smiled disdainfully when his subordinate turned round in his saddle as if to admire the glorious expanse of blue Mediterranean lying at their feet. They had been riding for over two hours. Degremont was a matchless horseman, and he seemed to enjoy the exercise; but Pierretôt had taken to forcibly expressing his opinion of a country where not even a pig was to be found; and the troopers, disgusted at so tame an entertainment, were beginning to mutter that they were not schoolgirls to be taken into the country for a day, when, as the detachment was trotting down a track with a thick wood on either side, and the living rock poking through the soil in a gray spur before them, they suddenly came on half-a-dozen peasants escorting one of the covered carts of the country. The peasants fled as soon as they saw the French uniforms. The mule in the cart came to a stand. The flap of canvas which hung down in front was raised, and an old woman looked out and began a word of expostulation to the man whom she supposed to be leading the mule. Then, seeing the changed position of affairs, she thrust her gray head back as quickly, and gave out a series of piercing shrieks.

Under the cover of the noise, the flap was raised again, and another woman looked out. This one (she was quite young), when she had taken one glance before her, got down and came towards the group of mounted men, who had ranged themselves together where the trees fell back and the glade widened sufficiently to allow them to rein in side by side.

Captain Pierretôt no sooner saw the figure on the grass than he drew out in front. He twirled his enormous moustache. Moustaches were *en règle* in the regiment, and when a recruit did not possess a sufficiently large hirsute appendage he had to buy a false one.

Now Pierretôt sat waiting, looking hard at the girl.

No one could deny that she was very beautiful. She had that rare thing with Italians, blue eyes and black hair; but then Genoa is the home of mixed races. She was unusually tall; her movements had a certain deliberation, as though she were used to taking on herself more than her age would suggest; and there was that about her which seemed to indicate that she habitually commanded, and that she expected to be obeyed as often as she gave an order. She stopped a few paces away from the soldiers, considered them an instant, and then addressed herself to Degremont.

'Monsieur,' she said pointedly, looking past the figure on horseback in the foreground, 'I am unarmed. I am travelling from the convent of Santa Maria Misericordia to Genoa. I claim your permission to pass through your ranks.'

But Captain Pierretôt was never the man to

let anything on this earth ignore him if he could help it. He touched his charger with his spur, made the animal plunge, and then ranged himself alongside of the speaker. He looked down at her.

The girl just drew back. The duenna, seeing the situation, so far rose to the demands of etiquette that she ceased her lamentations, scrambled out of the cart, and took her place by her charge's side.

Captain Pierretôt waited a moment, but not another word came from the wayfarer. He looked down again and again; unfortunately he saw how very beautiful was the girl, who did not seem as if she would deign to exchange a word with him. He jumped to the ground, and passed the bridle of his horse over his arm. 'Are you suddenly dumb, wench?' he asked roughly.

The big blue eyes looked indignantly into his. 'I have made my demand,' the girl answered—she would not call it a request. 'I have nothing to add.'

The Frenchman rapped out a word that has no place in drawing-room conversation. 'You give yourself airs,' he went on. '*Nom de nom*, who may you be, and what is your name?'

The girl threw up her head; she closed her lips tightly, and looked at the Frenchman with an air which intimated plainly what she thought of him.

It was the duenna, trembling like a jelly, who blurted out the information. 'It is the Donna Chiara di Spontone,' she quaked.

The man beside her echoed the name. 'The White Rose of Genoa,' he added.

He looked, Degremont looked, every trooper in the background looked, with a new interest.

The beauty of Donna Chiara was the talk of Genoa. She was an heiress and an orphan. She had, besides, done a very notable thing. When the populace rose in a paroxysm of fury against the invaders she had seen a Frenchman set on in the street. She rushed out of the old palace—you can see it still, the third on the left in that street of palaces, the Rue de Balbi. The girl, at the peril of her life, dragged the Frenchman behind the great iron doors of her house. She kept him there; and when the mob without clamoured for him, she stood at one of the long windows, and, speaking through its grille, assured them that she hated the invaders, every man of them, but that she would not see a human being, even if he were a Frenchman, murdered in cold blood. While she spoke a detachment of the enemy galloped down the street, cleared it, and in another few minutes the rising was at an end. Then Donna Chiara sent her fugitive back to headquarters.

From that day the girl, apart from considerations of money or of looks, had been an object of interest to every man in the army of occupation; but not one of them had seen her. The General in command, who had ridden down the Rue de Balbi the day after the outbreak with all his staff behind him to make a call on her and to thank her, merely found the door shut in his face. From that moment every window was barred, and persistent inquiries—for the check had increased the wish of the General to see her—elicited nothing beyond the fact that Donna Chiara had left Genoa, no one seemed to know for where.

Now, on this beautiful summer day, with the trees green about them, with the heavens blue above them, in this secluded glade on the slope of a lonely hill, was it possible that a man of Captain Pierretôt's stamp could have so great an advantage in his hands and not use it to the utmost?

The captain puffed out his chest and twirled his moustache; he thought of what he would have to tell his comrades at mess that night. 'Who says that luck is not with Jacques Pierretôt?' he muttered, and then he addressed himself to Donna Chiara. 'So,' he remarked, 'you are the White Rose of Genoa?'

'My servant has been foolish enough to tell you,' she answered.

'She seems an imbecile,' he returned; 'but it is not I who have anything against her, seeing that she told me who was before me.'

'Then, having learned that, you will kindly let me pass?' the girl retorted.

The Frenchman laughed as though he were highly amused; the troopers looked on, immensely interested; only Degremont raised his head sharply as if he had heard something which he did not like.

'Not so fast,' Pierretôt went on; 'you must pay me if I let you go.'

'You want money?' demanded Donna Chiara scornfully.

'Always, *ma foi!*' confessed this graceless swashbuckler, 'and at all times; Jacques Pierretôt has been in want of the sous ever since he was born. But to-day it is not an écu that he proposes to himself, though his pockets are empty.'

'You want, then?' broke in the girl.

'I want,' returned the Frenchman—'a kiss from Donna Chiara. I want it in view of all my men, that they may be able to tell the whole army of occupation that Jacques Pierretôt helped himself when the commander-in-chief had the door banged in his face.'

A moment's silence followed this audacious proposal. The sun shone through the trees, flicking the ground with wedges of gold. Not a man moved save Degremont, and very gently he urged his horse forward.

Donna Chiara stood quite still until a wave of crimson came and went over her face. Then she threw back her chin. 'Never!' her voice rang into the clear air. 'Never! cur of a Frenchman!'

Pierretôt heard the disdain. He heard the

epithet. He knew that every man present had heard it also, and that every man who was not present would be told of it as soon as the detachment returned to camp. He had never moderated one of his impulses since he had left the paternal cabaret in Gascony; he was, let it be said, just an unlettered boor uplifted out of his proper place. He made a quick movement. '*Nom de nom*,' he swore, 'what you won't give me I'll take!'

And then, before he could catch the girl in his arms, something suddenly shot between them.

'Stop!' cried an authoritative voice.

It was Degremont, and no one had ever heard that tone from the quiet, soft-spoken lieutenant.

From sheer amazement Pierretôt's arm fell to his side. He swung slowly round and contemplated the man who had defied him.

'The *blanc-bec!*' muttered Pierretôt. '*Nom de Liberté*, the *blanc-bec!*'

'I thank you, monsieur'—— the girl was beginning.

And then Pierretôt interrupted. 'Go back, you imbecile!' he said to Degremont. 'Take your place. Leave this girl to me. I'll settle with you in the morning.'

But Degremont stood his ground firmly. 'You must let the lady go, and settle with me now,' he said.

Pierretôt swore, with a great oath, that there was nothing he should like better than to finish off this six feet of stupidity now, at once, and he called his orderly and bade him take his horse.

Degremont dismounted as quickly.

The two stood one opposite the other.

'If I win,' stipulated Degremont, 'the lady passes without molestation.'

'If you win, *ma foi!*' retorted Pierretôt. 'Don't you know that Jacques Pierretôt wings his man as often as he calls him out, and when he wings him he finishes him off?'

'I have heard that,' answered Degremont quietly.

But some one else heard as well. Donna Chiara looked from the tall soldier standing with his back to the trees to the swashbuckler opposite her. Then her eyes went on from these two figures. She looked at the men behind. 'Does it mean that he always kills his man?' she asked, an inclination of her head showing to whom she referred.

An old trooper took on himself to answer. '*Bien sûr*,' he returned. '*Bien sûr*, it does.'

The girl hesitated. She saw Pierretôt strip off his tunic; she saw him raise his weapon. In another moment she would be too late. She slipped into the middle of that little spot of green. She looked first at her champion, and she examined him slowly. Perhaps until that moment she had never allowed that a Frenchman could be good to look on. 'Monsieur,' she said, her voice vibrating, 'you shall not die because of me. Monsieur, I would rather'—— She stopped; she stammered; she looked down.

Degremont had heard her so far. He understood what she was offering to do for him. He could estimate to some degree what it would cost her. He smiled very gently. 'It would be a useless sacrifice, mademoiselle,' he said. 'We should fight all the same in the morning.'

Donna Chiara swept round on Pierretôt. 'You would be unfair enough to do that?' she demanded. 'You could not if—if—I gave you what you asked to-day?'

Again there was a pause. The glorious sunlight seemed to wait for the reply.

Pierretôt considered a moment. An awkward edict had newly come out about wanton duelling. There was his record; and, though the authorities shut their eyes to a good deal, Pierretôt knew that he had almost exceeded that very ample measure. Again, he could make things uncomfortable for that *blanc-bec!* He could swagger how he, the noted swordsman, had spared an incapable to please a pretty woman, and he would be able to tell every man he met of what Donna Chiara had bestowed on him. All things considered, he leaned to the embrace.

'I'll take it,' he was beginning; and again he was interrupted.

Degremont, stepping across the grass, thrust Donna Chiara behind him. 'No,' he returned, a growling note now in his voice, which habitually was so very placid. 'It is for me to decide whether we fight or we do not fight. And,' he went on, 'I make my decision thus.' He went straight up to his adversary, raised his eyes, looked the scowling man before him full in the face, and then, leaning forward, took his long glove by its fingers, and flicked it across Pierretôt's cheek.

That was enough. It must be a duel to the death.

With a howl of rage Pierretôt whipped out his sword.

Degremont sprang back, drew his blade, and stood on guard.

The two men were in the centre of the clearing. The troopers looked on; the sun continued to shine as though no human life, no woman's modesty, trembled in the balance; and Donna Chiara, recognising that a Frenchman, an enemy, was imperilling his existence for her, leaned against the straight stem of a tree, her face white, her whole body trembling.

'Poor lad!' muttered the sergeant, who had stepped forward to act as Degremont's second; 'he has not a chance.'

And Donna Chiara heard him. She heard too the clash of the swords. She looked at anything—at the sky, the trees, the ground—so long as it was away from those two blades glittering and flashing in the air. She waited what were only moments, but seemed hours to her. The

two men stood unwounded. She looked at the old sergeant.

'He makes a better fight than one expected,' the veteran muttered.

As he said this perhaps Degremont's attention was distracted by the voice behind him. Pierretôt got his point home. A line of crimson showed on his adversary's shoulder, and the coloured patch began to spread.

'Ah, my parishioner, now I begin,' Pierretôt remarked.

Donna Chiara's eyes were on the two men now. For a few passes she kept them there, standing dazed, motionless; then she lifted herself from the supporting tree. She stood upright, alone. Her duenna had wrapped her head in her black cloak, and, seated on a spur of rock, was calling on all the saints to tell her why she, a respectable woman of fifty, who had never killed a fly without making sure first that it had been in the *conserve*, should be called on to witness such outrages. Donna Chiara walked to the sobbing, protesting bundle. She put out her hand as if to silence the moans; then an impulse that seemed to be no part of her, and which yet seemed to well up from her inmost being, made her turn about and face her defender again.

Degremont was playing a waiting game. He knew he was no match in mere dexterity; but while his adversary stroke by stroke was working himself into a greater passion, he was calm and collected.

All at once Donna Chiara, the proud Italian, knew what this combat meant for her. With her face as white as the rose from which she took her name, she sank on to her knees. She buried her face in her hands. Her lips began to move. '*Cielo!*' she besought, she who had hated every Frenchman ever born, 'help this man. Spare him. Let him not die, but live.'

How long she prayed she never knew. She heard the clash of steel; she heard Pierretôt muttering and cursing. Next there came an exclamation, and then—a groan.

A breath of wind came suddenly through the trees. Donna Chiara dared not lift her eyes. '*Cielo*,' she implored again, 'if he has died for me!' Her head bent lower. Voices broke the stillness; but she had no notion what they said. She kneeled on, waiting until she felt a hand on her shoulder. Her whole body stiffened, remained rigid; her eyes were shut; her chest was heaving. She thought it was the victor coming to claim his spoil.

Another pause followed.

To the girl the suspense was an agony. She longed to cry out, 'Do the hateful thing, and let me go.' Once her lips opened—twice. No sound came. Then she became conscious of the pause. She opened her eyes slowly, fearfully.

'Mademoiselle'—— a voice began.

She knew it. She raised herself with a spring. She stood upright, a new, a marvellous gladness on her face.

She waited. The man before her waited. Degremont was looking at her; but he did not realise all that he was being told.

'You!' said Donna Chiara at length—'you!'

'Yes,' returned Degremont as eloquently, 'I.'

The girl looked at him. A smile began to dawn on her face; but she saw the red stain still growing on the shirt before her, and that stopped her mirth. 'You are wounded!' she exclaimed.

'A mere nothing,' Degremont answered. He came up to her. He looked into the beautiful face. 'Mademoiselle,' he began, 'you are free to pass on your way to Genoa. You saved a Frenchman once, though you thought so badly of us. Will you believe now'——

'What, monsieur?' the girl put in.

'That we are not all ruffians?'

Donna Chiara smiled openly now. 'The Captain Pierretôt, what is he?' she asked.

Degremont parried the question. 'He is disabled, mademoiselle,' he said. 'He will recover, but not to-day or to-morrow. The luck was with me, and I might have done more; but I thought that you'——

He got no further. It was the White Rose of Genoa who stopped him. 'Monsieur,' she interrupted, 'you mean that this man's life was in your hands, and that you let him live?'

'I do,' Degremont confessed.

Donna Chiara looked ahead. She saw that the troopers were dismounted; she saw that they were improvising a stretcher. She waited until the wounded man was laid on it, and then she turned again to him who had fought for her. She lifted her eyes. They were blue—blue as Degremont's own; but there was a look in them that had not been there before. 'Monsieur,' she said, 'I thank you for championing me; I thank you for fighting for me; but I think I thank you most of all for sparing my enemy's life.'

Degremont heard, but he heard no more than the mere words. There had been little enough of the feminine influence in his life. He knew pitiably little of a woman's ways. 'She is just thanking me to be done with me,' he told himself. The thought made him suddenly downcast. He looked again at Donna Chiara; and indeed he was a stolid young man, with a slow-moving mind. 'I thank you infinitely, mademoiselle,' he said stiffly. 'Indeed I have done nothing.'

The girl sighed impatiently. She moved a step towards the cart and the mule, which had never ceased to browse. She went at first with her head erect, her back very stiff. Then she paused; she stood still. Finally, with an expressive gesture, she swung round. 'My maid!' she exclaimed to this slow *blanc-bec*.

Degremont obediently went towards the

duenna, and though she let fly a series of piercing shrieks when she saw a French uniform so near to her, he stood his ground and induced her to listen. 'Your mistress wants you,' he said.

The bundle rose, and still taking Heaven and all the calendar to witness that she had never done anything to merit this hour, she stumbled towards the cart.

Degremont followed, and he got as far as wishing that a wheel would come off or the mule slip its harness. 'You will mount again?' he said to Donna Chiara.

The girl looked at him once more. Their eyes met.

'I wonder,' was Degremont's brilliant remark, 'where your escort has gone.'

Donna Chiara sighed. She went to her vehicle, pulled up the mule's head, and took the cord reins into her hands. 'Mount,' she said impatiently to the cloaked duenna.

The duenna at last uncovered her head. She assured the trees, the sky, the rocks, that she should never get over this, and then she put her foot on the step.

'It remains for me to say adieu, monsieur,' Donna Chiara observed.

'Must it be adieu?' echoed Degremont blankly.

'Good-evening, monsieur,' the girl answered very demurely.

The big man came up to her. 'If I might assist mademoiselle to get in?' he ventured.

'And afterwards, monsieur?' cried out Donna Chiara.

'Mademoiselle,' returned this dull young man, 'you said adieu.'

With an impatient shrug of her shoulders the White Rose planted her foot on the step.

Degremont put out his hand. In another instant she would be gone, and only that flesh-wound, which was giving him more pain than he cared to own, would remain to him. 'You have no escort,' he exclaimed, as though he had not said that once before.

The sun seemed to shine even more gloriously than hitherto, the sky to be even a deeper blue.

Donna Chiara fairly laughed as she took her seat; her eyes danced; a dimple came at the corners of her mouth. 'Monsieur,' she said in the pretty, confident way of a woman who suddenly sees that she will get all she asks for, 'that is what I have been trying to tell you for the last few minutes. My escort, as you say, has fled. You know that the country is not safe for two women alone; *enfin*'——

'*Enfin*,' repeated Degremont very slowly. He came close up to the cart. He put out his hand, laid it on the rail, and it was so very near to hers. '*Enfin*,' he reiterated, as if that were the only word he knew.

Donna Chiara smiled at him again. 'It may be, monsieur,' she said, her eyes downcast, her cheeks just pink, 'that since you and your troops return to Genoa you will'——

'What?' breathed Degremont. 'What?'

'That,' answered the girl, and now she swept her glance full on him, 'you will ride there by my side, monsieur.'

Degremont drew a great sigh. 'And when we get to Genoa, mademoiselle?' he asked; for it is always those big, still men who demand the most when they get to the point of asking for anything at all.

'When we get there,' the girl retorted, 'we shall be there.'

'But afterwards?' persisted Degremont.

'It will be time to answer for afterwards when it comes,' she replied.

'I should like an answer now,' whispered the soldier as he leaned over the cart. His hand slipped down; it touched the girl's. Degremont waited with his brown hand laid against the little white one.

Donna Chiara waited. 'Your hand is on mine!' she said at length, as if she had not felt it before.

Then Degremont laughed, but he did not let go his grasp. Instead, his hold tightened.

. . . . . .

And the sun went on shining, and the day was summer, and the duenna forgot, in sheer amazement, to lament all that had befallen her.

'Fall in, men!' Degremont's voice rang out. 'Close about the cart. The lady travels with us.'

And there was a grin on more than one trooper's face.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, ALL!

THE waits are drawing near,—
Their music we may hear.

They tell of olden times
In quaint and silvern rhymes;

Of tidings rare and true
That only angels knew.

Pile up the fire-logs high,
And holly garlands tie.

Spread out your festal fare,
And banish needless care.

We'll dance and sing and feast,—
The foremost and the least.

In castle, hall, or cot,
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In honour of the day.

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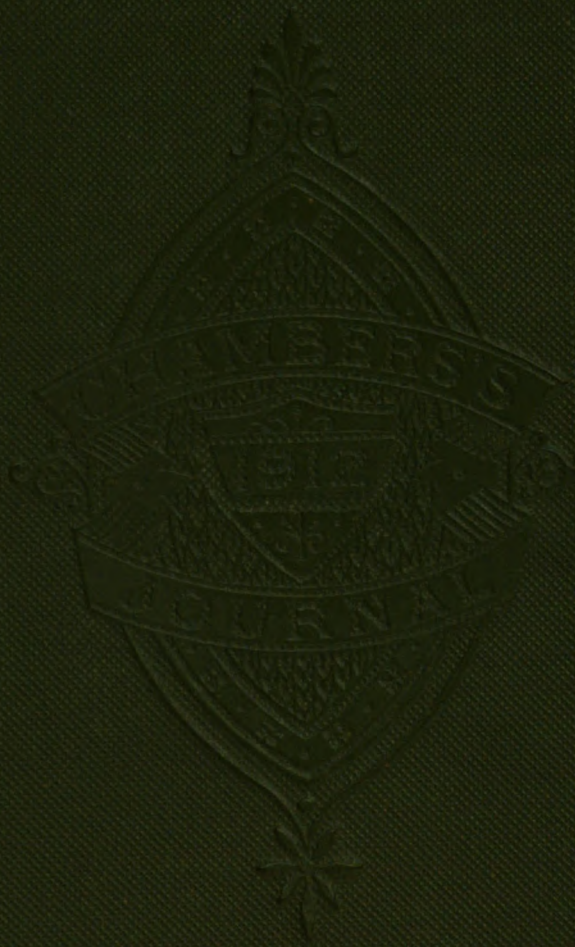
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